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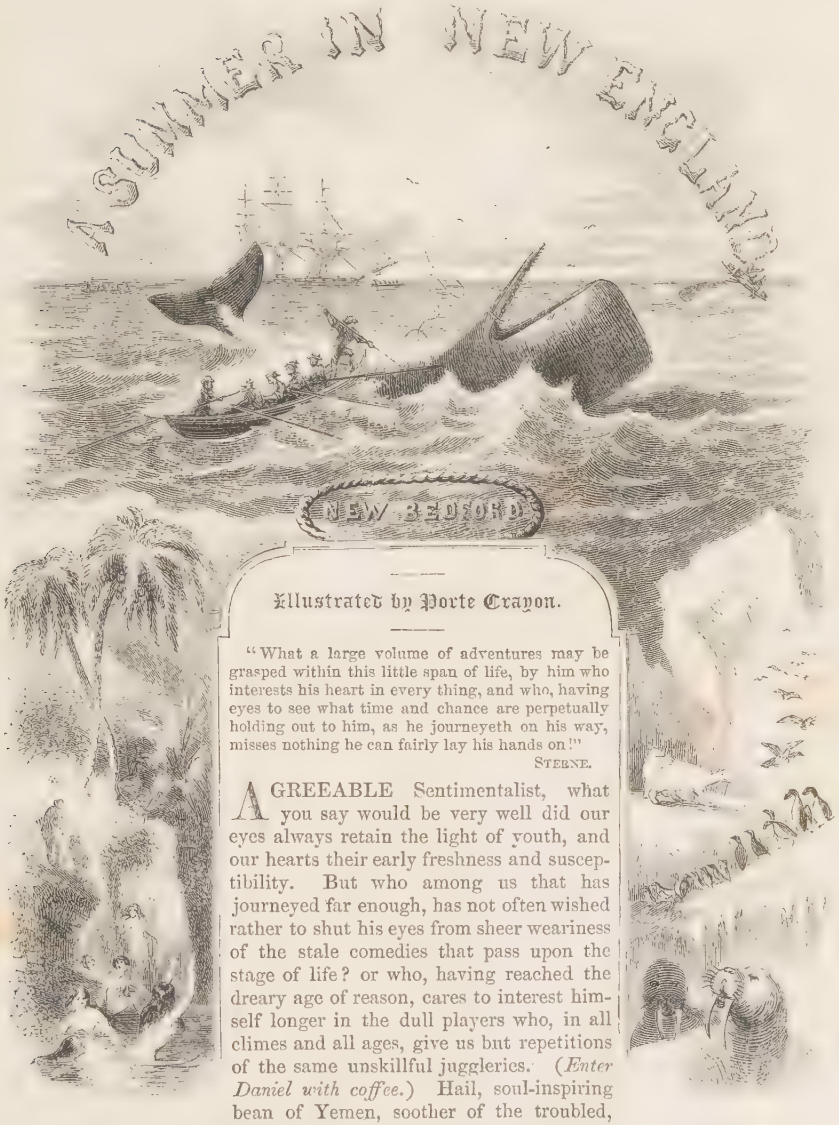
[First Paper.]

A SUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.



Illustrated by Porte Crayon.

"What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him, as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay his hands on!"

Sterne.

AGREEABLE Sentimentalist, what you say would be very well did our eyes always retain the light of youth, and our hearts their early freshness and susceptibility. But who among us that has journeyed far enough, has not often wished rather to shut his eyes from sheer weariness of the stale comedies that pass upon the stage of life? or who, having reached the dreary age of reason, cares to interest himself longer in the dull players who, in all climes and all ages, give us but repetitions of the same unskillful jugglerics. (*Enter Daniel with coffee.*) Hail, soul-inspiring bean of Yemen, soother of the troubled,

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CHEERFULNESS.

strengthener of the weary, dispeller of shadows, dispenser of cheerfulness, child of Araby the Blest, I give you welcome!

After all, why should a man carp at the world? Why undertake to tinker at creation? Can he mend it? Some people think they can; I do not.

Then to return to the text. Although in youth our eyes are clearer, yet dazzled continually by some "ignis fatuus," they oftener mislead than serve us; and although young hearts are fresher and purer, are they not always bubbling with folly and seething with passion, like witches' caldrons, the smoke whereof dims all true perception?

Thus it seems ordered, that not until Time has steadied the restless vision, and subdued the egotistical fires of the heart, are we truly prepared for the profitable and agreeable task of observation. Neither cynic nor enthusiast, censuring with civility, commending wit discrimination: temperate in all things. (*Here, Daniel, take away the cup.*)

A loud knock at my door interrupted this train of thought, and before I had time to say "Come in," my young friend, Dick Dashaway, burst into the room. Here was a sensation as agreeable as it was unexpected. Dick is a Virginian, as I am; a kinsman, and, although not much more than half my age, a close intimacy subsists between us. In strict confidence I will acknowledge I am his uncle, but have forbidden him ever to address me by that title, intimating at the same time that, should he wish to claim consanguinity, the prefix of cousin will not be disagreeable.

In the green pastures of my native State I have observed that the unbroken colts always run together, and the work-horses are equally particular in keeping up a separate social organization. Take the greenest three-year-old and let him wear harness but for a day, and he will thereafter desert his juvenile free companions and associate with the old 'uns. But should he remain unbroken and unharnessed until he is stiff and hollow with age, he will continue to curvet and caracole with the colts. So your bachelor, never having worn social harness, consorts with boys even after his head is frosted with age.

Dick is one of the unbroken colts. He voted last year for the first time, and since then thinks himself endowed with all the privileges pertaining to manhood, including whisky and water, tobacco and illimitable dogmatism. He has tried his fortunes at various schools and colleges, but his roystering and rebellious spirit always kept him in hot water, and I fear he has derived but little benefit from their teachings. In recompense, he is well versed in all knowledge relating to horse-flesh and the training of dogs, claims to have superior skill in games of chance, and in gunning and angling has taken a master's degree. In addition to these accomplishments, of somewhat doubtful utility, he is truly gallant and obliging, and has such a generous exuberance of youthful human nature about him that one can not help liking him.

After the excitement of our first greeting had subsided, the light of my kinsman's countenance suddenly subsided into a shadow of unspeakable sadness, as the blaze of a heap of shavings sinks into black and bitter ashes.

"Dick, my boy, I hope you have no bad news from the upper country?"

"Oh, Cousin Robert," replied Dick, with a groan, "she has kicked me, and I am ruined forever."

"Bless me, Dick! How and when did it happen? Are you seriously hurt?"

"Oh, hang it, Cousin Bob! you know I was in love with Nelly Hardy. It was she that kicked me—the cursed flirt—I would not have believed it of her!"

"Fiddle-faddle! and is that all? I thought you were maimed for life, and had come to Baltimore to consult a surgeon. But come, cheer up; don't speak of a young lady as if she were a horse; don't squirt tobacco-juice over the grate; and don't poke the fire so violently. It is of anthracite coal, and you will put it out."

"Well," he replied, as he threw down the poker with a desperate air—"it's no use laughing about it. I'm going to sea before the mast. That's what I came down here for."

"Well, my boy, I highly approve of your resolution. There's nothing like salt water and the rope's end to take the nonsense out of a fast youth. Have you found a ship yet and signed articles?"

"Not yet," he replied; "but I am going in search of one to-morrow—one that is going to sail immediately."

"Don't be rash, youngster; but take time and choose your vessel."

"The worse the better for me. I would not care if she was a pirate!"

"As you are going to sleep on it there is no haste. But I have a proposition to make myself. How would you like to ship with me?"

Dick regarded me with a look of mingled surprise and inquiry.

POLITENESS.

"To be explicit: I have been thinking of making the tour of New England in search of sport and adventures. I want a companion. How would you like to ship for the voyage as first-mate, with half the fish and half the trouble for your wages?"

My kinsman's quenched countenance blazed with renewed light:

"Cousin Robert, here's my hand on it. I'm ready for any thing by land or sea! Hip, hip, hurrah!" he shouted, capering about the room as if he had never known sorrow.

"What a jolly time we'll have! What a fool was I to be sniveling about a girl that don't care for me!"

"And that you only fell in love with because you were idle."

"I did love her, though," said Dick; "that I'll stand to."

"We'll visit Nantucket; and you'll have an opportunity there to ship as a whaleman if you are not cured in the mean time."

"That will be prime! The very life I'd glory in!"

"Then at Boston, perhaps, you may meet with your old flame, Miss Prudence Teazle, whom you saw last summer at the Virginia Springs."

"Bless her little soul!" said Dick, "wasn't she a star?"

"A bright one, Dick, of which every ray was sharp as a cambric needle. And then, at Cambridge—"

"By blood! there's where Old Ferrule came from, that used to lead me up and down by the ear because I wouldn't learn his cursed Latin fables. '*Dum Gallus vertit stercotum*;' that was one of 'em, wasn't it?"

"The poor man doubtless had a time with you; but you can call and thank him for the pains he took in your instruction."

"Thank him!" cried Dick; "I've vowed to lick him if I ever meet him on earth! He spoiled the shape of my ears and ruined my education; for I've hated the sight of a book ever since I went to his school."

He who would make a good use of his allotted time on earth must allow but short interval between thought and action. In twenty-four hours after the foregoing conversation Dashaway and myself were hobnobbing across a marble table at Delmonico's; and by the end of the week we occupied rooms at the Tontine, in the quiet city of New Haven. Our journey, thus far, had afforded no incident or adventure worthy of record, unless I might be permitted to relate how that, in Philadelphia, we were very near missing the train by my cousin's stopping to light the pipe of a Hibernian fruit-vendor; whereat the by-standers laughed, and the good

ONE OF THE STRONG-MINDED.

woman made her best courtesy, exclaiming, "There's a ra'al gintleman fur ye! Faix, an' ef I was a purty young gur'rl he should have a kiss!"

At the Jersey City ferry-boat my companion's characteristic gallantry was again aroused into activity by the sight of a strong-minded female staggering with the weight of a well-stuffed hand-trunk. In this case, however, his proffered assistance was rejected, with a threat "that if he didn't mind his own business she'd call the police!" As the voice resembled the filing of a saw, and the face was something in the same style, Dick consoled himself for this rebuff by remarking, good-humoredly, that "Up here ladies did not seem to be much accustomed to gentlemen's attention."

We arrived at New Haven on Saturday night, and after a refreshing sleep I arose betimes on Sunday morning (leaving my companion in bed) and strolled out to see the city. It was the 15th day of May, the hour between six and seven, so that I had the world entirely to myself; and I wandered through the elm-arched streets in solitude as absolute as though I trod the aisles of a primeval forest. It was a fortunate hour to receive first impressions. Robed in all the budding freshness of spring, gemmed with the unsunned dew of morning, the city slept like a fairy queen among her roses. Except the noble old elms, there is nothing about New Haven to give an impression of grandeur. The rows of ornate cottages, half hidden in shrubbery and flowers, are suggestive of elegant comfort, refined taste, idealized domesticity. In short, it may be called a representative city of equality and free institutions, and as such may boldly challenge comparison with prouder and more renowned capitals of the old world, where, under a different system, alternate splendor and squalor delight and pain the soul.

So when the church bells sounded, and the population thronged the thoroughfares leading to the places of worship, neatness of dress and propriety of demeanor seemed the ruling characteristics; while ostentation and humility appeared to have found more nearly a common level than is usual elsewhere in the world.

The same impressions are received in passing through the beautiful old cemetery, where one can not but be struck with the uniformity of the monumental memorials, and feel admiration for a people so sincere in their love of equality that they are content with it even in the grave.

As it was not my fortune to see more of this model city than such things as were strictly external, I can not say whether or not this rule of uniformity extends to its moral and intellectual development. That there are to be found here mountains of science, wisdom, and goodness, one can scarcely doubt. Whether there are corresponding valleys of ignorance and meanness is more than I was enabled to ascertain; although I did overhear the bar-keeper remark, that "there were some of the meanest cusses in this place that he ever see any wheres."

In the Trumbull Gallery we were entertained for an hour or two very agreeably with the works of that famous artist, soldier, and gentleman of the Revolutionary school. One of the most interesting relics exhibited there, is a pen-and-ink portrait of the unfortunate Major Andrè, drawn by himself on the day preceding his execution; the subjoined fac-simile of which I borrow from Mr. Lossing's admirable "Field-Book of the Revolution."

MAJOR ANDRE.—(FROM A PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY HIMSELF.)

The advent of Monday brought very little additional stir and bustle to the town, and I think my mercurial companion began to find this life of order and elegant repose rather tame, and even oppressive.

He began by pitying the students whom we saw pass singly and in groups, with big books under their arms, on their way to recitation. Poor fellows! what would they give now for a day's fishing or a real good shindy at night? "I say, Bob; there goes a chap that has more learning under his arm than he'll ever have in his head. There's another that I'll warrant has had his ears well pulled: see how they stick out!" He next busied himself in fomenting a dog-fight between some curs that met accidentally in the street, and when we visited the Park I had almost to interpose authority to prevent his chasing the squirrels that abide in the beautiful elms.

At length, lest this wild, effervescing nature should exhibit itself in some open offense against established order, I proposed a walk out to East Rock—a romantic bluff that juts up suddenly to the height of four hundred feet, showing a face toward the town of bare precipitous rock. A walk of two or three miles brought us to the bank of the pretty stream that washes its base; and here we entered a wood where, in the picnic season, pleasuring parties are wont to find shade and refreshment.

The air was heavy with the odors of budding leaves and blossoms, a warm south wind dimmed the landscape with a hazy softness and thickened the blood with a sense of voluptuous sloth.

It was just such a day as realizes the ideal spring of the poets—a day that invites to lazy, listless dreaming.

But who knows how long the gods may vouchsafe peace and quiet, or can foresee when and how his soothing dreams may be rudely broken? Dashaway, who was dawdling along the path in advance of me, suddenly started back, and with an exclamation of surprise pointed to an animal which stood in the way, with its back up and teeth snapping, as if determined to dispute the passage. I was about to take to my heels, for at first glance I took it for one of those creatures, like a class of political editors, which a wise man will rather dodge than encounter; but on looking more narrowly I recognized in the belligerent beast a venerable wood-chuck. Softened as I was by the gentle influences of the season, I would fain have stepped aside and let the sulky old rascal have his way; but Dick, who had been spoiling for a row, would hear no reason, and seizing a stick, rushed furiously upon the animal. At the first blow his weapon broke off at his hand, and the wood-chuck darting at his leg, the assailant was forced to take to his heels; unluckily stones were abundant, and the battle was renewed at long-shot, to the great disadvantage of the chuck, who could not throw back again. Although knocked over now and then, and driven into the thickets to escape the overpowering missiles, the valorous beast did not lose his pluck, but sullenly and reluctantly retreated, turning whenever an opportunity offered, and rushing upon his enemy with great ferocity.

All the while I remonstrated and begged to stop the fight; but my kinsman's blood was up. Irritated by the failure of his first attack, and insulted by the determined attitude of the game, he continued to pelt away, with so little success, however, that it was still doubtful how the battle might terminate. Meanwhile I had got angry at the foolish thing's obstinacy, and without meaning it, I found myself with a couple of stones in my hands. This was too much: "*et tu Brute!*" growling and defiant to the last the ground-hog succumbed, dying with as many wounds as spilled the life of Cæsar.

We left New Haven for Providence, by the sea-shore railroad train, passing through a country apparently sterile and uncultivated, with frequent glimpses of the broad sound, between rocky and piney promontories on our right hand, and whizzing through villages and cities too numerous to mention or even to remember.

A dense fog finally covered the landscape, and under its damp shadow we entered Providence, the capital of Rhode Island. This is a fine commercial town of about sixty thousand inhabitants, the best evidence of its prosperity being the unusual number of superb and tastefully decorated private residences in and about the city.

Among other rarities Providence may boast of an establishment for the freezing of ice-cream by machinery, for exportation to foreign ports; and an occasional variety of the genus *homo*, not often met with elsewhere. Neither amidst the din of commerce and manufactures has she ignored the Muses, for the world has been charmed by her contributions both to literature and the fine arts.

A QUEER FISH.

We tarried here but a day, and then resumed our route for New Bedford, in Massachusetts;

the Mecca, or Holy City of the whale-hunters. The appearance of the country through which we traveled was hideously sterile—made up of rocks, swamps, and pine woods, but thickly studded with thriving villages, neat and fresh painted, generally grouped about the domineering chimney stacks of huge factories.

At one of the frequent stopping-places a young girl with a carpet-bag got in, and took a seat near us. I was so much struck with her beauty that I could not take my eyes from her. She seemed to be about eighteen, with a face that might have served for Tennyson's Maude—cold and clear-cut features, with cheeks like the lips of a sea-shell, and the look of "cruel meekness" that so fixes and fascinates a romantic fancy. I am not sure but too much intellectuality of expression mars perfect beauty. There is a dreamy, unconscious, half-childish ideal that I love better—a face like a placid lake reflecting a pure and cloudless heaven; expressing nothing strongly, yet suggesting a thousand beatific fancies.

"Isn't she beautiful?" whispered Dick. "What would I not give for an opportunity to speak to her? I wish something would happen. If the cars would only run off the track! Oh! she's a perfect wax-work."

Just then the fair one turned her waxen face toward the car window and attempted to raise it.

"Pardon me, Miss, let me assist you," said Dick, springing forward, and raising the glass.

A look of quiet surprise, and a scarcely perceptible addition to the rose in her cheek, was the only recognition of the service.

Dick's mind was ranging between despair and ecstasy. Leaning over to get my ear, he again whispered,

"I saw New Bedford on her carpet sack; she's doubtless going there, and I'll make her acquaintance to a certainty. She wouldn't speak to me. Perhaps she thought I was impertinent in offering my services to hoist the window."

Presently the carpet-sack tumbled off the seat, and, after a moment's hesitation, Dick took it up, brushed the dust off, and returned it to its place.

The impassive beauty sat all unconscious,

"Like monument of Grecian art,"

not recognizing the politeness even by a nod.

At the next station some women entered with a full supply of baskets, bundles, and babies.

"How d'ye do?" says one, nodding to the fair unknown. "What's the news in New Bedford?"

The calm face broke brightly into dimpling smiles. The response came in a voice like that of an estray guinea-hen—

"Wäll, I guess there's nawthin' pertickler; but they say ile is dreadful low down there."

My companion looked as if some one had thrust hot knitting needles into his ears; and covering the wounded organs with the collar of his overcoat, he laid his head upon the back of the seat and slept, or feigned to sleep, until we entered the New Bedford dépôt.

Here we were met by the usual crowd of hackmen eager for a fare. When our selection was made, one of the unsuccessful competitors for our favor threatened to lick the preferred Jehu.

To this direful threat Jehu (who was buckling on the baggage) replied with great "sang froid"—"Wäll, I want to know"—which, being interpreted, means "You don't say so," or something to that effect.

"Yes," reiterated Murad the Unlucky, knocking his fists together with great vehemence, "I'm the man that can do it any time."

"Perhaps it might be a longer job than you calc'late on; so you'd better begin early."

"Wäll, I rather guess I can do it pretty easy."

"If you would jist try it, you might conclude you had no call to think so. I'm waitin' for ye to begin," said Jehu, hesitating to mount his box.

Not caring to test his theory by practical illustration, Murad simply reasserted his hypothesis and left.

Jehu mounted, and we started for our hotel; but the wars were not ended yet. Before we had gone far we were arrested by a screeching which I thought came from a pet cockatoo, but presently perceived was the voice of a motherly old lady railing at our driver on account of some bundle left behind or other neglected promise. He did not exhibit so much pluck on this occasion as formerly; but, after stammering and dodging for several minutes, whipped up his horses and left the storm behind.

A SPECIMEN.

After all these stirring scenes we were glad to find shelter and repose in the "Parker House"—a most agreeable establishment, by-the-way, with enough of modern elegance to please the most fastidious, and enough of old-fashioned

CAULKERS.

comfort to silence the most venerable grumbler.

New Bedford is the chief seat of the whaling interest, having almost entirely superseded Cape Cod, Nantucket, and other places once famous for their enterprise and prowess against the mighty leviathan. It is a handsome town, built principally of wood, and containing about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. In proportion to its population it is said to be the wealthiest town in New England, and its long streets of ornamented cottages, surrounded by beautiful shrubberies and flower-gardens, bear witness to the easy affluence and refined taste of its citizens. But it was not those model cottages and pretty gardens that we came to see. It is the lower part of the town and the wharves that the stranger finds most interesting and attractive.

Here one stumbles at every step upon the spoils of the great deep, and may find gleanings from every shore known to geographers, and from every sea plowed by the keels of adventurous navigators. Here are shells from the sands of Madagascar, corals from the reefs of Otaheite, war-clubs from the man-eating New Zealanders, snow-shoes from the blubber-loving Esquimaux. Here the pearly skiff of the Fairy Nautilus—a delicate ornament for a lady's boudoir—may be seen contrasted with the huge jaw-bone of the *Physeter macrocephalus*, that might serve as the arched gate-way of a castle. Before this door reposes a bulky fin that once cleft the ocean with a speed that put to scorn the swiftest craft of the hunters. In this window are rows of ivory teeth where the sailor's quaint conceits are expressed in semi-barbaric carving. These are the teeth that, a hundred fathom down below the surface of some lonely and uncouth sea, have torn the limbs and flesh of the unfathomable squid—have crunched up many a whale-boat perhaps, and the stout hearts that manned them. Here are the busy wharves covered with anchors, rusty cables, harpoons, hoops, and lances; staves and empty oil-casks sounding under the blows of the cooper; there are gangs of caulkers and riggers refitting a craft battered by arctic and antarctic storms. Beyond, we see a vessel newly arrived, by the assistance of a donkey-engine discharging her oleaginous cargo, stored in casks of all sizes and shapes, covering the wharf with the golden liquid treasure. Here the gaugers,

OIL-FILLERS.

clerks, supercargoes, oil-fillers, bung-starters, and scrapers ply their busy offices.

Then comes a scene still more lively and unique. A cart rattles by, loaded with recently discharged whalemen—a motley and a savage-looking crew, unkempt and unshaven, capped with the head-gear of various foreign climes and peoples—under the friendly guidance of a land shark, hastening to the sign of the "*Mermaid*," the "*Whale*," or the "*Grampus*," where, in drunkenness and debauchery, they may soonest get rid of their hard-earned wages, and in the shortest space of time arrive at that condition of poverty and disgust of shore life that must induce them to ship for another four years' cruise.

Verily, the more one sees of this world, the more one is obliged to wonder at it!

Your worldling, who boasts that he is *blasé*, and professes to live under the motto "*nil admirari*," is simply he who lives like a land terrapin with his head drawn in, cased in the shell of his own conceit, too lazy or too stupid to look out and to reflect on what is passing around him.

Besides these sights and scenes, so novel and suggestive to the imagination of a landsman, the lower town of New Bedford can show among its

denizens and cosmopolitan sojourners a greater variety of human species than is elsewhere to be found collected under the bright sun of Christian civilization. Europeans there are of every flag and language; native Yankees, both green and smoked; Gay-Headers and negroes; aboriginals and Africans; Island Portuguese, as plenty as whales' teeth; with an occasional sprinkling of Chinese, Lascars, Australians, and Polynesians, cannibals and vegetarians—all gathered in, like sharks and sea-birds, around the royal carcass of the whale. Here it matters little what may be a man's nationality, his color, his language, or religion; whether blazoned in heraldry or a nameless outcast; whether laden with book-learning or signing the ship's papers with a cross mark; the only questions to be asked are, has he the arm to pull an oar, the eye to aim a harpoon, the heart to face a wounded whale in his stormy wrath; for upon such gifts are founded his only claims to manhood—his only recognized titles of nobility.

On the second evening after our arrival we went to the City Hall to hear a lecture on Spiritualism. As stated in showy placards, a young lady would speak, by inspiration, on that highly interesting subject—*admittance free.* The hall was a very large and handsome room, brilliantly lighted with gas, and crowded with people of both sexes and all conditions, from the dwellers

THE WHARF.—CAUGHT OIL.

LECTURE ON SPIRITUALISM.

in suburban villas to the denizens of sailor groggeries. After some delay, the fair sibyl entered and took her place on the stand, accompanied by an old, white-haired boguey in the capacity of showman. This individual rose and informed the audience that the medium was suffering with a very bad cold in the head, but nevertheless would make the effort to address them as proposed. Meanwhile a collection would be taken up to defray incidental expenses; and as the collection of a previous evening had been a failure, folks were exhorted to be liberal. Three hats were passed around the assembly, and nothing was heard for a space but the clinking of three-cent pieces, and the heavier thump of coppers, upon the sonorous hat-crowns. To these sounds the white-haired official lent an attentive ear; and by observing the changes in his countenance while thus engaged, I was led to suppose that long practice had enabled him to estimate the precise value of each jingle.

After the collection a call was made for themes, some one of which should be selected by the vote of the audience as the subject of the proposed address.

But two were offered, which in substance were as follows:

"What are the proofs of the immortality of the soul, as furnished by Science, Scripture, Spiritualism, etc.?"

"How do the doctrines of Spiritualism agree with the religion and morality of the Scripture, as taught by Jesus Christ?"

An attempt was made to take the vote of the assembly on the choice of subjects; but, as is usual in such cases, nothing definite could be ascertained, and it was at length agreed to leave the selection to the medium herself.

Upon this the fair priestess threw herself into a series of superb attitudes—now, with head resting upon her hand dreamily; then, with eyes upturned, like the famous Sibyl of Guerchino, smiling and whispering, as if with invisible spirits—pausing at intervals to blow her nose with a sonorous blast, then gracefully resuming her ecstatic communings. She was dressed in blue. Her person was handsome, and her face good, but had rather a hard, strong-minded expression.

Suddenly the Pythoness arose, and, with stately gesture and emphatic tone, commenced, "God doeth all things well." The address that followed was fluently, and even elegantly, delivered. The speaker, one might say, was faultless in tone and gesture, although Momus might have found her action a trifle too much studied.

The spirit who dictated the address to her must have spent some time, and have taken great pains, in preparing it; for there was no break nor hesitation in the delivery, and to one who didn't know that it was "inspiration," it sounded marvelously like a well-conned task.

The audience listened with marked attention, and even interest; but the performance was disturbed by some graceless outsiders, who started the cry of "Fire!"

This trick having proved unavailing, the gas was turned off, and in a twinkling the hall was left in utter darkness. There was a murmuring and a buzz of suppressed laughter in that part of the room most occupied by young ladies; and one profane sailor-looking chap near me whispered to his comrade a wish that he was sitting next to a certain person in a pink bonnet; but the general good-breeding and decorum was uninterrupted.

The hall was relighted and the discourse resumed, but in a few minutes the gas was again turned off, and it was thought advisable to close the performance, as it was feared the spirits might be angered by these frequent interruptions, and there was no knowing what might be the result,

"For the viewless have fearful might."

As we walked back to our hotel my companion remarked that it was a very clever speech for a woman to make, but if he were a spirit he would have sought a more attractive medium, any number of whom might have been found among her bright-eyed and rosy-checked auditors.

As I fully agree with the great dramatist, that

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women in it only players,"

I could see nothing in the evening's performance but a theatrical show, not sufficiently entertaining to excite a wish to see it repeated; and a community which finds its recreation in listening to such lectures might easily be content with *eau sucré* and dominoes.

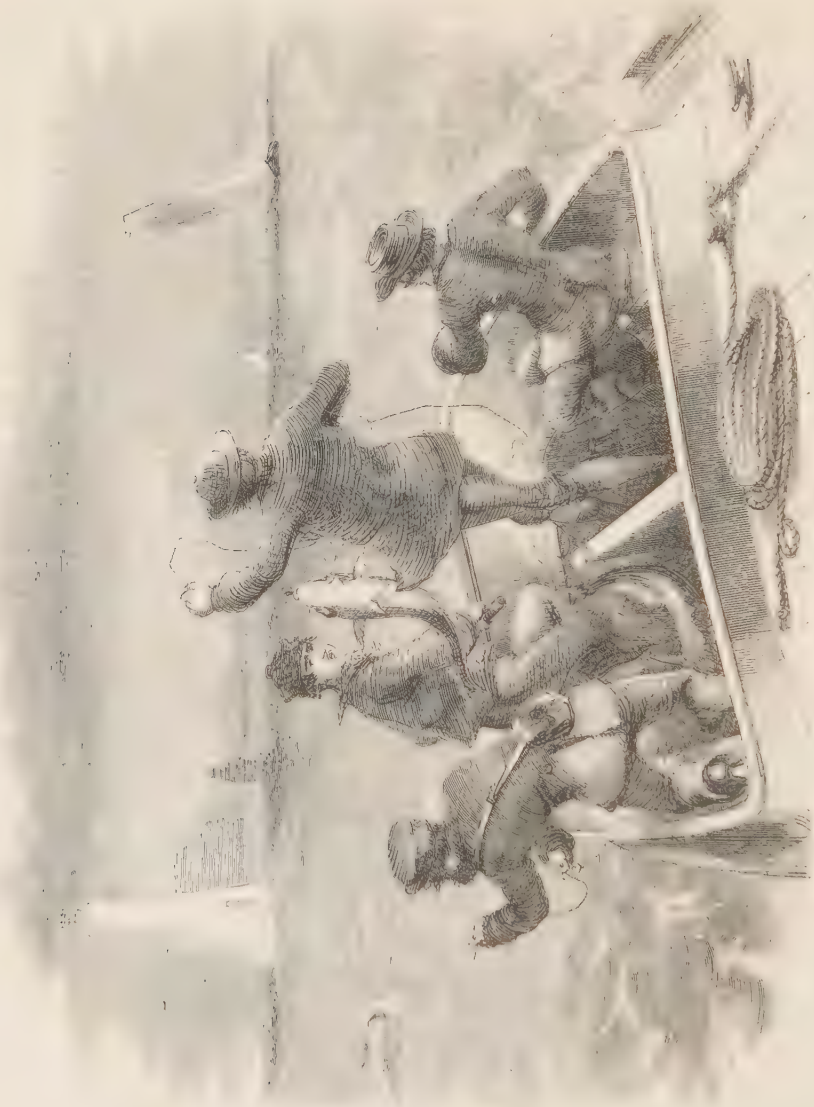
"I did expect something livelier," said Dashaway, "such as thumping on tables and throwing furniture about, ringing bells with their toes, and all that. I've seen the Fakir of Ava pull carrots out of people's noses, and fry omelets in a new hat; but that was only sleight of hand."

For my part, I was not displeased that this part of the exhibition was omitted; for, like the French *savant*, speaking of these matters, "*Je préfère ne pas les croire, que y allez voir.*"

THE OLD BATTERY.

It is not to be supposed, however, that keen lovers of aquatic sports, such as Dashaway and myself, would long content ourselves with such mild recreations as Spiritualist lectures or viewing the model architecture of New Bedford. During the three days' drizzle that followed our arrival we had visited vessels recently returned from whaling voyages; had seen their cargoes discharged; had watched the operations of the gaugers and the whalebone packers; had learned the secrets of the assayer; and had witnessed the process of manufacturing crude oil into spermaceti candles, fit to illumine the boudoir of a princess or the shrine of a saint. Indeed, during these three days we saw and heard many things worthy of note, which shall be treated of in due time. But we were here in a land of heroes. The men who jostled us in the streets, who sat next to us at table, who squared their burly shoulders about the hotel stove, were all renowned captains—men of mighty deeds. Under each cold and quiet exterior there burned a heart of fire. Sparing and somewhat unskillful in words, each man's experience was a volume of bold and dashing adventure—a glorious and soul-stirring book—unwritten and, for the most part, unspoken. We had tipped fins with these sons of the Vikings, and talked with them face to face until we scorned the inactivity in which we had so long mouldered, and once deemed happiness.

So when the fourth morning broke bright and clear, and the news came that the bluefish had struck in to Buzzard's Bay, you may imagine that the sail-boat was not kept long in waiting for us. Away we flew, like birds let loose. Pass-



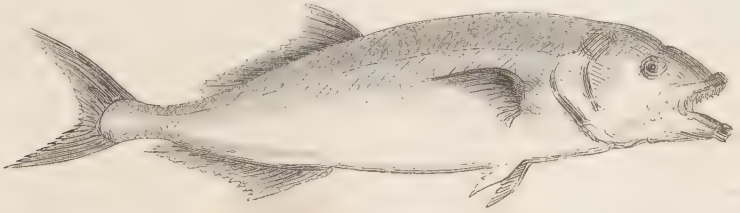
BLUEFISHING IN BUZZARD'S BAY.

ing the light-house and Old Battery Point, we were presently out upon the bay, with a stiff breeze that kept our boat careering, and dashed the salt spray over us in sparkling showers. The tackle used here for taking bluefish is a large hook, from three-quarters to an inch across the bend, with a shank from eight to ten inches long, cased with shining metal, fish shaped, and the whole sometimes covered with a bit of fresh eel-skin, supposed to make the bait more tempting. This formidable mouthful is attached to a stout line a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet in length, and trailed over the stern of the boat, whose rapid motion keeps it afloat near the surface. The end of the line is tied to the boat to prevent accident, while the fisherman sits expectant, feeling the drift of his tackle with a coil around his forefinger. If he is soft-handed he must wear thick gloves or gutta percha finger-stalls, for, to the landsman, this is no boys' play in which he is about to engage. This he finds out presently, when, possibly half asleep, soothed by the billowy motion of the boat, or watching a white gull floating in the pure blue heaven, he is startled by the heavy *thug* of his line striking the gunwale. Now pull, hand over hand. There she breaches—hooked sure and fast; and so you lay to it with might and main. The company shouts and cheers—they are your interested friends and wish you luck; but the

great question is between you and the fish—*nip and tug*—fair play, and thirty fathoms of line between you. You gather a few turns on him, then the line slips and he gets it back. Again you pull him in by main strength, slowly and steadily, without tangling your line, if possible. See how he tugs and darts to and fro, now flashing from the dark water like a white-crested wave, now darting forward on the slackened line, and leaping half into the air with jaws wide open, he shakes the hook with angry vehemence. You must work rapidly, for the game is to keep the line always taut, otherwise your savage contestant is very likely to escape and cheat you of your labor! But this time you have him fast, and after a hard fight behold him gasping and flapping in the bottom of the boat. A noble fellow he is, with his white belly and blue back, with the eye of a sea-eagle, biting and snapping like a shark at every thing that approaches.

In recovering your hook you must be careful, or you may have occasion to regret it. If you are a green hand you had better leave that to the boatman.

The bluefish weighs, ordinarily, from five to ten pounds. I heard of several that had been taken weighing from fifteen to seventeen, and of one that reached twenty-two pounds. Its uncommon activity, strength, and ferocity render it one of the finest game fishes known. When cooked and eaten immediately after it is caught its flavor is delicious; but if kept even for a few hours it becomes insipid.



BLUEFISH.

Our maiden cruise for the bluefish was a delightful one. We returned about sunset, loaded with spoils, wet to the skin, the sea salt caked upon our lips, hands and shoulders aching as if we had spent the day in mauling rails. In addition, we were hungry as lions, felt our adventurous rage somewhat appeased, and were soothed with the thought that we had advanced one step nearer to the sea-gods.

Dick Dashaway has definitely determined to go a whaling.

On the following day my companion and myself were united in preferring a lazy stroll about the town to any more active amusement, and I took advantage of some hours of quiet in-doors to jot down a few items of information in regard to the whale fishery, obtained in conversation with those personally or pecuniarily engaged in the business. To the landsman a whale is simply a whale. The great fish that swallowed Jonah, and in latter ages has been hunted for his oil. The New Bedford man has a more discriminating knowledge of the subject. He knows that there is a great variety of whales, differing in appearance, character, and value more widely than the different races of men that often compose a whale ship's crew.

The great Sperm Whale is the largest, the most formidable, and by far the most valuable of all the leviathans hunted by man. He attains the length of ninety feet, and yields from fifty to two hundred and fifty barrels of oil. A hundred-barrel whale, however, is considered a fair average size. The average value of the fish is about five thousand dollars. He is never found in shallow water except by accident, but makes his home in the deep sea, and feeds chiefly upon the *squid*, a monstrous jelly fish that is supposed by some to attain a greater size than the whale himself. This mysterious jelly fish inhabits the depths of the ocean, and though never seen in his vast integrity by mortal eyes, his greatness is conjectured from the huge fragments of his limbs and pulp sometimes disgorged by the dying sperm whale.

This whale's head is of enormous size, being nearly one-third of his entire bulk, from twenty to thirty feet long—the upper part square shaped, like a ponderous box, the lower jaw armed with forty-two ivory teeth, opening under the head like a thin box lid. Above is found that remarkable reservoir called the case, which holds the oily substance known as spermaceti—in a good-sized whale furnishing as much as five hundred gallons. This is not the brain as vulgarly supposed, but exists in its natural state as a clear and fragrant oil, which on exposure to the air thickens into a snowy slush. The hard, alabaster-like spermaceti of commerce, is obtained in the manufactories by submitting the oil to various processes of cold, heat, and pressure. By the same treatment the body oil yields an inferior percentage of this beautiful concrete.

The Right Whale, or Greenland Whale, as he is sometimes called, although longer known to the fish hunters, and yet of royal bulk, is altogether an inferior animal to the spermaceti. From him we obtain that inferior article called whale oil, and the whalebone used in the manufacture of umbrellas, canes, ladies' stays, and hoops, etc. He has a vast mouth like a cavern, but a very small throat and no teeth. By way of compensation, his upper jaw is fringed around with five hundred slabs of elastic bone closely set,

from eight to fifteen feet long, about a foot wide at their insertion, and tapering to the lower extremity, which is furnished with an edging of hairs resembling those of a horse's mane. As the whale sucks in whole cart-loads of bret and shoals of the little fish on which he feeds, he discharges the superfluous water through this convenient strainer, and swallows at leisure the game he has netted. This great portable weir furnishes the whalebone of commerce.

Thus, notwithstanding his imposing bulk, the Right Whale, from his peculiar organization, must be a peaceable and inoffensive animal, swallowing civilly his daily millions of small fry; thereby correcting the tendency to over-population in the ocean, but indisposed to meddle with his equals, and incapable of injuring his hunters except by an occasional accidental awkwardness in the use of his tail. For these reasons, in addition to the low price of his oil, he is at present looked upon by whalemen as rather ignoble game. While the Sperm Whale—the bearer of precious ointments, who boldly devours his fellow-monsters, who crunches up whale-boats as a boy cracks filberts between his teeth, who in his royal wrath pits himself against the ship herself, and sends her to the bottom—the Sperm Whale is reckoned the true king of the seas.

There are many other kinds of whales in the sea, such as the Fin-Back, Hump-Back, Sulphur-Bottom, etc., which on account of their shyness or worthlessness are not hunted, and are consequently little known. The two species above described have almost entirely monopolized the attention of the whale fishers.

When refined, the common whale and spermaceti oils are not distinguishable by our ordinary perceptions. While the first is worth forty cents, and the latter a dollar and eighty cents per gallon, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the consumer can so rarely procure pure sperm oil. Although one of the safest, most agreeable, and brilliant illuminators ever used, its reputation has suffered so much from this facility of adulteration that it has been almost universally discarded.

In proving the oil furnished for the United States light-houses the assayer uses three tests.

THE MODEL SKIPPER.

PACKING WHALEBONE.

First, he ascertains its specific gravity by the oleometer—the sperm being lighter than the whale oil. Secondly, by burning. If the wick burns with a pure flame until the lamp is clean and dry within, the oil is pure. Should the wick become gummed and burn out, leaving a gelatinous residuum in the lamp, the oil has been adulterated. The third test is by freezing. The oil is placed in a refrigerator. The impure article will coagulate at 40° Fahrenheit. The pure remains liquid at the temperature of 15°.

The reputation of the New Bedford dealers on this head is as pure as the dippings from the sperm whale's case. There an adulterator is believed to have no chance for the kingdom of heaven. In the interior, when we would consign a man to the lowest depths of infamy, we say, "He would rob a hen-roost;" in New Bedford they say, "He's mean enough to mix oil."

The cost of fitting out a first-class whale ship is about fifty thousand dollars, and the number of seamen engaged in the fishing is estimated at ten thousand. Of late years the profit of the business has greatly declined, whether from the increasing difficulty of finding the game, or the numerous illuminating fluids substituted for the sperm oil, I am unable to determine. Idle merchants and skippers curse chemistry as the cause, while some of the more conscientious consider it a judgment on the whalemen for their former reckless abuse of the noble game. Happening to ask a ship-master if many men were lost on these voyages, he replied with some bitterness, "Not half so many as are burned to death by this d—d camphene!"

One fine morning we received an invitation from Captain Ryder, of the Custom-house, to accompany him in his official visit to the whale-ship *Baltic*, just returning from a four years' cruise in the Pacific Ocean. The vessel was as yet but dimly discernible to the naked eye, even down on the watery horizon, but the breeze that kept her tacking was favorable to our lively yacht. We hoped to be the first to board her; but when we got fairly into the bay we saw the shark boat ahead of us. We crowded all sail for a race; but the sharks had the *Richmond*, then reputed the fastest boat belonging to New Bedford, and could afford to laugh at our efforts. As they took it easy we gained on them; and as we struck sail and hauled up under the vessel's lee they were rushing over her bulwarks like a pirate's boarders, and by the time we

THE LAND SHARKS.

reached the deck they had full possession of the ship.

The "Land Sharks," as they are very aptly named, are a set of small traders, agents, and owners of groggeries, boarding-houses, pimps, etc., etc., who trade in the necessities or pander to the vices of the outgoing or returning seamen. The whaleman gets no regular wages, but a share (technically called "a lay") in the profits of the voyage, greater or less, according to his rank and capabilities in the service.

The keen-scented Shark soon ascertains whether the vessel's hold is filled with empty casks or golden oil. He can tell by intuition what each man's *lay* is, and what its probable value, and his loving-kindness is meted out accordingly.

The *Baltic*'s oil-casks were filled to overflowing. Her voyage had been a lucky one, and the manners of the Sharks were proportionably oily. The ship's crew numbered thirty-three, and each man had at least two amiable and disinterested friends hanging around him, hugging him about the neck, lover-like, whispering jolly good jokes into his ears, cramming bundles of cigars into his pockets, and, unseen by master or mate, slyly pressing to his lips the mouth of an uncorked pocket-flask. When the order is passed to tack ship half a dozen willing arms pull at his rope—coiling and belaying are neatly done to his hand. Why should he spoil his dainty fingers with tarred ropes, or bother with fid or marline-spike? or take the trouble to strap down or carry up his sea chest, when such good fellows stand by to do every thing for him?

Jack is in port—for the nonce a gentleman. What glorious rollicking visions rise in his soul—what delightsome odors of gin and tobacco—what hands of houris beckoning from the city! Soothed, flattered, beguiled, he falls unresisting into the gross and palpable snares. Instead of putting wool in his ears, and having himself bound to the mast, he hastens, with open mouth, ears, and eyes, to welcome the sirens.

Happy mariner! The gates are open, and he is free to wander in the gardens of paradise, until his oil-cask begins to run thick and gummy; then the bar is closed on him, Poll turns her back, and he is warned that it is high time to ship again. He does so, and at the end of the next voyage manhood, virtue, and good resolutions sink again into sweet deliquescence, and the same programme is followed to the letter.

Indignant Philanthropy, spare your animadversions and let the poor Sharks live; for if thou knowest the land where the strong oppress not the weak, where the crafty lay no snares for the simple, I prithee whisper its name, that thou and I may go there and build us tabernacles.

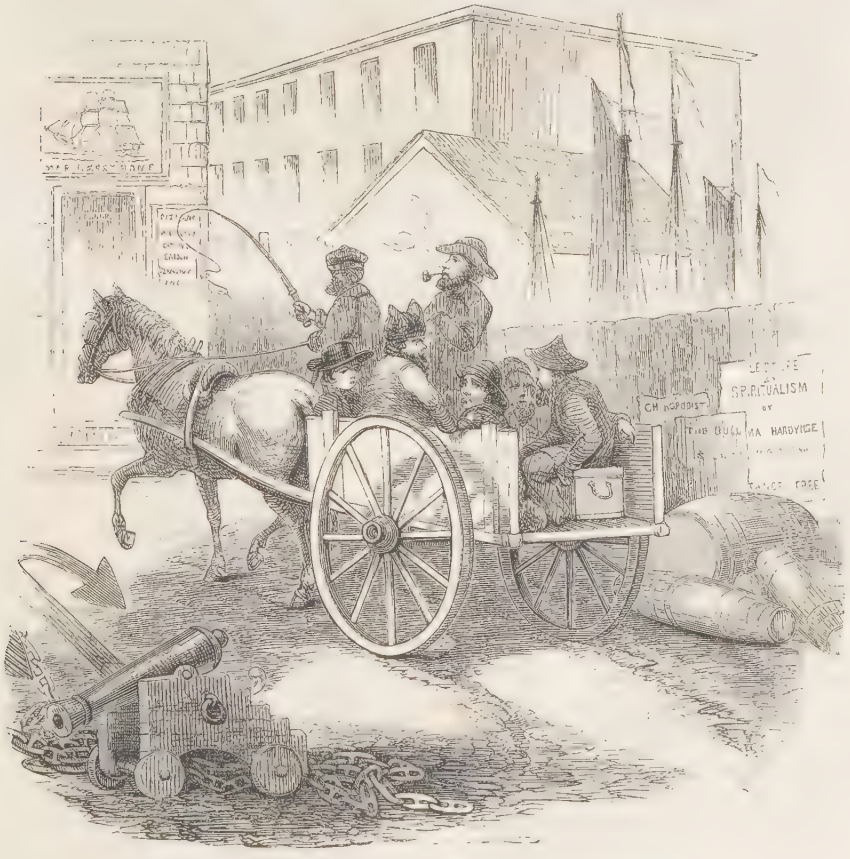
Notwithstanding her long voyage the vessel looked neat and trim, and the crew in good condition. The presence of the captain's wife and little son on board gave to the cabin quite a domestic and homelike air. This lady had, with her child, gone across the Isthmus to the Sandwich Islands to meet her lord on his homeward voyage from the North Pacific. Oh you fond rural dames, who weep and fret if your spouses happen to be detained in town overnight—who, while he is on a three-days' visit to the city, torment the post-master for letters—think of the New Bedford wife, with her four years of weary watching; of the sea-salted and mouldy letters, where she reads with trembling joy how he weathered a storm or escaped from a stove boat six months before; and how, with her boy, she makes light of a voyage to Otaheite, on the other side of the world, as you would run down to the homestead gate, to give the earliest welcome to the returning wanderer!

As the wind was adverse, it was thought the vessel would not reach her anchorage until toward evening; so the custom-house boat returned to the city, carrying the captain and family and such others as were privileged and wished to reach land, without delay. My friend and myself preferred to remain on board, enjoying the sweet May breezes and the various scenes of happiness upon the deck. I got out my pencils for the purpose of making some memorials of them, and a curious group soon gathered around.

"Lookye here, men!" cried one; "here's a feller takin' a landscape of us Sharks!"

"Git out of the way! It's old Ben Aikin he's a picterin' of."

The wind had died away entirely, and a steamtug was coming out to take us in tow; so that old Ben Aikin, the pilot, could afford to take his ease on the ship's gunwale, lunching on seabiscuit and coffee. Having pictured old Ben to the satisfaction of the public, I had all the celebrities of the crew at my disposal. They were all young men, however, and but for their sailor costumes might have passed for so many landsmen. A man's calling does not tell decidedly upon his bearing and physiognomy until he is at least forty.



JUST LANDED.

THE COOK AND THE PILOT.

I also observed that the personal appearance afforded no indication to my eye of the capacity and prowess of the individual. This heavy, pudding-faced chap, Charley Kotzenberger, is the chief harpooner—the veritable giant-killer—while that handsome, romantic-looking fellow, that served coffee to the pilot, is Edward Lemontaigne, the cook! Thus it is that downright old dame Nature never hesitates to give the lie to Art, as that cold-souled cynic Reality flouts the golden dreams of Romance.

The first mate, a gallant and intelligent fellow, then showed us over the ship, from the seaman's quarters in the forecastle to the captain's cabin table, where the steward had spread us a capital lunch.

About the middle of the afternoon the *Baltic* was moored at the New Bedford wharf, and we went ashore, much gratified at our participation in (what I believe is generally esteemed the most delightful part of a whaling voyage) the coming into a home port.

Since this adventure Dick Dashaway has appeared a trifle more thoughtful than usual, and he occasionally asks me questions like the following:

"Do sailors sleep all the year round in those black-looking bunks below deck? Is sea-biscuit and salt junk their usual fare? How do they

THE STEWARD.

CHARLEY KOTZENBERGER, THE HARPOONER.

do about climbing those ropes and reefing topsails on cold and stormy nights? Don't they sometimes fall overboard?"

I answer these questions as satisfactorily as possible, and then he falls to thinking again. He has, however, said nothing more about shipping, but wants to know when we are going to start for the Vineyard and Nantucket.

ONE YEAR AGO.

WHAT stars have faded from our sky!
What hopes unfolded but to die!
What dreams so fondly pondered o'er
Forever lost the hues they wore!
How like a death-bell, sad and slow,
Tolls through the soul "one year ago!"

Where is the face we loved to greet,
The form that graced the fireside seat,
The gentle smile, the winning way,
That bless'd our life-path day by day?
Where fled those accents, soft and low,
That thrilled our hearts "one year ago?"

Ah! vacant is the fireside chair,
The smile that won no longer there;
From door and hall, from porch and lawn
The echo of that voice is gone;
And we who linger only know
How much was lost "one year ago!"

Beside her grave the marble white
Keeps silent guard by day and night;
Serene she sleeps, nor heeds the tread
Of footsteps o'er her lowly bed;
Her pulseless breast no more may know
The pangs of life "one year ago."

But why repine? A few more years,
A few more broken sighs and tears,
And we, enlisted with the dead,
Shall follow where her steps have led;
To that far world rejoicing go
To which she passed "one year ago!"

C. C. Cox.

1.—VIEW OF "HOPETON WORKS," OHIO.

ANCIENT MONUMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY E. G. SQUIER.

[Second Paper.]

IN a preceding article I have given a general and rapid outline of the ancient monuments of the Mississippi Valley, from which it will be seen that they resolve themselves into several well-defined classes, which should be treated of in the order of their importance and dependence. To this end the following classification will probably prove sufficiently exact and convenient:

I. INCLOSURES FOR DEFENSE.
II. SACRED INCLOSURES.
III. SEPULCHRAL MOUNDS.
IV. SACRED, ALTAR, OR TEMPLE MOUNDS.
V. ANIMAL-SHAPED MOUNDS.
VI. MOUNDS OF OBSERVATION.
VII. IMPLEMENTS AND UTENSILS.
VIII. ORNAMENTS.

In the present paper I shall treat of the first two of the above classes, leaving the other for a subsequent and concluding article.

I. INCLOSURES FOR DEFENSE.

[Often of vast size; occupying elevated, commanding, or defensible positions; irregular in outline, conforming in this respect to the nature of the ground; ditch usually exterior to the walls; embankment usually double or treble; entrances often intricate, and defended by traverses and horn-works; often have sentinel mounds or look-outs, and natural springs or artificial reservoirs within their walls, occasionally built of stone.]

Those works which are incontestably defensive always occupy strong natural positions. To understand their character and capacity for the purpose assigned to them we must consider the predominant features of the country in which they occur. The Valley of the Mississippi, from the base of the Alleghanies to the ranges of the Rocky Mountains, is a vast sedimentary basin, and owes its general aspect to the powerful action of water. Its rivers have worn their valleys deep in a vast original plain, leaving in their gradual subsidence broad terraces, marking the different eras of their history. The edges of the table lands, bordering on the valleys, are cut by a thousand ravines, presenting bluff headlands and high hills with level summits, sometimes connected by narrow isthmuses with the original table, and sometimes entirely detached. The sides of these elevations are always steep and difficult of ascent, in some cases precipitous and absolutely inaccessible. The natural strength of such positions, and their susceptibility of defense, would certainly suggest them as the citadels of a rude people having hostile neighbors or pressed by foreign invaders. Accordingly, we are not surprised at often finding these heights occupied by strong and complicated works, the design of which is indicated no less by their position than by their peculiarities of construction. In such cases it is always to be observed that great care has been exercised in their selection, and that they possess peculiar strength and adaptation for the purposes to which they were applied. While rugged and steep on most sides, they have one or more points of comparatively easy approach, in the protection of which the utmost skill of the builders has been expended. They are guarded by double, overlapping walls, or a series of them, having sometimes an accompanying mound, designed perhaps as a "look-out," and corresponding to the *barbican* in the system of defense of the Middle Ages. The usual defense is a sim-

ple parapet thrown up along and a little below the brow of the hill, varying in height and solidity as the declivity is more or less steep and difficult of access.

Other defensive works occupy the peninsulas formed by the streams, or cut off the bluff points formed by their junction with each other. In such cases a fosse and wall are carried across the isthmus, or diagonally from the bank of one stream to that of the other. In certain instances the wall is double, and extends along the bank of the stream for some distance inwardly, as if designed to prevent an enemy from turning the flank of the defense.

To understand clearly the nature of the works last mentioned, it should be remembered that the banks of the Western rivers are always steep, and where these works are situated invariably high. The banks of the various terraces are also steep, ranging from ten to thirty feet and upward in height. The rivers are constantly shifting their channels, and frequently cut their way through all the intermediate up to the earliest formed or highest terrace, presenting bold banks from fifty to one hundred feet high. At such points, from which the rivers have receded to the distance of half a mile or more, works of this description are oftenest found.

These preliminary remarks will serve to introduce examples of the various kinds of defensive structures alluded to, and which will illustrate the characteristics pointed out in the classification. Figure 2 is an accurate plan of a remarkable stone work, which occupies the summit of a lofty, detached hill, twelve miles westward from the city of Chilicothe, Ohio, near the village of Bourneville. The hill is not far from 400 feet high, and remarkable for the abruptness of its declivities, which, in places, are absolutely inaccessible. This promontory is the advance point of a range of hills situated between the narrow valleys of two small streams, and projects boldly into the broad valley of Paint Creek, so as to constitute its most prominent natural feature. Its summit is a level and fertile area, with some considerable depressions, which receive and retain the water collected from rains for the entire year.

The defenses consist of a wall of stones, which is carried around the hill a little below its brow; but in some places it rises to the general level of the summit, so as to cut off projecting spurs of the hill, and is furthermore carried across the neck of land or isthmus which connects the hill with the table land behind. By the term *wall* must not be understood a wall of stones laid up with regularity, as in a modern fortification, but rather a line of stones heaped together, with but faint evidences of artificial arrangement, and best described as presenting the appearance which might be expected from the falling outward and downward of a wall of stones placed, as this was, on the declivity of a hill. On the western, or steepest face of the hill, the stones have slipped down, in the course of time, so as to cover a line from thirty to fifty feet broad, and resemble the "retaining walls" of our railways and canals. But for the amount of stones it might be taken for a natural feature —the *débris* of the outcropping sand-stone strata. But this impression would be speedily corrected on reaching the points where the supposed line of *débris*, rising over the spurs of the hill, forms a series of gate-ways, and then subsides and resumes its course as before.

On the eastern face of the hill, where the declivity is least abrupt, the wall is heaviest, and from fifteen to twenty feet base, by from three to four feet in height. Where it crosses the isth-

2.—STONE WORK IN VALLEY OF PAINT CREEK, OHIO.

mus, at *D*, it is heavier still; and although stones enough to build a stout division-wall between two proprietors have been removed from it, yet the diminution is not discernible. This isthmus is 700 feet across, and the wall is carried across it, in a right line, at its narrowest point. Here are three gate-ways opening into the work from the continuous terrace beyond. These were formed by curving the ends of the walls inward for forty or fifty feet, leaving narrow passages between, not exceeding eight feet in width. At other points, indicated in the plan by the letters *A* and *C*, where there are jutting spurs or ridges from the main body of the hill, are similar gate-ways. It is at these points that the hill is most easy of access. At *B* seems to have been a similar gate-way, which, for some reason, was closed up. A like feature may be observed in the line of wall at *D*. At these gate-ways the amount of stones is more than quadruple the quantity at other points, constituting broad, mound-shaped heaps. They exhibit strong marks of fire, which in some specimens has vitrified their surfaces and fused them together. Light, porous, scoriaceous material is also abundant in the centres of some of these piles. Indeed, the evidences of great heat are visible at many places on the line of the wall, particularly at *F*, the point commanding the widest expanse of country. Here are two or three small mounds of stone, which appear to have been burned throughout. Nothing can be more certain than that powerful fires were maintained, for considerable periods, at numerous prominent points on the hill; for what purposes, except as alarm signals—"fire-towers"—it is impossible to conjecture.

It will be observed that at *E*, where the hill is precipitous and inaccessible, the wall, elsewhere continuous, is interrupted, evidently because none was needed there for purposes of protection. There are also, as has already been remarked, several depressions on the hill, possibly artificial, which retain a constant supply of water—an indispensable requisite in a fortified work designed to resist a prolonged assault. One of these covers about two acres, and furnishes a supply of water estimated by the proprietor of the hill, who resides near the reservoir, as sufficient for the wants of a thousand head of cattle.

The area of this singular work is something over one hundred and forty acres, and the line of wall is upward of two miles and a quarter in length. Most of the works, and a large portion of the area, are still covered with a primitive forest. Trees of the largest size grow on the wall, twisting their roots among the stones, some of which are firmly imbedded in their trunks. That this work was designed for defense will not admit of doubt. The wall was probably once regularly laid up, and, if it does not now present any clear evidence of that having been the case, we must consider that it was built on a yielding and disintegrating declivity, and that successive forests in their growth and prostration, aided by the action of the elements, would have been adequate to the total ruin of structures much more solid and substantial than we are justified in supposing any of the stone works of the mound-builders to have been. The stones, it may be added, are uncut, of all sizes, and probably sufficient to have constructed a wall eight feet high and of equal thickness. It can readily be perceived that, on a steep declivity such as this hill presents on every side, so large an amount of stones, even though simply heaped together, must have proved a serious impediment in the way of an assailant, especially if crowned by a line of palisades.

In the magnitude of area inclosed, this work exceeds that of any other hill-work now known in the United States; but the wall is considerably less in length than that of the hill-work popularly known as "Fort Ancient" on the Little Miami River, thirty-five miles above Cincinnati. The valley which it overlooks was a favorite spot with the mound-builders, who have left in it numerous mounds of large size, and several extensive works, of the class denominated *Sacred Inclosures*. It is the only work of a defensive character within a radius of many miles; and we may not unreasonably infer, from its large size, and the amount of labor expended on it, that it was the citadel or place of last resort of a large, and fixed, and therefore agricultural population, surrounded by hostile neighbors, or liable to sudden irruptions from abroad.

It may be observed here that works of stone are very rare, not more than three or four having fallen under the notice of the writer in the whole course of his investigations. Figure 3, therefore, may be taken as a better type of the "Hill Forts" or defensive inclosures than the work last described. It is situated in Butler County, Ohio, on the west side of the Great Miami River, about three miles below the town of Hamilton. It illustrates, in a special manner, some of the most interesting features of this class of works, and on that account merits a particular description. The hill itself is half a mile distant from the present bed of the river, and is not far from two hundred and fifty feet high, being considerably more elevated than any other in the vicinity. It is surrounded at all points, except a narrow space toward the north, by deep ravines, presenting steep and almost inaccessible declivities. The slope toward the north is very gradual, and from that direction the hill is easy of approach. It is covered by a primitive forest.

Skirting the brow of the hill, and generally conforming to its outline, is a wall of mingled earth and stone, having an average height of five feet by thirty-five base. It has no apparent ditch, the earth composing it, which is a stiff clay, having been for the most part taken up from the surface, without leaving any marked excavations. There are a number of pits or "dug holes," however, at various points within the walls, from which it is evident a portion of the material was obtained. The wall is interrupted by four openings or gate-ways, each about twenty feet wide; one fronting the north, on the

approach above mentioned, and the others occurring where the spurs of the hill are cut off by the parapet, and where the declivity is least abrupt. They are all, with one exception, protected by inner lines of embankment of a most singular and intricate description. These are accurately delineated in the plan, which will best explain their character. It will be observed that the northern or great gate-way, in addition to its inner maze of walls, has an outwork of crescent shape, the ends of which approach within a short distance of the brow of the hill.

The excavations are near the gate-ways: none of them are more than sixty feet over, nor have they any considerable depth. Nevertheless they all, with the exception of the one nearest to gate-way *S*, contain water for the greater portion if not the whole of the year. A pole may be thrust eight or ten feet into the soft mud at the bottom of those at *E*.

3.—FORTIFIED HILL, BUTLER COUNTY, OHIO.

At *S* and *H*, terminating the parapet, are mounds of stones, thrown loosely together, eight feet in height. Thirty rods distant from gate-way *N*, and exterior to the work, is a mound ten feet high, on which trees of the largest size are growing. It was partially excavated a number of years ago, and a quantity of stones taken out, all of which seemed to have undergone the action of fire. The ground in the interior of the work gradually rises, as indicated in the section, to the height of twenty-six feet above the base of the wall, and overlooks the entire adjacent country. In the vicinity of this work are a number of others occupying the valley—no less than six, of large size, occurring within a distance of six miles down the river.

The character of this structure is too obvious to admit of doubt. The position which it occupies is naturally strong, and no mean degree of skill is employed in its artificial defenses. Every accessible avenue is strongly guarded. The principal approach, the only point of easy access, or capable of successful assault, is rendered doubly secure. A mound, used perhaps as an alarm post, is placed at a short distance in advance, and a crescent wall crosses the isthmus, leaving but narrow passages between its ends and the steeps on either hand. Next comes the principal wall of the inclosure. In event of an attack, even though both these defenses were forced, there still remained a series of walls so complicated as inevitably to distract and bewilder the assailants, thus giving a marked advantage to the defenders. This advantage may have been regarded as more considerable than we, in our ignorance of the military system of the ancient people, would suppose. From the manifest judgment with which their military positions were chosen, as well as from the character of their intrenchments, so far as we understand them, it is safe to conclude that all parts of this work were the best calculated to secure the objects of the builders under the modes of attack and defense then practiced. On the assumption that the embankments were crowned with palisades, it is easy to believe that it afforded entire security against rude or savage foes.

The devices resorted to in this work for protecting the principal entrances to it are repeated with slight modifications in other works, and are found also in some of the military structures of the Mexicans. Figure 4 is a plan of the great entrance to a defensive work, in the same valley with that above described, seven miles distant to the northward. As they approach each other, on either side, the walls curve inwardly, on a radius of seventy-five feet, forming a true circle interrupted only by the gate-ways. Within the area thus formed, is a small, complete circle,

4.—PLAN OF ENTRANCE.

one hundred feet in diameter; outside of which, and covering the gate-way, is a mound, *e*, forty feet in diameter and five feet high. The passage between the mound and embankment on each side is about six feet wide. The gate-way, or opening, *d*, is twenty feet wide. The letters *f f* indicate the fosse or ditch which surrounds the work, but which is interrupted at the entrance. The wall which Cortéz encountered in his march on the city of Mexico, covering the eastern approach to the Tlascallan territories, is described by Bernal Diaz as six miles long, with an entrance formed by the ends lapping round on each other in the form of semicircles having a common centre. And De Bry, in describing the defenses of the Floridian Indians, affirms that they were constructed of palisades, which "at the entrance were drawn in, after the fashion of a snail's shell." Similar devices were resorted to by the Romans, in their *castra stativa* or field forts, as shown in the following examples (Figure 5), after Polybius.

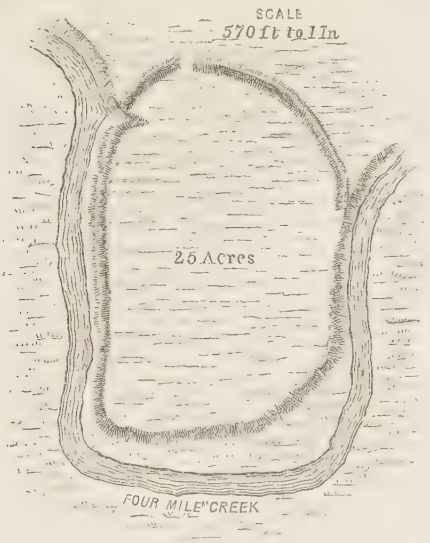
5.—ENTRANCES TO ROMAN FIELD FORTS.

Examples of "Hill Forts," similar to those here given, and each perhaps possessing some peculiar and interesting feature, might be greatly multiplied. Our purpose, however, is only to illustrate the general character of the ancient works, and not to exhaust the subject, which would require volumes to its complete elucidation. We turn, then, to another class of defensive structures, already alluded to as "occupying peninsulas or bluff points of land," naturally protected on most sides by streams or bold and inaccessible banks, or deep ravines. Of this variety of works Figure 9 is a good example. It is situated on Massey's Creek, a tributary of the Little Miami River, seven miles east of Xenia, Green County, Ohio, occupying a high promontory bounded on all sides, except an interval on the west, by precipitous limestone cliffs. Across the neck of land where the cliff is interrupted is carried a wall of earth and stones, from which the ground subsides toward the adjacent plain with almost the regularity of an artificial glacis. This wall is now about ten feet high by thirty feet base, and is continued for some distance along the edge of the cliff, where it is least precipitous, on the north. It is interrupted by three narrow gate-ways, exterior to each of which there was formerly a mound of stones; now, however, in great part removed. Still exterior to these are four short crescent walls, together extending quite across the isthmus, constituting an outer line of defense. These crescents are rather slight,

6.—MASSEY'S CREEK FORT, GREEN COUNTY, OHIO.

now not much exceeding three feet in height. The cliff, which protects the position on the remaining sides, has an average height of twenty-five feet, and is steep and almost inaccessible. At *d d* there are breaks in the limestone, where the declivity is sufficiently gentle to admit of ascent on horseback; and at *e* is a fissure, through which a man may ascend on foot. The valley, or rather ravine, *C C*, is three hundred feet broad. Massey's Creek, a considerable stream, washes the base of the promontory on the north. The area, bounded by the cliff and wall, is not far from twelve acres, and is covered with the primitive forest. The natural strength of the position is obviously great; and if a line of palisades were carried along the brow of the cliff and summit of the wall the work would be almost impregnable to savage assault.

A simpler form of this class of works is afforded in Figure 7, which occurs in Oxford township, Butler County, Ohio, at a point on Four-Mile Creek, where that stream takes a remarkable bend, forming a peninsula 1060 feet across its neck, and 1320 feet deep. This peninsula is elevated sixty feet above the waters of the creek, with precipitous banks, and overlooks the low "bottoms" which surround it. Across the neck of this peninsula is carried a crescent-shaped wall, with an outer ditch; the former is now only about three feet high, and the latter of corresponding depth. Formerly the wall was much higher, precluding cultivation; but the present occupant of the land has plowed along it longitudinally, throwing the furrows into the ditch, and will soon obliterate it entirely. A single gate-way, twenty feet wide, leads into the inclosure, which has an area of about twenty-five acres. The creek, at one time, unquestionably ran close under the banks of the peninsula; but whether or not the recession of the stream, leaving the intervening low "bottom," *A*, took place subsequently to the erection of the work, it is now impossible to determine. In this work will be remarked a *lapping round* of the wall, on the

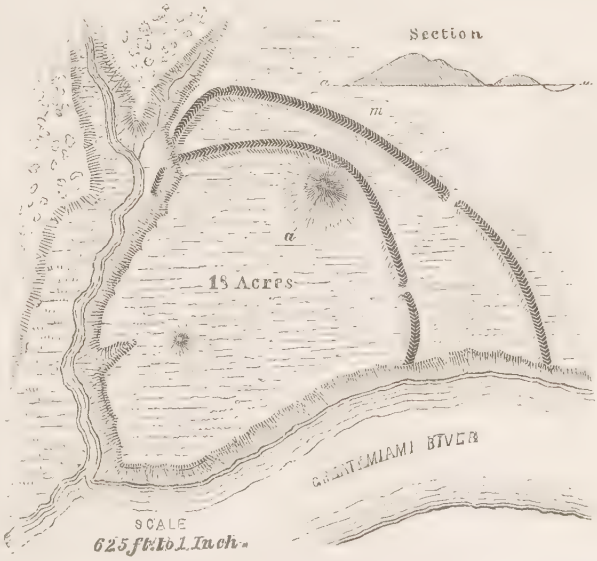


7.—DEFENSIVE WORK, BUTLER COUNTY, OHIO.

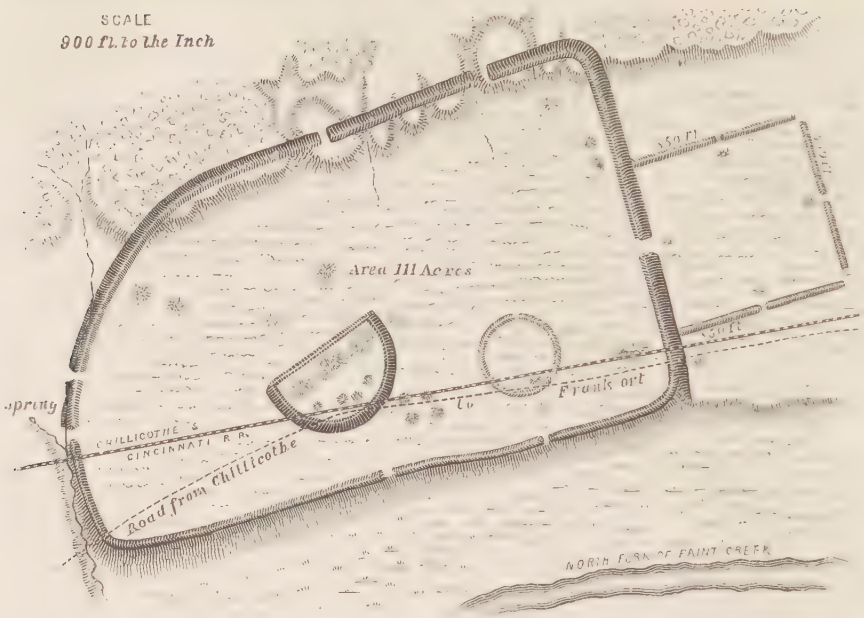
natural bank of the stream at *b*, a feature heretofore mentioned as probably designed to protect the flank of the defense.

Another example of this class of defensive structures will sufficiently illustrate their character. Figure 8 is a plan of a work, with a double line of walls, found on the Great Miami River, four miles southwest of the town of Hamilton, Butler County, Ohio. The outer line of defense consists of a simple embankment five feet high, with an exterior ditch four feet deep. It has a single gate-way fifteen feet wide. There are two apparent entrances where the ditch only is interrupted. Interior to this line of embankment is another, of less dimensions, having also but one opening. At *a m* is a broad mound, over which, and somewhat below its summit, on its outer side, the second line of embankment is carried. The ditch is also continued uninterruptedly over the mound, which is thirty feet high. From its summit a view of the entire work and of the surrounding country is commanded. Another mound, ten feet high, occurs at the point indicated in the plan. It is composed of stone and gravel, apparently taken from the river, and probably belongs to the class of mounds denominated "sacrificial," the characteristics of which will appear further on. The outer wall appears to have been formerly extended down to a lower level; but it has been much obliterated by the washing of the bank. The natural banks on the sides toward the river and next to Big-Run are inaccessibly steep, and between sixty and seventy feet high. The area embraced within the exterior line of wall is a trifle less than eighteen acres. The defensive purposes of the work will hardly be called in question. It seems probable that the high mound over which the inner wall is carried was designed as a *look-out* or alarm post, as well as a kind of citadel, commanding the second line of defense.

There remains to be considered another variety of works in which defensive features predominate, but which seem rather to have been fortified towns or villages than strongholds or citadels for final resort in case of danger. The natural conditions favorable for structures of the latter description, high hills, difficult of access, away from grounds most fertile and easy of cultivation, etc., etc., are not those most favorable for permanent residence in time of peace. It is not impossible, therefore, that in places admitting of it, the villages of the mound-builders were occasionally fortified, if not in a way to afford most effectual resistance, at least sufficiently to guard against surprise or sudden assault. Such, at any rate, appears to have been the case with the large and interesting work of which Figure 9 is a plan. It is situated on the North Fork of Paint Creek, in Ross County, Ohio, about five miles northwest of the city of Chilicothe, occupying the entire width of the second terrace of the valley, which is here a broad and level plain of exceeding beauty and fertility. Its general form is that of a parallelogram, 2800 feet long, by 1800 feet broad. On the side next the creek it is bounded by a wall of earth four feet high, running along the very edge of the terrace bank, which is about thirty feet in height, and conforming to its irregularities. Its remaining sides are defined by a wall and exterior ditch, the



8.—ANCIENT WORK NEAR HAMILTON, OHIO.



9.—ANCIENT WORKS ON NORTH FORK OF PAINT CREEK, OHIO.

former six feet high by thirty feet base, and the latter of corresponding dimensions. The lines ascend the acclivity of the table-land back of the terrace, and extend along its brow, dipping into the little ravines and rising over the ridges into which it has been cut by the action of water. Wherever these ravines are of any considerable depth the wall has been washed away—in all cases, however, leaving traces which favor the belief that it once extended uninterruptedly through them. The table-land referred to has a general elevation of about fifty feet above the terrace on which the work is principally situated. The area inclosed is one hundred and eleven acres. To the right of the principal work, and connecting with it by a gate-way, is a smaller work of sixteen acres area, a perfect square, its sides measuring each 850 feet. It has gate-ways thirty feet wide at the middle of each side, covered by small mounds, placed fifty feet interior to the walls. There are also gate-ways at its two exterior corners; but these are not covered by mounds like those at the sides. The opening or gate-way between this and the principal inclosure is double the width of the others. The walls of the smaller inclosure are much lighter than those of the large one, and are unaccompanied by a ditch.

Within the area of the great work are two small inclosures; one of them is a perfect circle, three hundred and fifty feet in diameter, consisting of a single light embankment, with a gate-way opening to the west; the other is a semi-circular inclosure, two thousand feet in circumference, consisting of a slight wall and ditch, as shown in the plan. Embraced in this last-named inclosure are seven mounds, three of which are of large size and joined together, forming a continuous elevation thirty feet high, five hundred feet long, and one hundred and eighty feet broad at the base. These are shown in the plan. The ground within this subordinate inclosure appears to be elevated above the general level of the plain, probably from the wasting away of the inclosed mounds. There are other mounds both in this and the ground inclosure, at the points indicated in the plan, most of which have been explored, with very interesting results. Nearly all of these were found to belong to the class denominated altar or sacrificial mounds.

Where the walls of the great inclosure descend from the table-land to the left is a gully or bed of a small stream, which, before the construction of this work, kept the course indicated by the dotted line, but was turned by the builders from its natural channel into the ditch, through which it still flows for a considerable distance. In one place it has broken over the wall, obliterating it for a distance of nearly two hundred feet. It is dry at most seasons of the year, and, unless much swollen, keeps within the ditch, which terminates in a deep ravine formed by the flow of water from a copious and unfailing spring, toward which opens a gate-way. This artificial change in water-courses has been observed in other works in various parts of the country.

The gate-ways of the main work are six in number, one opening into the smaller square inclosure, two leading out on the table-land, one to the spring just mentioned, and others toward

the creek to the southward. Two considerable springs occur within the work; but it is not necessary, on the hypothesis advanced as to its purposes, to suppose that its ancient occupants were wholly dependent on these sources for their supply of water, since it is very evident that many centuries may not have elapsed since the creek, now a hundred rods distant, washed the base of the terrace on which it stands on the south.

The slight wall along the terrace bank is chiefly composed of smooth, water-worn stones taken from the creek and cemented together by a tough, clayey earth. The wall of the square is wholly of clay, which contrasts strongly, when plowed, with the dark loam of the terrace. In common with the embankments of many similar works it appears to have been slightly burned. This appearance is so marked as to induce the belief, in some minds, that the walls were originally composed of half-burned bricks, which, in the lapse of time, have lost their form and subsided in a homogeneous mass. That in some instances they have been subjected to the action of fire is too obvious to admit of doubt. At the point in this work indicated by the letter *z*, stones and large masses of pebbles and earth, much burned, and resembling a ferruginous conglomerate, are frequently turned up by the plow. This feature may perhaps be accounted for by supposing the walls to have been originally surmounted by palisades, or wooden structures of some kind, which were destroyed by fire.

As bearing upon the probable character of the work, it should be observed that the points of the table-land on which the gate-ways at *T* and *S* open are natural bastions, in great part detached from the general level of the table.

Such are some of the features of this most interesting work, and if their detail has been somewhat tedious, it must be remembered that minute circumstances are often of first importance in getting at correct conclusions. The comparative slightness of the walls, and the absence of a ditch at the points naturally protected, the extension of the artificial defenses on the table-land, overlooking and commanding the terrace, the abundant supply of water, as well as the large area inclosed, with its mysterious circles and sacred mounds, all go very far to show that this was a fortified town of the ancient people—a conclusion further sustained by the abundant fragments of pottery, large quantities of calcined bones, burned stones, ashes, and other evidences of occupancy scattered all over its area. The amount of labor which was expended on this work, in view of the probably limited means at the command of the builders, must have been very great. The embankments taken together measure nearly three miles in length, and a careful computation shows that not less than 3,000,000 cubic feet of earth were used in their construction and that of the inclosed tumuli. In this work have been made some of the most interesting discoveries in the way of ancient art with which we are acquainted, to which further reference will be made when we come to treat of that branch of our subject.

These examples are sufficiently numerous to convey a very clear notion of the ancient works classified as defensive; and no one can rise from an examination of them without being impressed with the degree of judgment and skill which they exhibit, and which seems very clearly to have surpassed that common to most of the North American Indian tribes at the period of the Discovery. Their magnitude must also impress the inquirer with enlarged notions of the power of the people commanding the means for their construction, and whose numbers required such extensive works for their protection. It is not impossible that they were, to a certain extent, designed to embrace cultivated fields, so as to furnish the means of sustenance to their defenders in event of a protracted siege. There is no other foundation, however, for this suggestion than is furnished by the size of some of these defensive inclosures. The population finding shelter within their walls must have been exceedingly large, if their dimensions may be taken as the basis of a calculation.

The vast amount of labor necessary to the erection of most of these works precludes the notion that they were hastily constructed to check a single or unexpected invasion. On the contrary, there seems to have existed a *System of Defenses* extending from the sources of the Alleghany, in New York, diagonally across the country, through central Ohio to the Wabash. Within this range those works which are regarded as defensive are largest and most numerous. If an inference may be drawn from this fact, it is that the pressure of hostilities was from the northeast; or that, if the tide of migration was from the south, it was arrested on this line. On the other hand, on the hypothesis that in this region originated a semi-civilization which subsequently spread southward, constantly developing itself in its progress until it attained its height in Mexico, we may suppose from this direction came the hostile savage hordes, before whose incessant attacks the less warlike mound-builders gradually receded, or beneath whose exterminating cruelty they entirely disappeared—leaving these monuments alone to attest their existence, and the extraordinary skill with which they defended their altars and their homes. Upon either assumption it is clear that the contest was a protracted one, and that the race of the mounds were for a long period constantly exposed to attack. This conclusion finds its support in the fact that, in the vicinity of those localities, where, from the amount of remains, it appears the ancient population was most dense, we almost invariably find one or more works of a defensive character, furnishing ready places of resort in times of danger. We may suppose that a state of things existed somewhat analogous to that which attended the advance of our pioneer population, when every settlement had its little fort, to which the settlers flocked in case of alarm or attack.

It may be suggested that there existed among the mound-builders a state of society something like that which prevailed among the Indians; that each tribe had its separate seat, maintaining an almost constant warfare against its neighbors, and, as a consequence, possessing its own "castle," as a place of final resort when invaded by a powerful foe. Apart from the fact, however, that the Indians were hunters, averse to labor, and not known to have constructed any works approaching, in skillfulness of design or in magnitude, those under notice, there is almost positive evidence that the mound-builders were an agricultural people, considerably advanced in the arts, and possessing great uniformity, throughout the whole territory which they occupied, in manners, habits, and religion—a uniformity sufficiently marked to identify them as a single people, having a common origin, common modes of life, and, as a consequence, common sympathies, if not a common and consolidated government.

II.—SACRED INCLOSURES.

[Frequently of immense size; situated generally on level ground; regular in outline, usually circular, square, or octagonal, or with all these figures combined; sometimes with a long *cursus*, or ranges of parallel walls, combined with or dependent on them; generally with no ditch, but if a ditch, interior to the walls; entrances at regular intervals, in the circles commonly opening to the east; often with a mound in the geometrical centre, and others in a certain fixed relation to the principal features of the work.]

There is another and more numerous class of inclosures in the West, which it is evident, from their structure, not less than from their form and position, were not designed for defense. For reasons which will appear more clearly as we proceed, they have been classified as Sacred Inclosures, in some way connected with the religious notions, rites, and ceremonies of their builders. They are generally exceedingly regular in their design, frequently geometrically so, and occupy the broad and level river bottoms, seldom occurring on the table-lands, or where the surface of the ground is undulating or broken. Their usual form is that of the square or the circle—circular works being, however, most numerous. Occasionally we find them isolated, but oftenest in groups. The greater number of the circles are of small size, having a nearly uniform diameter of two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet. These have always a single gateway, opening oftenest toward the east, but by no means observing a fixed rule in this respect. It frequently happens that they have one or more small mounds interior to their walls, of the class denominated *sacrificial*. These small circles occasionally occur within larger works of a defensive character. Apart from these, numerous smaller circles, from thirty to fifty feet in diameter, are observed in the vicinity of large works, consisting of a very light embankment of earth, and destitute of a gate-way or entrance. It has been suggested that these are the remains of the ancient lodges or of other buildings. It sometimes happens that we find small circles around the bases of large mounds; but these probably can not be regarded as of the same character with that numerous class already referred to.

A characteristic feature of all these works, and that which distinguishes them from works of defense, is the almost invariable absence of a ditch, or its occurrence *within* instead of *exterior* to the walls. Another circumstance favoring the same conclusion, apart from the small size of many of them, is that they are often completely commanded from adjacent heights. We must therefore seek, in the connection in which these works are found, and in the character and contents of the mounds, if such there be, within their walls for the secret of their design. And it may be observed that it is here that we discover evidence still more satisfactory and conclusive than is furnished by the small dimensions of these works, or the position of the ditch, that they were not intended for defense. Thus, when we find inclosures containing a number of mounds, all of which, it is capable of demonstration, were *religious* in their purposes, or in some way connected with the superstitions of the people who built them, the conclusion is irresistible that the inclosure was esteemed sacred, and thus set apart as consecrated ground.

But it is not to be concluded that those inclosures which contain mounds of this description were alone designed for sacred purposes. We have reason to believe that the religious system of the mound-builders, like that of the Mexicans, exercised among them a great, if not a controlling influence. Their government may have been, for aught we know, a government of the priesthood; one in which the priestly and civil functions were jointly exercised, and one sufficiently powerful to have secured in the Mississippi Valley, as it did in Mexico and Central America, the erection of many of those vast monuments, which for ages will continue to challenge the wonder of men. There may have been certain superstitious ceremonies, having no connection with the purposes of the mounds, carried on in inclosures specially dedicated to them. There are several minor inclosures within the great defensive work, already referred to, on the banks of the North Fork of Paint Creek (Figure 9), the purposes of which would scarcely admit of doubt, even though the sacred mounds which they embrace were wanting. It is a conclusion which every day's investigation and observation has tended to confirm, that most, perhaps all the earth-works, not manifestly defensive in their character, were in some way connected with the superstitious rites of the builders, though in what manner, it is, and perhaps ever will be, impossible satisfactorily to determine.

What dim light analogy sheds upon this point goes to sustain this conclusion. The "ring forts" of the ancient Celts are nearly identical in form and structure with a large class of remains in our own country; and these are regarded by all well-informed British antiquaries as strictly religious in their origin, or connected with the rites of the ancient Druidical system. This con-

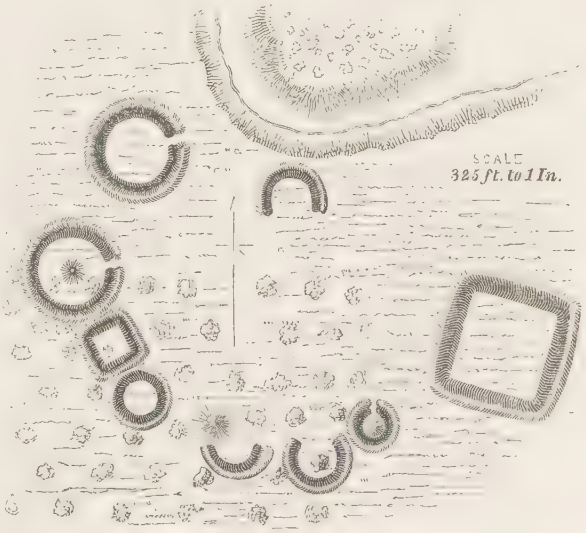
clusion is not entirely speculative, but rests in a great degree upon traditional and historical facts. Borlase observes, "The grandeur of design, the distance of the materials, the tediousness with which all such massive works are erected, all show that they were the fruits of peace and religion." "That they were erected," says Hoare, "for the double purpose of civil and religious assemblies, may be admitted without controversy. They were public edifices, constructed according to the rude fashion of the times, and at a period when the Deity was worshiped in the most simple and primitive manner, under the open canopy of heaven."

Cæsar, writing of the Druids, is understood to allude to their sacred structures in the following terms: "Once a year the Druids assemble at a *consecrated place*. Hither such as have suits depending flock from all parts, and submit implicitly to their decrees." It need not be added that the Druids were priests and judges, the expounders of religion and the administrators of justice; they were intrusted with the education of youth, and taught the motions of the stars, the magnitude of the earth, the nature of things, and the dignity and power of the gods. They officiated at sacrifices and divinations; they decided controversies, punished the guilty, and rewarded the virtuous. Their power was superior to that of the nobles, over whom they wielded the terrors of excommunication from a participation in the imperative rites of their religion. They centred in themselves the occult learning of the day, which seems to have been closely allied to that of Phœnicia, if not, indeed, mainly derived from the East.

The small circles to which we have alluded, as well as others of large size, are often found in combination with rectangular works, connecting with them directly or by avenues. In some instances these circles embrace fifty or more acres, and, as in the case of the squares or rectangular works with which they are attached (and which, it is believed, *never* have ditches, exterior or interior), the walls are usually composed of earth taken up evenly from the surface, or from large pits in the neighborhood. Evident care seems, in all cases, to have been exercised in procuring the material, to preserve the surface of the adjacent plain smooth, and as far as possible unbroken. The walls of these works are, for the most part, comparatively slight, varying from three to seven feet in height. Sometimes they are quite imposing, as in the case of the great circle at Newark, Licking County, Ohio, where, at the entrance, the wall from the bottom of the ditch has a vertical height of not far from thirty feet. The square or rectangular works attending these large circles are of various dimensions. It has been observed, however, that certain groups are marked by a great uniformity of size. Five or six of these now occur to the writer, placed at long distances asunder, which are *exact* squares, each measuring one thousand and eighty feet side—a coincidence which could not possibly be accidental, and which must possess some significance. It certainly establishes the existence of some standard of measurement among the ancient people, if not the possession of some means of determining angles. The rectangular works have almost invariably gate-ways at the angles and midway on each side, each of which is covered by a small interior mound or elevation. In some of the larger structures the openings are more numerous. A few of this description of remains have been discovered which are octagonal. One of large size, in the vicinity of Chilicothe, has the alternate angles coincident with each other, and the sides equal.

Another description of works, probably akin to those here described, are the parallels, consisting of light embankments, seven or eight hundred feet in length, and sixty or eighty apart.

Indeed so various are these works, and so numerous their combinations, that it is impossible to convey any accurate conception of them without entering into a minuteness of detail and an extent of illustration utterly beyond the limits of this paper. If we are right in the assumption that they are of sacred origin, and were the temples and consecrated grounds of the ancient people, we can, from their number and extent, form some estimate of the devotional fervor or superstitious zeal which induced their erection, and

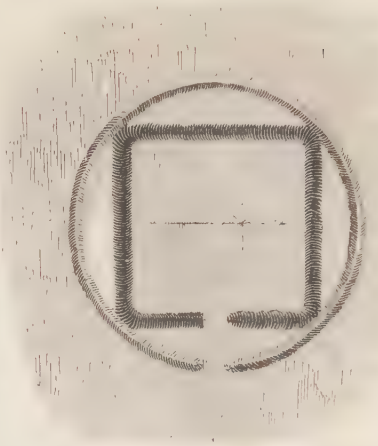


10.—GROUP OF WORKS ON PAINT CREEK, OHIO.

the predominance of the religious sentiment among their builders.

Figure 10 affords a good illustration of the simpler forms of the structures under notice. The group occurs on the banks of Paint Creek, about two miles to the southwest of the city of Chilicothe, Ohio, and consists of four circles, three crescents, two square works, and four mounds. The inclosure *A* is the largest, and, in common with all the rest, consists of a wall three feet high, with an interior ditch. The walls at its sides are each two hundred and forty feet long, much curved, so as to give it exteriorly somewhat the form of a circle. The area bounded by the ditch is, however, an exact square of one hundred and sixty feet side, entered from the south by a gate-way twenty-five feet broad. A little to the south and left of this inclosure is a mound, *B*, three feet high, surrounded by a ditch and exterior embankment, the ditch and wall being interrupted for a narrow space on the north, so form a gate-way or level approach to the mound. The peculiarities of the other works of the group are sufficiently obvious from the plan. The mound *E*, in which one of the crescent-shaped works terminates, is seven feet high by forty-five feet base, and was excavated in 1845. It was found to belong to the class denominated *sacred*. That these works were not defensive is obvious; and that they were dedicated to religious purposes seems more than probable.

A group somewhat analogous to that last described occurs on the east bank of the Scioto River, eight miles north of Chilicothe (Figure 11). It is, however, distinguished by two singular parallels, *A* and *B* of the plan, each of which is seven hundred and fifty feet long by sixty broad, measuring from centre to centre of the parallel embankments. They are in cultivated grounds, and the walls are much reduced, being scarcely two feet high. A gate-way opens into the southern parallel from the east, and a corresponding opening may have existed in the other; but, if so, it is no longer traceable.



12.—ANCIENT WORK, PIKE COUNTY, OHIO.

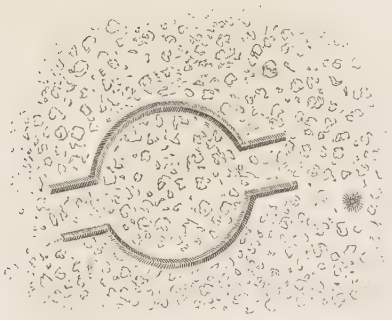
In some cases a square is defined by means of a ditch inside of a circle, as shown in Figure 12, which occurs in connection with a large and singular group of ancient works in Pike County, Ohio. The circle consists of an embankment five feet high, and is three hundred feet in diameter; the ditch is three feet deep, and the square which it forms is two hundred feet on each side.

A little more than a mile to the northward of the work last described is another quite unique, of which Figure 13 is a plan. Its walls are about four feet high, and its outlines beautifully distinct, having as yet escaped the encroachments of the plow.

Figure 14 is an example of an isolated circle, of large size, on the right bank of the Great Miami River, seven miles below the town of Hamilton. The embankment is about two feet high, composed of earth taken up evenly from the surface, terminating on either hand in small mounds, between four and five feet high. The inclosed area is level, and covered with forest. Area about twenty-six acres.

Figure 15 is a plan of an elliptical work, one of the best preserved and most beautiful in the State of Ohio. It is situated on the highest river terrace, directly facing, and about one mile distant from the great defensive structure already described (Figure 2). It consists of a wall of earth between eight and ten feet in height, with a broad and shallow exterior ditch. As already stated, it is elliptical, having a transverse diameter of seven hundred and fifty feet, and a conjugate diameter

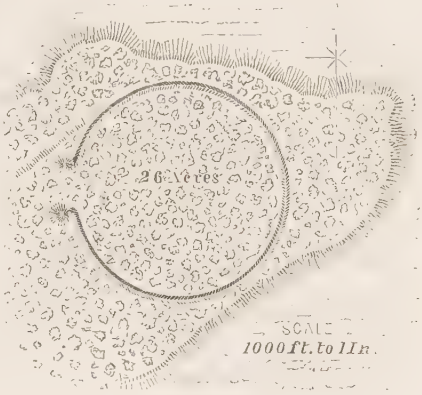
11.—CIRCLES AND PARALLELS.



13.—ANCIENT WORK, PIKE COUNTY, OHIO.

of six hundred and seventy-five feet. It has but a single gate-way, one hundred and twenty feet wide, opening to the southwest, on a small spur of the terrace which seems to have been artificially rounded and graded, so as to make a regular and easy descent to the lower level. On both sides of this graded declivity the banks are steep and irregular. A small circle and a couple of mounds are situated in the next lower terrace, at the points indicated in the plan. This work is remarkable as being the only one known of a circular form with its ditch exterior to its wall. As already stated, this ditch is broad and shallow, and does not show design; in other words, instead of bringing the earth for the embankment from holes and at a distance, or collecting it evenly from the adjacent plain, the builders — from haste, or other cause—gathered it on the spot, the ditch being only the accidental result of their excavations.

While detached circles of various sizes are frequent, there are very few detached square or rectangular works. As elsewhere stated, these almost invariably occur in combination with circles. Figure 16 is, nevertheless, an example of a great rectangle of remarkable beauty and regularity, near the town of Winchester, Randolph County, Indiana. Its character is sufficiently indicated from the plan. The walls, it will be observed, are unaccompanied by a ditch, excepting the lighter wall covering the entrance from the left, which has a ditch on its inner side. A work precisely similar to this, but of smaller size, occurs a few miles distant, on the upper waters of Sugar Creek. Between the two is a copious spring, surrounded by a ring or circle of earth—suggesting an analogy with the sacred and protected springs and trees of the ancient Celts and the Sandwich Islanders.



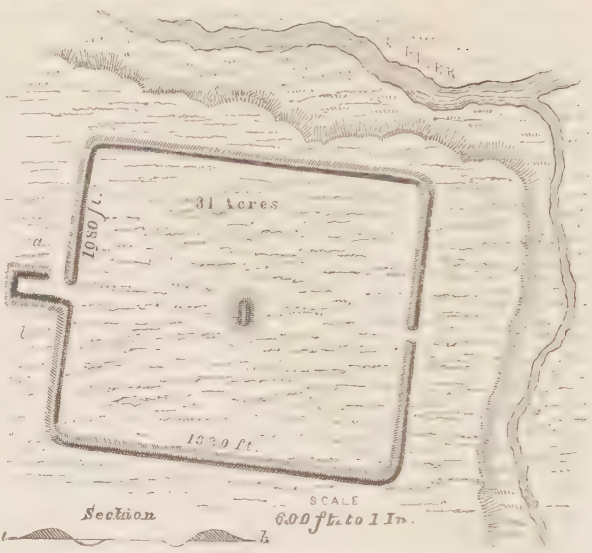
14.—CIRCULAR WORK, ON GREAT MIAMI RIVER.

Another rectangular work—which, however, has some characteristics of a defensive structure—is found five miles to the north of the city of Chilicothe, on the left bank of the Scioto River. Figure 17 is a plan. It has a wall and outer ditch, forming three sides of a parallelogram; the fourth side being protected by a natural bank seventy feet high, close at the foot of which flows the river. The walls are six feet high by forty feet base, and the ditch five feet deep and forty feet wide. This ditch, on the eastern side, is formed by a waterway or gulley, between eight and ten feet deep—in part, perhaps, artificial. There are gate-ways, each sixty feet wide, at the centres of the northern and southern sides. Two hundred feet interior to that on the north, and covering it, is a square mound, two hundred and forty-five feet long and one hundred and fifty broad; four feet high, with graded ascents at the ends, thirty feet wide. To the right of the main work, and about three hundred feet distant from

15.—ELLIPTICAL WORK NEAR BOURNEVILLE, OHIO.

it, are singular parallel walls, resembling those previously described (Figure 11), eight hundred and seventy feet long and seventy feet apart, joined at the ends. These walls have no ditch, and have been partially obliterated by the Chilicothe and Columbus turnpike, which runs through them. About a third of a mile to the southward of the principal work are the singular circle and truncated pyramid represented in Figure 18.

The latter is one hundred and twenty feet square at the base, and nine feet in height; the former is two hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and has an entrance on the south thirty feet wide. It has a ditch interior to the embankment, and also a broad embankment, of about the same elevation with the outer wall, interior to the ditch, on the side opposite to the entrance. This feature, which is observable in many of the smaller circles, is well exhibited in the plan and section. Two sides of the pyramidal structure correspond with the cardinal points. It has been excavated, but no remains were found in it. It is difficult to determine the character of this group of works. The principal work partakes of the nature of a defense; but the broad gate-ways, the rectangular elevation within the walls, and the adjacent parallels, are hardly consistent with the hypothesis of a military origin, and seem rather to connect it with the class of works devoted to religious purposes, games, or other observances, of which we can only conjecture the nature.

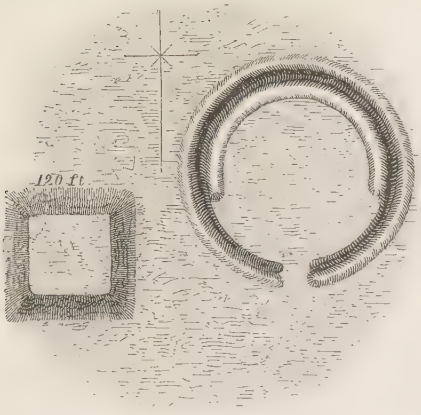


16.—RECTANGULAR WORK, RANDOLPH COUNTY, INDIANA.

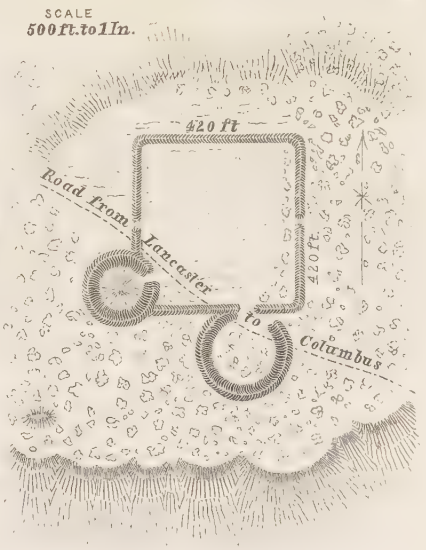
The comparatively small work which is represented in Figure 19 is found in Fairfield County, Ohio, seven miles from the town of Lancaster, on the road to Columbus, near a place known as "Hocking River Upper Falls." It is remarkable as being situated on the level summit of a hill, two hundred feet above the river. Advantage is taken of the slightly undulating character of the ground, so that the small circle inclosing the mound overlooks every part of the work, and commands a wide prospect on every hand. Two elliptical terraces, a few feet in height, occur outside of the work, near the brow of the hill. They are not included in the plan.

17.—CEDAR BANK WORKS, OHIO.

We come now to a class of regular works of larger size, combining the square and circle. The first example (Figure 20) is a work occurring four miles north of the city of Chilicothe, on the left bank of the Scioto River. It consists of a rectangle and attached circle, the latter extending into the former, instead of being connected with it in the usual manner. The centre of the circle is somewhat to the right of a line drawn through the centre of the rectangle, parallel to its longer sides. The gate-



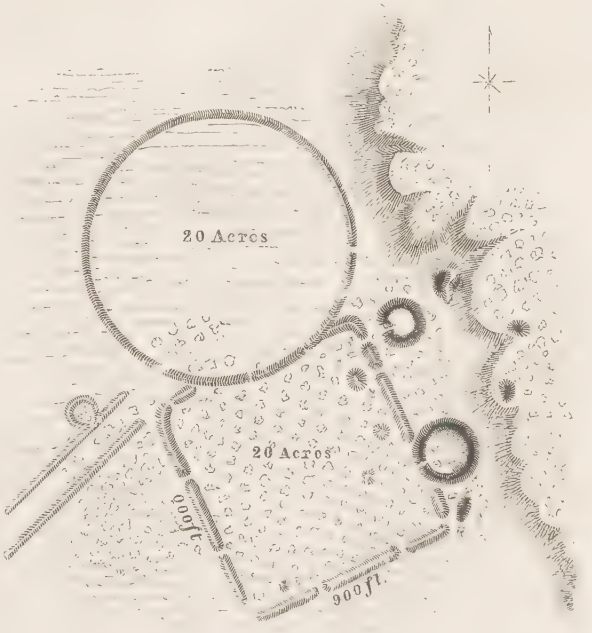
18.—WORKS NEAR CEDAR BANK.



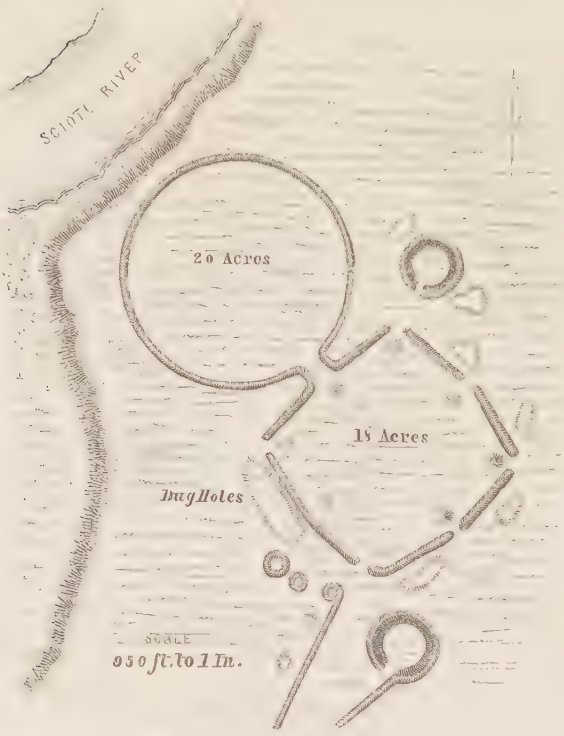
19.—SQUARE WORK, FAIRFIELD COUNTY, OHIO.

ways are twelve in number, and have an average width of about twenty-five feet. The walls of the rectangular work are composed of a clayey loam, twelve feet high by fifty feet base, without exterior or interior ditch, and broad enough on top to permit the passage of a coach. The wall of the circle was never as high as that of the rectangle; but notwithstanding that the greater part of it has long been under cultivation, it is still about five feet in average height. It is without ditch, and composed of clay, which contrasts strongly with the dark color of the surrounding soil. To the right of the rectangle, and between it and the bank of the next superior terrace, are two small circles, the walls of which are about three feet high, with interior ditches. About two hundred paces to the north of the great circle is also another small one, two hundred and fifty-five feet in diameter. Leading off from the work, to the southwest, are parallel walls, a small portion of which are represented in the plan. They are one hundred and fifty feet apart, nearly half a mile long, reaching to the edge of the terrace on which the principal works are situated. Near the southeastern angle of the work, and also on the bank of the superior terrace, are great pits, or "dug-holes" (*d, d, d*), from whence large quantities of earth have been taken, though much less, apparently, than enters into the embankments. There are no mounds of magnitude connected with this work—none, in fact, except the small elevations indicated in the plan. On the opposite bank of the Scioto River, however, in the direction pursued by the parallels, there are several large groups.

Five miles below the city of Chilicothe, on the right bank of the Scioto River, is found the



20.—"HOPETON, WORKS," OHIO.

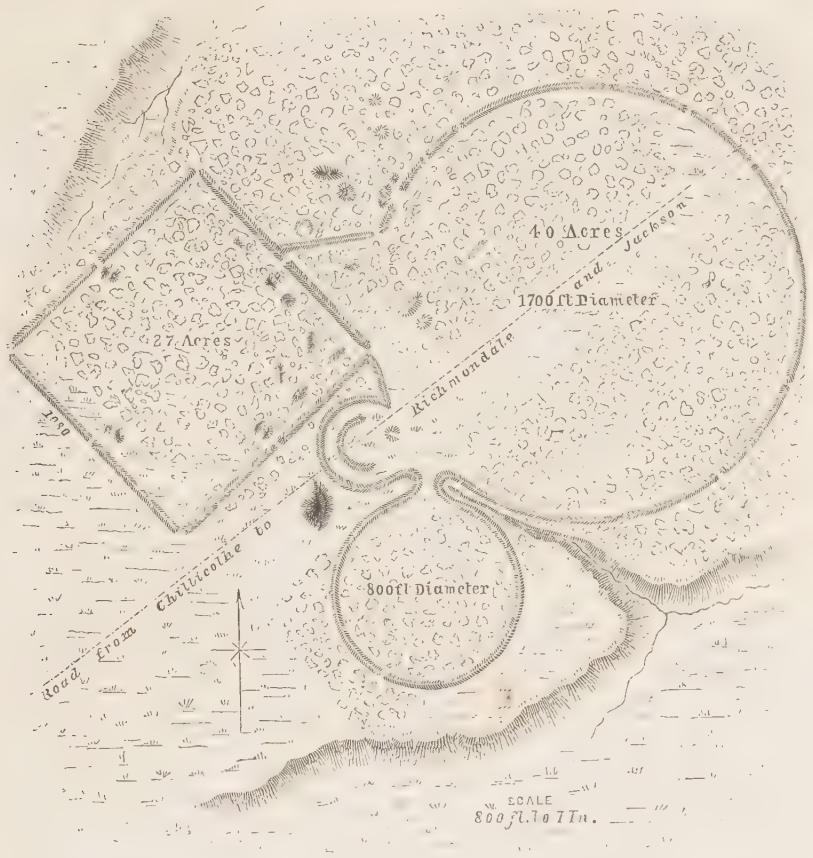


21.—"HIGH BANK" WORKS, OHIO.

beautiful work represented in the plan (Figure 21). It occurs at a place where the river has cut its way up to the third terrace, which, in consequence, presents a bold bank between seventy and eighty feet high. The principal work consists of a combined circle and octagon, the former 950 feet and the latter 1050 feet in diameter—the dimensions precisely coinciding, it will be observed, with those of the work last described (Figure 20). The octagon is not strictly regular, although its alternate angles are coincident and its sides equal. The circle is perfect in form, as are also the smaller and dependent circles observable in the plan. Near the lower left-hand angle of the octagon are two circles—one quite small, the other 300 feet in diameter—from which lead off two converging lines of embankment, connecting with a series of circles of varying sizes, half a mile distant to the southwest. Still beyond these, on the bank of the terrace, is a large truncated mound, 30 feet in height. A number of small circles, each about 50 feet in diameter, with walls two feet in height, occur a hundred rods to the southward of the principal work, in the midst of a forest.

Of the class of regular or sacred works under notice Figure 22 is nearly a perfect example. It is situated on the third river terrace, on the east bank of the Scioto River, eight miles to the southeast of the city of Chilicothe, on the road to Richmondale and Jackson. The terrace is here beautifully level and unbroken. It will be observed that the work consists of three circles and a square, the latter measuring 1080 feet on each side. Its walls are interrupted at each corner and at the middle of each side by gate-ways, each 30 feet wide. The central gate-ways are covered by low mounds, placed 40 feet interior to the line of the walls. The manner in which the circles are connected with each other and with the square is best shown by the plan, which precludes the necessity of a description. It will be observed that, while the embankment of the large circle is interrupted by numerous gate-ways, the walls of the smaller circles are entire throughout. Besides the small mounds at the gate-ways, there are three others within the work, the largest being 160 feet long by 20 feet high. It was excavated in 1846, and found to contain two sepulchral chambers. Numerous dug-holes, or places whence earth had been taken for its construction, exist in its vicinity, as also in various other places within the square—a circumstance rather unusual. In fact, the whole work appears to have been but partially finished, or hastily built. The mounds near the gate-ways, and those exterior to the walls, seem to have been formed by carelessly scooping up the earth at their bases, forming irregular pits of various depths. It is difficult to conceive the uses of a religious work of these vast dimensions; but it is still more difficult to believe that it has a military design. That there is some hidden significance, and probably some symbolical design, in the first place in the regularity, and secondly in the arrangement of the various parts of this work, can scarcely be doubted.

Figure 23 is only another illustration of the same class of works, of which that just described furnishes so complete an example. It differs from that in no essential respect, except that its walls are higher and heavier. It occurs on the right bank of Paint Creek, 14 miles above Chilicothe. The gate-ways are considerably wider than in most other works of this class, being not less than 70 feet across. A large, square, truncated mound occurs at some distance to the north of this work. It is 120 feet square at the base, 50 feet square at the top, and 15 feet high. Other works of precisely the same character and dimensions, but in which the square and circle are variously combined, are found in different parts of the Scioto Valley, of which numerous examples are given in the first vol-



22.—ANCIENT WORK, LIBERTY TOWNSHIP, ROSS COUNTY, OHIO.

ume of the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge."

Before dismissing this class of ancient works it will be indispensable to notice a subordinate variety of the class, less common, but not less interesting, of which Figure 24 is an example. It occurs on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River, near the mouth of the Scioto River, at Portsmouth. The river terrace on which it is situated is much cut up by ravines; but it is carried across them, notwithstanding, at right angles. The site of the square or main body of the work, nevertheless, is level and unbroken. It is an exact rectangle, 800 feet square, the walls about 12 feet high, by 35 or 40 feet base, except on the east, where advantage is taken of the rise of ground to elevate them about 50 feet above the centre of the area. The hollow way between the southeastern wall and the terrace bank seems artificial, or, at any rate, adapted by art. On this side the gate-way is entered by a slightly elevated causeway. At the southern angle is what appears to be a bastion, probably natural, but modified artificially, which commands the hollow way or ditch. On the southwestern side is a kind of run-way, or ditch, which loses itself in a deep gully toward the river. There are no traces of ditches elsewhere about the work. A narrow gate-way, 30 feet wide, opens in the middle of each side of the square, and at both the northern and western angles, as shown in the plan.

The most singular features of this work are its outworks, which consist of parallel walls leading off at right angles to the square, to the northeast and southwest, each 2100 feet long. The parallel to the southwest has its outer wall in line with the northwestern wall of the main work, and starts from it at a distance of 30 feet. It is broken by a deep ravine near its extremity, beyond which the walls curve inward on a radius of 100 feet, leaving only a space of eight feet between their extremities. Converging walls start from the point of curve, but lose themselves after running 300 feet, without meeting. Just beyond, on the plain, are two clay mounds, also a small circle 100 feet in diameter. The remaining parallel starts nearly from the centre of the northeastern wall of the main work, and is in all respects similar to that just described, except in the mode of its termination, which can only be explained by the plan. The left wall of this

23.—ANCIENT WORK ON PAINT CREEK.

parallel bends to a right angle as it approaches the main work.

At the point indicated by the letter *N*, and 450 feet to the left of the second parallel, on a high peninsula or headland, is a singular redoubt, of which the supplementary figure, *B*, is an enlarged plan. At its left is the bank of the second "bottom," or terrace, 50 feet high, and very steep. At its right is a ravine with steep banks. The embankment of this work is heavy, and the ditch, which is interior to the wall, is wide and deep. The inclosed oval is only 60 feet wide by 110 long. It has a gate-way to the northeast 10 feet wide. The object of this inclosure is difficult to divine. Its position and the dimensions of its walls would seem to indicate a defensive purpose; but this hypothesis is combated by its small size.

The entire main work, the greater part of the lower parallel, and a portion of the upper one, are now in open, cultivated grounds. The walls of the square are too steep to admit of cultivation, and now form fence lines to the inclosure, which has an area of 15 acres. From the dimensions of the walls, and other circumstances, it has been supposed that this was a fortified place. But the parallels seem to be without a military design; and we are forced to consider it, from interior evidence, and from the relation which it sustains to a certain class of structures in the Old World, as of sacred origin.

Such is the character of a considerable portion of the ancient works of the Mississippi Valley. How far a faithful attention to their details has tended to sustain the position assigned to them at the outset the intelligent reader must determine. Their general great size is, perhaps, the strongest objection which can be urged against the hypothesis of a religious design. It is difficult to comprehend the existence of religious works extending, with their attendant avenues, like those near Newark in Ohio, over an area of little less than *four square miles!* We can find their parallels only in the great temples of Abury and Stonehenge in England, and Carnac in Brittany, and associate them with a mysterious worship of the Sun, or an equally mysterious Sabianism. Within the mounds inclosed in many of these sacred works we find the altars upon which glowed their sacrificial fires, and where the ancient people offered their propitiations to the strange gods of their primitive superstition. These altars also furnish us with the too unequivocal evidence that the ritual of the mound-builders, like that of the Aztecs, was disfigured by sanguinary observances, and that human sacrifices were not deemed unacceptable to the divinity of their worship. It is of course impossible in this connection to go into the details of the evidence upon this or kindred points of interest. These belong to works of a more purely scientific character.

24.—ANCIENT WORK NEAR PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

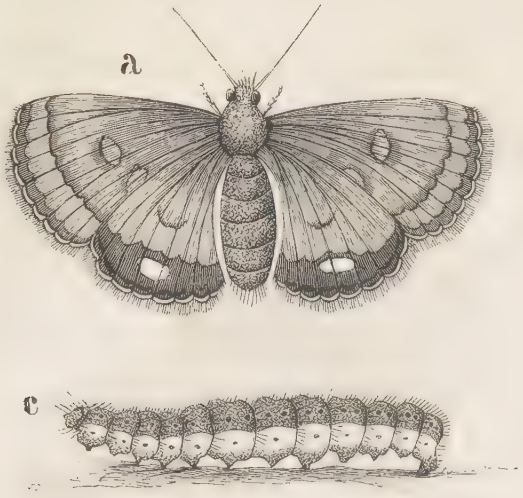


FIGURE 1.—HELIOTHES AMERICANA.

a. The Imago.—*c*. The Worm.

INSECTS BELONGING TO THE COTTON PLANT.

AMONG all the fabrics necessary to the comfort of man in every clime there is no other that can compete with cotton. Cotton floats on every breeze, is whispered by the winds from every shore. Men turn pale when the quantity fails; they tremble in high places at the very surmise of a pound the less; and if, from the inscrutable decrees of Providence, it should ever happen that the crop of cotton should *fail*, the most vivid imagination is too feeble to portray the dismay, ruin, and despair which would overwhelm more than a third of the civilized world.

"The *Gossypium Herbaceum* is a shrub three or four feet high, branched, spreading, and flexible like a dog-rose. It is planted on plains, in rows like the vine"—so says Aristobulus, one of Alexander's generals; and the plant and the manner of planting have remained unchanged amidst the whirl of progress since those ancient days.

There are two varieties, "Short" and "Long staple;" or, in modern phrase, "Upland" and "Sea Island." There is no shrub which shows care, nourishment, and cultivation like this. Consequently we are ever hearing of new varieties, called in the market "fancy cottons." These are only exponents of the planter's industry, practicability, or judgment. The value of the cotton is estimated by the length of the staple, which you perceive in the centre of the two connecting fibres (Figure 15, page 50); this, when drawn slowly away from each end, proclaims its length and the value placed on the cotton. The average is nearly two inches in length.

The most superior cotton in the world is produced on the belt of islands running along the shores of our Southern States. It is unapproachable for texture, softness, and beauty; and from it alone can be made the fine laces and muslins of modern commerce. A species of long staple is cultivated in the Dependency of Bengal, but can only be made to produce the requisite results in manufacture under the patient manipulation and with the primitive loom of the Hindoo. There is little doubt that, in course of time, cotton will be cultivated with success in countries whose climates are genial to its growth; but there can never arise a formidable competitor to our Sea Island staple. Here, only, on the globe, must it continue to be cultivated; for here alone can the atmosphere be found necessary to the full exhibition of those sterling qualities which are produced from the soil and climate of these charming islands, the fabled gardens of health, youth, and beauty.

> Those sunny isles that laugh beside the sea,
> Where the bright orange and the citron grow,
> From whose green groves despair and sorrow flee,
> And where the dance and song forever flow;
> Bright sunny isles kissed by that summer sea,
> Where young Love lives and sings so joyously!

The soil of these islands is a gray sand, mixed with a rich loam, whose largest constituents are silica, peroxyd of iron, and carbonaceous matter, not differing very materially from the lands on the main, but sufficient, when combined with the atmospheric influences arising from their proximity to the Gulf Stream, to produce so entire a change in the nature of the cotton plant as to form a distinct variety. It is marvelous when we consider the effects diffused over these islands by this glowing river as it wends its way north, carrying warmth and gladness to cold countries draped in the icy mantle of winter. It dispenses a soft current of caloric full of saline qualities, which, meeting the colder land-breeze, descends in gentle dews, enriching vegetation and consti-

FIGURE 2.—HELIOTHES AMERICANA, OR BOLL WORM.

b. The Worm entering a large Boll.—*c*. The Chrysalis.—*d*. The Pupa Case.

tuting the most enviable and enchanting climate in the world.

The cotton plant, nourished under this genial dispensation, becomes deprived of all its harsh and wiry qualities. The staple lengthens in its fibres to the silvery, soft, and fleecy snow-ball, transported as if by magic from some frozen land to glow and palpitate beneath the summer's warmth and dewy winds, breathing forever from that silent and wondrous river. So palpable is this influence that the cotton cultivated on the islands deteriorates in quality the farther it is planted from the influences of the Gulf Stream; and less than forty miles back, on the main, remote from the sea-breeze, it returns again in the second year to "Upland," or its original nature.

Such are the favorable circumstances which produce that most valuable and important part of the cotton crop of the world, the "Sea Island Cotton." But there are drawbacks as well as favoring circumstances. There is not a single part of the cotton plant, from the tiniest rootlet, through roots, stalk, leaves, flower, and pod, which does not form the favorite food of some insect depredator. All through its growth, from the tender germ to the matured plant with its fleecy wool spread to the wind, in every stage it is assaulted by enemies, who prey upon its life, and from whose devouring fangs a kind Providence rather than the labors of the planter save sufficient for the great crop which adds so much annually to the wealth of this country and the comfort and prosperity of the civilized world.

To one who has watched closely all the dan-

gers which attend the growth of the cotton plant it is a matter for surprise that such crops can be grown as every year sees; and to the planter, and also to the country at large, it becomes a matter of importance to know how to combat these tiny enemies to a greater prosperity—how to meet and defeat the advances of these devastators, but for whom, it is not too much to say, we might annually double our present cotton crop.

Herewith I present to the readers of *Harper's Magazine* the results of many years' close and accurate observation of these important insects.

I will commence with one whose

> "———step is as the tread
> Of a flood that leaves its bed
> Its march wide desolation."

The *Heliothes Americana*, or Boll Worm (Figs. 1, 2), belongs to the nocturnal family of moths, and to the order of *Phytometrites*, or half loopers. The female moth is stout, wings deflexed, antennæ filiform; her colors vary very much in individuals; the most common specimen found is of a tawny yellow. A dark band runs irregularly across the wings; marks of a crescent shape —sometimes oval—are near the centre, inclosing white spots; the under wings are yellow, with a shade of red; broad black bands encircle them, in the centre of each of which is a large yellowish brown spot, visible in every specimen. She comes forth on the approach of mild weather, and deposits her eggs carelessly (for she knows there is an abundance of food), but always near a young boll. The worm hatches in a few days, and commences eating into it. It emerges often, as it increases in size, so as to have free space for its frequent moultings, enlarging in bulk each time astonishingly. You may easily tell where this worm has been feeding. It exhausts the sap so entirely that the capsules burst with dryness and the ground becomes covered with decayed and blackened forms. The worm varies as it changes its skin. At first it is greenish, but becomes at last brown, spotted with black. It has on it a very few hairs, being what is termed a naked larva. In its early stages, when it

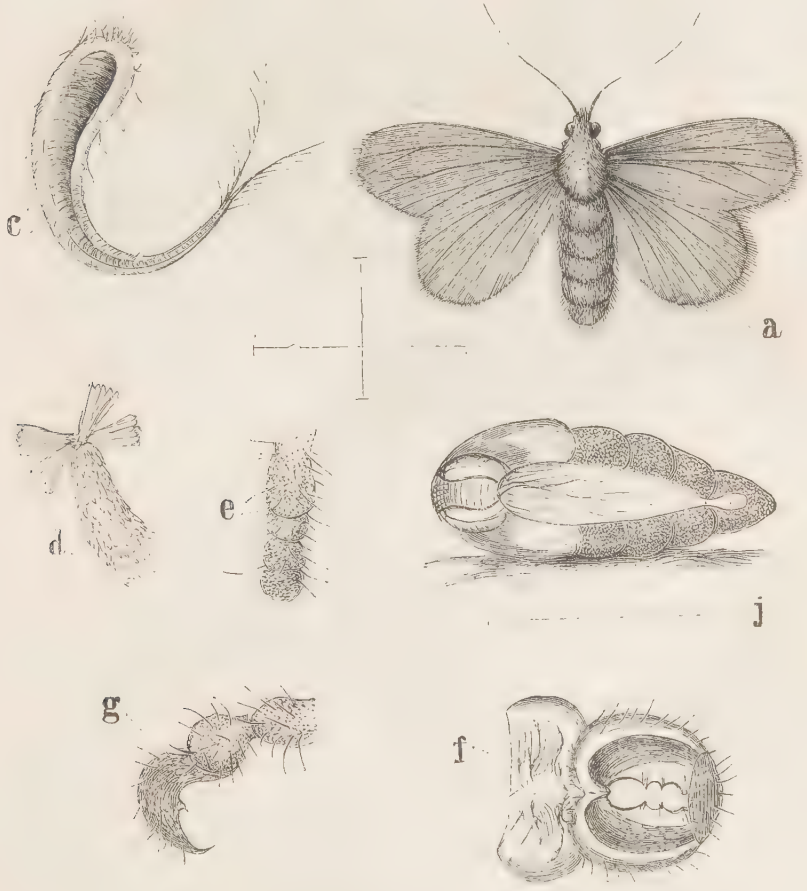


FIGURE 3.—PHALENA GOSSYPION.

a. Imago.—*c*. Haustellum, or Sucker.—*d*. Palpus.—*e*. Antennæ.—*f*. Mandibles.—*g*. Claw of Worm.—*j*. Chrysalis.

FIGURE 4.—PHALENA GOSSYPION.

b. The Worm.—*A*. Moulting.—*i*. Deposit of Eggs

walks, it partially loops itself, which movement will distinguish it to unexperienced eyes from the corn-worm, for which it has often been mistaken. As it grows old and stout, it trails itself along, having lost its elasticity. When sufficiently fed it descends to the earth with a great deal of circumspection, being difficult to please with a location; and this is fortunate for the planter, for while it is selecting and rejecting a place to descend, an ichneumon of the *Ophion* family may be observed darting her eggs between its fat segments; so that out of five caterpillars three will perish, being used as the abodes of the ichneumon. Herein is the salvation of the crop.

This ichneumon fly is of a lead color, with black legs and smoky wings. Some seasons another fly appears, banded with yellow on the abdomen and legs. They are small, and fly low, knowing exactly where to find what they require; and it is almost a miracle for a worm to escape.

The worm is a long time in descending, but when this is accomplished it forms a pupa-case of grains of sand, lining it nicely in the interior with a fine silk, and changes gradually into a bright brown chrysalis, remaining in the ground until the next season, when her proceedings are repeated more or less detrimentally, according to the industry of the ichneumon and state of the weather.

This boll worm belongs principally to the Upland cotton, but is often found on the sea-board in company with another boll worm, which far surpasses her in mischief and destruction. This latter, the *Phalena Gossypion* (Figures 3, 4), is a very singular insect. The moth is full and stout; wings deflexed; antennæ filiform; palpi covered with deep scales; and around the first joints are four, sometimes six, long fan-like feathers, which stand out around the eyes when elevated. The *haustellum*, or sucker, is never bent or wound spirally, as those of other moths, but curves down among the soft scales on its breast. It has a number of long hairs at its tip, being, as it were, split into points, which join into one when the insect is imbibing its nourishment.

The *Oblinita* (of Abbot and Smith's Lepidopten, of Georgia), another cotton moth, is said to have this same kind of sucker. A black and gray nocturnal moth, belonging to this plant, has one still more hirsute than that of the *Gossypion*. This last is of a uniform tawny yellow; no marks or spots designate her except the moth is much rubbed or old, when the nervures of the wings become bare. On the thorax is a naked red spot. This moth is never seen except at early dawn and at twilight, flying with sudden jerks and long sweeps of the wings. She deposits her eggs always on the small leaves surrounding the capsule. If you will examine these, you will find, when they are dry, deep recesses in their centres; here her eggs lie safe from every injury. These leaves, when the form is young, stand off from it to give it light and air. The worm hatches on them, and crawls into the form, eating the skin of the pericarp and the tender filaments. In a very short time the bolls turn black and fall off. It leaves these to change its skin four times. Its manner of doing this is very singular. It glues the old skin by its prehensile legs to the underpart of a leaf, and taking hold of a stem or a neighboring leaf draws itself out of the centre of the old skin by main force. When full grown it is soft and velvety—in some lights quite black—or sometimes of a dark purplish hue. It has yellow stripes running longitudinally. It is a naked larva. When sufficiently grown it creeps into the half-ripe boll, either between the divisions of the capsule or at the tip of the boll, and works itself down to the lower end, where it remains, destroying the interior of the pericarp, devour-

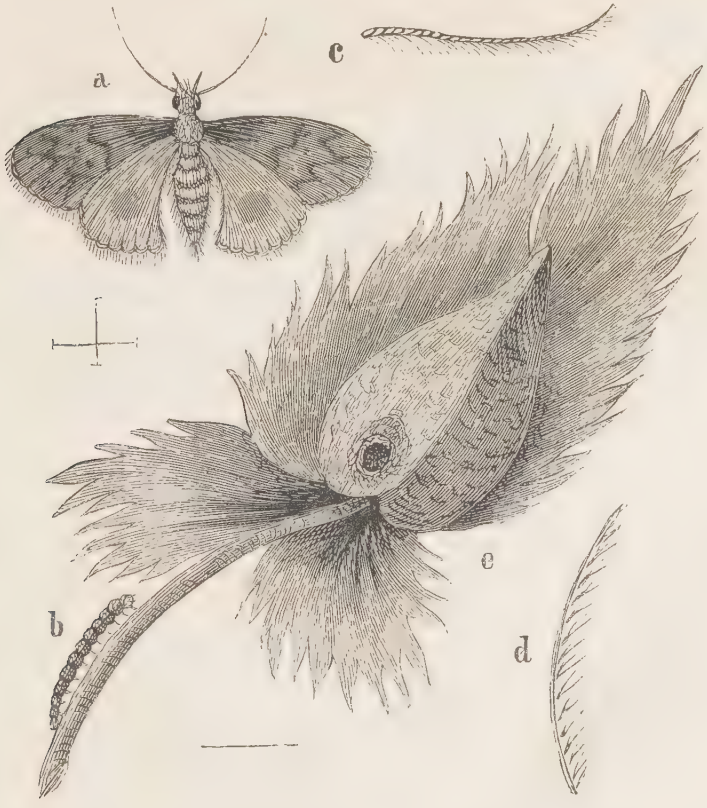


FIGURE 5.—TORTRIX CARPAS.

a. Imago.—*b* Caterpillar, or Larva.—*c*. Antenna of Female.—*d*. Antenna of Male.—*e*. Hole in the Boll, Place of Exit.

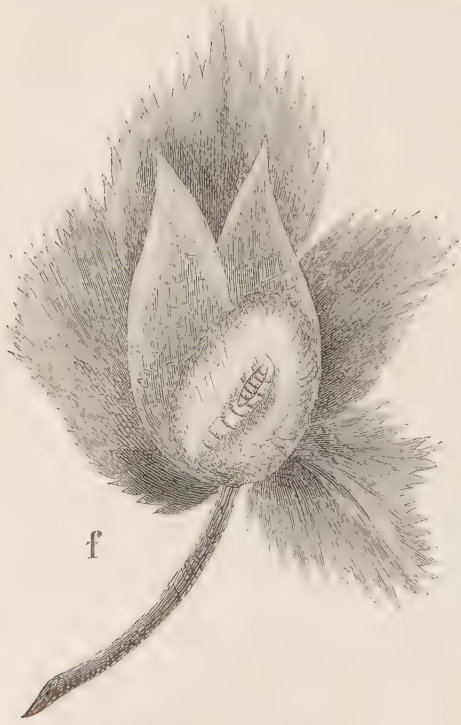


FIGURE 6.—TORTRIX CARPAS.

f. Cocoon and Chrysalis.

ing the green seeds, and gnawing the cotton fibres into very minute particles.

The jaws, you perceive, are strong and work like saws. Under the glass the bitten cotton-fibres resemble chopped hay. The boll exteriorly appears very inferior in quality, but not sufficiently so to be rejected entirely.

At last the caterpillar, ready to repose itself, twists and rolls itself about until a nice cell is made in this chopped fibre, which it gums over with a secretion of silk and gradually turns into a clear brownish red chrysalis. When ready to emerge the lid of this cradle bursts open like the valve of a seed; she pushes aside the cotton and comes forth to deposit her eggs for the same career of destruction the next season.

It is *now* the greatest injury is done to the cotton. From the body of this moth is discharged an acrid yellowish red fluid which stains and ruins the cotton wherever it falls. This discharge is immense in quantity considering the size of the insect, and fully proves that insects are nourished by and digest the qualities of juices found in plants. This pod, when thus stained, yields in its ashes a great increase in iron, lime, soda, and potash over those of the healthy boll. There might be a small amount of cotton saved from the pods even now were it not for this destructive fluid.

The moth comes forth always at early dawn, concealing itself until the sun has risen, when its warmth may reach and dry it in its hiding-place. Fifteen years ago, for three seasons in succession, I watched at early dawn and at nightfall, day after day, to satisfy myself of the manner of metamorphose followed by this moth, but without any results. It would be found hid away under leaves and in dark places, the cotton of the pod wet and stained, the outlines of the gummed and silky cell traced in the pod; but where were the chrysalis and pupa-case? Open the pod and out of it would scamper several beetles belonging to the family of *Scabaræians*, nearly allied if not belonging to Latrielle's subgenus *Coprobius aquartis*, each an inch long, no scutellum, body ovoid, thorax angular, not highly burnished but covered with a yellow down, and very shy and difficult to catch. They rise from the ground early in the morning, run with haste and great swiftness over the shrubs, seeming to scent where the boll worm is about to come out. To their carnivorous propensities I attributed my ill-luck in tracing this moth. They evidently devoured the *débris* whatever it was. I never saw these beetles before August, and never after October. They were good scavengers, devouring every skin they came across.

Time passed, leaving this moth an unfinished subject, to which my memory would revert with a baffled, ill-defined feeling of disappointment, and with no expectations or hopes. I sat last fall pulling to pieces boll after boll, searching among ruins for a clew to read me this mystery, when, to my great joy, I found a pod in which were deposited the remains of the chrysalis here presented (Figure 3, *j*). It had been the abode of ichneuma. A vast number of perforations intersected it; and it was only with much time, patience, and labor I could get the whole together as you see it. I do not vouch for its entire correctness; but the question, I think, is decided of the mode of its transformation. There are several parasites always attending these worms.

This small moth (Figures 5, 6), the *Tortrix carpas* (the last word is the proper Oriental name for "cotton"), may with justice be called a boll worm. It makes its appearance from eggs scattered on the leaves around the young forms. It eats in where the stem of the form joins the form, causing it to shrivel and turn brown as if it were blighted, drooping and withering slowly for the want of rain. Open one, and you will find a pretty little chrysalis, nicely embedded in a silk envelope near a hole eaten through the capsule, over which the web extends like a curtain. In time there issues from it an ash-gray moth sprinkled with black atoms, sometimes forming regular points and lines, but generally a confused dotting. The lower wings are often distinctly marked with circles of darker gray and black in the centre. It is quite a small moth, and if you feel inclined you may take them by hundreds

around your lights at night, from spring until fall. They destroy the boll just at the time the capsule is forming. The whole transformation from egg to *Imago*, or perfect insect, consumes only about twelve days. Thus they are always on hand, hunting round for every young form coming forth from a late flower. The antennæ of the female have rows of small hairs along their inner side; those of the male are pectinated. The head and body are covered with gray and black scales. The worm is a common one, small and slender, pale yellow, rather watery at first but changing its skin four times. It attains at last a more firm and horny appearance, with short black hairs bristling over it. It is sluggish, but if much teased drops down on a thread of silk and conceals itself until the annoyance has passed. Small and insignificant as they are these worms do more serious injury to the cotton crops than the larger and more conspicuous boll worms. Besides, they are present every season; whereas with the other two the planters have some respite. They are actively pursued by a small black ichneumon, for whose presence the planter can not be too grateful.

Figures 7, 8 represent an exquisitely painted moth, the *Phalenæ Gossypiella*, or cotton-bud moth. It belongs to the family of *Tortricidæ*. It is small, of a most delicate green, marked with bands of pale yellow on the upper wings; the under wings are white, with a dash of green prevailing. The head, thorax, and abdomen have a mingling of white, green, and yellow. I have seen two varieties; but there may be more. In the first the green is darker and the yellow bands very slight; the other has more yellow, and the bands are greenish. It may be that the last are simply older and more roughly handled by the winds and rains. The antennæ are filiform. She places her eggs on the delicate leaves adjacent to the young bud. Soon the caterpillars come forth and present to you a practical illustration of that often quoted simile "the worm i' the bud." Like many other poetical licenses, it sounds more agreeable to the ear than it appears to the eye to have it worked out before you. It is a very sad spectacle to see the fair young buds, entirely eaten out, cumbering the earth, and the empty calixes dangling on the stems waiting their appropriate destroyers. In the mean time some buds have escaped and become flowers; and the worms having also changed their skins, can bear

FIGURE 7.—PHALENÆ GOSSYPIELLA, COTTON-BUD MOTH.

a. Imago.—*c*. Larva.

FIGURE 8.—COTTON-BUD MOTH.

b. Young Larvæ in a Bud.—*d*. Eggs on a Leaf.—*e*. Cocoon.—*f*. Chrysalis.

exposure, and hasten to revel upon the petals and leaves of the beautiful flowers. A few days of this work and then they travel away each to the smallest and most tender green leaves, which they fold around them with masterly expedition and taste, confining them with bands of silk. In this cradle the worm spins itself a fine silky envelope, and turns gradually into a small delicate pale brown chrysalis. Here it is rocked by the winds upon the withered stems until the flowers return with the spring. The worm, in its early stages, is of a pale sickly green with a brown head. As it grows older it becomes tawny red, with small rough spiracles, from each of which springs a bristle which is not perceptible without a magnifier. The body is about half an inch long.

The moth seldom flies during the heat of the day, but can often be found about lights at night. It is sometimes seen in very dry, long, warm summers, in the Middle and Eastern States, upon plants of the *Hibiscus* family.

Figures 9, 10 show you one of the cotton-leaf devourers, the *Clostera Cothonisia*. It is a larger insect than the last two, the wings expanding an inch and sometimes more. The moth is of an amber color; the bands and lines on the upper wings are of a dark brown sprinkled all over with dark atoms. The under wings are brown near the body, shading lighter to the edges. The body is of a much darker brown; and on the thorax the scales are elevated until they form somewhat of a crest. The antennæ, in both sexes, are rather short, somewhat curved, with rows of hairs branching out. The moth deposits her eggs on the veins of the leaves. They are a dark brown with a bluish gray ring around each. The worm, when full grown, is more than an inch long. At first it is black, with white dots and lines upon the segments. It moults several times, and after the last change it shows two rows of yellow spots, and sometimes two bright yellow stripes, between two black bands running the entire length of the body. On the fourth segment it has a large black hump from which springs a tuft of hair. On the eleventh segment

there is a smaller hump with a similar tuft. These humps serve inexperienced eyes to distinguish these worms from the larvæ of two sawflies which feed in the same manner. When it has attained its growth it spins a yellowish silken web for a cocoon on the under side of the leaves; in which it changes into a small brown chrysalis. The web is so transparent that the worm can be seen distinctly through it; and I know no better opportunity a person can have to watch this marvelous metamorphose than with this little worm. It is an everyday occurrence, but not the less wonderful or suggestive.

The moth crawls from the broken sides of the chrysalis, and slowly makes its way to a twig or leaf, from which it will hang suspended by its claws several hours with its wings drooping and wet. As they dry in the warm air they are at intervals raised and expanded; at the same time, when each trial is made, there is discharged from the abdomen a dull copperish red fluid which, later in the season, when the second brood comes forth, assists in ruining the planter's expectations by staining the cotton around where they may be suspended. You may conceive the amount of injury done some seasons when this pest is very numerous. Fortunately there intervene periods when they are comparatively few, being kept under by their natural enemies. Their place, however, is taken by the larvæ of sawflies, who devour the leaves, but without further annoyance. An ichneumon attending this moth is a very pretty bright violet-winged creature, and may often be seen in numbers resting in the flower-cups. They are well worth seeing, being exquisitely shaded in violet, gray, and black.

Figure 11 represents the *Ægeria Carbasina*, a borer or pith moth. The name is obtained from *Carbasis*, the term used by the Latin authors for "cotton." This is the most serious

FIGURE 9.—ROSTERA COTHONISIA.

a. Imago.—*b*. Caterpillar.—*c*. Egg, highly magnified.—*e*. Antenna.—*f*. Moth suspended, drying itself.—*g*. Cocoon, on a Leaf.—*h*. Chrysalis, after its exit.

FIGURE 10.—CLOSTERA COTHONISIA.

d. Young Larvæ, feeding.

enemy of the cotton planter. His fields may look bright and charming; the shrubs stand up strong and healthy; the beautiful flowers turn their delicate and fragile lips to the sun and the dew for nourishment; and the rich and gorgeous leaves fan the young blooms into a higher growth: but, presto! as if some demon had passed through the air and blown his hot breath over all this beauty, a mysterious *blight* begins; decay soon pervades all; and the blackness of death is upon flower, form, and leaf. Pull up a stalk, and with your pen-knife split up the stem. There, nicely hid away, is the cause of this sad mystery. Not at all times, however, is "blight" caused by this insect. It may be caused by others, or by the state of the soil. But the pith-moth has other work to do, at a later period. A small rill runs meandering up the soft pith, at the end of which is a most fanciful piece of workmanship. Place this under the magnifier, and behold those nicely clipped fragments, joined together with such exquisite art, interwoven with threads of silk. In the interior is a small pale-brown chrysalis, from which, in time, will proceed the parent of all this insidious and blighting mischief.

The female moth is unlike, in shape, the usual members of this family, having long and narrow opaque upper wings and lower wings. There are two transparent spots in those of the male. Both are very small insects. The prevailing color of the upper wings of the female is a bluish black, sprinkled faintly with white, with dashes here and there of yellow spots over them. The under wings are black and white, with long yellow hairs near the body. The thorax and body are thickly covered with yellow scales, the tuft at the tail is yellow, and the under parts of both wings and body are bright yellow. I have had described to me several varieties of these borers, belonging to the cotton plant, whose colors are very bright, with segments of orange-red on the abdomens, and tufting the heads and tails. The antennæ are incrassated externally; the tips have slightly recurved hooks, consisting of a few bristles. Those of the males are ciliated.

This moth is some seasons plentiful in Georgia, on plantations near the Savannah River. She places her eggs just where the leaf is connected with the trunk at the base of the middle vein. As soon as it hatches the worm begins working in, boring its way slowly and surely onward, eating, as it goes, the pith, which is the muscle, as it were, of the plant. When satisfied, it forms the pretty cocoon mentioned above. The eggs are oval, yellow, with an indentation which has a bluish tinge. Sometimes the down from the mother insect conceals them entirely. The larva is naked, soft, and white; its head is yellowish at first, becoming darker with age. The jaws are strongly notched, forming equal teeth. The breathing pores are very distinct. Their cast skins are sometimes interwoven with the clippings to form the cocoon. They always ascend the stalk; and, singular enough, if every leaf had a worm to proceed upward from it their runs would never intersect. They never incommode each other. It is wonderful the instinct shown by these little, insignificant creatures. But oh! the mischief they can do! That word "blight" has a most fearful and expansive meaning when it proceeds from them. Fortunately the egg is so much exposed, and its enemies are so numerous and active, it is rarely that it ruins a whole field. Some rows may be dreadfully infected while others are scarcely touched.

There is a small weavil which can be often seen going over the leaves like a hound, scenting out these eggs. It is the work of an instant for this little glutton to empty a shell. The planter is under great obligations to it. The moth, when ready to come forth a perfect insect, emerges from the same hole it entered when a worm. Many remain over the winter in their cocoons, particularly if much rain falls.

Figures 12, 13 represent a cut-worm, the *Agrotis Xylina*. It is an insidious and most destructive little creature. It is quite clear that this moth finds access to the seed and deposits her eggs on it. The small root and the worm make their appearance simultaneously. I have watched the growth repeatedly, with the same result. Now mark the wonderful instinct of this creature: if it should cut the root off entirely when it first

begins to feed, there would not be nourishment enough for it until it had attained its designed growth. Therefore it eats only outside of the root and stem, and the small fibres growing around it. Meantime the leaves of the plant above ground turn yellow, sickly, and faded. The plant struggles on, however, and the worm continues to penetrate deeper into the seed. The tap-root remaining untouched, the plant manages to survive, and the planter wonders what can make his crop appear so sickly and indifferent.

At length, the worm being satisfied, it crawls off some inches, and commences a pretty little pupa-case of grains of sand, confined with silk, and nicely lined with the same, and turns into a pretty brown chrysalis. At this stage, should fine showers fortunately prevail, the plants will gather strength and revive. Now here is often the mistake. The planter's hopes revive with his freshening plants, and he allows to slip away that precious time which, if he knew the cause of the deterioration of his crop, he would seize to remedy the evil. Plants surviving such attacks never succeed in producing any thing but fibre and leaf. Probably a whole field would not yield ten bushels of cotton. Had he ascertained the cause sufficiently early he might have replanted and secured a good crop, as far as this worm is concerned, for it will not reappear until the same period the next season.

Other larvæ of moths and other insects de-

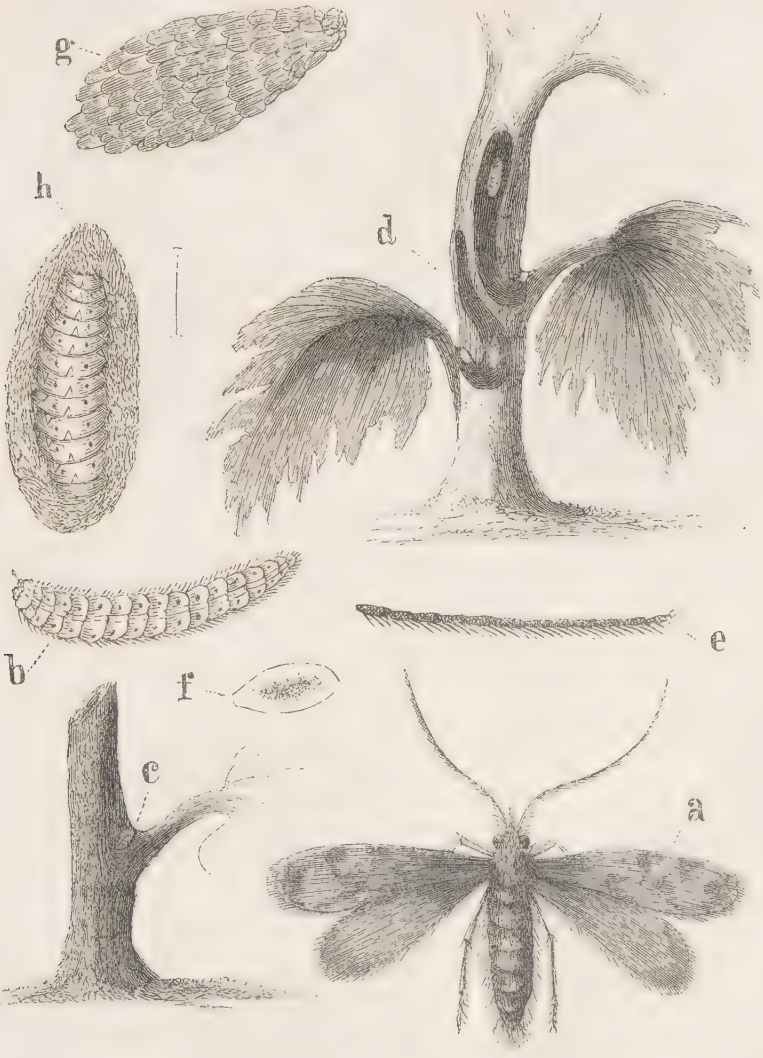


FIGURE 11.—ÆGERIA CARBASINA.—BORER, OR PITH MOTH.

a. Imago.—*b*. Caterpillar, or Borer.—*c*. Egg.—*d*. Runs in the Stalk and Cocoons.—*e*. Antenna.—*f*. Egg, magnified.—*g*. Pupa-Case —*h*. Chrysalis, inside.

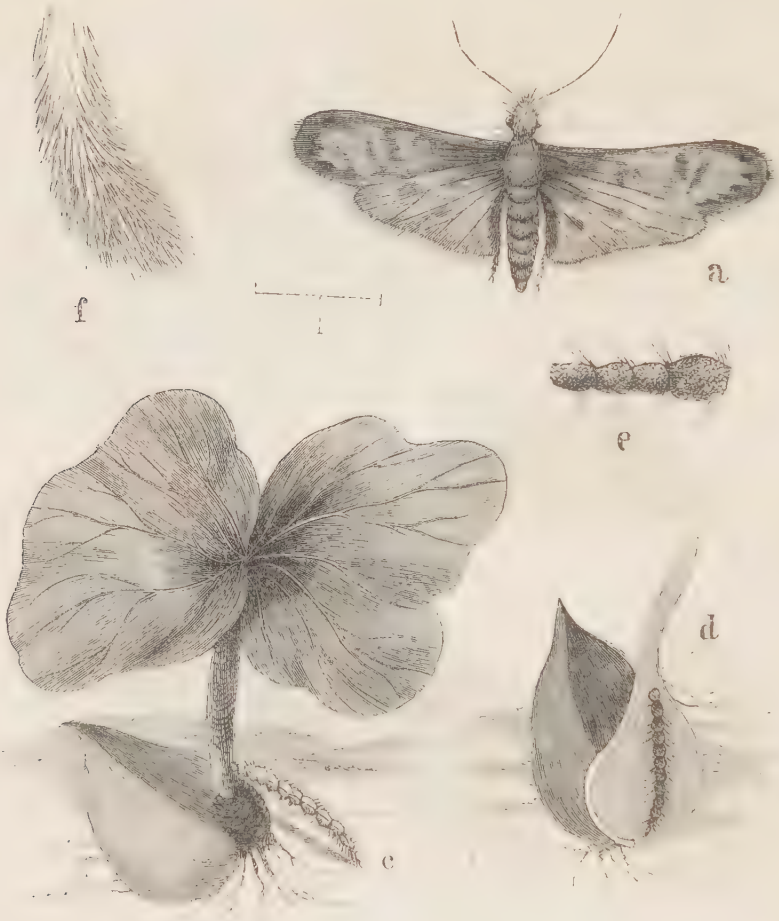


FIGURE 12.—AGROTIS XYLINA.—CUT-WORM.

a. Imago.—*c*. Worm feeding.—*d*. Worm nearly grown, showing state of Pod and Tap-Root.—*e*. Antennæ.—*f*. Palpus.

stroy the crop more decidedly, cutting the stem clean off, compelling the planting of fresh seed, thereby insuring to the planter more favorable results. And so it is in this case as it usually happens, as far as men are concerned. A positive and decided injury is much more supportable than the creeping fears of an apprehension leading to the same results.

The Agrotis moth is strictly nocturnal, belonging to the Agrotididæ or Owlet moth family. It varies in the formation of its wings from other subgenera of this family, but the destructive habits of its larvæ must place it here. It is an insignificant grayish and black moth, with no very distinctive marks on the upper wings. The under wings are delicately shaded in white and gray, but they always appear very much rubbed; and out of hundreds caught round a light I have never

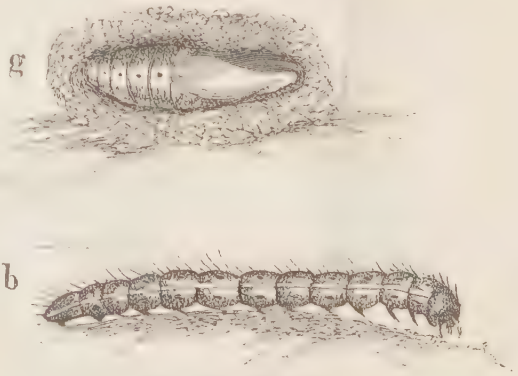


FIGURE 13.—AGROTIS XYLINA.

b. Larva, or Worm, magnified.—*g*. Pupa-case and Chrysalis.

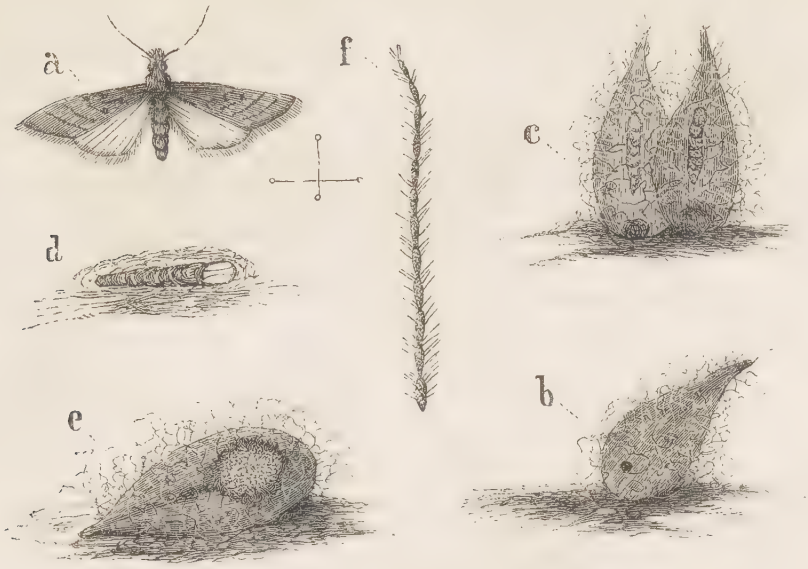


FIGURE 14.—TINEÆ SATA—SEED-MOTH.

a. Imago.—*b*. Entrance Hole.—*c*. Larva in the Seed.—*d*. Chrysalis.—*e*. Hole of Egress.—*f*. Antenna.

seen them otherwise. The antennæ are filiform, the palpi are heavily scaled, and on the under side they have long white hairs, protruding sometimes very thickly, then, again, only one or two. The worm is a dull brown when full grown, with a red head, several black dots on it, several black lines running longitudinally, if it is healthy and strong; otherwise there are no distinctive marks, except the breathing pores, which are in some specimens very distinct. I have been told that, at the West, this worm is found very destructive to the young corn. The pupa-cases sent me have never matured; and not being able to obtain the perfect insect I could not ascertain this fact. Last season the chrysalis certainly corresponded with that of this *Agrotis Xylina*.

At Figure 14 you have a small moth, the *Tineæ Sata*. The upper wings are of a dark olive green, sprinkled with white, and flecked here and there with black dots; the under wings light, with a shade of dull green; antennæ filiform. She deposits her eggs among the cottony fibres of the seed. The worm bores in as soon as it has hatched, and feeds on the interior of the seed. When this is consumed it weaves itself a cocoon of silk, occupying nearly the whole of the seed, and is transformed in time into a pretty dark-brown chrysalis. Before doing this, however, it takes the precaution to gnaw the hole through which it entered the seed larger, so as to allow an easy egress, weaving over it a fine gauze curtain. There are few things in nature prettier than this little chamber with its pure white upholstery. Its silvery sheen, doubtless caused by its food, is peculiarly dazzling. The little worm I have never seen. It has caused me much labor to obtain a sight, and almost exhausted patience inexhaustible. You may examine a hundred seeds under the best magnifier and you can not discover the egg, it is so well concealed. Consequently, when you discover that the seed has been perforated the worm has become a chrysalis. You may see them in countless numbers hovering in the twilight over waste seed and in the gin-house. If the seed is scarce and doubtful, soaking it will soon discover where they have been, the light grains floating, while the sound grains, after a while, sink. There are two other moths I have found at times in the same locality among seeds—one a very delicate brown, and the second a pale green; but I was prevented from following them through their metamorphoses, and can not, therefore, determine their missions.

Now the question arises, Are there no remedies—no counteracting force by which we can circumvent, if we can not overcome, these destroyers? You must not permit your fields to remain, until required again for planting, covered with the withered stalks and leaves, as the pickers left them, then running the plow over and casting in new seed, leaving your enemies to take their time to come forth from the decaying vegetation in the runs between the rows, beside the fences, and from among heaps in corners. You can perceive the moths I have here presented for your consideration are to be found on and near the plant. Then, if the withered stalks and leaves are removed, it stands to reason you lessen the host most materially.

The cotton plant exhausts the soil most completely wherever it grows, consequently it must contain fine qualities to return to the earth when made into manure. This is easily done by gath-

ering them into heaps and covering them with lime or wood-ashes—a commodity never missing on a plantation, and as valuable to the planter as gold dust, if he would but think so and try it. There will come a day, and not very distant now, when the stalks of cotton plants will become of great commercial value for the manufacture of paper. Its fine fibrous tissues must, in course of time, render it a valuable substitute; but in the mean time to make them into manure, and thus destroy an incredible number of insects obnoxious to you, will increase your crops tenfold.

Let me tell you of an experiment I once tried, though on a very small scale I must admit. I took four seeds from a pod of Sea Island cotton from St. Simon's—none better in the world. They were planted subject to the same atmospheric influences. The first seed was buried in mud from the marsh; the second in manure made from cotton-stalks laid down in lime from the previous year; the third in a compost of ashes and garden mould; and the fourth in the common earth of the garden. They were attended and watered at the same time and in the same quantity. The tallest shrub—nearly three feet high—was the fourth; the second—the shortest—a foot and a half high. The first bore twenty-seven *full* and handsome pods, the second thirty-one, the third fifteen, and the fourth six. The longest and finest staple belonged to the first; the shortest and most inferior was that of the last. On this the boll worm—the *Gossypion*—made its appearance quite late, while the others remained untouched. Here she found the juices of the plant uninterfered with by any foreign ingredients, suiting her taste with her native food.

The suggestion offered here is, whether extraneous juices, being thrown into the plant from foreign ingredients, will not give it qualities so highly disagreeable to the insects that instinct will teach them to look out for a substitute more agreeable to feed upon. Of this there is no doubt, that by manuring very highly you will improve the plant, and in time render it obnoxious to many, if not all, that beset it.

The succeeding year I planted some of the seed from the year previous in a manure of wood-ashes and lime, watering the plants with soap-suds. At the appointed time I placed upon these plants a number of caterpillars of different insects (belonging to the cotton), raised for the purpose to different stages of growth, when they could do the most injury. Among the number were each of the boll worms here represented. Not one went through its usual transformations. They fed as usual, but soon became sickly. They all died before arriving at maturity except a hardy little leaf-eater, rightly belonging to the *Hibiscus* family. My crop of a score of bolls was superb in quality if not great in quantity.

Again, I wish planters could be convinced that to the earth we must look for most of these evils. For one insect undergoing its transformations above ground there are a hundred buried under it. Thus they would see how necessary it is to eradicate these evils. They must commence by throwing up the earth around tree and shrub, exposing it to the action of intervening forces always at work. These pupa-cases are the natural food of the wild hog. They never are buried too deep for his experience. How much good every planter would derive from confining his herd within his cotton-field would soon be seen by making the trial.

These suggestions arise more from the experience of the naturalist than from that of the planter, and if there is any presumption in them

FIGURE 15.—COTTON FIBRES.

a. Short Staple.—*b*. Long Staple.—*c*. Fibre of Short Staple.—*d*. Fibre of Long Staple.

the intention must plead as an excuse. It is well worth the trouble to convince one's self of the host of insects the planter has to contend against. Go forth on a warm night in July or August, between the hours of eight and twelve; take a bright lantern; spread down on the border of your cotton-field a sheet; place thereon the lantern, and a plate filled with water, and at intervals drop in a little ammonia or ether—the basis of many of Nature's most delightful perfumes—and then watch and receive your guests. See the beautiful and destructive things which will soon visit you; then take courage, and think what might happen if a restraining Power was not always active. I invited a planting friend to join me once in such a revel. He soon fled in fright to the house, declaring he would never grumble again, even at the loss of a third of his crop. In this is wisdom: "for even as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress," even so must we wait upon the Lord our God, and He will show us his mercies at all times.

THE CENTURY PLANT.

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

I.

AMBER BELL lived with her uncle. I find that in novels it is very much the custom for young ladies to live with their uncles. Yet Amber Bell was original in this one respect, namely, that her uncle was Captain Golorum Grimm, late of U.S.N.; that is, not lately at all, but a good while ago, before he had thrown up his commission and retired to his own private competency. Original was Amber Bell, because no other young lady ever lived with Captain Golorum Grimm. I might pursue the verb and say—might, could, would, or should live with Captain Golorum Grimm.

For usually these uncles, and especially these Captain uncles, are the most delicious bits of old-boyhood that were ever sketched into the landscape of Human Romance. They are always awasting somebody, or shivering their own timbers, or haul-taut-and-belay-there-ing something; and in the evening they sit drinking punch made from arrack brought home on the last cruise of their own *Jolly Polly*, an unlimited amount of which never makes them drunk, but only more felicitous in the spinning of admirable Sindbad yarns and the bestowing of an uncounted and unaccountable number of ducats out of a private bottomless salt-bag on dowerless maidens, with a lover who turns up just at the right time and gets slapped on the back with a "Lash fast, my hearty, and old Jack 'ill stand by you till he's scuttled!"

I am sorry to say that all this is a description of what Captain Golorum Grimm was not. He was a very handsome man, but far from a jolly one. His hair was jet black, his face was dark, sallow, Roman in its features; to the first Time had not come with any grandfatherly grizzle, nor to the last with any jovial mellowness. His eyes were so black that when he looked down, in shadow, there seemed to be no eyes there; when he looked up, if it were at you, and you were doubtful whether your last sentence was acceptable, you wished he would look down again, for you felt *bored*, though not in the vulgar signification of the term. I have understood that his reefers would tumble up with the greatest alacrity to the main-top-gallant mast-head the blackest night that ever saw a beams-end gale blowing, rather than have Captain Golorum Grimm look at them a second time. The Captain was a man of few words, and those few he spoke in a tone and manner which would have sustained the interest to the end of the fifth act in the stupidest tragedy that was ever written by—well, no matter, there are a number of people who write that variety. When Amber Bell asked him what he would have for dinner, the simple, quadriliteral "Beef" was answered in such a style as to be memorable; and his request for less sugar in his tea would linger in the minds of hearers by the side of "Oh that Blucher or night would come!"

It was not dyspepsia. It was not obstruction of the liver. It was not inherited from a dark baronial ancestry. It was not constitutional with him. It had not been so always.

For when, far away in Lisbon, where she had gone for a recovery which still fled before her to sunnier skies, and, at last, up to the sunniest of all, his sister and Amber Bell's mother lay dying, she called the little girl, then eleven years old, to her bedside and said:

"Amber, in a few days your mamma will leave you, and go alone to a country where she will be quite well, and will not cough or have this hard pain of the head, that you feel so sorry for, any more. Oh how she wishes she could take you with her! By-and-by you *will* be with her—very soon, but not quite yet; and till then you will go and live with your mamma's brother—your uncle, Golorum Grimm. Don't cry, dear; he will take good care of you—"

But the little girl did cry, and clung around her poor sick mother's neck as if she would never let her go. So her mother called the Portuguese maid who waited on her, and bade her bring from the corner of one of the bureau drawers a large locket of bright red Guinea gold. The maid did as she was bidden, and when the mother had it in her hand she said to little Amber:

"Look, dear; here is a picture of your uncle, that was painted when I was just as old as you are now, and he was fifteen—in the days when he used to harness our old Carlo to my little wagon and draw me to school—see, Amber!"

The little girl's curiosity was excited; she stopped crying, and still keeping one hand about her mother's neck, with the other she took the locket, and there she saw a very beautiful boy, with rich dark-brown hair waving almost down to his shoulders—as was the cut for boys' hair then, a ruddy brown complexion, clear, loving

eyes of the deepest hazel, and such a gentle, almost woman-like expression about the shapely, half-opened mouth that Amber kissed it instinctively, and patting its cheek, said, "Pretty, pretty Uncle Golorum!"

"It is a good many years since I have seen him, and he may have changed a little since that picture was painted; but he always was a dear, dear brother to me, as kind and gentle as a sister, and he will love my little Amber very much, and be very good to her. And Amber must love him too."

"Yes, yes—I will love my pretty little Uncle Golorum," said the child, still patting the ivory cheeks of the portrait.

"And my Amber must be very kind to him, for he has had a great deal of sorrow; he has not been happy in the world, and perhaps very seldom laughs and looks as light-hearted now as he does in that picture. Can you keep a secret, Amber?"

"Yes, mamma, *always*," said the child, earnestly.

"Now remember, darling, you will not tell it to any body, not even let your uncle know that you know it, but only think of it once in a while to make you kinder to him than ever. It's an old story for such a young heart as Amber's; but I guess I can make my little daughter understand it. There was once a young lady, who lived far across the big blue sea, in the same city where your grandpapa's house was—Baltimore, where there are a great many very pretty girls; but this one was the prettiest—at least your dear Uncle Golorum thought so—and he wanted her to be his wife, and go and live with him where they would both be very happy together, for ever and ever."

"What was the name of the pretty girl, mamma?"

"Do you want to know very much, and will you never, never tell?"

"Very much indeed, dear mamma—oh, I'll never tell—never!"

"Her name was Flora Balcom. She had one of the sweetest faces I ever saw in my life—a face that looked as if it would never grow old. Her eyes were as blue as yours, and her hair was nut-brown and wavy. Very well, as I said, your uncle loved her dearly, and she loved him. But while he was gone away—on his ship, where he was a young officer—a very rich man, old enough to be Flora's father, came and asked her papa—who, I'm afraid, was not a very good man, but perhaps a very silly one—if *he* might have Flora; and her papa said, 'Yes, to be sure, she shall marry you immediately.' So he took Flora alone one night, and nearly frightened her to death, telling her that if she didn't marry Mr. Rinkleby she should never be his daughter any more, but he would put her right out of his house into the street, and let her go where she could, with nothing but the clothes she had on. The poor girl was only sixteen years old, and didn't know that her father wouldn't dare to do what he said, and would be very severely punished if he tried it; so the end of it all was, that by ten o'clock of the next day she was the wife of Mr. Rinkleby—almost before she could draw her breath or understand what an awful thing had happened."

"Oh the wicked, wicked men! I shouldn't think God would let them do it!"

"God lets a great many dreadful things happen in this world, dear, because it is a very short world; and, though it seems long to us, passes away before His wise eyes like a dream, and melts into the other life, where all wrong things are set right in a moment, and the good are happy, and the loved and the loving are given to each other, so that Rinklebys can not separate them. And in that world we will see plainly why all the hard things which the dear, loving God would have made easy for us if he could, had to be, and in the long-run were better for being. But to go on with the story. Your uncle came home, found that Flora had been carried away many, many hundred miles into a country called Louisiana, where she was Rinkleby's wife. I do not dare to tell you how he felt, or how we all felt and feared for him, nor what he thought at first of doing to punish the people who had been so wicked to him and Flora. But at last—after he had passed through a dreadful time of sickness and pain of head and heart—he seemed to gain strength: he got stronger than we had ever known him before, and never seemed tired nor unable to do any thing he put his hand to. Yet he seldom spoke a word, except when we spoke first, and then he answered very kindly. In about a month after he rose from his sick-bed he sailed away again on his ship, on his twenty-third birthday, and I have never seen him since. But he became a great man and a Captain. That strength we saw him getting at home increased more and more, and every body bowed before it. So he rose, and rose, till he became as high an officer as he is now. That is all the story. Now, will my Amber be very, very kind to her uncle?"

"*Poor*, *poor* little pretty Uncle Golorum," said the child, crying on the face of the portrait, and then kissing the tears away from it. "I will be very kind to you, *poor* little pretty Uncle Golorum!"

"I mustn't talk to my dear Amber much more this afternoon, for I feel very weak, and it will hurt me; but I want to tell her just one thing more. She will grow up, I hope, and become a lovely, good young lady. Her mother will not be by her side, where Amber can see her then; but I think the Lord will let *her* see her daughter, and be happy in knowing how good and lovely she is, and perhaps whisper a few words in her ear, so softly that Amber will think it is her own heart speaking. And this will be what Amber's mamma will say to her—it's what she says to her now. If any man asks you to marry him, when you have grown up, and feel able to be a wife, unless you love him so dearly, my Amber, that you could go to the loneliest place in the world and live with him alone—un-

less you could die with him rather than live without him—unless you feel toward him so that the thought of being any body else's wife is a bitter pain in the very heart of your heart—say 'No!' Amber—say 'No!' my darling, though the dearest friend, or the strongest, cruelest, wickedest man in the world tried to make you say 'Yes.' For if you did say 'Yes,' my Amber, you will be grieving God, and the good angels, and the mother who will be looking down on you, so that they could weep even in heaven. You are a little girl now, my Amber, but always lay up these words of your mamma's in your heart as long as you live. There is no greater sin than to marry any one whom you do not love, as I have been telling you.

"And if any man who loves you in that way, and who proves it by being good, and manly, and unselfish for your sake and his own, and whom my Amber loves in that way too, comes to you, when you are grown, and asks you to marry him, say 'Yes!' my darling, darling child, and keep your word, though every human being try to stop you. Marry him, dear Amber, though every body else should give you up and forget you. Marry him, if he has only just enough money to keep you and him from being cold and hungry. You will be happy if you do; God will love you; and in heaven your mamma will sing for joy.

"Do not feel sorry because I go away from you for a little while, darlingest daughter. *I* loved your dear papa just as I have told you to love, and he loved me so too. And now I am going to be with him forever—only think, Amber dear, *forever*—in a home where the sky is sunnier, and the fruits are more golden, and every thing is more beautiful a hundred times than even this beautiful Lisbon. And in that home your papa and I, with dear little brother Willie, will be waiting for you, keeping a place for you with us, and for any body whom you love. Remember what I say, darling, and you will surely come to us, for all who love each other are together there.

"Now take this locket, darling, and put the chain around your neck, and always look at it, and think of the secret I have told you whenever you want to be very kind to your poor uncle."

So the mother put the locket into little Amber's bosom, and gave her a letter which she was to hand to the Captain when he came to take her home with him. That letter commended the little child to his tenderest care, and confided to him all the property in trust for her which should be left behind when she herself died.

II.

Mrs. Bell never saw her brother again. In a few days after her conversation with Amber she went home to her husband, and the weary, worn-out lodging in which she had been kept away from him for her child's sake for eight years fell to the earth again, and blue forget-me-nots, set by little orphan hands, watered by orphan baby tears, grew up over the ruins in the foreign burying-ground of sunny Lisbon.

A month after that the sloop of war *Siren* touched at Lisbon, and little Amber was brought on board. The Captain had business with the consul, and could stay in port only long enough to take in fruit and water, as he had just been ordered home; so that he was obliged to send up to San Joas, the country seat, just out of the city, where Amber and her mamma had been living, by the son of a brother captain of his—a young fellow of seventeen who had been wintering at Rome, taking painting lessons, and whom he was bringing home as a favor to the father.

James Lyon was a handsome youth, full of that fine, manly enthusiasm of feeling and manner which ought always to belong to the young man who has consecrated himself to a noble art for pure love of it, and in the painter's blouse, with its open, falling collar, which he still wore though on shipboard, and with his long chestnut locks streaming carelessly almost to his broad, manly shoulders, he appeared to the utmost advantage. He found little Amber walking on one of the bright, rosy terraces of the villa garden, accompanied by the Portuguese girl who had been her mother's maid, and talking, in a quiet, low voice that sorrow and her natural gentleness made more musically pensive than that of most children of eleven years, about some subject which he instinctively felt must be very preciously near to her heart; for among the many words of the tongue which he did not understand he still distinguished, as he drew nearer, that oft-recurring word, so tenderly the same in all languages, the childhood name for mother. "Mamma—dear mamma," the little girl said frequently. James Lyon approached the two with a gentle step, so as not to startle them, and said, in the kindest of tones,

"Is this little Amber Bell?"

The little girl looked up into his face for a moment with a frank, pleased surprise, studied him wistfully, and then drawing out the locket from her bosom, consulted it without answering. And then she leaped up toward him, and as he stooped to catch her in his arms, threw her own soft, small white ones around his neck, bursting into tears, crying,

"My sweet, pretty, poor little Uncle Golorum!"

He kissed her most fondly, feeling his heart go out toward her in her loneliness in such measure that it seemed to wrap her like a warm, bright cloud. And though he could only half understand as yet why she had mistaken him for her uncle, he let her weep in his bosom, not asking any questions, nor trying to set her right.

"That is right, darling little Amber; tears will do you good. Put your arms around my neck and cry, for I love you very much."

"And I love you, too; and I will be very, very kind to you—just as—dear—mamma—told me to," sobbed the child, clinging closer.

James sat down on the terrace, holding Amber in his lap, while the Portuguese maid gath-

ered up the flowers and the playthings that the child had brought out with her in the small mantle she had been carrying for her—understanding from the few words of recognition she had heard that every thing must now be got together for her little charge's departure. And it did justice to the hearts of every body concerned that she as well as James wept with Amber.

At last Amber looked up again and smiled.

"Do you want to know how I told you, Uncle Golorum? I had your picture—and you've hardly changed at all!"

So saying she drew the locket again from her bosom, and put it in his hand. He regarded it earnestly, turned it over, and read, scratched on the copper guard of the back, "Golorum Grimm, Ætat 15. Christmas Gift to Sister Lily."

"Is it possible," thought the youth, "that *he* ever looked like this?"

It was with great difficulty that Amber could be persuaded that James was not her Uncle Golorum. She was not one of those unhappy children world-sharpened before their time and always suspicious of evil; but as she went down to the port on donkey-back on a pillion in front of James (her little goods and chattels following them, slung to a brother of their animal) she could not help wondering whether her guardian were not playing off some trick on her, but rather of the nature of a pleasant surprise. Every now and then she looked wistfully at him, and as he returned her gaze with one of the tenderest protection and admiration, she became more and more puzzled to know why this was not, if indeed it *was not*, her pretty, dear, poor Uncle Golorum, to whom she was to be kind, very kind, for ever and ever.

But when at last they had pressed through the chattering, brown, half-naked water-carriers, and the mules heavy with panniers of figs and grapes and olives, whose strange swart drivers wore all sorts of gay handkerchiefs on their sleek black heads; when at last they had climbed up the accommodation ladder, and stood on the quarter-deck, little Amber's dream was suddenly and not at all pleasantly dispelled. For when her young guide had led her to a tall, stern man, who conveyed the impression of being darker than the darkest of the surrounding Portuguese, and cast such a sense of shadow all about him on the sunshiny deck that he was quite like a mysterious umbrella, James took off his cap with a low bow, and said, gently:

"Captain Grimm, I have obeyed your orders: dear little Amber, *this* is your Uncle Golorum, who sent me to bring you to him, and who will love you very much."

Captain Golorum Grimm cast a dark glance, though not perhaps an intentionally unkind one, at the youth, as much as to say that, for a boy of his years, he was making quite an audacious contract for his superior, considering the fact that that magnate was there to speak for himself. But he took little Amber up into his arms and kissed her on the forehead, to the so great astonishment of a loblolly boy waiting for orders relative to a pair of boots, and who, in common with all mankind, had not been privy in the course of his previous life to such an act of demonstrative condescension, that that unfortunate lad was detected in staring and ordered to the mast-head till the *Siren* should up anchor. As he went away in extreme agony of mind, revolving the chances of being caught again and catching something worse if he should jump over the quarter instead of up to the mast-head, little Amber burst out anew, crying bitterly, and sobbing brokenly, "Are—*you*—*really*—my pretty—U-u-unc-le Golorum?" "Yes, Amber," was the reply of the Captain, "I am your uncle, and if you won't cry you shall be taken very good care of." Not entirely satisfied with accepting protection on such conditions, the little girl choked her heart down, and signifying unmistakably her preference to being set on her feet, ran away to James Lyon and hid her face in a fold of his blouse. The Captain's face grew darker. "Lyon!" said he, "take the child below; she must sleep: you will find my cabin open for her."

The two disappeared, and, as if no new responsibility—such as a dead only sister's little orphan—had just been laid on his shoulders, Captain Golorum Grimm proceeded sternly with the superintendence of his other fresh supplies.

Early next morning the *Siren* weighed anchor and stood out to sea, wind southeast by south, every stitch set, clear to main-sky-sails, and homeward-bound. When Amber came on deck the blue line of the Estremadura was melting into the sea, over the starboard quarter, and in another strange sea that rolled around her childish heart, a dear grave, blossoming with forget-me-nots and memories, seemed hopelessly sinking, sinking, sinking out of sight forever. She gave way to her grief in transports of tears. The Captain was too busy to dry them, but his stern kindness left nothing unattended to in the way of preparations for sea-sickness, camp-stools, picture-books, and a variety of other things which she did not want. James Lyon was her only spar in all that tossing, bewildering ocean to which she clung, and as ever and anon the Captain passed by him, holding her on his lap, pointing toward the dear land that was fading, and whispering gentle words of consolation to the poor little girl, till she seemed to hear her dear mamma speaking through him, or half fancied that the Golorum Grimm, ætat. 15, whom she had hoped for, had stepped out of his picture to kiss her tears away—the actual Captain Golorum, ætat. 39, felt his own black eyes grow blacker—and was unable to suppress an unconscious dog-in-the-manger feeling toward the young artist, knowing as he did in his silent soul that, whatever love he might have for his sister's orphan was not realized, accepted by its object, nor capable of accomplishing, in the least degree, the good which a young stripling acquaintance of twenty-four hours was doing gradually but effectually for his own sorrowful flesh and blood. And it would go hard with Captain Golorum Grimm, if, within the space of a few hours more, he did

not contract an absolute dislike — yes, even hatred—for that baby-faced rival of him, the unopposed ship-master, and man-master of so many years!

The voyage was a short one—the *Siren* reported herself at Brooklyn Yard in about thirty days from Lisbon; and hardly had the immediate responsibility of sailing the ship fallen from the Captain's shoulders before his crew were gladdened by the intelligence that his resignation had been sent in and accepted by the Secretary of the Navy. Not that the Captain had been a cruel officer, nor a martinet, nor one who exacted excessive labor from his men, but, as the blue-shirted wits of the forecastle used to whisper to each other over their grog, it was like having a bottled-up Typhoon on board to sail under Captain Golorum Grimm. There was a suspicion of black weather in every latitude through which he steered; he threw a chill on the summer days of Rio, and had a possibility in him of breezing up and blowing the canvas to ribbons in the quiet of the Doldrums.

He went silently—his going, as Apollo's, was *like*, as well as *by* night—and in the morning nobody knew where he was, save the Secretary, the Head of the yard, and James Lyon. There was this difference, however, between those participants of the confidence: the two former did not care to know where he was—the latter was very anxious to know. To little Amber alone he owed his information. She could not be persuaded to leave the ship till she had sought him out, and, weeping on his neck, begged him to come to Baltimore, where her uncle and she were going to live on her grandpapa's place—the old Grimm homestead. And when a black look of Uncle Golorum's unclasped the tiny hands that held him—melting them off like a lightning bolt, whose thundery feet were padded and made no noise—the little heart was like to break, and only held itself together by the band of James Lyon's promise:

"Yes, dear little darling Amber, I will see you again if we both live, you may be very sure."

In the invitation Uncle Golorum gave no sign of acquiescence—in the promise he felt no joy, and showed none. He deigned only a cold, black bow to Lyon—like a tall storm-cloud nodding over a main-truck—and then passed away, with little Amber wrapped in his boat-cloak, leaving a great deal of unobstructed sunshine to the majority of his shipmates, carrying off a still large quantity from a minority of one.

III.

And thus I am brought back to the beginning of my story. Little Amber lived with her uncle at Milletonerre Cottage, the old Grimm homestead, a mile out of Baltimore, up the Patapsco, until she was *little* Amber no more, but a marvelously pretty young woman of sixteen. Her eyes grew bluer and bluer every day, as if they would never stop drinking in that beautiful Maryland heaven that looked into them—her face assumed a more regular oval and clearer tints of living white and rose, with every change from snow to flowers that her life passed through. But if Amber Bell could possibly have had any thing to blush at, she would have blushed unseen, for she *did* waste her sweetness on the desert air. Yet, perhaps, not *wasted;* for I have my theory that sweetness can not be wasted any where, but even where there are no visible eyes to see it, it gives a greater beauty to the dumb thankful vines it trains, and mignonnettes it sows, and there are viewless shapes of loveliness in the air about it whom it makes glad ceaselessly—little brothers, fathers, mothers, good angels, keeping poise on noiseless wings, and singing in delicate, unheard harmonies, "How good and beautiful hath God made our dear!" Other sympathizing, admiring beholders Amber Bell had not, for Milletonerre Cottage was like a cage into which the free birds outside never try to come. A few black servants, who did Uncle Golorum's work—the butcher, who came daily, dumped his meat at the kitchen-door, and then went off in a flash as if glad that he had got away with his ears—the annual stealthy tax-collector, and some semi-occasional unfortunate peddler, who could not have known the repellant principle of the premises till he learned it by being ordered to tramp, bag and baggage; these were all who ever shared the occupation of the grounds at Milletonerre with Amber Bell and Uncle Golorum. The gentlemen whose places joined the Grimm homestead knew the ex-Captain for a man whom early trouble of some indefinite kind had turned into a misanthropic recluse, and though they also knew that he had a matchlessly pretty niece—knew it either for their now sakes or their marriageable sons'—they would as soon have thought of calling down a hollow tree on a bear who had somehow or other segregated to his own uses a similar amount of beauty, as on Uncle Golorum at the cottage of Milletonerre.

There was one, just one exception, to the general rule of this solitude. Amber might have been twelve years old when the first occurrence of the exception made itself manifest. She had finished her French verbs and recited them to Uncle Golorum, who knew them from beginning to end like every thing else without a single touch of that human frailty which betrays itself in making or forgiving mistakes as to the relative position of momentous subjects like *ais—ais—ait—ions—iez—aient.* She had worked just one hour by his $300 ship chronometer on the embroidery of a fire-screen, and under the superintendence of black Phillis had accomplished, with much fear and trembling, a matelotte of Patapsco eels for the duet of dinner, which was to be performed at three o'clock—for Uncle Golorum was positive on the question of women's knowing how to do household work. And then, with as much solemnity as if he were striking the bells for a change of watch, the Captain had said, "Amber! an hour's exercise out-doors!" Not a kiss, not a sign of approbation for her good scholarship did he give her, save the negative one of

not looking blacker than usual, as would have occurred upon the coming to his ear of *ait* before *ais*, a false stitch in the screen, or too much chopped parsley in the matelotte. He had not kissed her since the day she came a little nestless orphan bird, to shiver under his dark wing on the quarter-deck of the *Siren*. For he seemed to feel that something had come in between them. And it is unnecessary to repeat that he was habitually undemonstrative, even had nothing come in.

Amber went out to play, or to make believe play, like a little man-of-war's woman going aloft under orders to cast off her gaskets and enjoy a short scud before the wind from the dark, fortressed port of Uncle Golorum's study. She had no dolls—never seemed to take to them like other children—but instead of those, she always carried with her on her lonely strayings about the place the pretty portrait her mamma had given her to vary her soliloquy with.

To-day she wandered clear down from the house to the granite gate-posts of the place, each with its stony, Uncle-Golorum-looking big German G carven on it. These had been of use once when Milletonerre had a grandpa, a mamma, uncles, aunts, visitors, old and young, and all cheerful and merry-making, for the comfort of little child inmates like Amber. A stone lodge, with quaint old Dutch gables, standing on one side of the gate-way, had been of use also in those days; but now, as it frowned gloomily out on the silent gravel road, its windows iron barred, its threshold tenantless, its heavy oak door triple locked, it looked like some miniature state-prison, from which the keepers, getting a scare, had run away, leaving their prisoners to starve and turn to white bones in the depths of its unfeeling bowels. It had a porch, but no ivy or any other pleasant vine climbed over it; and like all other things of fresh nature, little Amber would as soon have sat down to play on a coffin as to make that her seat when she diverted herself outdoors. But on the roots of a great white oak which shadowed the gate, a hundred years' old member of the Grimm family, who had become rough and gnarly without getting morbid, it was all the delight which Amber had to throw her little body down and talk to herself, the birds, and the portrait of that ideal pretty, pretty, poor little Uncle Golorum.

To-day she had sad need of the Ideal, for the Real smothered her childish heart more than usual. So she drew forth the locket, and, lying down on the oak-roots, began to study it sadly.

"Oh, pretty picture, how I wish you were alive!" said Amber. "I could be so very, very kind to you—and I'm afraid I never can be to the Uncle Golorum I've got now. I want to be, I try to be, for my darling mamma's sake, who is looking at me—but it's *so* hard. He won't let me. He takes care of me, and teaches me, and gives me my dresses, and my dinner, and a great many books, and ever so many other things—but he won't let me love him. Oh, my pretty, pretty picture, why won't he? And why doesn't he love me as mamma did—and as she thought he would—and as you would, pretty little picture-uncle, if you were alive? Well, I suppose it was that bad, bad Balcom and that wicked old Rinkleby that killed *you*, and left somebody that goes by your name but isn't you, to be my Uncle Golorum. Oh, pretty picture, do help me to be kind to *him*—help me to think about all the trouble he's had, and how sorry it makes him to have to stay in this world—help me to be very, very good to him—do, dear pretty picture, and mamma will be *so* glad and love us both *so* much. Oh, why wasn't that dear, nice, kind boy that came after me to San Joas my real, sweet Uncle Golorum? I could be so kind to *him*, for ever and ever!"

Poor Amber's blue eyes began to fill with tears. And there is no doubt but a hearty cry would have relieved her, had she not just then been startled by the rattling of the gate, and looked around to see a tall figure, in a gray summer traveling suit, stooping down to examine by what recondite system of bolts and bars the entrance to Milletonerre Cottage was defended. Failing in that discovery, and finding instead a rusty padlock of several pounds weight to which the key was nowhere manifest, the bold assailant pitched a large port-folio and a walking-stick stool over the gate, and then laying his hands on the top bar, followed them with a lithe easy spring, and James Lyon stood on the gravel before Amber Bell. It was as if the ideal Uncle Golorum had suddenly leaped out of the locket and come for her consoling.

"My darling, darling little Amber Bell!" exclaimed the young man, and, picking her up like a little bird, drew her to nestle on his bosom.

Amber could not speak, for this was the first time since she came to Milletonerre Cottage that she had found any body to spend the great riches of her heart upon. She hugged and hugged James Lyon, and put her little face against his, and hid it in his neck, and kissed him over and over again, and cried and laughed, and at last found her tongue sufficiently to say,

"Oh, you dear, dear boy—is it really you, you sweet, dear, good boy?"

"Yes, darling, it is I, and I have come to live very near you, where I shall try to see you very often. I am in Baltimore now; I'm a painter, you know, and I have such a nice little room where I make pictures all by myself, and am sometimes as lonely as your Uncle Golorum would be if he had to stay down here in this old place without any little Amber to love him."

Amber shook her head sadly. "I don't think he'd care much, James."

"Why, Amber! Isn't he kind to you, my darling little Amber Bell?"

"Oh yes, very! I mean he never whips me, or makes me go to bed without my supper; but oh, I don't know! He is kind, but I seem to want somebody to love all the time. Oh, James, I feel so sorry."

And the little heart that had been diverted from its good cry when James came to the gate,

now had its own, and poured itself forth on the bosom of its only comforter.

"Dearest Amber," said the young man, tenderly, "cry, but don't be too sad; hope on, hope ever, darling. I will walk down here just as often as I can, and will come here to see you whenever he will let me. And you can love *me*, can't you, Amber?"

Amber dried her tears and looked proudly into the fine young face that bent over her so winsomely.

"I guess *I can* love *you*, you dearest, darling, good boy!"

No such glad day had Amber known since she left the *Siren*. Like a young fawn she frisked about in the green grass, under the old trees, over the gravel walks—now holding James by the hand, now running away from him a little way—now returning to say some affectionate word or to ask some thoughtful question of the many which had been turning about in her child-hermit mind during all the past months of seclusion. And at last she sat down on the old tree roots once more, and was demurely, wondering still, and wondrously pretty too, with a garland of anemones and wild violets around her soft brown hair, while the good boy opened his port-folio and sketched her.

Right in the midst of this loving labor the two heard a great bell booming savagely up at the cottage, and Amber started up, crying,

"Oh dear! it's dinner-time, and they're ringing for me. If I don't hurry Uncle Golorum will sit down all by himself, and I shall be thought *so* hard of, for a month or two at least." Then, in a timid and embarrassed way, she added,

"You *wouldn't* like to come and take dinner at Uncle Golorum's, *would* you, my dear good boy?"

James smiled involuntarily at the strife between love and candor which was manifest in Amber's invitation, and said,

"I would like to go and take dinner with *you*, darling, very much indeed, but not at Uncle Golorum's. Perhaps we shall take dinner together some time, just as we used to on the old *Siren;* but I have dined to-day in town, before I walked out here. So just give me a sweet kiss for dessert and I will go back, for this afternoon, and come and see my dear Amber another time. Pretty soon, darling—yes, this week once more at least."

The little girl put her small arms around his neck; he pressed her to his bosom, kissed her, and then she ran, with a reluctant swiftness, toward the house, every now and then looking back and throwing kisses to him, as with his port-folio and stool he went slowly down the avenue, leaped the gate, and passed out of sight up the dusty main road to Baltimore.

And this, as I said, was the first occurrence of the exception to Amber's loneliness. After that beginning it happened many and many a time again through the summer and early fall. And if it were not heresy to make such a remark in regard to the apparently perfect and sublime apathy of that self-gathered mind, we should say that Uncle Golorum *wondered* to see the increased rapidity of Amber's progress in all the branches of her education, from that momentous, fruit-bearing, and all-overshadowing branch—*s'en aller negativement et interrogativement, est-ce-que-je-ne-m'envais pas*—down to the manufacture of inscrutable puddings and whips, the secret of whose ethereal composition would have eluded the inductive processes of the Baconian Philosophy.

The Captain was not the man to trouble himself with any queries about the cause of this progress. Results were principally what he had dealt with all his life, not reasons. If on board the *Siren* he had ordered a fourth mast to be stepped in, just one hundred and fifty feet forward of the foremast, he would not have bothered himself with the physical difficulty of the *Siren's* not running any timber so far, but would have expected to see the carpenter, with cap in hand at the hour appointed, soliciting his inspection of the work. His marine habits of mind were prolonged into his education of Amber. He saw—could not help seeing—that he had a very beautiful child—in addition, a very talented, a true genius of a child—to bring up for his dead sister. Furthermore, that all the strength of his own commanding position, assisted, if necessary, by a whole roomful of dunderheaded Retiring-Board men, could not keep that child from growing up, according to rules somewhat antecedent to those of the naval service, into a beautiful and lovely woman. But what he should do with the *woman*, when he had her—what would be the best, the most advantageous disposition of the product—to all appearances never entered his mind.

His days were spent in the depths of his study reading Navigation articles and Service Reports, old Greek tragedies, resumed from his earlier boyhood, and particularly harmonious with his mind from their element of dark, inexorable Fate, and Byron, pleasant to him for the same reason. His exercise consisted in pacing the long hall of the cottage as if it were a deck, and he the last man on it with the Ancient Mariner's albatross hanging around his neck invisibly. His chief diversion—if diversion that might be called which did not *divert*, but only regularly *proportion* his mind daily—was the education of Amber and the care of a very fine American aloe inherited from his father, and endeared to him because it had blossomed at the only time *he* ever did—in his boyhood—and like him had been hard, thorny, scentless, flowerless ever since. The legacy of his dead sister—the legacy of his dead sire: their education and well-keeping divided his leisure about equally between them; and it would be hard to say whether he felt more of kinship and sympathy toward the plant of centuries or the plant of teens. There was no physical nor intellectual want of the latter to which he did not attend faithfully, but he let her wither at that root of all girls—the heart. He did not permit this mischance to happen to the century plant.

The little water that it needed he gave it with his own hands, its glossy, long, leathery leaves he examined from axil to spike several times a day, polishing off blight, brushing away cobwebs, firmly but gently cutting out decay. And no doubt thinking in his soul that if metempsychosis were more than a poet's fancy, he himself, some day, would be the vivifying principle of a new sort of century plant—the Aloe Captain-Golorum-Grimmensis.

IV.

This century plant stood at the end of his Ancient Mariner quarter-deck, in the warm south window looking across the Patapsco. By the bronzed iron pedestal of its great oak box, polishing and brushing as usual, stood Uncle Golorum at eleven o'clock of a mid-November morning. Six feet from him sat Amber in her little wicker chair, with Noël and Chapsal's Grammar in her hands, and a very different subject in her heart. She was wondering sadly how, as the weather grew colder, she should be able to meet James Lyon; how the dear, good boy and she should contrive to keep up their plays on the lawn, when its once sunny and shady old face should be covered with snow, and how she could pass a whole winter without so contriving it. Meanwhile the thought that he could ever enter Milletonerre Cottage to see her was as distant from her little head as the idea of a rendezvous on the top of Baltimore Shot Tower or the Battle Monument. And he was *such* a dear, good boy! What should she do without him?

Presently Uncle Golorum turned away from his century plant and pulled a bell-handle. A sound of tumbling precipitately up stairs followed, and the obsequious head of a darkey appeared in the door leading from the kitchen.

"Yessah!"

"Cæsar! put the bays into the single seat rockaway, and let them be at the door in half an hour."

With another "Yessah!" the darkey tumbled as precipitately down the stairs.

"Amber!"

"Yes, Uncle."

"Put away your grammar and get on your things to go into town with me."

"Yes, Uncle."

At the expiration of the half hour the ex-Captain and Amber were on their way to Baltimore behind the bays, sitting side by side. For the first half mile neither spoke a word. Then Uncle Golorum broke the silence by saying,

"Amber! do you like pictures?"

It was the first question to elicit her preferences which the child had heard spoken since coming to Milletonerre Cottage. And it startled her, from a vague impression in her mind that her uncle might thus be introducing a conversation upon the subject of the only person whom she knew who made pictures; a conversation of discovery, censure, and stern commands of some distressing sort. But regaining her self-possession, she answered,

"Yes, Uncle Golorum, I like pictures very much." And at the same time she drew her mother's present, the locket, from her bosom, and showed it to him.

It was the first time he had seen it in her hands or known she had it. A bitter smile came over his features, and he sighed audibly. Then the usual dark impassiveness returned, the cloud settling blacker than before on his forehead.

"Oh, Uncle Golorum! have I grieved you?" asked Amber, anxiously.

"No, Amber," answered the Captain; and then, with the sternness of his face partially relaxed, added: "I am not often grieved nowadays. You are a good girl to keep that picture so well. I like to have you wear it. There was once a young lady who wore one just like it; not your mother—another lady. And *you* are getting to look wonderfully like her every day."

"Flora Balcom?" was just on the lips of the little girl, so completely had she been taken by surprise by this rare communicativeness on the part of her uncle; but the next moment her breath almost stopped at the thought of the dangerous ground she was near treading on, and she remained perfectly silent.

"You like pictures? That is well. If you would like to paint them I will have you taught how. I am going to take you now to the largest exhibition of them that there has ever been in Baltimore."

Because both the riders into town felt that they had been strangely led almost into hopelessly committing themselves they spoke no more till they found themselves in Baltimore Street, at the door of the Art Hall. Cæsar, who on a little tiger's seat behind the two had accompanied them, leaped down, took the reins, and Captain Grimm and his niece ascended the broad staircase to the exhibition rooms.

There was the usual number of flaming sunsets, which but for the catalogue might have been sunrises; of twilights, saved by the same kind interposition from being hopelessly confused with dawns. A great many "Gentlemen" were there, whose gentlemanly originals would have been unpleasant to meet at night in the lonely part of town near the present Philadelphia dépôt, or whom their hair and neck-ties alone indicated not to be ladies. There was the inevitable sufficiency of family groups; very pink children in very pink sashes, holding on filially to very pink mammas—all quite as smiling as if they had not been doomed for life to sit down on lumps of green paint meaning grass, and tend the wooliest of white-lead sheep in their best ball-dresses. The marine arm of our national commerce received its customary tribute in the one or two dozen representations of the same clipper in various attitudes—now lying on beam's-end on one of the steps of a sea arranged after the fashion of a pair of stairs, upon whose solid support even faithless Peter might have climbed into the distant horizon as fearlessly as if he were going up to bed—now sailing gloriously on with all sail

squared for a wind astern, and the pennants rigorously indicating that it was directly abeam—now performing sundry other marine miracles, the secret of which would have enabled any skipper to shorten the distance to China, in the deadest of lulls, by forty days. There were castles on the Rhine there running neck and neck with residences of the Hon. Augustus B. Swax—farm-houses viewed as interiors, exteriors, posteriors—scenes from Shakspeare—pastorals—and a number of real, genial, natural pictures, which at that day promised the coming, now so nobly fulfilled, of Church, Rossiter, Tait, Richards, Dix, Kensett, Heine, and the others who make an American school for America.

Uncle Golorum wandered from room to room, expressing in his face that it was his watch, therefore his duty to keep a look-out; but not manifesting in any other way that he was gratified more than if he had been an Englishman enjoying himself. Amber, in a very dream of wonder and delight, looked every where, not knowing how to fix her gaze; admiring every thing that looked natural to her—in the most happy, heathen ignorance whether it was depth, warmth, or chiaro-oscuro that gratified her.

At last the two stopped suddenly, and side by side, before a small square picture, in the simplest of plain gilt frames, which hung in an unfavorable light at the end of the last room—stopped and caught their breath simultaneously, and looked at their catalogues: "No. 323—A Young Girl.—J. L." That was all the information it gave them. The young girl was seated on the mossy root of an old tree, with a garland of anemones around her head, a locket in her hand, at which she was gazing intently with a pair of the loveliest blue, dreamy eyes.

Uncle Golorum stood before it as if he had been suddenly turned to stone in the midst of his watch, and his dark face grew unaccountably pale as marble. The only words that he uttered were "Good God!" As for Amber, she knew the original of the picture; understood the initials, J. L.; and was filled with a rapture of surprise and delight. "The dear, good boy!" she whispered to her own heart, inaudibly.

But the picture was not an exact portrait of Amber as she now looked. Rather a loving painter's ideal of what a few more years—with their warmth, their roundness, their womanly discoveries of depth and passion would make her. Amber at fifteen or sixteen fulfilling the promise of twelve; Amber expanded, glorified, grown to her full capacity of loving and being loved. A great compliment to Amber as she now was; yet no one would call it undeserved or exaggerated who could hope for the best and tenderest influences upon her of Nature, Heaven, and kind souls during the next three years of ripening.

Uncle Golorum glanced at Amber; recognized the likeness to the portrait in her face; but did not see *her* in the portrait. The unwonted gentleness with which he had been so rarely communicative on the way into Baltimore came over his face again; and he folded his arms, and looked, and looked as if he never could turn away.

"Amber"—at last he spoke—"what do you think of this picture?"

Amber blushed, self-consciously, and replied that it was beautifully painted.

"Amber, if I had known how to paint, I could have made exactly that picture myself once! I saw, long ago, that same young girl sitting under just such an old tree, in the lawn at Milletonerre. But I was a boy then."

The gloomy steadiness of look settled on his brow again. "Have you seen all you care to?" he asked, calmly, of his little niece. "Yes, Sir," said Amber, and followed him as he strode silently away to the door. Just inside the threshold the man who took the tickets sat behind his pile of catalogues, gazing abstractedly at the Gorgon head of the same "Gentleman" who had been opposite him ever since the exhibition opened. The effect of that great work upon the man had been to stupefy him, and he was popularly supposed to have gone deranged, harmlessly, on the subject of the wooden-looking neck-tie of the portrait, so that he wore none of his own, confusing the image in the picture with his own seen in a mirror, and therefore unconscious of his deficiency. But he was still able to take the tickets, and give change, and be a sort of supplement to the catalogue, mechanically answering questions as soon as he could be made to hear them.

"Ticket-master!" said Captain Golorum, imperatively, stopping at the table of this person.

"Heh? Ah! Oh! No season tickets sold—pay when you come in—two levies—children half price," said the man, waking from his lethargy.

"I did not speak of season tickets. Who painted 323?"

The ticket-man fumbled over his printed catalogue, then seemed performing the same process with his mental one.

"323," he muttered, laconically; "J. L.—prefers to reserve his real name—picture not for sale—young artist—any thing left at this desk will reach him."

The Captain stooped at the desk, and taking up a pen that lay there wrote hurriedly the following words:

"*J. L.*:

"Sir,—I have been struck with the picture 323, to which your initials are appended, in the present exhibition. I will pay a very generous price for it if you will let me have it. I should like also to secure your services, if you are in the habit of giving drawing lessons, for a young person residing in my house. Reply personally or by letter to CAPTAIN GOLORUM GRIMM,
"Milletonerre Cottage, Baltimore."

He then sealed the note, directed it to J. L., called the attention of the lethargic ticket-man to it, and motioning to Amber, strode out of the exhibition-rooms.

V.

It may have been three days after their visit at the exhibition that Amber was startled from her French Grammar and Uncle Golorum called

away from his Naval Reports by that unusual sound in Milletonerre Cottage—the ringing of the front door-bell. So rare was this occurrence that even before the woolly Cæsar had opened the door there was no doubt in either the older or younger mind that the call was by appointment—that the caller was J. L.

He stood on the threshold—did J. L., for it was he—refusing to enter until he had sent in his card, marked with the initials, to the Captain's study. The door, half-closed, hid from him little Amber, trembling (in her little wicker seat at the other end of the hall) with painful speculation how she should manage her recognition of him before her uncle. But Cæsar returned presently, and saying that the Captain would see J. L. at once, led him into the study, which stood on the right hand of the front door. To prevent any mistake, Amber at the same time jumped up and ran down stairs to take her morning lesson in puddings from Phillis.

The Captain received the young man standing, and with his usual impressive sternness. But as James drew nearer Uncle Golorum's brow contracted into darker severity, and the bow with which he signed him to a chair was bleak enough to have frozen him there—if he had been frozen easily.

"I perceive that you recognize me, Captain Grimm," said the young man.

"I do—Mr. James Lyon. I supposed you were with the Captain, your father, who is now, if I mistake not, in the South Pacific."

"It has escaped your mind that I some time ago resolved not to follow the sea. I am a painter, and in Baltimore permanently."

"I considered that an error at the time I first heard of it. I have not changed my opinion since then. But your father of course is right in not being led by me. You are the painter of No. 323, then, it seems?"

"I am."

"I have sent for you to ask that you will sell me that picture. It resembles very much a young person in whom I once took some slight interest—she was at one time likely to become the wife of a brother officer of mine. She is dead. He has been dead also for many years. But the coincidence of looks is striking, and I should like to become the purchaser of the picture, having been rather an intimate friend of both the parties. Name your price for it, Mr. Lyon, and I will give you my check for the amount." And at the same time the Captain marched to his desk, opened his check-book, and stood ready with pen in hand.

"I prefer to name no price for it. I do not wish to sell it. I intended it as a sort of reminiscence of one still living, who is connected with you—that little niece of yours, whom I brought to the *Siren* at Lisbon. It is, therefore, of interest to you in two ways. So that—I will give it to you. I ask its acceptance as a favor to myself—not to you."

The Captain's face did not assume the gratified look of one who is receiving a welcome present. On the contrary, he grew darker, and bleaker, and sterner, and took several quarter-deck paces across the room. Then returning he stopped in front of the young man.

"I can not consent to any such arrangement, Mr. Lyon. I am not used to incurring obligations, even with my equals, and—"

"Perhaps it may be managed in another way, then. You spoke in your note to J. L. of wishing my services as instructor for a young person resident in your family. If your wishes still remain unchanged, let me teach your young friend till he, or she—which is it?—is capable of copying 323. I will then take the copy in exchange for the original, meanwhile leaving the latter on your wall. That looks fair to me; does it contravene your views, Captain Grimm?"

The Captain commenced his march again, with an impenetrable darkness of face which concealed a great struggle within. The one black shadow of his life wrapped him in closely. Was it his destiny—so he mutely thought within himself—forever to have some other man intervening between him and his love? Far back, in the hard, cold, bitter past, how had it been with that young person who at one time might have become the wife of that brother officer of his? There were blood-spots before his eyes as this memory revived—spots which might have been on his hand had he but cleared accounts with the spoiler, instead of drifting away to sea, an iceberg, before his own sweeping, relentless will. He had become a captain—but what of that? Every where he had sailed with the shadow over him—the ice around, within him—no light of kind eyes, no Mediterranean summer had ever melted him—and now, in spite of himself, he was a peak, standing alone, unthawed, unapproachable by any sun. The blood-spots passed from before his eyes; in their place came scales of ice; he seemed looking at the world through a lurid, glacial prism.

How had it been on the quarter-deck of the *Siren?* Scarcely had his arms enfolded the only remnant of his love that Time and Death had left him, when his touch froze her, and she slipped away as from the glary bosom of some great icicle, to become the pet, the darling of that new-found, stripling friend. Again the blood-spots came before his eyes: *he hated that boy, hated* him as the representative of all the evil that his life had ever done him—as the present form which the Balcom and the Rinkleby male were taking for his destruction, as the incarnation of the Shadow.

How was it now? For the first time in years and years the old tenderness had come back to him, flowing in through his eyes from No. 323. Out of that simple frame the young person who might have been a brother officer's wife peered wistfully at him through the icy mists of many days and nights; she was sitting again as he had loved to see her, in the midst of all her sweet girlhood's glorious prophecies, on the oak roots in Milletonerre lawn; and for the first time since that long ago sunny day, he was a tender,

passionate, spontaneous boy! But the inevitable shadow intervenes. He owes this one moment of rest, of hope, to the stripling who stole the love of little Amber from him; and thus does every living being, every memorial thing which could speak to him of Flora Balcom float away from his grasp and attach itself to another man!

Well for you, J. L., that passionate gentlemen no longer wear broadswords at their sides, stilettos in their bosoms, in the quiet of private life! Well for you that this darkened mind long ago made the great struggle which kept the blood-spots before his eyes from clinging forever to his hands—which made all future and lesser struggles and self-crucifyings possible! Well for you, too, that just in the midst of his fierce silent march the Captain was interrupted by the timid knock of little Amber at the door; that he knew it, opened to her, and saw her standing with downcast eyes, her mother's locket in her hand.

"Uncle Golorum, Cæsar told me that the gentleman, Mr. J. L., whom you wrote to, was in the study; and I came to ask if I might learn to copy this portrait of you into a big picture that I can hang in my room?"

"Come in, Amber," said the Captain, quietly. "This is Mr. James Lyon, whom you saw on board of the *Siren*. If you wish to learn drawing and painting he may be your teacher, on conditions which I will tell him in a moment. Speak to him, Amber, and then go out to play."

It was nearly a week since the little girl had seen her best friend; but there was that in the Captain's face which, to the instinct of them both, showed that any warm recognition would be unadvisable. So she just laid her small white hand in his, gave him a smile full of meaning, and tripped silently out of the room.

"The conditions which I lay upon our compact I will tell you now," sternly spoke the Captain. "This child is my ward. She is growing up into a woman who will be called very beautiful and fascinating. The influence of any young man upon her passionate nature will then be very great. I have seen the injury which results from the fostering of feelings in young persons which circumstances render it desirable to keep ungratified. I ask you therefore to promise me, that my permission to become the teacher of my niece shall never in any way be construed, should our connection be kept up till she reaches womanhood, into any thing like my consent to your offering the assumption of a nearer relation. You hear my condition. You are not bound to make the promise; but if you do, I shall require it to be kept *to the letter*. What do you say?"

"I am not in the habit," answered the young man, somewhat dryly, "of making promises which I can not keep. Your niece is still young—*very* young—but at present very beautiful, and bids fair to become still more so. I do promise that I will never infer your consent to marry her from any thing you may do or say in our acquaintance, short of words to that very effect."

"You may then enter upon your duties as her teacher to-morrow. Come, if you please, three times a week, at this hour, unless some other suits you better, and consider me agreeing to pay your usual charge to pupils, and the hire of your horse from Baltimore."

"As for the horse, thank you, but I prefer to walk. And this hour will suit me very well. I wish you a good-day, Captain Grimm."

"Good-day, Sir. I will take 323 on the terms you mentioned, to hang in this room for the present. You may send it out at your earliest opportunity."

And the Captain bowed his guest through the door.

VI.

With very little change in that part of her life which looked toward the outer world Amber Bell came to be sixteen years old. I have said this before, I recollect; but *then* it was necessary to sketch, at least, the influences under which she grew to that age. This time, however, I say it without any intention of going back.

She had become a very good artist. She excelled particularly in taking portraits; and if she had possessed a wider field of objects for her skill, and had known any thing of the necessity of earning a livelihood, she might have become very famous as a likeness-painter. But her uncle never entered society; she was fortunate enough in the midst of some misfortunes not to be sent away to boarding-school; she therefore had no girl friends to sit to her: so her labors just amounted to a sort of exhaustive analysis of Milletonerre. She copied her mother's locket, with various back-grounds, on canvas of various sizes, in different frames: there got to be as many copies of it extant, I was going to say, as there are of the Madonna of the Chair. She took all sorts of views of Phillis and Cæsar and the other servants; of the horses and farm-cattle in general, the poultry, the lawn. James sat to her many times, and became preserved for posterity in every attitude which it is possible for a young man of pliant muscles to take. And once, during the period in which Amber was growing up to her sixteenth year, her Uncle Golorum condescended to be perpetuated on canvas, in a full-length portrait, speaking-trumpet in hand and the wheel of the *Siren* directly on his right. So that the young girl's pencil was never idle, though her field was small.

Amber and her teacher were standing one morning in May—the May in which she became sixteen years old—before an easel on the front veranda. J. L. was giving her some hints for the light and shade of a great tree that she was painting, and at the same time illustrating his views by the original, which could be seen clearly in its warm morning bath of sunbeams away down at the lodge, framed in a vista of the nearer locusts, ashes, and elms. Presently James put down the hand-rest with which he had been pointing toward their subject, and a musing expression came over his face. And then, said the young man,

"How much more strongly our *memories* fasten

upon old trees than upon any thing else in nature that we can think of! In this respect they are very like moss, which hardly ever grows where it can't be pretty sure of a long, undisturbed resting-place. It avoids the fences and the door-posts that man makes, because fire and the freaks of rebuilding and all other sorts of caprice or change can unsettle it from them, but seems to know that old trees are spared even in their decay, and that it can have leave to cover them with a beautiful carpet and cushion long after they are dead almost down to the very heart. It's just the same way with our memories. There is a sort of instinct which makes us associate so many of our happinesses and pains and all sorts of feelings and thoughts with the trees which were about us when we first had them. As if we knew that though the roads where we walked, and the gates we opened, and the seats we sat on, and the thresholds where we stood, may all be changed, perhaps quite obliterated, and the very rocks pried up and taken away to build houses with or to get rid of their obstructions; the *trees* we saw and loved will probably last as long as we, and be a safe clinging place for memory to stay by, and a dear home for the heart to come back to, long after every thing else is gone, and even when we are very old. There was my old grandfather, he died in his ninety-second year, and the very day that his snowy head disappeared from our little home circle at my mother's, just like a little of the *real* snow that had been left till April, melting away quietly all at once, he asked to be carried in his chair out on to the lawn in front of the old homestead. Then he began talking to himself, but yet loud enough for us to hear, and in such a way as brought tears to our eyes, I can tell you. 'There,' said he, 'is the elm that my father planted when I was ten years old. Ah! ah! good old man, *he's* gone.' He waited a few moments, and then said he, 'That great white ash I set out on my wedding-day, when my Mabel had just got home with me. I said it should be her tree, and she laughed and clapped her hands. Oh, how brown her hair was, and how bright her eyes were!—*she's* gone, ah! ah!' To us children and grandchildren, who first knew grandmother when her hair was silver-white, and she told us little ones stories of long ago old times as we sat on stools at her feet, this was so touching that we began to cry; but mother more especially, as if her heart would break. Then grandfather went on, 'That row of locusts I set one after another as the children were born—those first ten by the gate when John was two days old: he's gone too, poor boy! drowned far, far away at sea! I told him not to go, I did; but boys will be boys, and now he isn't here to remember as I do, how I used to hold him up to pick off the first sweet-smelling blossoms that came on those locusts, and the pods with the little beans in them, that he called babies in a cradle, asking me if God put those little babies to bed there, and if they would grow up and get to be big trees, and thank Him for taking such care of them. Well, he's gone, gone; they're almost all gone. I shall be gone too, pretty soon.' Then, while we all wiped our eyes as quickly as possible, so that he shouldn't see the tears in them, he turned around, and said: 'Take me in, dears, please; I've been out here long enough.' We obeyed him, and that afternoon *he* was gone too."

"Dear old man, how I should have loved to see him! I never saw any of my grand-parents. It is very hard to be an orphan."

"Yes, dear Amber, it is very, very hard. I don't know what it means literally, but I do understand virtually; my father has always been at sea since I can remember, and as the pay of a navy captain is not large, and we have no private property of any amount, like your uncle, I have been obliged from a little child to leave my dear mother and learn to support myself—oh, long before I came after you at Lisbon! And now that I return to the subject of *yourself*, what do you think clings to that old tree down by the lodge—what *memory*, I mean, which started all I just said about trees?"

Amber looked up at J. L., thoughtfully, for a moment, then said,

"The same that's associated with it in my mind?"

"What is that, Amber, dear?"

"The time you first came up to the cottage, and threw your port-folio over the fence, and followed it. And found me crying, and comforted me, setting me on the old tree-roots with a wreath of anemones round my head and took my likeness?"

"The very same! Isn't that wonderful, how we should both have precisely that association connected with the old tree and be here painting it to-day!"

At the discovery of this amazing coincidence, so utterly inconceivable to common minds, so impossible, in fact, of occurring at all, save by the most miraculous and incalculable complication of circumstances, it was as a matter of course necessary to make some remarkable demonstration, expressive of the startling effect it naturally had upon the human mind. The particular form that demonstration took—and I do not, upon mature reflection, suggest any better one—was this: James and Amber locked their arms most lovingly around each other's waists, and kissed with as tender a pure-heartedness as they had done those years ago (so long and yet so bright to growing youth), Amber saying as she did *then*, "You dear, dear good boy!"

The hour which ought to have been devoted to the lesson slipped quickly by, and still found them talking without heed to time. They reviewed all the past days since Amber—*little* Amber, then—came riding down to the *Siren* on her pillion before James from the sunny terraces where she had bid good-by to the dear mamma who must go to still sunnier, healthier skies than Lisbon. The days of Amber's stay with Uncle Golorum—of James's success in the first and the succeeding exhibitions—and of her scholarship with him at the drawing-board and the easel.

Yes, and every where also; for, as Amber said, she had learned from James all the hope and patience and womanliness that was in her. Though he would not hear that praise of himself, and thought—which was very true—that any body who saw her would say that she had that within herself which could not fail of making her the good, and beautiful, and altogether noble woman which she was, however hard on her outward circumstances might be. And certainly *she* had been *his* teacher, *his* encouragement, motive, incentive, all that was best for him from the first hour he took her into his boy arms as the little child who thought he was her "poor, pretty, little Uncle Golorum." From the present, where they at last arrived by that sweetly slow, meandering, lingering process which is the road the wise man, after sundry unrecorded nibblings of pen and scratchings of head, confessed himself so unable to understand — "the way of a man with a maid"—they glanced back to the past again, and said J. L.:

"Amber, do you remember what it was you said when, after telling me you had none to let you love them, and my answering that *I* was there, I asked could you love me?"

Amber blushed very deeply—which she did *not* do at the time she remembered (so singularly is that queer creature, "la donna mobile," affected by the course of a few years)—and answered that she did recollect what she replied then.

"What was it, you sweet girl?"

"I said, 'I guess I *can* love you, you dearest, darling, good boy!'"

Who can blame James for asking *another* question? Can you, big world? Can *you*, poor, pretty, little, grum, grim Uncle Golorum? *You*, with your deep-niched, old, externally weather-beaten heart, in which, as in a locked, ten-bolted chapelle ardente, there are nightly tapers burning, and thuribles swinging, and *miserere*s chanting so stilly that they make no noise outside, before a certain image which might have been your patron saint? *You*, who late into the evening, when all but *your* lamp is out, all but your eyes closed in sleep, sit looking *over* a Navy Report and *at* No. 323, which still hangs above your study mantle-piece? *You*, who — well, never mind, the question was asked.

"You said it *then*, my sweet Amber—could you say it *now?*"

The arm that had folded Amber's waist had not relaxed all this time, and now it drew her closer as, like a golden-brown river, her hair flowed into his bosom, and her lips, hid there beneath it, whispered:

"I can."

Those two words only. But enough. And worth far more that May morning to J. L. than all the words that patronizing art-committee men, customers, the press, and the public generally had ever said to him of praise, if they could have been multiplied by ten thousand and added to by a *carte-blanche* on the Bank of the Inexhaustible Bowels of Golconda. If there be such a bank. Being a literary man, I do not see much commercial paper—and beyond the Shoe and Leather, where my publishers deposit, am not authority for names.

Two words. But enough — oh, deliciously enough!

VII.

It was the day of Amber's next lesson but one. She sat at the south window of the hall, her drawing-board on a little stand before her, with a sad but earnest and absorbed face, taking a likeness of the century plant. Three others—taken from separate points of view, and finished in water-colors—lay loosely in a port-folio beside her. James—as if he had suddenly become Uncle Golorum—was standing on the opposite side of the flower-pot, studying every leaf of the century plant from spike to footstalk as if his life depended on it. But not with Uncle Golorum's look of tender solicitude—at least for the century plant. About half an hour ago Uncle Golorum looked out of his study door with a countenance even sterner than usual, and asked, "What are you doing now, Amber?" And Amber replied, without lifting her head from her work, "I am taking the century plant for this morning's study." But now all is quiet as a valley in mid-summer woods.

Amber was the first to break the silence.

"I shall not have time, I'm afraid, to finish this sketch in color, James."

"Oh, that will be of no consequence, dear. I have the three others, you know; and besides," he added, in a lower tone, "all century plants, I suppose, are very nearly the same shade in their leafage, and there is not the necessity of taking along a sample to match, as if it were berége or lutestring ribbon."

This last was said with a quiet smile, which passed over his face like a short sunbeam, and then left it even soberer, more determined, than before.

"Just tell me over again," the young man continued, "what it was the Captain said to you. I want to know the very words, as nearly as possible, that I may be sure of the exact thing I have to perform."

Amber looked thoughtfully up from her work and laid down her pencil.

"It was the night, you know, of that same day when you asked me *the* question on the veranda. I went to the study and found Uncle Golorum sitting there. 'I have come,' said I, 'to talk to you about a subject which interests my whole life.' I think I startled him, though he showed it as little as he does every thing else, only by wheeling his chair around rather more quickly than usual from in front of your picture, which I know he had been looking at. 'Speak on, Amber,' said he. Then I told him, as briefly as I could, that you loved me and I loved you, and always would, and that I wanted to be your wife, and hoped he would give his consent, because it was the first favor I had ever asked, and it would be the greatest he could grant me in my

life. He sat perfectly motionless till I was through, and then answered: 'I respect you and James Lyon for one thing—the condition of his becoming your teacher has not been broken—you have neither of you inferred my consent—you have come and asked it.' Oh, how my heart beat with joy just then! for I thought, after this wonderful, unwonted compliment, he was going to do something very magnanimous, and say perhaps, as the novels run, 'Go, my children, and be happy!' But I soon found out my mistake as he went on: 'And do you think I shall give that consent? Here is a youngster'—so he dared to call *you*, while I felt my cheeks all tingling—'who came in between me and the little child that my sister gave to me on the very first day of my guardianship.'

"'*You* sent him, Uncle Golorum, did you not?' said I.

"'I did—as I would have sent one of my men if they had not all been busy. I will go on: this youngster, I say, continues to intervene between me and the only soul of my kin who still remains in the world. And now he has the assurance to ask me to give her to *him*—*her*, the only woman who would smooth my pillow for me if I lay dying—*him*, the painting adventurer, the man who lives by the scanty earnings of his daubs—he asks me to give *her* to *him*, and die alone!'

"'Uncle Golorum!' said I, and my heart beat so hard it seemed to choke me; 'James is none of these shameful names which you call him. He is an artist of the greatest talent—a noble genius—a true-hearted, whole-souled man! I love him now, and I will go on loving him! I will love him for ever and ever!'

"'Amber Bell!' said he, getting up from his chair—'Amber Bell! I have brought you up, fed you, clothed you, these four years; and so, by keeping you alive, have enabled you to speak this undutiful wickedness to me to-night. Love that man you may; I can not help *that;* but do you know when you will get my consent to marry him? Come with me.'

"He took me sternly by the wrist, and carrying the lamp in his other hand, dragged me, rather than led me, into the hall, and up to this century plant. 'There,' said he; 'do you see that flowerless green thing before you? It bore flowers *once*. When I was a young man, and saw your mother for the last time before I went away to sea, it had just bloomed; and the petals were all falling off in withered wisps the afternoon I bid her and home good-by. In the memory of man it had not blossomed before. When there are blossoms there *again* I shall give my consent to your marriage with James Lyon! This is final.'

"He let go my wrist and strode away with the lamp to his study, where he locked himself in, and left me in the darkness. I groped my way up to my lonely room, and sat thinking of all the past—but, more than all, of *you*, darling one—till the sun rose again."

"Very well, dearest," said J. L.; "a few more strokes will finish that last view of the century plant; and then I will put them in my port-folio—and—I must say it—*go away from Milletonerre*. The ship I have taken passage on sails for Rio to-morrow. Yet, Only Beloved, think of me not as leaving you for a journey, but only as going a short distance away to make preparations for our bridal. I take a roundabout way, that is true; but even if it were around the world, think that I am still taking the shortest way to come to *you*. *You* are the end of my journey; South America is but the transient stopping-place between the difficult present and the certain future. And listen, darling, particularly to this"—here the young man sank his voice to a whisper—"though I stay away several months—yes, perhaps even eight or ten—we shall still be near, darlingly near, by letters. I shall write you with every ship that sails, while I am in port; and send you my journal with every train that leaves for the sea-board from the Pampas and the mountains. And do you write me—I need not tell you to—as often as possible. I have made arrangements with an artist friend of mine in Baltimore to come up to Milletonerre Cottage twice a week at nightfall. He will climb over the fence—being a good jumper, like me—and go to the southwest corner of the Lodge veranda. Whatever he has for you he will slip under there; whatever you have left there he will take and mail. Let me know every thing that happens."

The young man planted a passionate kiss on the sadly smiling lips of the dear girl, then fell to examining the century plant again, while Amber finished her sketch.

It was soon, too soon, completed and placed in J. L.'s port-folio. And then the loving and the loved knew that their time had come.

"Go, darling," whispered Amber, "to win new laurels with that noble pencil of thine—to bring home this port-folio full of all beautiful things—for glory's sake, and for thy little Amber's, who prays night and day for thee!"

"Say not *go*, darling; say *come;* and I *will* come—God sparing us—over seas and plains and mountains and seas again—not to fame, or glory, or any thing, any being in all this universe—but to thee, my peerless one, to thee!"

They drew each other closer to hearts that seemed to grow into one; and then, as if nothing but this thought—that it was not *going*, but *coming*—could let them part, they unclasped their arms, Amber hid her lovely face in her hands, and James rushed sternly out of the house.

VIII.

Ah, those bitter-sweet, widowed days and nights—how cruel they were! Only growing a little more bearable as time went on, because our hearts have the strange power of building up the hope of better things into present tabernacles, where they may sing all alone, and dream they hear the voice of the beloved one in the echo of their own chanting. Well was it for Amber that, since she had no sweet, consoling mother to go to, her uncle was so exacting; and the old

round of study and household duty still kept unwearyingly on.

And then, too, she knew, when alone, and, as the Captain in his study thought, fast asleep, "forgetting the painter," that dear relief of lovers—writing to her absent one. Then, and then only, could she cry; and her paper was blotted every where with those marginal notes of the love-letter author—tears, heart-unloading tears—as she wrote such words as these:

"I am fully an orphan for the first time in my life. Heaven lets me know now what my bereavement would have been if dear mamma had died, but you, beloved, had not come for me at Lisbon. Alone, utterly alone, in a sick blankness, for the first time in my life!

"But I do not always let myself feel as I am writing now. No! I must not, I will not let myself even *write* so, even to *you*, who share my very inmost soul. I have better, higher thoughts, and I will try to put them down—though they so elude the pen, and seem to say, 'We will only *speak* ourselves across the great seas and mountains.'

"I think how your journeyings will give you wonderful new themes for painting—how your fame, which is the least of objects, and your soul, which is the greatest, will grow, and grow, and grow with every step you take in those lonely, far-off lands—and so growing, will but have larger, deeper, warmer places for your own Amber—your wife! I think how this very hard trouble will make us better able to understand the wonderfulness of each other's love more clearly. And I think, too, how you may bring back with you from South America the means of our easier union—the helper to that innocent stratagem which shall defeat my guardian, and wring from him the consent which we desire (that consent which, though not essential, we would rather be wedded with than without)—the new, fresh-hearted century plant that shall bud and bloom before his astonished eyes.

"But whether—oh my glorious, golden-hearted boy!—whether or not you bring that—so you only bring yourself back to me—never fear. Uncle Golorum is my mother's only living brother, my next of kin, and a sorrowing, heart-seared man, with a distorted mind and a soured life. For his sake, and to keep the promise I made my dear mother of being very kind to him, I would—*we* would—rather try every means for getting his consent before we resort to disobedience of his commands.

"But I remember also several other things. I remember that if there were any higher authority in the universe than that of a God-implanted love, it would be a *mother's*, not an *uncle's*. And *she* lives still—lives none the less faithfully present and powerful in all my life because she lives in heaven; and among the last words she ever spoke to me were her entreaties, as I honored God and her and my own virgin virtue, never to let any consideration of mean profit, or the pleasing or offense of the nearest protector, threats or bribes or force or aught, keep me from marrying the man I loved. There is no one, my beloved, that has any right to authority over me but thee! Thou art my husband before God: shall the absence of the few words which must be spoken before thou canst be such before men be basely thought to absolve me from the duty of hearing and answering thy call to come to thy arms and thy love across all human barriers? No! I *love* thee! That word is a law to me before which every command of the nearest, dearest to me falls like a fence of straw—and justly, righteously falls, in the sight of God. But had any other soul a right to bind us, already married as we are in spirit and truth before the angels, it would be my mother's. And thrice gladly now do I obey her—obeying our Father and thee and my own heart at the same time!

"Whether the poor man whom I so pity from the depths of my soul—to whom I would so gladly be kind with any self-sacrifice that were not wicked weakness and blindness—whether he shall say aye or nay, when my beloved comes home, *we shall be married*. But let us pray daily, dearest one, that our plan *may* succeed; that he *may* consent, for his own poor, stricken, bewildered heart's sake. .....

"YOUR OWN AMBER FOREVER."

Many such letters as this did the young girl write, strengthening and solacing her heart, and growing wonderfully more and more into womanliness every day, as she must who is not afraid to have a devoted purpose, and boldly set it in her soul as in a fortress, though popular prejudice, and false duty preachers, and all kinds of blind sham-believers, be against her and the Good Spirit.

Nor was she often destined to be disappointed, when she stole down to the veranda of the Lodge, and slid her little white hand into the post-office with a hoping, quick-throbbing heart. Many and many a letter did she find there as the days wore on; and the little papier-maché casket which had at first been her treasury had to be exchanged for a large walnut box from which its former tenants, the artist's materials, were summarily ejected, to make way for the nice little bundles of thick envelopes, each with its number on it in fair Roman numerals, and all tied neatly with blue ribbon.

Meanwhile Uncle Golorum's fate, or whatever the unsuperstitious would prefer to call that influence inherent in men's constitution, arising out of their circumstances, or, perhaps even those unsuperstitious would be willing to say, directly emanating from the Upper Justice, who visits the kind with mercy, the unkind with retribution, and sometimes inscrutably even the good with affliction, was having its visible effect upon him, more and more every day. Whether because he felt in his inmost soul that he was a living pattern of the cruelest injustice—doing, with every obdurate breath he drew which did not confess its sin and ask pardon, a deeper wrong to that young tender woman's heart, whom a dying mother had intrusted to him; and wreaking the

punishment of the crime committed by Balcom and Rinkleby Male, and perpetuated in his own blasted life, on a head which had not the slightest share of participancy or ill-desert in it, I can not say. But he grew more and more taciturn, darker, moodier, and sometimes absented himself from Amber's society, locking himself in his study for a whole day at a time, leaving Amber, to be sure, hardly more alone than his presence made her in that melancholy performance, the meals. Perhaps, when she chanced to find the performance a solo, she did not regret the duet, though she still loved him as much as he would let her, and supported by good influences from above, within her, and her mother's locket, she was unwearyingly kind to him, and left no stone unturned to make his life less miserable.

At last came that most delightful letter of all; the letter which filled the whole gloomy old cottage with a spring gladness, like marriage music and the smell of flowers, light, and every thing beautiful, though the time was mid-winter, and the weather thick with falling snow. She had cleared away the drift from the Lodge veranda, and with it all the drift from her heart, for under the post-office corner she had found a great envelope full of news of return! Yes, her little heart beat like a muffled hammer, as she thought that even now her beloved was on the sea, on his way to her heart, his home; most likely at that moment off the coast of the country which was dearest to him because it held her.

The letter was dated at Rio—he was to sail by the ship following the one which carried it. What can we do better than to quote a few lines from it here and there?

"I have the port-folio which was to hold my pass to fame full to overflowing of all sorts of South American sketches. Still more: I have half filled another one with the same kind of burden; besides having a great parcel of small and large canvases on which the more evanescent and easily forgotten facts of the journey are roughly perpetuated in color.

"And what else does my darling think I bring with me? The very twin in shape, color, every least respect to the very number and size of the leaves of that symbol of our destiny (in the *Captain's* mind, thank God, not in *ours*), the century plant. Unless that baleful vegetable shall have vastly changed, this fairer sister of its blood, I venture to say, could not be detected as dissimilar from it, were they side by side.

"Save in one respect—the essential one. *Our* century plant will *blossom* in three months from the present time, unless Providence hear not our prayers and visit us with some quite unexpected blight.

"The bother I had to get the herb! Oh, it's quite inconceivable! Of course it was necessary to subject it to the dangers of as little transportation as possible—so I did not begin my search till the week before I was going to leave the Cordillera Grande. And then I gave up three days to that object alone. My companions—a couple of Indians I had brought along as porters—my half-breed guide, and I believe the very donkeys themselves, thought I had lost my wits, as I went hunting our ideal among the precipices of the range and the country in general, forty miles north and south, between it and the Uraguay River. Nobody could imagine why I preferred an aloe in bud to an aloe in flower, nor why, when I found an aloe in bud which looked especially magnificent, I conferred with your sketches and passed it with a 'Pshaw!' But at last, out of the inconsiderable few billions which grow out of the Cordillera crevices, I came on the one that I wanted, and it seemed so put there for our particular intent that I fell on my knees, and cried 'Thank God!' when I found it. My red men followed suit sympathetically, evidently supposing that it was my idol to which I had come on a pilgrimage. But no! It only made me think of my idol, far leagues away beyond the equator and the tropic! That thought strengthened me, and with incalculable work we got the prickly, horny monster out of his crevice without losing more than a quart of blood apiece from his spinous resentment or breaking any of his essential roots. I do not like to think of the slow, careful journey we had to take to get him safe to the sea-board—so I will not write about it, but save the story to tell to my darling. Happily, the vegetable is tenacious of life, and with a sand bag about his roots, we brought him safe to Rio, where he is now, waiting to sail for New York with me on the *Sea Robin*, the 10th prox.

* * * * * *

"It will interest my beloved girl to know that I have made rather an agreeable acquaintance, and in such a singular way. At the hotel where I am stopping here there are a number of North Americans, and in the hot mornings they all bring their means of keeping alive into a broad low room on the second floor with a balcony to it, and club together, chatting, drinking claret, eating dulces, and smoking cigaritos. I felt like interesting the poor people, as they, like myself, are in a foreign land surrounded by unclean, lazy Brazilians, and insatiable, not at all lazy, mosquitoes; so one day, when we were all together, about an hour before we broke up for siesta, I brought in my port-folio, containing a good many of our smaller sketches, and laid it, open, on the centre-table. It was immediately surrounded, and made, apparently, quite a pleasant entertainment for those gentlemen and ladies, who had no other way of banishing ennui. Among the ladies was one who seemed quite alone—a woman I should think of thirty-four or five—and in my eyes very beautiful; do you know why, darling? *Because she reminded me exceedingly of you.* Not as you are now, of course, but of what you might be at her age, if (which God forbid) you had borne many years' weight of inexorable sadness, without hope, with faith and patience only. I was so much impressed by her looks that I took occasion to ask privately of one of the gentlemen with whom I had struck up a hotel acquaintance what her name was, and where she was from. On the first point he could

give me no information, but said he understood she was the widow of a very rich planter, who had emigrated from New Orleans to Brazil, and died up country lately, on his hacienda, leaving her all his wealth and childless. Furthermore, that she had sold out every thing and was going home to the States next month on the *Sea Robin*. This answer gave me an additional interest in her, and I returned to the table to glance at her now and then unobtrusively. With the others she turned over the sketches in the port-folio, and suddenly I noticed her grow pale as death. 'Good God!' she exclaimed, falling backward against my shoulder, as there dropped back from her hand into the port-folio that life-like little copy you made on card-board two years ago of your mother's locket-picture of Captain Grimm. I carried her to a divan and laid her down while the ladies ran after their vinaigrettes, and the gentlemen went out on to the balcony with their cigaritos. She was quite gone, but when the room was clear she came to, and the very first words she said, rubbing her eyes and looking about her in a startled, troubled way, were,

"'Am I in Baltimore?'

"'No, my dear Madam, you are in the parlor of the American Hotel at Rio,' said I. She reflected a few seconds longer, and then, seeming more recovered, whispered hurriedly, for the room was beginning to fill again,

"'Is the original of that portrait living?'

"'He is, Madam,' I answered.

"'Do you know him?'

"'I do; very well. I live not a mile from him in Baltimore.'

"Just then another lady came in with her vinaigrette, and bent down over the arm of the chair.

"'No, I thank you,' said my new acquaintance, in a gentle, musical voice, 'I am much better now; the air felt a little close in our crowd around the table, and I'm so foolish as to be faint sometimes; but it's all over now, and I think I will go to my room.'

"I offered her my arm through the corridors and left her at her door, saying as she passed in,

"'You are very kind; I thank you a thousand times; do you go home soon?'

"'On the *Sea Robin*, Madam, early next month.'

"'Indeed!'—this with a very pleasant and pleased smile. '*My own* vessel! So I am glad to say only *au revoir*.'

"She bowed very gracefully, and I have not seen her since.

"Have not you and I, dearest, some idea who my new acquaintance is?

* * * * * *

"Thank God that the next time we meet it will not be in this distressful, inadequate way of letter-writing, but you will be clasped to the heart of him who loves you beyond all words.

Your own J. L."

IX.

No more agitated gropings under the corner of the Lodge veranda! No more heart-sick longings for Amber Bell, and heavenly dreams, from which she awakened with hot tears in her eyes and empty arms that clasped only a loving, desolate breast! The *Sea Robin* was in—that fact at last became visible in the arrivals paragraph of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which Amber had read for a month with more eagerness than fills the souls of all the Cottin Bayleses of Broad Street, looking for their consignments from New Orleans.

J. L. had promised that his arrival at Milletonerre Cottage should be at three o'clock of the morning, when the Captain's sleep was the soundest, of the third day after his arrival from Rio. So, on the night before the hour appointed, Amber went to her room early, and to all outward appearances was soon fast asleep. When the heavy tread of Uncle Golorum had resounded through the hall that led to his own secluded room and his key had turned; when the servants had all retired to the outhouse where they slept, and the whole cottage was still; when the distant Baltimore church steeples had laconically said "One!" and then held their tongues, having no more to remark to the world that was too fast asleep to hear them, Amber stirred her fire and sat near the window of her little bedchamber, that she might be ready, at the first gleam on the gravel below of the lantern which was to be J. L.'s signal, to steal down and unlock the hall-door.

Love had suffered enough from his foe Necessity to have gained a large credit of happiness in his favor, and Amber was not disappointed. Hardly had the steeples, waxing more communicative, said "One, two, three!" when the lantern gleam danced on the frosty road, and then, as if eagerly forerunning its master, came dawning in at her window, over her walls, like a better kind of sun. All trembling with anxious delight, the dear girl dreamed her way noiselessly down the stairs, opened the door with a cautious light-fingerness which, though it seemed to melt rather than unlock the barrier, to her heart and the one outside consumed hours; and then the two long sundered bodies, like the souls, met and were one, with no murmur interrupting their long passionate kiss, but an inwardly spoken, or unspeakable "Thank God! Thank God!"

The meeting of lovers after such a long separation is never, except in the crudest kinds of novel, a *conversational* time. There is much to be said, but it is deferred until, in the better and upper land, it finds those proper words for its expression that no language which I know supplies here. Indeed this is the case with me when I am absent from my little wife even for two days—I think of so much gladness and welcome that I finally have to leave it to be expressed a few years hence, when we are more spiritual. And we confidently expect, as soon as we arrive in the Good Country, to find several thousand of those here unspeakable conversations waiting for us to enjoy, with the words we could not get at in this world all ready for them!

When it was possible for the two to loose each other for a moment, James left Amber seated by the closed door and stole down the avenue toward the gate. Arriving at the Lodge, he whistled across the fence, and one of two men who had been dancing the double shuffle to keep their feet warm by the side of a motionless horse and cart drawn in at the side of the road, came up and said, "Hello?" in a half whisper.

"Jump over the fence and let Green lift that flower-pot over to us both. Softly now! Carefully."

The two men, who proved to be trusty artist-friends of James whom he had partially taken into his confidence, lent their aid, and in about twenty minutes more the old century plant was noiselessly removed from its place at the south end of the hall, and the new one installed in its place.

"A thousand thanks, my dear Green! I'll do as much for you some day," said James, shaking his friend's hand warmly when the work was done.

"Don't mention it," said the other, and, stealing down the avenue, was in a moment out of sight.

Amber now came out of Uncle Golorum's study, where she had been lying perdu during the operation. James led her to the flower-stand and flashed his bull's eye full upon it.

"Why! you haven't been able to change it after all?" said Amber, in a tone of slight disappointment.

"Capital! capital!" exclaimed James, incautiously coming near clapping his hands. "Is the likeness really so preserved then? For once you are mistaken, my dear; but I don't wonder, for down to the very shade of color in its flower-pot I have tried to imitate the thing exactly. Success to thee, new century plant! bud and blossom thou vegetable of destiny, and carry consternation to the heart of the foe!"

Then they said the first good-night for many months which had sealed its blessing with a kiss, and J. L. departed, promising to return, in broad sunlight, the next day. Meanwhile the new century plant was to grow, cultured by prayers and longings, toward its early blossoming.

X.

It was not thought best, as yet, to let Uncle Golorum know any thing of James Lyon's return. The century plant must blossom before that could be; and then, like a stranger newly arrived, might the young man make his respects to the Captain. In the mean time the lovers met only by stealth behind the old Lodge across the fence; and as the spring advanced, on the moist reviving lawn, not in the pink-bowed kids in which Celadon and Amelia rove ecstatic through the meadows, but in strong English walking shoes and gaiters, suited to the dampness of the rendezvous. On two or three occasions James came accompanied; there were two who talked over the fence to Amber—one of them a lady in deep mourning, who kissed the young girl only less passionately than a lover, and had great tears in her eyes when she put her vail down again.

And still the century plant waxed stronger in the smile of the ascending sun, and drew a grateful life from the great ardent lover, who, finding his Southern aloe ravished from him in his Brazilian palace, came daily northward, gliding up the warming heaven to clasp her. Still Uncle Golorum—long ago grown past the happy influences of returning spring—was as dark and bleak and wintry as ever. Yes, more so. His moodiness seemed growing on him. For whole days together he was perfectly silent—for days he kept himself locked in his study, never coming out save to caress the plant which was his memorial, his symbol, his only child. On these occasions Amber watched him narrowly from the seat where she sat drawing or reading, and looked anxiously to detect whether the buds, so apparent to her, startled or astonished him. One day they certainly did so; a wilder, sterner look than usual came into his great black eyes; he examined them more closely, felt of them, stood rapt in thought for half an hour, then strode back to his study, evidently fighting against a suspicion which logic told him was absurd, and perhaps framing the hypothesis that these queer-looking protuberances were only a new kind of leaf-bud he had never seen before.

But at last the morning arrived when self-deception was no longer possible. When Amber came down to breakfast the first sight that met her, as she reached the bottom of the stairs, was her Uncle Golorum, with a frenzied steadiness in his eyes, staring, like one serpent-charmed, straight into the middle of the century plant. That vegetable, utterly unconscious of its charms, sat glorious in its wealth of blossoms—all golden-yellow from the top to the bottom of its tall pedicle. As Amber approached her uncle never turned his head, nor gave her a glance, nor answered her good-morning. His only motion was to point his forefinger steadily at the flowers; while his gaze grew sterner, more fearfully, wildly luminous.

Amber was frightened. The dreadful thought that her uncle's long sourness was at last terminating in chronic derangement had hinted itself to her frequently within the last few months, but always to be put away as a fate too terrible to happen. Now it came back to her with a tenfold earnestness and fear.

"Uncle!" she said, assuming a sprightly air—"Uncle Golorum! look, the century plant *has* blossomed; and now we shall all be happy—sha'n't we? You shall have a dear nephew, and I my darling husband. Tell me, dear uncle, that you do consent to love—to let me love—James!"

At these words the Captain arose from his seat, and turned his strange, wild glance full upon Amber.

"Niece!" said he, in a hoarse, quarter-deck voice, as if he were talking through a speaking-trumpet, "niece! Golorum Grimm is a man of

his word. I said that when that plant blossomed you should have James Lyon. It has blossomed, and you have my full consent to marry him. The day he gets back here you shall marry him. I could have done better for you, Amber Bell; but I am a man of my word. You shall marry Lyon—you shall marry him!"

Then sinking into his chair, with tottering limbs, palsied, trembling hand, bent shoulders, and on his face the imbecile expression of extreme old age, he murmured, in a childish voice, garrulously, to himself,

"A hundred years ago! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Let me see—let me see. The old plant blossomed when I was a young lad, going away to sea—the last time I ever saw my mother and sister. How old was I?" Here he stopped a moment, and began counting on his fingers. "Sixteen *she* was—I was seven years older—I was twenty-three. Yes, that was my age—twenty-three. Who'd have thought I'd live to be a hundred and twenty-three years old! Yes, little Amber, you can have your pretty little Jimmy boy; you have my full consent, dear—my full consent. I'd like to be at the wedding; but it won't do for an old man like me. Your poor old Uncle Golorum must go to bed, and be fed with a tea-spoon—a real silver tea-spoon, dear—a real silver one. Don't put the poor old man off with a cracked bowl of porridge and a German silver spoon, because he's one hundred and twenty-three years old. Amber Bell—dear little Amber! be kind to the old, *old*, OLD man! And you shall have your Jimmy—yes, you shall; and may you live to be a great many hundred years old, and see the century plant flower a great many times, and be very happy!"

Pitiable sight! In the very prime of life—at forty-three years—without a single gray hair—every physical organ, power, function, quite unimpaired; but the presiding mind, the manly will, gone — utterly gone. Handsome — handsome to distinction still—though the implacable sternness of his face had been displaced by that fearful imbecile mildness—with the same strong limbs that had paced that hall relentlessly through so many a day and night of fierce, consuming fire—the same sinewy arms that had folded themselves like a vice upon his heart, holding it there with its corroding secret, to be worn forever by the merciless file of remembered wrong—but in soul the old, old man he thought he was—the man of six-score years and three!

At first it seemed to Amber that his conduct must be an admirable piece of acting. How he would have thrown Garrick's Lear into the shade, she thought, if he could have done this on the stage. Wonderful! wonderful! But when he never changed in color or expression—never gave a sign of conscious shamming, beneath the terrified look of her eyes—when to every word of entreaty, endearment, exhortation, he only replied, "Yes, yes, you shall have him; but it won't do for your poor old uncle to be at the wedding—*one hundred and twenty-three* years old!"—then the terrible truth flashed in upon her with certainty—his reason was gone—quite gone!

Accusing herself as the author of this calamity — hardly knowing, for terror and sorrow, where to go, what to do—having no one near her to lean upon—yet staying her heart on the thought that something must be done, and that God and her beloved would help her—she rang for Cæsar, and bid him assist his master up stairs to his room.

"Never mind asking questions now, Cæsar. Be quick, but gentle—your master is only sick for a little while, and will be better soon."

Thus allaying the consternation of the servant as she could not her own, she attended her uncle to his bed. The negro clasped his strong arms around the body of the Captain—at first with a fear of being resisted by the once stern, fierce man, but finding him faithful to his *rôle* of six-score and three, limp and helpless as a child just born, he easily lifted him, and bore him up the stairs. Amber, with tears and terror mingled in her eyes, covered him up warmly, and left him sound asleep, with orders to Phillis that one of the servants should take a seat by the half-opened door to watch him.

Then, making her breakfast of a single cup of coffee, she told Cæsar to bring up the horses with the light buggy, as she would drive into town. The negro did as he was commanded. Amber took down from its nail the key of the almost disused front gate; and in half an hour afterward she stood, for the first time in her life, alone in Baltimore, at the door of James Lyon's studio.

XI.

In the bedchamber of the young old man of six-score and three, by the darkened windows, with the door shut, and ever and anon casting glances at the heavily slumbering occupant of the couch, stood James and Amber, at three o'clock of the afternoon.

"Little Semantha, whom I left as sentinel," whispered Amber, "says that uncle has not awakened since I left. Hadn't we better wake him now, and try our plan before it gets any later? I'm afraid he's sleeping too long."

"So am I. We had better rouse him; and if this means don't save him then nothing ever will. As you say, he has been growing worse for so many years that only the strongest stimulus to his faculties will have any chance to help him. *You* had better wake him, darling."

The two approached the sleeper. Amber, with woman's gentle skill, parted away the black locks that streamed over his face, and kissed him softly on the cheek. The Captain moved slightly, and murmured in his sleep—"Old—old—a—hundred—and—twenty-three years." "Uncle—dear uncle!" said Amber, tenderly; "won't you wake up now and speak to your little girl?" then kissed him again and again. The Captain roused himself and half sat up, leaning on one elbow.

"Ah! it is *you*, dears—Amber and her James! Are you married yet, dears?"

"No—not yet, uncle. But we've come to tell you something wonderful—you can't imagine what a discovery we've made! Oh, it's astonishing! Now listen to me, uncle—I won't tire you—just give me your full attention, and I'll let you know one of the most remarkable, interesting, beautiful things that ever happened."

"Speak on, dears."

"Very well. You remember that when you went to sleep you thought you had gained a hundred years of your life without knowing it—somehow or other—we couldn't tell how, exactly. Now James and I have discovered that this was a mistake, and that instead of gaining a hundred years you had lost twenty, and so got back to the same age you were when you went away from Milletonerre Cottage for the last time. That is the reason you see the century plant blossoming; those are the very same blossoms you saw when you were only *Lieutenant* Grimm."

The Captain looked quite bewildered; then something of the old fire came back into his eyes, and he exclaimed, "It can't be! It can't be! If it is, show me where *she* is! Where is *she*, I ask you?"

"*Who*, Uncle?"

A great struggle convulsed the Captain's form and face; and then, for the first time in all those long, bitter years, he uttered that name, crying out passionately before them both, "Flora!"

"*Come with us, and see if the century plant can't tell you.*"

Forgetful of all his heavy six-score and three, the Captain bounded to the floor like a boy. Then, trembling, tottering again, he said,

"Take me, children, take me down; I can not go alone."

With James on one side, and Amber on the other, the uncle faltered his way to the bottom of the stairs and to the end of the hall. In front of the alcove and window, where the century plant sat, a deep curtain was drawn on a string temporarily stretched across from wall to wall. The two young people set their trembling burden in a chair before it; and then, like scene-shifters, put themselves at opposite ends of the string.

"Have you faith and strength to see twenty years melt away in a moment?"

"Yes, yes; be quick, children!"

"Draw your side, James." Simultaneously Amber draws her own.

By the side of the royal century blossoms, overshadowed, canopied by them, sits a queenly beautiful woman. Her eyes are the deepest blue; her hair a golden brown, like Amber's. Her face is older than Amber's; but, in all save James's eyes, as beautiful, with the ripened beauty of thirty-six. Her dress is almost girlish, but not too young for her; and around her shining forehead and wavy tresses is a garland of the first anemones of spring.

For an instant she sits motionless—silent as a statue. For an instant the Captain gazes transfixed—pale, marble-pale, and breathless. Then their souls awaken to the truth; the strong man leaps to the beautiful woman; they fall upon each other's bosoms—the one crying, "O God! it is *you*—Flora Balcom!" the other, through her sobs and tears, brokenly whispering, "My own! my beloved! God bless thee, at last, my own noble one!"

James and Amber glided away, and for the first time found it possible to be alone in Milletonerre Cottage without danger of being followed. And while they were gone they prayed God fervently for the two they had left—prayed together with one heart and voice, that at last the shadow might be melted utterly away from the forehead of the man it had darkened so long, and that those hearts they had brought together with so much trembling might, by no pride, no recriminations, no remembrance of any wrong, be kept asunder now, but, flowing around that steep, stern crag of twenty years, which had held them apart so cruelly, might meet and be one glad, living stream for evermore.

Their prayer was answered: for when they returned to the century plant there were two others praying there—not with sorrow, not even with an untimely penitence—with the broken voice of great thanksgiving—and the beautiful woman's head was hidden in the breast of the strong man, whose arm drew her to him, never to leave him any more.

And there were two weddings at Milletonerre Cottage on the same day.

SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.—A BALLAD OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

STOUT Sir Henry Clinton spoke—
"It is time the power awoke
That upholds in these dominions
Royal right;
Set all sail and southward steer,
And, instead of idling here,
Crush these rebel Carolinians
Who have dared to beard our might."

Of his coming well we knew—
Far and wide the story flew,
And the many tongues of rumor
Swelled his force;
But we scorned his gathered might,
And, relying on the right,
Bade the braggart let his humor
For a battle take its course.

Neither idle nor dismayed,
As we watched the coming shade
Of the murky cloud that hovered
On our coast;
From the country far and near,
In we called the volunteer,
Till the ground around was covered
With the trampling of our host.

In their homespun garb arrayed,
Sturdy farmers to our aid
Came, as to a bridal lightly
Come the guests;
Leaving crops and kine and lands,
Trusty weapons in their hands,
And the fire of courage brightly
Burning in their manly breasts.

From the hills the hunters came—
Having dealt with meaner game,
Much they longed to meet the lions
Of the isles;
And 'twas pleasant there to see
With what stately step and free,
Strode those restless-eyed Orions
Past our better-ordered files.

There were soldiers from the North,
Hailed as brothers by the swarth,
Keen, chivalric Carolinians
At their side—
Ah, may never discord's fires,
Sons of heart-united sires
Who together fought the minions
Of a tyrant-king, divide!

Came the owner of the soil,
The mechanic from his toil,
And the student from the college—
Equal each;
They had gathered there to show
To the proud and cruel foe,
Who had come to court the knowledge
What a people's wrath could teach.

Watching Clinton, day by day,
From his vessels in the bay,
On Long Island beach debarking
Grenadiers,
In the fort at Sullivan's isle,
With a grim and meaning smile,
Every scarlet soldier marking,
Stood our ready cannoniers.

Of palmetto logs and sand,
On a stretch of barren land,
Stands that rude but strong obstruction,
Keeping guard;
'Tis the shelter of the town—
They must take or break it down,
They must sweep it to destruction,
Or their farther path is barred.

'Twas but weak they thought to shield;
They were sure it soon would yield;
They had guns afloat before it,
Ten to one;
Yet long time their vessels lay
Idly rocking in the bay,
While the flag that floated o'er it
Spread its colors in the sun.

But at length toward the noon
Of the twenty-eighth of June,
We observed their force in motion
On the shore;
At the hour of half past nine,
Saw their frigates form in line,
Heard the krakens of the ocean
Ope their mighty jaws and roar.

On the decks we saw them stand,
Lighted matches held in hand,
Brawny sailors, stripped and ready
For the word;
Crawling to the royal's head,
Saw the signal rise and spread;
And the order to be steady
To the waiting crews we heard.

Then the iron balls and fire
From the lips of cannons dire,
In a blazing torrent pouring,
Roaring came;
And each dun and rolling cloud
That arose the ships to shroud,
Seemed a mist continual soaring
From some cataract of flame.

Moultrie eyed the *Bristol* then—
She was foremost of the ten,
And these words—his eyes upon her—
Left his lips—
"Let them not esteem you boors;
Show that gentle blood of yours;
Pay the Admiral due honor,
And the line-of-battle-ships."

Back our balls in answer flew,
Piercing plank and timbers through,
Till the foe began to wonder
At our might;
While we laughed to hear the roar
Flung by Echo from the shore;
While we shouted to the thunder
Grandly pealing through the fight.

From Long Island, Clinton came
To surmount the wall of flame
That was built by Thomson's rangers
On the east;
But he found a banquet spread,
Where, with open hand and red,
Dangers bade the hostile strangers
Bloody welcome to the feast.

Moved their boats with soldiers filled,
Rowed by seamen picked and skilled,
O'er the channel surging proudly
To attack;
Stern and silently they moved,
As became their courage proved,
Though the rangers' rifles loudly
Speaking peril, warned them back.

Long the barges headway held
By the sinewy arms impelled
Of the dauntless British seamen
Through the foam,
Through the leaden death that came,
Borne upon the wings of flame,
From the rifled guns of freemen
Fighting fiercely for their home.

One by one the rowers dropped—
Then their onward course was stopped—
Death stood ready for the daring
At the oar;
Though in scorn they came at first,
When that storm upon them burst,
They returned with humbler bearing
To the safe and farther shore.

Then the bluff Sir Peter cried—
"Though they lower Clinton's pride,
And with front as stern as iron
Are arrayed,
There's a joint within their mail—
To their western front will sail
The *Actæon*, *Sphynx*, and *Siren*,
And the fortress enfilade."

Oh, the Admiral was too free
With his gallant frigates three!
It were better had he kept them
As they were;
For the Middle Shoal they found,
Where they snugly lay aground,
While so bloodily we swept them
With our iron besoms there.

They were taught full soon aright,
That the bravest man in flight
May, when perils dire environ,
Safety find:
Soon, by aid of sail and sweep,
From the shoal unto the deep
They restored the *Sphynx* and *Siren*;
But the other staid behind.

Gnawed the Admiral his lip;
Yet the combat from his ship
Coolly, 'mid our fire so deadly,
Guided he,
Though the dying and the dead
On the decks around were spread;
And the blood was running redly
From the scuppers to the sea.

On that bloody deck he stood,
While, with voices deep and rude,
Thrice a hundred cannon thundered
For the King;
And our thirty cannons black
Growled their terrible answer back,
Till the souls from bodies sundered
Of three hundred men took wing.

All the while the battle through
Waved our crescent flag of blue,
Till the staff was cut asunder
By a ball;
And the foemen raised a cheer
Like the crow of chanticleer,
Shrilly sounding through the thunder,
As they saw the colors fall.

On the ramparts Jasper stood,
In his hands that banner good,
'Mid the balls that flew incessant
O'er the brine;
To a sponge-staff firmly tied,
Once again it floated wide,
Flashing to the sun the crescent
Of the Carolina Line.

Rang the stirring cheer on cheer
For our hero void of fear,
For our young and gallant sergeant
Firm and bold;
And we swore our bones should bleach,
On that barren, sandy beach,
Ere that flag with crescent argent
Should be wrested from our hold.

So we fought till set of sun,
When their vessels, one by one,
Slackened fire, and anchor weighing
Shaped a course;
To Five Fathom Hole they fled,
With their dying and their dead,
In their battered hulls displaying
How our skill surpassed their force.

Through that night we never slept—
Ceaseless watch and ward we kept,
With the port-fire steady burning
At each gun;
And the vessels of our foes
We beheld when dawn arose—
Eastwardly our glances turning—
Lie between us and the sun.

Yet not all escaped that day—
The *Actæon* frigate lay
At the shoal whereon she grounded
Hours before;
And her vexed and angry crew,
As our shot at her we threw,
And her sides of oak we pounded,
Dropped the guns and took the oar.

We beheld them, from the deck
Of her rent and battered wreck,
Like the rats from garner burning,
Fastly flee;
Ah, no more before the gale
Will that gallant vessel sail;
Nevermore, the billows spurning,
Wave her white wings o'er the sea!

Ere they fled, with spiteful ire,
They devoted her to fire,
With her red-cross ensign proudly
Floating free;
But we boarded with a crew,
Down the flying colors drew,
While our cheers rang long and loudly
To the fortress from the sea.

Then her small-arms all we took,
And her bell and signal-book;
Fired her cannon thrice, in honor
Of the day;
Bore her colors ensign down,
In defiance of the crown;
And to heap more scorn upon her,
Jeering, trailed them o'er the bay.

Then we fired her as before,
And, exulting, from the shore
Saw the flaming serpents creeping
Up the shrouds;
Saw them dance upon the deck,
Saw them lick and gnaw the wreck,
Saw them to the mast-heads leaping,
Through the rolling, smoking clouds.

Then, while gleamed the sparks like stars,
Snapped and fell the blazing spars,
While the fire was moaning dirges,
Came a roar;
Upward sprang a pillared flame,
And to fragments rent her frame,
With a shock that drove the surges,
White with terror, to the shore.

Time since then has traveled on:
Moultrie, Thomson, Jasper, gone!
Few survive who shared the glory
Of the scene;
But their names in light shall blaze
To the very latter days;
And our sons, in song and story,
Keep their memory ever green.

FROTH.

"AH! did you see that?"

"That what?"

"Only a woman—but *such* a woman! A brunette, with one of those sweet oval faces, and a mass of dark hair, half ringlets, half tangles—the face of a poetess."

"Poetesses generally have a reputation for supreme ugliness."

"This one isn't ugly, at all events. There is something very lovely in those dark, stately women, I think, infinitely above any kind of blonde beauty."

"Here, here! what are you thinking about? Nice kind of talk for a man who is engaged to a blonde! How about Miss Gaynes, there, with her fair hair and pretty Saxon face?"

"Oh, Edith is pretty enough, in her way, and a very nice girl indeed. She will make me an excellent wife, of course, and I should be sorry to think of marrying any body else; we have been engaged so long, you know, and are so well matched. But still, I do like to see pretty women, and this brunette's face haunts me with a curious demand for admiration. I believe that my father was right, when he said I had a vein of romance running through my character."

"Yes, Heaven be praised, you have. Your 'inversion,' as Swedenborg calls it, is not complete as yet."

"Please don't enlarge on the dead languages and lost theologies. You would be an excellent fellow, Phil, if you weren't so terribly metaphysical!"

"Metaphysics are only the poetry of science. You yourself like abstractions, or you wouldn't like that woman's face. As near as I can judge, from what you say, its beauty is abstract. A poetical face can not be symmetrical and regular in all its features."

"I don't know any thing about that, but I do know that this face is poetical and charming. It seems to satisfy, not satiate, my fancy, more than any other I ever saw."

"And therefore you will marry a fair, mild-eyed little blonde, enough like you to be your sister—just the opposite of the type you so fervently admire!"

"Certainly; I admire her too. We are equal in every way—mated by wealth, position, the wishes of all our friends, and every thing else. Am I not a *grand parti* for her, and *vice versa?* Now don't talk any nonsense about poetry and romance—they are all very fine, and no man likes them better than I do, in their place; but they are, unfortunately, impracticable."

"Well, follow your leaders, and work out the old problem, wealth to wealth; luxury to luxury; ease to ease; till the blood gets fat, the body feeble, the mind atrophied, and the whole race sinks into decay and effeteness. Go on: you are a fair specimen of 'select society,' and I wish you joy of your *grande partie.* But, God save your progeny!"

"But what can a fellow do?"

"Do? Renounce them all. Declare your independence, and throw all the vanity and nonsense of society overboard. Fall in love with a woman who can love you in return—who knows but this brunette might?—and live out the life of a man! Marry, and be not only happy but miserable also, for there is nothing like experience to make one grow and broaden. Sensation! sensation! sensation! The soul thirsts for it—the body thrives on it. Get it, then, and let it be genuine. That's what you can do!"

"Yes—how pretty it sounds, doesn't it? I wish I were a poet, a writer of charming sentiments and enthusiastic rhodomontades. I would talk just as you do, and then—do just as you do!"

Phil bit his nether lip.

"Never mind what I do," said he; "if you knew all that I know you would comprehend me. But let every man work out his own destiny. You may not be a poet, but you have, as your father says, a romantic vein, and it should have a nobler scope than you can find in merely walking Broadway and admiring the women."

"Hush! there she comes again, turning back. Take a fair look at her."

"A right sweet, noble face—a face full of soul and vitality, with a nameless loveliness in every feature. Being dark myself, I like blondes best, but I would really be glad to know the wearer of that face."

"Ten to one she isn't worth knowing."

"I can't think so. Beauty like that always means something. It is your pretty, doll-like beauty that gilds common clay. This is of a different sort, and is the index to womanly purity, and—what is as fine—womanly loveliness."

"I'm glad you like the face, anyhow, for I have a certain respect for your judgment, and it has a peculiar charm for me."

"Of course it has. Your heart is all right enough. It is only your mask—your social crust—that is false and stupid. 'Inversion' is your only great trouble—set you right side up, and you would be a capital fellow."

"But it is so much trouble to get right side up!"

"Yes, that's just it. Froth is simpler than wine—it is a cheap, gaseous portion of the liquid. You were made a man, and brought up a society man. It is hard to change, so go ahead, in the old way—eat, drink, and be merry—if you can!"

"At least, I can try. There come Edith and her mamma—I must join them, I suppose. Ah, well."

"Happy man! Now aren't you happy? Never mind telling the truth—you'd better say you are!"

"Good-by, my cynic; I'll be even with you yet!"

"I hope so; good-by!"

The friends separated. Phil, bowing graciously to the two ladies, went to his favorite restaurant, to elaborate the plot of a new comedy, over a light dinner. The other joined his *fiancée* and her mother, and tendered his services as escort.

This latter young gentleman was a pleasant, easy-going sort of character. Gifted with much talent and intellect, he seemed to lack the courage or energy necessary to break over the bounds of social conventionality. He was wealthy and educated, a bit of a philosopher, a lover of art and nature, but perfectly aimless, and fonder of simple comfort than of any thing else in the world.

In fact Thorpe Fanshawe might be considered a fair type of a large class of young men in New York city, who, with every capability and facility for a brilliant career, are spoiled by the curse of too much hereditary wealth, at too early an age, and, worse yet, an early inculcation of the conventional idea of gentility.

Young Fanshawe had studied law at college, and might have been a great luminary at the bar, but he simply had no object upon which to exert his powers, and felt no necessity for their exertion. His existence was all planned and mapped out for him before he was of age, and all he could do was to live according to the chart. His future wife had been chosen for him on account of her wealth, her social position, and the respectability of her family. They were betrothed as children, and taught to consider the matter settled, although they entertained no more affection for one another than any good friends might. Of course, as both were intelligent, they sometimes had vague ideas of the injustice of this kind of marriage, but a rebellion against it would be an immense deal of trouble, and they thought it would be better, perhaps, to tolerate each other than to attempt a revolt against the sacred injunction of society, which bade them "be genteel, or die!"

Philip Rawstone, on the contrary, was decidedly unconventional. He was extraordinarily energetic, performing gigantic feats of literary prolificity—throwing off play after play, story after story, poem after poem, besides contributing editorially to several papers, and all without any great apparent effort. Necessarily, so hard a worker must have made a good deal of money, but Phil had many odd ideas of luxury, that, together with his "bachelor economy," cost him a good deal also, so that, when he balanced his accounts at the end of the year, he generally found himself not only out of debt but out of money too.

Between him and Thorpe Fanshawe society and its laws were an endless cause of good-humored quarrel. Phil believed most devoutly in doing just as his fancy and inclination prompted, and despised a "sense of duty" as a motive for any action. I think he would rather have done wrong from attraction than to have done right from a fear of the world. Fortunately, his attractions did not lie in evil directions, and he was one of those very few young men whose worst fault might have been written on his forehead, without causing him to go vailed in public.

If Rawstone could have had a fair chance to talk daily with Fanshawe, and if all extraneous influences could have been averted, the marriage between him and Edith Gaynes would have been soon abandoned, no doubt. After each of their arguments Thorpe felt less and less faith in the code of society, and saw more and more of the monstrosity of a hymeneal tie without love. But all of his other acquaintances and his family were rigid conventionalists, and he heard far more every day about his "duties to the world" than of his duties to himself and to God.

Among those who were continually bolstering up the divine institutions of fashionable life was the young man's uncle, John Rooke, a gay bachelor, who, at the ripe age of five-and-thirty, was about to make a brilliant marriage with a Washington widow of about his own time of life.

The bride elect was fat and fair, immense in the social circles of the capital, immense in the lobby, and, indeed, immense every where, except at home. Rich, smart, handsome, and powerful. What more could a man desire in a wife?

Some foolish boys reading this may say that they would want affection and womanly purity; but genteel people have voted these attributes down as superfluous and sentimental. No, no, let us be gay while we are young; let us live on the surface, amidst the froth; and when we are used up, at middle age, let us forswear the flesh-pots and wine-skins, and, settling down peacefully under our fig-tree and vine, take to ourselves a dashing wife to fill the gay place we have occupied. Let the man have his fling while he is single, the woman when she is married. Let us be frothy, of the froth, and—never mind the lees!

It was a very pleasant sight to see John Rooke standing before the altar, with his open, frank, English-looking face—his kindly smile and his Paris neck-tie—his earnest expression and dress-coat lined with white satin—his evident happiness and faultless kids—his ennobling inward consciousness of having a firm belief in the Holy Ritual of Marriage and two hundred thousand dollars in the Midas Manufacturing Company's shares, paying an annual dividend of thirty per cent. A charming sight!

The Washington widow had been through with it all before, and was less impressed than the bridegroom; but she was very lovely in white moire antique and pearls—most women would be. As for Thorpe Fanshawe and Edith Gaynes, who were first groomsman and bridemaid, they were the very picture of well-dressed resignation. Thorpe looked just as he did when his sisters made him take out some hapless wall-flower for a turn at the Lancers, at a party. Edith looked—Well, did you ever see a few lambs taken from a flock, and driven from the pen to the slaughter-house? Do you recollect how simple and unsophisticated the remaining ones looked, all in blissful ignorance of their fate, to come in turn? That is just the way Edith looked!

So the wedding-breakfast was eaten, and the "happy pair" toasted, and sly jokes cracked upon Thorpe and Edith by Fanshawe senior, and after much Champagne, very frothy, and much congratulation ditto, the bride patted her dry eyes with her lace handkerchief, the groom said "good-by, and God bless you all!" cheerily, and off they went on the wedding-tour.

This gave young Fanshawe a new impetus on the beaten track. For six weeks he dressed every evening after dinner, took his sisters to balls and parties, and paid the most devout attentions to Edith. John Rooke seemed so well satisfied, and wrote him such nice letters, all full of underscored words and exclamation points with complacent little addenda in the P.S. way by the bride, that the young man almost persuaded himself that fashionable life was a great thing after all; that lotus-eating was a good aim to exist for; that Edith and he could be superlatively happy as man and wife, and that froth was a good deal more substantial than it looked.

During this period of exemplary superficiality he naturally saw but little of Phil Rawstone, who tasted the life of all circles, in an omnivorous way, without belonging to any. Not fancying the flavor of the fashionable lotus, he rarely ventured into the "set" in which the Fanshawes moved, although when he did his literary ability and—better yet—reputation secured him a warm reception and respectful treatment, particularly from the ladies, who liked his poetry. Edith Gaynes read every thing he wrote, and thought he had "such fine eyes," while the eldest Miss Fanshawe was accused of setting her cap for him, and soundly scolded therefor by her father, who, though he admired talent, could not think of having a professional *litterateur* for a son-in-law.

It was only occasionally that Phil and Thorpe met, as I have said, and the latter was surprised one day by running against his friend in Broadway, and seeing him dressed in the most elaborately gorgeous style. This is not—I regret to say—the usual custom of literary gentlemen, and Phil Rawstone was rather especially given to morning coats at all hours, figured shirts, and felt hats.

"Hallo, Phil!" cried Fanshawe, with much effusion; "I haven't seen you for an age! How do you do, old boy? Prospering, eh? Your outward encasements indicate it. I don't think I ever saw you quite such a heavy swell!"

"Oh, I like dress as well as any body, at times, though I'm not exactly what Carlyle calls a 'dandiacal body.' I'm going to take a lady to the opera to-night, and want to produce a sensation on the audience. Even the sons of the Muses are not totally exempt from the vanity of mortals."

"I didn't know that you ever took ladies to the opera."

"I don't often. It is not much in my line, but if you only knew who this lady is!"

"A wealthy maiden aunt, perhaps, or some fair siren of a scientific and abstract turn, who has enchanted your metaphysical heart with a burly song in high Dutch, with a burden of:

'Geheimniss! Metaphysik!
Metaphysich Geheimniss!'"

"Neither the one nor the other, but a lady whom you know very slightly, and whom I know very well, though our acquaintance is but of brief duration. Indeed, you have known her longer than I have."

"Who is she, then?"

"I shall not tell you, for I want you to be surprised. Come to the Academy of Music to-night, and look at the left hand proscenium boxes. In one of them I shall sit to display my beauties and graces. *Hinc illæ* toggeries—there's Latin for your German!"

"Let me see—yes—I'll be there. My sister Carrie wants to hear Piccolomini sing 'Batti, batti,' once more—I'll take her and Edith, and

see who this mysterious captivatress of yours may be."

"No captivatress, but a dear good girl, who has sense, refinement, intellect—every thing, except money—that she hasn't got any very large amount of, I confess."

"I have a great curiosity to see her—I don't think I know any such person."

"Not intimately, but perhaps you may yet. I shall be disappointed if you don't knock at our box door before the last act—I am sure of getting permission to introduce you, for she is good-natured, and has faith in my estimation of people. Will you come?"

"Yes. I'll go home now, and get Carrie and Edith ready."

In the neighborhood of nine o'clock that evening Fanshawe, in accordance with his promise, entered his father's box—the old gentleman was one of the original stock-holders of the Academy—accompanied by his sister and Edith, two fair blondes, with golden hair and rosy cheeks, set off by their tasteful opera-cloaks of soft white cashmere, daintily trimmed with blue ribbon.

As soon as Fanshawe could adjust his lorgnette he gazed anxiously across the house, glittering with beauty, wealth, and—fitting accompaniment—gas, toward the left hand proscenium boxes. In one of them sat Phil Rawstone, elegant and easy, and by his side, closely engaged in conversation with him, was the lovely brunette who had so often attracted Thorpe Fanshawe's admiration on Broadway!

The recognition produced an odd effect upon the young man. He remembered those deep, deep eyes, with purity and truth lying in their depths, like clear fresh water lying in the bottom of a spring. He remembered those tangled masses of dark hair—gracefully pendulous as the airy vines that swing from the cypresses of Southern swamps. He remembered the lithe, elastic form and regal air—the step full of character—the sweet smile and tender self-abnegation expressed therein, and, thinking of all these, wondered, far down in the adyta of his heart, whether he could not mate with such a woman, and know the happiness that he had always been taught to think was weak and sentimental. Those teachings seemed like infidelity now, for he began to feel that he who denied love went nigh to denying Him who said "Love ye one another!"

He turned toward Edith. She too was beautiful—very beautiful—an innocent, pleasant girl, with great taste and delicacy in her soul. Refinement, tenderness, and kindly love for the neighbor, were stamped upon every curve and contour of her face—every dimple of her rose-bloom cheeks—every sparkle of her sunny eyes; but it was not what he craved—he was just such another himself, saving that he had "seen the world"—a process that leaves little room for innocence. He too was fair of complexion, gentle and easy of manner, luxurious and refined in habit. They were too much alike to marry. He felt, in looking from her to his sister, that he bore exactly the same affection for both—the same pride and respect—a purely fraternal sentiment, far different from the love that should sanctify the conjugal relation.

In the midst of these thick-coming meditations he saw Phil beckoning to him, and as two or three friends of Carrie's had entered the box to make their compliments to the young ladies, he excused himself, and passed around to his friend's place.

Phil introduced the lady as a Miss Dudley, and spoke of Fanshawe as an old friend. Miss Dudley gave Thorpe her hand cordially, and bestowed a glance of scrutiny upon him, taking in his whole figure, from neck-tie to boots, like one accustomed to receiving impressions from trifles as well as from general appearances.

She was evidently not displeased by her examination, and in a few minutes conversation was progressing as briskly as if they had been three intimate friends, though at first Fanshawe's heart was so thrilled, through and through, by the tone of her voice, that he could hardly collect his ideas enough to express them.

I don't know, my dear reader, whether you have given the subject much attention, but there is an immense deal of significance in a voice. There are some voices that are hard, dry, and rasping—nutmeg-grater voices. Then there are brawny voices, belonging to men of mighty thews and sinews. There are sibilating, snaky voices, fraught with deceit and duplicity—throaty, English voices, indicating either a lack of emotional capability, or a tendency to conceal the emotions—soft, singing voices, like the last vibration of a chime of bells—and many more, all distinct, expressive, and full of meaning.

And there is a voice of voices—a fresh, clear, *good* voice—oh, how weak is this poor language that gives me no adjective to describe it!—and this is worth all other voices together. I can not tell its marvelous properties—I can think of no musical word that expresses its quality of tone, but we have all heard it more than once. Who has not heard his own name pronounced in such a manner, with such an inflection, such a modulation, such a divine harmony of tone with syllable, that it rang sweeter in his ears than the sweetest strains of the great masters of song?

Well, such a voice had Miss Dudley, and its sound seemed to entrance poor Fanshawe when she first spoke to him. The remains of his late conventional life, too, seemed to stifle him in her presence, and he could only speak in monosyllables.

But a man could not be stupid long in Miss Dudley's society. If he were so by nature he could not stay. If so by circumstance, she removed his embarrassment with wondrous tact—which is genuine in a woman—and brought out all the good, the wise, the witty, and the agreeable within him.

So with Fanshawe. In two minutes he was delightfully at ease, and talked better than he

ever had to any woman before, or to any one else, except, perhaps, to Phil Rawstone.

As Fanshawe and Miss Dudley seemed inclined to monopolize the conversation, Phil found himself *de trop*.

"Here," said he, in his off-hand way, "I see forty friends, more or less, beckoning to me from various boxes, and I think you can entertain each other for a few moments without me."

"I'm sure I can dispense with you so long as Mr. Fanshawe is here," laughed Miss Dudley.

"Yes, I suppose so. It is always the last new face with you women!"

"But Mr. Fanshawe's face is not new to me. We have just discovered that we are old promenade acquaintances—eye-friends, you know, such as one gets in walking much."

"Then make yourselves mutually agreeable while I'm gone."

"I say, Phil," said Fanshawe, "won't you look in on Carrie and Edith while you are out? They'll be charmed to see you, and they may need some consolation for my absence."

Phil promised, and the next minute his friends saw him appear in the Fanshawe box. His "forty friends, more or less," must have been somewhat mythical, for he did not leave the young ladies until he returned to Miss Dudley, toward the close of the opera.

Meanwhile Thorpe was in the seventh heaven of happiness. The most delicious of all delicious sensations, the crowning glory of youth and life, the intensest emotional experience of humanity, is that wonderfully simple, yet curiously intricate act—falling in love!

The gradual steps from interest to admiration, thence to charm, fascination, and love, beginning with the plain, pretty bud, and ending with the full-blown, perfect, glorified blossom, are among the familiar miracles of earth, seen constantly, experienced often, yet just as inscrutable, as blindly incomprehensible, to the wisest *savant*, as any turning of water into wine, or feeding of five thousand men and women with five loaves and two fishes.

There are many who doubt the possibility of that phenomenon known as "love at first sight," while others think that all love must begin with the first meeting. For my own part, I believe that love takes all sorts of means and methods, sudden and slow. With Fanshawe it was the work of an hour, although he had felt an interest in the beautiful brunette he had so often seen on Broadway before he knew aught of her.

Every glance, every gesture, every word strengthened the favorable impression first created on both sides, until they both lost sight of the glare and glitter of the house—of sweet-voiced Piccolomini and strong-voiced Formes; heard no note of vivacious Gassier or earnest Gazzaniga; saw no sign of the mimic life, love, sorrow, and death upon the stage; but recognized themselves only, a human man and woman, with human passions, thoughts, and feelings, yearning for human sympathy and human love!

Miss Dudley was a strange, eccentric girl. Having very few intimate friends, she made a confidante of herself, scorning self-deception as fervently as any other species of dishonesty. Two hours after parting from Thorpe Fanshawe she paused in her preparation for retiring, and leaning her dimpled elbows upon the marble of her dressing-stand, gazed at the vision of dark magnificence she saw reflected in the mirror.

"He is very handsome," she said to this image of herself; "he seems noble at heart. I hope he may be what he seems, for, God help me, I love him!"

As for Fanshawe, he accompanied his sister and his betrothed to their homes; but the only time he opened his mouth, from the time he left the opera-house till he fell asleep, was just as he extinguished the gas-light in his chamber, when he gave vent to his feelings in a long-drawn "Heigh-ho!"

After this it was impossible for him to lead the life he had been leading. The stale forms and conventionalities of society sickened him more than ever. His "sense of duty" no longer stimulated him to visit people who cared nothing for him, and for whom he cared nothing, and a week was passed in hermit-like seclusion, interrupted only by a call or two upon Miss Dudley, which had no effect save to make matters worse and worse. He rose late, confined himself to his rooms, smoking the whole day through, reading Tennyson, and writing abortive stanzas, commencing:

> "Thy night-black hair
> Is a silken snare,
> And my heart is—"

when, finding that his rhymes were also a snare that had entangled him, he was fain to begin again:

> "Oh! mystery of love, so strange and fair!
> How sweet thy influence, how soft thy charm!
> The melting eye, the dewy lip, the hair
> Of deepest ebon shade—"

and failing to make "arm," "alarm," "harm," or "farm" come in properly to end the line, the amateur poet would drop rhyming, and cover his paper with little pen-sketches of a female head, bearing more or less of a resemblance to Miss Dudley; that young lady's name also figuring prominently among the sketches, written in every imaginable style of hand.

Wearying at length of this form of lotus-eating, the young man began to long for sympathy, and naturally sought his nearest friend, Phil Rawstone.

Calling upon him one evening he found him filling a huge Turkish pipe, preparatory to going to work; for he had an unwholesome habit of writing altogether at night, aided by coffee (which he made himself, most epicureanly), and making up for lost sleep by afternoon naps.

"Ah!" said Phil, "is that you, mine Ancient? Come in, sit down, and take a pipe—unless you prefer the more aristocratic, and therefore inferior, cigar. Pipes here—tobacco there—cigars in that thing on the mantle."

"Give me a pipe—not a pet one; I am apt to be unlucky with them."

Be it known to such of my readers as are not familiar with that simple but powerful (often in more than one sense) instrument of pleasure to the brain-worker, that every smoker has his pet pipes, and woe be to the stranger who smokes them without leave. The great art lies in coloring them black by smoking them in a peculiar and scientific manner; and when a nice French clay pipe, of Gambier's or Fiolet's make, graceful of form and smooth of texture, is properly colored, or *culottée*, as the French term it, its value rises, in the smoker's estimation, from its original cost of ten cents to a fabulous sum.

So Phil gave his visitor a stout cutty, which, being already colored, could only be spoiled by breaking; and while Fanshawe smoked, with his feet elevated to a reasonable height, his body being buried in the capacious recesses of a Sleepy Hollow chair, Phil busied himself over an alarmingly complicated apparatus of reservoirs, tubes, faucets, etc., with an alcohol lamp underneath. The machine being adjusted and the lamp lit, there soon arose that grateful aroma—doubly dear to the dreamy imaginative mind—the scent of fresh strong coffee.

All this time the silence had been unbroken, save by the rattling of the coffee-pot—the "infernal machine," as Phil's doctor called it—and the soft, unconscious "puh, puh!" that accompanies the action of smoking. Suddenly, however, Fanshawe broke out:

"I say, Phil, where did you get acquainted with Miss Dudley?"

"At a reception at the house of Wiley, the artist. I recognized her at once for the girl we saw on Broadway, and was quite surprised to meet her there."

"I wish you hadn't introduced me to her!"

"Why?" asked Phil, with a grimace approaching a sardonic smile; "isn't she rather a nice person?"

"Rather a nice person! Pretty term to apply to a splendid woman like her, lovely, lovable, and loving!"

"Ah, I see; your ideas have got a little shaken up, haven't they? How does Josie Dudley compare, now, with the thousand-and-one women you know? Do the gentle damsels of your lofty circle seem interesting after an evening with her?"

"That's just the trouble. I can't bear them; and since I saw her I have let every thing go. Father thinks I'm a fool, and my sisters say I'm a bear."

"And Miss Gaynes?"

"Oh, she doesn't bother her head about it at all, bless her! I wish they would all let me alone as good-naturedly as she does."

"What a pity it is! what a shame, eh?"

"What is a pity?"

"That you can't worship God and mammon too!"

"What a pity that I was born with my hands and feet bound—fettered with golden chains!"

"Not so much your hands and feet as your heart."

"What are hearts to us poor conventional creatures of society! I never knew I had one till—till—"

"Till when?"

"Till I met Miss Dudley. I won't try to be discreet with you, Phil. I am in love with that girl, if I know what love is, and, from present symptoms, I think I do."

"No use! no use! Your marriage was 'cut and dried'—dried, I fear, beyond all hope of freshness—years ago. Josephine Dudley is not of your set. She has but very little property, no position, and a great deal of mind—something that is awkward to have in fashionable circles, but of which she is neither afraid nor ashamed. She won't do for you!"

"I know it. I have no right to love any body except myself, or to believe that I can love. What makes it still more exasperating is, that every one thinks I am so fortunate, so worthy of congratulation!"

"The sufferings of the poor are nothing compared with those of the rich, after all. You ought to have a placard hung on your breast, with the words, 'Pity a poor fellow who has lost the use of his heart!' and take up a prominent position at the gates of Vanity Fair, like the blind men down by the Hospital fence."

"There are too many afflicted in the same way. But see here: my uncle, John Rooke, made a *mariage de convenance*, and is as happy as a bee in clover. I know very well that there was no love in that match, on either side."

"But *is* he happy?"

"He writes so—or did, lately."

"Then he isn't the man I took him for. I may have mistaken him, though—he may be fond of froth. I fancy you would make a poor thing of life with such a partner as his. Luckily, you are better provided for."

"'It's all a muddle,' as Stephen Blackpool says. I've a great mind to run away!"

"Who from? From yourself? You are the only man who can harm you that I know of."

"I don't know what to do!"

"Well, for the first thing, take some coffee. You'll find those little biscuits very nice, if well buttered and dipped in the cup. Glad to see you drop the absurd habit of putting sugar in your coffee. I agree with Toussenel, that pepper and salt would be quite as appropriate. See here, do you know what that is? That's real, *bona fide*, genuine, simon pure country cream, sent me by a rustic friend, who knows my weakness for it. Now drink, and enjoy the beverage that brings wit to the tongue, brilliancy to the mind, gladness to the soul, and, alas! torpidity to the liver!"

"Pshaw! what is that to torpidity of the heart?"

It was late when the friends separated, Fanshawe going home to bed in a mood of pleasant melancholy, and Rawstone sitting down to turn off a dozen pages or so of dialogue for his new comedy—graceful as the smoke of his pipe—subtle and racy as the aroma of his coffee.

The following day Thorpe Fanshawe and his father had a long and earnest talk, opened by the young man, who was really in a state of great bewilderment concerning his position. Mr. Fanshawe was in an unusually good humor, and talked quite sensibly about the matter in the abstract. He agreed that it was unfortunate that one could not conform to the promptings of his heart and the laws of society too; he spoke highly of Miss Dudley, whom he had seen, and acknowledged her to be a superior woman, worthy of great admiration and respect.

"But she is no match for you, Thorpe," he said; "she has only a few hundred dollars income, and is not known at all in our circle. Edith Gaynes, on the contrary, is just the girl for you in every respect. The thing has been settled for years now, and to break it off would cause a great deal of talk very annoying to all parties. Now don't you think you had best try to get over this fancy? It will not be so hard, after all, if you make up your mind to it. Take a trip abroad, and occupy yourself with some study or amusement for a year. Depend upon it you will come back heart-whole."

Thorpe sighed and looked incredulous; but the old gentleman continued putting such plausible arguments so coolly and clearly that he was again unsettled, and began to wonder if his duty was not clear in spite of his love. His father had ever been kind and indulgent, and he felt that the least he could do was to obey his wishes in this respect. So, for his father's sake, he promised to do his best to uproot the passion that was twining its tendrils about his heart-strings and giving promise of fair flowers and fairer fruit.

Again he plunged into society to drown his love in the whirligig dizziness of fashionable pleasure; but one can not drown in froth; so he failed, of course, and was stolidly miserable. He sought Edith's companionship as much as possible, to see if love might not come to them yet; but there was no hope. She was resigned, accepting the future as a matter of course, but with no pretense of any joy in the anticipation.

This was the dark hour before dawn. While these poor children were still looking their blank destiny apathetically in the face, a blow fell that changed the whole tenor and current of their lives.

The Fanshawes were startled and horrified one day by the reception of a telegram from Washington announcing that John Rooke had killed himself!

Mr. Fanshawe went to the capital at once, and found a rumor, based on papers left by the unfortunate man, that he had been subject to fits of partial insanity. The next day, however, Thorpe received a letter, written by his uncle the night of his self-murder, which told the whole sad story.

After frittering away the honey-moon in a round of excitement, the newly-wedded couple had settled in Washington, and then began the realities of their married life. Dissimilarities of taste, incompatibilities of temper, and other inharmonious circumstances, had made them at first cool—then bitter—then intolerable to each other. An old suitor of the bride's returned from abroad, and her conduct with him became the subject of scandal.

Very soon John Rooke found that the laws of society compelled him to take either his own life or that of this man, and he preferred the former alternative as demanding the fewest sacrifices—for life was but a sad thing to him then. The letter closed thus:

"Never marry without love, Thorpe. If your wife does not love you she may soon love another; for the passion comes in spite of us, and you are equally liable to go astray—if loving is going astray—and then all depends upon poor, frail human resolution. Be warned by my fate. Never take a woman to your home, to be its guardian angel, unless you know that she is your wife, not only by civil contract and priestly blessing, but by that love that is strong as life and stronger than death.

"When you read this I shall be at rest, I hope. May God bless you, and give you a happier lot than that of

"Your Uncle, JOHN ROOKE."

With a fine sense of unselfish honor he had shielded the woman who had driven him to this act by giving out a false reason for it. Mr. Fanshawe himself did not know the truth till he returned from Washington and read the letter.

Over this tragic ending to the farce of *mariage-à-la-mode* Thorpe and Edith held serious consultation, which led to a renouncement of their engagement, and a subsequent confession on both sides. They opened the innermost shrines of their hearts right honestly, and revealed to each other the image there sainted by the benison of love.

In Fanshawe's shrine the saint was Josephine Dudley, as we have seen. Edith's deity was a stalwart figure, dark-haired and mustached, with merry hazel eyes and a cheery voice—a pleasant-faced fellow, easy and graceful of speech and action—in short, Phil Rawstone!

She had hardly spoken his name before Fanshawe was off like a shot, out of the room, out of the house, and down the street at race-horse speed, much to the gentle girl's alarm, for she feared a sudden attack of jealousy might have seized upon her quondam betrothed, even though he did not love her.

It was nearly eleven o'clock—perhaps later—but Phil Rawstone, fatigued by an extra amount of work overnight, was quietly asleep in bed, with a stray sunbeam falling through the imperfectly-closed window-shutter upon the tip of his nose. Just conscious enough to take cognizance of this nasal illumination, he wove it, somehow, into his dreams, and made it seem a sunlit head of golden hair, crowning a charming maiden very like to Edith Gaynes. He dreamed of a mutual confession of love between them—rather an unwarrantable thing to dream about, considering she was engaged to his best friend, but such visions will not heed the proprieties of life—and just as they were about to ratify the confession with the same good old-fashioned osculatory seal that lovers have used ever since Adam and Eve first kissed in the garden, a thundering knock at the parlor-door drove his dream to Hades, and

awoke him with a suddenness that left him quite dazed for a moment.

At length recovering himself, he called to his awakener to enter, mentally anathematizing him for not having postponed his knock for a second or two longer.

In came Fanshawe, breathless, with cheeks aglow, eyes sparkling, and his whole nervous system on a tremble; each nerve having a private little shake on its own account, and a grand combined shake in harmony with all the others.

"Hullo, Phil! Wake up! She loves you! Do you hear? Heaven bless you! She loves you!"

These words Thorpe discharged like so many pellets from a pop-gun. What with them and his appearance, his friend had a serious idea of throwing him down, binding him with towels, and sending for somebody to take him straight to the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum. Wishing to hear something further, however, he swallowed his astonishment to leave a passage for words.

"Who loves me? What do you mean? Are you crazy?"

"Yes, I am crazy! Edith loves you—we've talked it all over, and it is all right. She knows every thing—and uncle John has killed himself, and I won't marry her, and she don't want to, and—"

"Here, hold on—be quiet—there's a good fellow! Now then, go into the parlor and smoke a pipe or two while I dress—hush! not a word. Think over what you want to say, and say it in a Christianly manner!"

Obedient to this sound advice, Fanshawe sought the front room and smoked himself into a cooler frame of mind while Phil was dressing. Then, while the late riser breakfasted, Thorpe read him John Rooke's letter, and finally detailed the conversation between himself and Edith. Just as he came to the confession Phil's blood all left his heart and mounted to his face, which assumed the appearance of a rather handsome pickled beet with a mustache. He tried to keep it down and to seem unconcerned, but nature triumphed, and after making a miserable failure in attempting to speak, the poor fellow gave in, and dropping his favorite pipe, which he was filling for his after-breakfast smoke, he hid his face in his hands, and bent forward upon the mantle-piece, unheeding the downfall and destruction of his beautifully colored Gambier—the choicest pipe of his whole collection.

Fanshawe arose, and, going to his friend, laid his hand gently between his broad shoulders.

"Do you love her, old boy?" he said.

"As my life!" gasped Phil, with a Herculean effort.

"I might have seen it if I hadn't been so blind; but why didn't you tell me of it? I ought to have known, though, that your good counsels and philosophy were not entirely disinterested."

"Oh, but they were, Thorpe," said Phil, raising his head and taking both of Fanshawe's hands in his own; "I wished you to be happy, and I did not know whether—whether Edith loved me or not—I dared not try to find out, you know; but I knew that if you married her it would be a sorry day for us three."

"All is well now though. Come, dress yourself and go home with me. After poor Uncle John's illustration of marrying from a sense of duty nobody in the family will object to a general righting of the affair. Will you come? Edith is there."

Phil had been growing a little less florid, but he colored up again at this.

"No, I think I had rather not meet her there just yet," he said, hesitatingly; "but you will do me a favor if you will ask her to let me know when I can have a little talk with her. Put it as delicately as you can, please."

The next wedding-party that occupied the church where John Rooke had expiated his conventional duties to society was a double affair, consisting of a dark bridegroom with a fair bride, and a fair bridegroom with a dark bride, accompanied by a double allowance of bridemaids and groomsmen. The company was certainly no more stylish than at the first wedding—perhaps not quite so select—the costumes may not have been altogether so expensive, nor the appointments so elegant; but there was an expression on the faces, a sincerity in the responses, and an emotion in the hearts of both couples that lit up the ceremony and ritual with the spirit of vitality, which is love.

And the lives of these wedded pairs proved, and still prove, that where there is truth and earnestness, and a freedom from form for form's sake, there alone is real happiness. Not the factitious happiness of the select few—the froth on the cup—but the pure and wholesome wine of life, that maketh glad the heart forever.

THE FIRST OVERLAND TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

IT usually happens that when a useful invention is introduced by any person to the world, he is at once pronounced the inventor; though it afterward turns out that the invention itself was of long standing, and entirely due to another, and to the former belongs only the secondary merit of application. So, peculiar circumstances may give to an island an importance that attracts attention to it for the first time, and the person then announcing its existence is proclaimed the discoverer; yet later investigation proves that other explorers long before had visited it.

Thus, the recent discovery of gold in California gave it such prominence that an overland route to it was soon known to the whole country, and Frémont, who made it, had the credit of being the first man who ever crossed the continent to San Francisco. History accepts the common verdict and records the fact for all coming time; yet history, in this case, is wrong.

A party starting from St. Louis in 1824, nearly forty years ago, after many and strange adventures and innumerable perils and hair-breadth escapes, finally reached the Pacific slopes, where

their wonderful story was disbelieved, and they themselves thrown into prison as spies of the King of Spain.

Sylvester Pattie, a Virginian by birth, moved to Kentucky when he was a boy, and after he became a man emigrated, with his wife, to the Missouri River. Here a pleasant family grew up around him, and the sturdy frontiersman thought himself fixed for life. But the death of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, changed the whole current of his existence. When the first burst of grief had passed away, a settled melancholy took its place, that time, instead of lessening, only deepened. Moody and dejected, he neglected his business and moved about like one in a dream. His friends, after suffering much anxiety on his account, finally persuaded him to undertake a hunting and trapping expedition to the head waters of the Missouri. This was at the time an almost unexplored region, and they thought the adventurous and hazardous life he would be compelled to lead would divert his mind from its one engrossing thought. His son James, who was at school, heard of his project and resolved to go with him. Vigorous, strong, independent, and fearless, with a heart full of the tenderest affections, brave and chivalric as a knight of old, his father could have no better companion in the perilous expedition before him.

The party, consisting of only five, crossed the Missouri on the 20th of June, 1824, and steadily ascended its banks into the heart of the wilderness. Reaching the last military post, Pattie was here forbidden by the commander from trading with the Indians. Disappointed in one of the chief objects of his expedition, he abandoned it altogether, and hearing that General Pratt was on the head waters of the Platte preparing to start for Santa Fé with a trading party, he resolved to join him. So turning off to the left, he ascended this stream, and on the 2d of August reached Pratt's camp. The latter was glad to see him, and immediately appointed him commander of the entire party, consisting of a hundred and sixteen men.

This formidable little army set out on the 6th of August, still ascending the river. A guard was placed in advance, and one at some distance on each side, to prevent surprise from Indians. If the main body was in sight, the approach of Indians was to be signaled by lifting the hat; if not in sight, by a single pistol-shot. This was the order of march day after day, while the camp at night was guarded with military strictness. Cut loose from all outward help, depending solely on their own skill, watchfulness, and bravery for self-preservation, they boldly entered the vast territories of the various tribes of Indians, and pushed on toward the dividing ridge that separated the head waters of the Missouri from those of the Rio del Norte, which flowed south, and on the banks of which stood the Spanish trading town of Santa Fé. To-day smoking the calumet of peace with a friendly tribe of Indians, to-morrow charging with resistless fury a hostile one that attempted to oppose their progress; guarding against all surprises, and superior to any panic, the little band made its way over all difficulties toward the distant goal of its efforts.

Still the march was not a monotonous one, but experienced all the vicissitudes and was attended with the endless variety of a life in the wilderness. The picturesque encampments of the various tribes of Indians; the vast herds of buffaloes that thundered over the prairies before them or charged with reckless fury on the pack-mules, scattering them in every direction over the plain; flocks of antelope, and deer, and elk, and the almost hourly encounter, some days, with the grizzly bear; the gloomy bivouac in the pouring rain, and the midnight assault on a hostile camp, left no time for listless thought or weary repining.

One day they came upon a vast plain on which the grass was so short and stiff that it pierced and lacerated their horses' feet till they could scarcely walk, and they were obliged to stop and kill buffaloes, and make moccasins out of their green hides to protect them.

At length they came in sight of the Taos Mountains, covered with snow, and five days after encamped at their base. Leaving the warm plain below them, the band ascended to the cold temperature of the higher regions; and, after three days' severe toil, arrived at a little town in the plain on the other side, occupied by half-wild Spaniards, clad in strange, fantastic costumes. On the 5th of November they reached Santa Fé, and immediately asked permission of the Governor to trap on the Gila, a branch of the Colorado. He took the application under consideration, and the party retired to their quarters.

At ten o'clock that night an express came in from Pacus River, where the nobles had their country-seats, stating that a large body of Indians had come upon several families, robbed some and murdered others, and among the latter two Americans, the wife of one of whom, with four Spanish ladies, they had carried off as prisoners. Immediately the drum beat the alarm, and the shrill cry of the fife mingled with the loud, clear notes of the French horn calling the soldiers to arms. Consternation and terror seized the inhabitants, and men and women ran screaming about the streets, crying out that the Comanches were in the place, butchering all that came in their path. Pattie ordered his men to stand to their arms; and although by the light of the moon, which was shining brightly, he saw that no enemy was near, he did not know but Indians might be skulking about, and he thought it best to be prepared for any emergency. When daylight dawned he saw about four hundred men in uniform preparing to mount their horses to go in pursuit of the robbers. The Governor asked Pattie if he would join the party with his force. Ever ready for a fight with the Indians, his men gladly assented, and they were soon on the march toward the scene of the raid.

They marched all day, and at night came to the place where the murder had been committed.

Halting only to take a little refreshment, they continued on through the night, and in the morning came upon their fires still smoking.

All was now excitement; the trail was fresh, and they pressed eagerly forward till noon, when they saw the marauders, with the stolen herds in the distance, making for a gap in the mountain. Pattie immediately proposed to the Spanish officer to take his party, and, making a sweep behind an intervening hill, get possession of the gap, while the latter, the moment he heard his fire, should close up swiftly in the rear, and thus hem them in between two fires. The Spanish officer assented to this arrangement, and Pattie immediately wheeled off, and placing the hill between himself and the Indians, and striking into a sharp gallop, soon reached the opening in the mountain. Here dismounting in a hollow, the hunters tied their horses together in the rear, and forming themselves into a half circle, silently awaited the approach of the savages. Pattie's direction was to aim at the Indians nearest the prisoners, lest at the first onset these would be sacrificed by their captors to prevent their escape. They waited here an hour and a half, screened by the rocks and trees, when they saw the Indians slowly advancing and urging forward the large droves of sheep and horses which they had stolen.

As the trappers looked out from their cover on the wild caravan a sight met their gaze that made their breath come quick and each brawny hand clutch the firelock with a more determined grasp; for right in front of the Indians slowly walked the five captive women, stark naked, driving the herds before them, while their savage captors lazily rode behind. It was a new and maddening sight to the bold and chivalric young Pattie. The insult and the shame set his American blood on fire, and it was with difficulty he could restrain himself from leaping like a tiger to their rescue. They were all ladies of wealth and refinement, and the anguish depicted on their countenances as they moved wearily forward was enough to melt a heart of iron. One of them, Jovaca, the daughter of the ex-governor, was in the first blush of womanhood, and of rare and wondrous beauty. Her ravishing form was in perfect harmony with the faultless features whose expression revealed a heart all tenderness and affection. Her dishevcled hair hung to her ankles, almost sweeping the ground, and as her tender feet, unaccustomed to such harsh treatment, pressed the cruel rocks, a slight shudder ran through her frame. Her dark eyes, swimming in tears, were bent sadly on the ground, while her delicately penciled brow was contracted from mental anguish. Silently and slowly the melancholy group moved up the narrow gorge, their hopes of deliverance giving way to utter despair as they saw the frowning shadows of the mountains before them. Those bold frontiersmen looked a moment on the captives, and then on each other. It needed no language to express their determination, while the fierce eye of young Pattie flashed like a tiger's. Death was in that steady gleaming look. The Indians kept unsuspectingly on until they arrived within forty yards of the Americans, when the rolling volley from a hundred and sixteen deadly rifles broke the stillness of the gorge and tumbled them in scores from their saddles. Some instantly leaped forward and drove their spears into the backs of three of the women. These, flinging their despairing hands above their heads, fell forward, while the blood gushed in a ruddy stream over their bodies. This was more than young Pattie could bear, and with a voice that rung like a bugle over the tumult, he cried out, "Save the women!" and leaped amidst the savages. An Indian was just about to drive a spear into another of the women when he sent a bullet through his brain. The Indians recoiled for a moment before this bold onset, when he hurried the remaining captives behind the screen of rocks. Hastily wrapping blankets around them and placing them out of the reach of the bullets, he returned to the combat. The Indians, unaccustomed to such murderous firing, turned back in dismay. The trappers then pressed forward with loud shouts, loading and firing as they followed. They expected every moment to hear the volleys of the Spaniards, when they would make clean work with the miscreants. But as the latter saw the savages approaching with loud yells they gave one distant random volley and fled.

They had now reached the open plain; and the Indians, seeing the Spaniards in full flight, and how much they outnumbered their pursuers, whom they still supposed to be Spaniards also, turned back. Pattie immediately ordered his men to take to the trees and be sure of their aim, saying, "Stand resolute, my boys; although the cowardly Spaniards have deserted us when we came to help them, we are enough for these devils alone." As the Indians drew near, each trapper fired as he covered his man, and they tumbled with frightful rapidity from their horses. The savages, however, unaccustomed to flee before an inferior number of Spaniards, pressed bravely forward, firing and yelling as they approached. But when they got within pistol-shot the hunters made such deadly work that they halted, and after trying for ten minutes to bear up against the murderous volleys, turned and fled.

In this last determined rally Pattie lost ten men, and received a wound himself. This did not make him feel particularly affable toward the Spaniards, who came galloping bravely up after the Indians had fled, and showed their courage by hacking the wounded and dead. Pattie sternly ordered them to desist. The commander grew enraged at this, and raved and swore, and wound up his abuse by demanding that the women should be placed under his charge. Pattie asked by whose authority he made this demand, telling him to his face that he was a coward. He laughed derisively at the lame excuse that the latter could not rally his men; and said, if cowardice made a good Christian, he was a first-rate one. As to the women, he replied that it should be left to their choice with whom they would remain.

Jovaca, turning her beaming, grateful eyes on young Pattie, said she would stay with her deliverers. The other preferring to remain with her, the officer wheeled and made for Santa Fé. Pattie, throwing up a breast-work of logs that had drifted down the stream that here issued from the mountain, encamped for the night. Young Pattie took off his leather hunting-shirt and made Jovaca put it on, to keep her from the chilly night-air. Next morning they started on their return, and he gave her his horse to ride, while he marched on foot. They traveled all day and night, and the day after approached Pacus. On the way they met the former Governor, the father of Jovaca, in his carriage. The old man was almost beside himself with joy when he saw his daughter. The latter threw herself on his neck, weeping, and then led him forward to her deliverer. The grateful father insisted that both Pattie and his son should take a seat in his carriage with himself and daughter; but they, with great delicacy, refused, wishing to leave them to the uninterrupted enjoyment of their own conversation after such a painful separation.

Reaching Santa Fé in safety, they were invited to dine at the Governor's. In the evening the father of Jovaca took young Pattie to a coffee-house, kept by his son-in-law, and after refreshments invited him up stairs, where his daughter was with her sister, both of whom received him with a warm embrace. He sat down and conversed with them by signs and gestures for an hour. When he arose to take his leave, Jovaca immediately threw open a door and pointed to a bed, indicating that she wished him to remain all night. He declined, on the ground that he had not suitable clothes. She ran and brought him apparel of her brother-in-law, when, seeing that she felt hurt at his refusal, he consented to stay. She then produced the leather hunting-shirt he had taken off on the battle-field for her protection, and said she should keep it as long as she lived; and to show how proud she was of it put it on. The next morning, before the family was up, he left and joined his companions. A dinner at the Governor's, and a fandango at night, occupied the time; and on the following morning, having obtained the desired license to trap on the Gila, the father and son, with five others, set out for the wilderness.

Eighty miles from Santa Fé, and in the direction they were going, was a magnificent villa belonging to Jovaca's father. Before they reached it the ex-Governor, accompanied by his daughter, overtook them, and insisted on their becoming his guests. They consented, and remained three days, receiving all the attentions that unbounded gratitude and wealth could lavish on them. Refusing the magnificent presents which the old Governor urged upon them, they accepted only a horse apiece, and departed. Jovaca watched the receding form of her deliverer with swimming eyes, for he took her heart with him.

The party struck off eastward for the Gila, passing in their way some copper mines worked by a Spaniard, and were soon buried in solitudes never before trodden by the feet of white men. Wandering up and down the banks of the Gila, exploring its tributaries in search of beaver, they remained in this unknown wilderness for nearly six months. Now surfeited with provisions, and again reduced to dog's-meat and buzzards to sustain life; one day occupied in skinning the beavers they had trapped the night before, and the next engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand fight with hostile savages; now crossing inhospitable mountains, and again traversing desert plains, they encountered all the perils and passed through all the vicissitudes of a life in the wilderness swarming with Indians.

At length, heavily laden with furs, they turned their footsteps again toward Santa Fé. Their long absence from civilization, and the wild life they had led, were not calculated to improve their outward appearance, and a rougher looking set of men than they could not be found on the frontiers. In the wilderness they did not care for this; but now, as they approached the Spanish settlements, and came in sight of the mansion of Jovaca's father, young Pattie, at least, could not help casting a somewhat unsatisfied glance at his shabby apparel. His hair, which had seen neither shears nor comb for months, hung long and matted around his face; his leather leggings were dirty and full of holes; his shirt was black and ragged; while an old straw-hat in tatters completed his costume. In this plight he presented himself before Jovaca. The loving girl shed tears at his forlorn appearance. He had left some articles of his clothing there when he started on his expedition, and these she had cleaned and repaired with her own hands, and now brought them to him. They remained here three days to recruit, and then started for Santa Fé. At his departure the old Governor gave young Pattie a gold chain on behalf of his daughter; while she, when she bade him adieu, said she should always remember him in her prayers.

The copper mines before alluded to were some two or three hundred miles from Santa Fé, and the proprietor of them was much annoyed by Indians. Pattie with his men happening to pass that way about this time, encountered a band of these, and gave them a severe chastisement. The neighboring tribes then made a treaty with him. But the proprietor of the mines, fearing it would be broken the moment Pattie left, engaged him and his company to remain several months for his protection. At the end of the engagement he proposed to rent the mines to Pattie at the low rate of a thousand dollars a year. The latter accepted the proposition, and abandoned a second trapping expedition on which he was preparing to start. He wished to have his son remain with him; but the latter had got such a taste for a roving, adventurous life that he could not be prevailed on to come down to the monotony of an overseer's duties; and, taking a small company with him, he started again for the Gila.

It was now nearly two years since he left his

school in Missouri, and he bid fair to become a hunter for life. In the fall he again returned, to the great delight of his father, and remained at the mines for some time, hunting in the vicinity. One day, in an encounter with a grizzly bear, his gun missed fire, and he escaped death only by rolling over a precipice. As it was, the wounds he received from the bear, and the fall together, confined him to his room for several weeks. With his recovery returned the desire for the wilderness; and, notwithstanding his father's earnest expostulations, he again set out for his old hunting-grounds. In this expedition he came very near losing his life. In an encounter with the Indians one of his companions fell wounded. Seeing the savage who had shot him rush forward to get his scalp, Pattie killed him, and then broke cover to bear off his comrade, when an arrow struck him in the hip. He immediately pulled it out, but while stopping to load, another entered his breast. Unable to extricate this, he broke it off, and, beating back the Indians, bore away his friend. He suffered severely from his wounds, especially from the rough surgery employed to extract the arrow-head from his breast.

On his return in the winter he again passed near the mansion of Jovaca's father, and stopped to make him a visit. The old man was overjoyed to see him, and took him to his arms in a long and fervent embrace. The wound in the young hunter's breast was not yet healed, and it was with difficulty he could keep from wincing under the agony produced by the friendly pressure, for it started the blood till it oozed through his waistcoat. Jovaca's welcome seemed more constrained than usual, which did not escape Pattie's notice. She, however, beckoned him to a seat beside her, and began to question him of his adventures, and inquired tenderly why he looked so pale and haggard. He told her of his desperate fight with the Indians and his severe wounds. At that moment she discovered the blood trickling down his vest. She gave a sudden start, exclaiming, "You have good reason to look sick, for you are wounded to death!" at the same time turning on him such a look of inexpressible tenderness that, unsuspicious as he had been heretofore, he could not be blind to its meaning. A long conversation ensued, the burden of which the young hunter did not disclose. The next day he left for the mines to see his father. As Jovaca bade him good-by she breathed the fervent prayer that they might meet again. She had before implored him to leave off his dangerous life and settle down quietly, and he had promised to do so after he had trapped one more year.

After remaining with his father a short time, the latter wished him to take some money and go to Santa Fé to buy goods. Seeing, however, that he did not like the mission, he sent instead his Spanish superintendent with $30,000, all the money he had laid by. The latter not returning at the appointed time, suspicions were aroused, and young Pattie set off in search of him; but after a long and fruitless pursuit he gave it up, and brought back the sad news to his father that he must abandon all hopes of ever seeing again the earnings of his long labor.

A change in the policy of the government at this time made it impossible for him to continue his arrangements with the proprietor of the mines any longer, and he resolved to resort to the wilderness again. Obtaining a license to trap on the waters of the Colorado, he joined a party of thirty and struck eastward.

It was five years since he left the Missouri, and the son, then a mere stripling, was now a finely developed, mature, and firmly-knit man. In the long journey that followed the greatest privations were endured, and provisions got so low at one time that they were compelled to kill their dogs to escape starvation. After these were all eaten up they turned reluctantly to their horses. These, as fast as they were wanted, were selected by lot.

At last the lot fell on young Pattie. His horse was the gift of Jovaca's father—a noble, spirited, yet docile animal. An affection had sprung up between the two like that which exists between the Arab and his steed. The intelligent animal would utter a low whinny of delight whenever Pattie approached him in camp; and now, when he was led forth and looked around for his master, the latter felt that he could not be his executioner. The poor brute seemed by instinct to feel that something unusual was occurring, and as Pattie stepped forward and raised his rifle, turned on him such a pleased look of recognition that his heart failed him. It could beat as calmly amidst the tumult of battle as in sleep; but this silent appeal unmanned him. His head grew dizzy, and the eye that never blanched even in looking on death quailed and sunk, and his rifle fell heavily to the earth. He declared he could not do the deed; and offering one of the hunters a beaver-skin to shoot for him, he turned away so as not to witness the murder. The next moment the sharp crack of a rifle told him that the faithful companion of his long journeyings was no more.

At length dissensions broke out in the party, and on the 27th of November they separated. The greater portion resolved to return, while Pattie and his son, with six others, determined to proceed. The elder Pattie was chosen captain, and all, after taking a solemn oath to stand by each other till death, started down the Gila. They kept along this stream till it joined the Colorado. Here they found Indians with cloth in their possession. Pattie inquired where they got it. They replied, in California. After obtaining all the information he could from them, he withdrew to the other side of the river and camped. Soon after two hundred of the tribe swam the stream, and approached them. Pattie, seeing at once that his little band of eight would be completely overwhelmed if such an armed crowd was allowed to approach too near, kept them at a distance, permitting only a few to advance at a time. Fearing an attack, and knowing what the consequences would be in his exposed situation, as soon as it was dark he packed

up and marched rapidly sixteen miles without halting. The night was dark, the heavens covered with angry thunderous clouds, and every thing betokened a fearful storm. Camping hastily, the hunters tied their horses together to prevent them from escaping, and anxiously waited for the morning. At length they were aroused by the snorting of the horses and mules, and immediately stood to arms. It was so dark that they could not see their animals, and had to feel their way among them. After groping about a while, and finding nothing, they concluded a bear or some other wild beast had startled them. But all this time the Indians had been crawling stealthily amidst them, and quietly cutting the ropes that fastened them together. When all were liberated, at a given signal an infernal yell rent the gloom. Away dashed the frightened horses and mules over the plain, chased by the savages. At that instant the long-gathering storm burst. The wind roared, and, amidst the blinding lightning and the deafening thunder-peals, the rain came down in torrents. Mingling in with this wild uproar of the elements there burst incessantly on the ears the frantic yells of the savages. Wrapped in the storm and darkness, the little band stood perfectly helpless. They could only fire random shots in the direction of the shouts. This was a useless waste of powder, and the clatter of hoofs in the distance, sounding like the knell of their fate, told them too well that both animals and savages were beyond their reach.

Calling to each other, they came together and began to consult on their desperate position. The storm soon swept by, and deep stillness reigned where a few moments before there had been such a wild tumult. An occasional thunder-peal from the retiring cloud, as it came slowly traveling back over the sky, seemed to mock their calamities and shed a deeper gloom on their hearts. Kindling a large fire, they gathered dripping around it, and endeavored calmly to contemplate their fate. They were a thousand miles at least from where they had started, and without horses and mules.

At last Pattie proposed, as soon as daylight dawned, to pursue the Indians and retake their horses, or die in the attempt. To this all consented; and taking the trail early in the morning, they started in pursuit. They followed it till they came to a gap in the mountain, where they discovered that the Indians had divided their plunder and separated. Further pursuit, of course, was useless. They then determined on revenge, and, small as their numbers were, to return and burn the village, and sell their lives as dearly as possible. They first took a hearty meal, saying it would probably be their last. Marching back the sixteen miles they had traversed the night before, these eight men boldly entered the village. To their astonishment they found it deserted save by one or two old men and crones. Disappointed in not meeting with their foes, they applied the torch to the huts, and soon the entire village was a mass of flame. Leaving the fire to complete the work of destruction, they moodily returned to their old camp.

It was under these disheartening circumstances, and as the last hope of escaping from those untraveled solitudes, that the desperate resolution was formed to attempt to reach the Pacific coast. They had very indistinct notions of it; but they knew there were, and had been from the first discovery of the country, Spanish settlements scattered all along the western shore of the American continent. Having penetrated so far across it, they supposed it was much nearer out of the wilderness that way than to retrace their steps to Santa Fé—distant fully a thousand miles. They hoped in these settlements also to find a market for their valuable cargo of furs, which, if they undertook to return to Santa Fé, must be abandoned. To accomplish this they determined to make a sufficient number of canoes to carry them and their furs, and make their way to the mouth of the river they were on, where they did not doubt they should find a Spanish town.

It was now the 2d of December, and these eight adventurers, after a short consultation, agreed that the first thing to be done was the erection of a fort to protect them from the Indians. This being accomplished, they looked around for trees suitable for canoes. The first day they felled two, dug them out, and launched them. Only seven worked, the eighth being kept seated in the top of a tall tree, where he could sweep the open plain, and give warning of the approach of Indians. Thus, day after day, from daylight till dark, the neighboring forest resounded with the strokes of their axes, until eight canoes were finished and in the water. These they lashed in couples, with platforms to make them steady, and piled upon them their furs. They hid their saddles, for they expected to return that way when they had obtained horses in the Spanish settlements. This little fleet, bearing the first commerce of the white man that ever floated on the Colorado, set sail on the 9th, and drifted at the rate of four miles an hour down the rapid current.

Toward evening they passed the Indian village which they had set on fire, over which now stood a column of smoke, a silent, mournful monument of the desolation at its base. They looked at it with a grim satisfaction as they thought of their stolen horses, and, with bitter maledictions on those who had thus left them to perish in those desolate regions, passed on.

After floating down about thirty miles they came upon signs of beaver, and concluded to camp. They set forty traps that night, and in the morning found thirty-six beaver in them. Encouraged by this success, they concluded to travel slowly, and trap the river clean as they went. On the 12th, as they rounded a point, they descried two Indians perched on a tree top, prepared to shoot them as they passed. Pretending not to notice them, they kept on till within a hundred yards, when the elder Pattie and one of the hunters drew up their rifles, and

taking deliberate aim, fired. The Indians rolled off the limbs and dropped to the earth. After reconnoitring carefully, and finding no other Indians about, they rowed over to where the two bodies lay. One was not quite dead. They were of the party which had stolen their horses, for they had the ropes by which the animals had been tethered around their bodies. With these the enraged hunters strung them up to the limb of a tree, and left them to swing and blacken in the sun, a warning to marauders in the future. Continuing their course—trapping as they went—they floated slowly down, day after day. The monotony of the desert scene was broken only by the hoarse cries of wild geese, as they rose with a rushing sound from the still bosom of the river, or the heavy flight of pelicans and other wild birds, to which the crack of the rifle was a new and strange sound.

At length the furs accumulated so fast that they were compelled to stop and build another boat. On the 20th they put off again, and had not gone far when they saw some naked Indians on shore, who fled affrighted at their approach. They tried by friendly signs to stop them, for they wished to inquire about the Spanish settlements they were in search of; but could not succeed. The panic-stricken wretches disappeared like deer in the distance.

They had now been a fortnight on the river, when one day they came upon some Indian families asleep on the shore. These they approached so cautiously as to surround them before they awoke. The effect of the strange apparition that met these children of the forest as they sprung to their feet was frightful. They were perfectly paralyzed with terror, and seemed to become almost insane. Their countenances assumed a ghastly expression, while some seemed about falling into convulsions, while the most piteous cries and groans filled the air. The hunters finally succeeded in allaying their fears and stopping their clamor, when they sat down and smoked the pipe of peace together. They then inquired about the Spanish settlements, by drawing the figures of a cow and sheep in the sand, making up for the want of correctness in the likeness by imitating the sounds of the two animals. The Indians understood them and pointed west. They had, however, never seen the Spaniards, but made signs that they had heard of them from their chief, who lived down the river. The women were all naked; many of them not being over sixteen years of age, and of exquisite forms, with long, splendid hair that hung to their heels. They seemed to have no idea of modesty, and were quite astonished when the hunters gave them hunting-shirts to cover themselves. Their surprise and terror when young Pattie shot a wild goose in the river knew no bounds; and as they handed it round to each other, pointing at the little hole made by the bullet, their gestures and varied expressions of countenance were striking and amusing.

Keeping on, the little party at length arrived at the village where the chief dwelt. He had been apprised of their coming, and had prepared a grand feast of fatted dogs for their reception. The usual harangue followed, and the hunters staid with their new friends all night. Next morning they endeavored to obtain some knowledge of the Spanish settlements on the coast, but could gain none, except that the chief pointed west, and then imitated the sound of the surf as it rolled and broke upon the shore. Inferring from this that they were not far distant from the ocean, they again embarked and drifted downward.

On New-Year's Day they were suddenly assailed by a shower of arrows from the shore. Pushing hastily to the opposite bank, they took deliberate aim at the savages, who now leaped into view. Each hunter picked out his man, and the eight rifles, cracking almost simultaneously, brought down six Indians. The rest, amazed at such deadly marksmanship, fell flat on their faces, and worming themselves like snakes through the tall grass, made off in terror.

The bewildered party were now constantly going ashore to see if they could find tracks of horses, to indicate the proximity of settlements, but always with the same success.

At length, on the 18th of January, more than five weeks from the time they set out, they came to back-water, so that the boats, instead of moving down, remained stationary. They at first attributed this to some tributary stream below, which, swollen by snows in the distant mountains, had thrown such a volume of water into the river as to set the current back. But while they were puzzling themselves over this strange phenomenon, and were rigging their oars to commence rowing, the current gradually began to assume its old direction, and steadily increasing in velocity, at length swept them downward at the rate of six miles an hour. These men had been brought up on the western frontier of the States, and had never seen the action of tides, though they had heard of them, and now began to suspect vaguely that they were on tide-water. Keeping the middle of the stream, they boldly swept on till evening, when, coming to a low point, they landed, and hitching their canoes to the bushes on the bank, pitched their camp for the night. After supper all lay down to sleep except the elder Pattie, who chose to keep watch. The night was clear and tranquil, and all was serene and peaceful around that little band of sleepers. The deep silence of the night was broken only by the cry of wild fowl, or the sudden plash of some animal into the stream. All was strange, lonely, and desolate.

Suddenly his quick ear caught a sound like the faint and far-off roar of waves. As he stood intently listening it grew louder and clearer. He concluded that one of those fierce hurricanes of the west was approaching, and, quickly arousing his companions, bade them secure their tents. They sprang to their feet, and, stopping only a moment to catch the now loud and angry roar that came booming up the river, began hastily to secure their camp. Nearer, angrier, burst

the swelling thunder, but not a breath swept the stream, not a leaf rippled in the air. While working with all their might, the little band kept turning their anxious eyes down the river in the direction of the sound, when suddenly, to their consternation, they saw around the nearest bend the water rushing madly up stream. It was the inrolling tide of the sea, though they did not know it; and as it met and pushed back the rapid current, it crested and foamed over it like water pouring over a mill-dam, and swept completely over the low point on which the camp was pitched. The boats were swung fiercely back over the shore, and the alarmed hunters, loosening the fastenings, paddled them inland among the trees. Amidst all this uproar and confusion the stars shone quietly on in the heavens, and not a breath of air disturbed the serenity of the night. They sat hour after hour, occasionally hailing each other in the darkness, until at length they observed the water to be receding. Next morning they found themselves with their boats high and dry in the forest. A new fear now seized them, lest in this helpless condition they should be attacked and overpowered by the Indians. But the sun rising bright and clear put a more cheerful aspect on every thing; and spreading out their blankets to dry, they cooked their breakfast and sat down to wait for the next tide, the ebb and flow of which, they were now convinced, had caused the strange phenomenon that had so puzzled them. In a few hours the same rush and roar were heard; but this time they were prepared for it; and when the water began to ebb, slipped their fastenings and drifted down with the current. At slack water they tied up till another ebb. Thus they kept on nine days, when the surf, that had constantly been growing heavier, became so wild that the boats could not live in it.

Here was a new dilemma. Stopped by the billows that drove them back, they could not reach the Spanish settlements in that direction. Arrested by the current above from gaining any higher point, there was but one course left them: to abandon their boats and furs, and try to save themselves by striking across the country to the Pacific on foot. This was a hard determination to arrive at; for they had furs enough to give each of them a little fortune—the accumulation of more than a year's toil, hardship, and perils. The first impulse was to pitch the whole overboard and strike inland; but on more mature reflection they concluded to return as far as they could up the river and bury their furs before they commenced their march, intending, if they got through safely, to return with horses and carry them away.

With sad hearts they turned their prows up stream, and began to drift with the flood tide. Day after day they continued their weary course, noticing with expressions of disappointment the landmarks they had observed on the passage down. At length they reached the end of tide-water. They then resorted to setting poles and to towing ropes carried along the bank. They had conceived the notion that the farther they got up stream the easier and shorter would be their journey to the settlements. At length the current became so strong that they were unable to make a mile an hour, and they gave it up, resolved to trust their fortunes to the mountains and the wilderness. Having selected a proper place, they buried their furs; and limiting the burden of each to one blanket, some dried beaver-meat, and a rifle, they on the 15th of February started on their perilous journey. At first they stepped out vigorously, but they soon began to feel the want of proper training for the expedition they had undertaken. To make matters still worse, the plain over which the first day's march lay was covered with scrubby brush as high as their heads, and interlaced with vines and creepers, through which they had to work their way by main strength. Floundering one after another, they struggled on all day, without making a third of the distance they had anticipated, and at night flung themselves down amidst the tangled mass without fire. In their eagerness to advance they had overtasked their strength, and lay all night so worn and aching from fatigue that they could not sleep.

The first streak of dawn was hailed with delight; yet when they arose to renew their journey they found themselves sore and stiff. They, however, pushed on, and at two o'clock came to a salt plain, which they attempted to cross in a northwest direction. Between the blistering sand that covered the plain, and in which they sunk to their ankles at every step, and the blazing sun overhead, and the hot and suffocating air that parched their lips and tongues, already dry from thirst, their agony became almost intolerable. These brave men, who had so often faced death in battle without fear, now began to give way to despair, and some of them groaned aloud in anguish; yet there was no alternative but to push on; in doing this lay their last and only hope. When night came they threw themselves on the ground without a drop of water to allay the pangs of thirst. Next morning they started early, and toiled through the same bed of sand till noon, when, to their indescribable joy, they descried a lake glittering in the sun. An exclamation of delight burst simultaneously from their lips, and they all rushed eagerly forward to slake their burning thirst. Flinging themselves down on the shore, they thrust their heads forward into the water; but at the first draught a cry of disappointment broke from each. It was *salt* as the sea. They rose and stood looking on each other a moment in blank dismay, for there was no other water in sight.

On the farther side the ground was broken and hilly, while in the distance arose a lofty mountain, its summit covered with snow that gleamed like burnished silver in the noonday sun. After a short consultation they concluded to make some rafts out of the flags that grew in abundance on the shore, and, placing their blankets, clothes, and rifles upon them, swim across, pushing them in advance. The lake was only about two hun-

dred yards wide, and the task was easily accomplished. On the opposite side they saw Indian footprints in the sand, but no other signs of life. Here they rested while young Pattie and one of the hunters ascended the highest hill in the vicinity to take a survey of the country. The view was wide and desolate, with nothing to inspire hope, or encourage the wanderers, except a single column of smoke that far to the southward arose from an Indian camp. When they reported this to their companions they hesitated at first what to do, but finally concluded, as there must be water in the neighborhood of the Indian camp, to make straight for it; no matter how great the hazard of such a course, water they must have, or die. Having come to this resolution unanimously, they shouldered their packs and pushed on.

About three o'clock in the afternoon they found themselves within a quarter of a mile of the camp. They then stopped to reconnoitre, and found it composed of some forty or fifty Indians. They then consulted respecting the course they should adopt—whether to make themselves known quietly, and attempt to conciliate the savages, or suddenly burst on them with a war-shout. But Pattie found the men so wild with thirst that they would not listen to a moment's delay—a bright clear spring lay glittering in the sun, and they declared they would have one drink of water if they died the minute after. They moved forward and got within thirty rods of the camp before they were observed. At the sudden apparition of these armed strangers in their midst the Indians sprang to their feet, and with loud cries bounded into the neighboring forest. The hunters gave one shout and dashed on the camp and rushed to the water. The elder Pattie called on the men to be careful, and not to drink too much at first; but he might as well have spoken to wild animals—they were insane with thirst, and drank till they grew sick and began to vomit. In a few minutes, however, Pattie called them together, and told them they must stand to their arms, for as soon as the Indians had hidden their women and children they would return and give battle.

They had hardly posted themselves behind the bushy top of a fallen tree when the woods resounded with yells, and the next moment the Indians, painted black, burst, with their wild war-cries, into view. In an instant every rifle covered its victim; but when the Indians had come within fair shot, Pattie made signs to them to halt. They did so, and a few friendly signs were exchanged, when one of the Indians called out in Spanish to know who they were. They answered, "Americans." The Indian then inquired if they were Christians. On their replying in the affirmative they proposed a treaty. After settling some preliminaries to avoid treachery, the hunters met eight of the Indians, and soon concluded a treaty of peace. They then invited the others to advance, when part complied, but the others walked sullenly away. They asked them also to bring forward their women. This they declined to do, saying they had not known them long enough to trust the women in their hands.

The women, however, soon drew near of their own accord, and gazed timorously on the strangers. They were entirely naked; and though at first shy, soon grew familiar, expressing unbounded curiosity and admiration at the red shirts and white skins of the hunters. One of the company had light hair, blue eyes, and a singularly fair skin. The women gathered in an excited manner around him, examining his neck and peering under his shirt; and finally proposed he should strip himself, that they might see if he was white all over. This he indignantly refused to do; when they ran off and brought him some excellent dried fish to eat to coax him to comply. The hunters, seeing how anxious they were, and thinking it unwise to refuse any thing that might tend to make them more friendly, told him it would be better to gratify them; and he finally took off his clothes and stood, white as marble, before them. They were immensely delighted, and laughed and talked together, and then came one at a time and stood beside him to let their companions compare their dusky bodies with his. This gratification of their wishes quite won them over, and they brought dried fish for the entire party.

The Indians told them that their chief was absent, and would not be back for three or four days, and asked them to stay till he returned. This they were very glad to do, for they were completely tired out. On the 25th the chief returned, and was received with loud shouts by the whole camp. He was a venerable man; quiet, dignified, and of few words. After smoking with the strangers, he asked what they wanted. They told him guides to direct them to the Spanish settlements, for which they would pay both him and them. He asked what they would give. They replied that they would give their blankets. He seemed very much pleased at the offer, but said he preferred their red shirts. They immediately pulled them off, and, tearing them into ribbons, distributed them around. The men and women were both highly delighted, and tied them around their legs, arms, and heads, with as much pride and pleasure as more civilized women put on necklaces of pearls.

Two guides were selected, and the next morning the party bade adieu to these hospitable Indians, and struck westward toward the snow-covered mountains, which the guides indicated by signs they would reach by midnight. Not dreaming that there was no water on the way, they did not carry any with them—an oversight which they bitterly regretted before the day was over. They started off vigorously, and the guides, by the rapid rate at which they traveled, evidently meant to make a long march before night. They soon came to a high hill, up which the hunters were compelled to toil slowly. When they reached the top they were tired and thirsty, but there was no water near, and it now flashed over them that none could be had until the distant snow-covered mountain was reached;

for between them and it lay a vast and arid plain of sand, without a tree or shrub to break the desolate monotony. As they descended to it they found the sand so soft that they sunk into it ankle-deep at every step. Their voices became hoarse and husky; and they endeavored by chewing tobacco to obtain some moisture, but it remained dry as cotton in their mouths. They then took their lead bullets and rolled them around in their mouths, in the vain hope to express a single drop to wet their shriveled lips. Their tongues became black and swollen, and protruded between the white teeth, and when they spoke their words fell thick and indistinct on the ear. At noon they came upon a solitary, dwarfish tree, casting the only shadow on that fiery desert. They threw themselves beneath it to snatch a moment's repose; but the guides sternly ordered them to arise and push on, or they would perish. They crawled wearily up, and reviving their fainting courage by a long gaze at the snow-covered mountain before them, recommenced their slow and painful march.

The Indians, accustomed to this desert region, endeavored by signs and gestures to encourage them to hasten forward. But overtasked nature has its limit of endurance. Two gave out, and, crawling under a low bush, lay down to die. No expostulations nor entreaty could move them. They had resolved to lie down and go into a sleep that should know no waking. The rest, finding them immovable, turned to depart.

At length the blazing fire-ball that had hung so long and pitilessly above their heads stooped behind the snow-clad mountains in the distance, and left the desert to silence and the night. The cold air that rushed down from the lofty snow-summits laved the parched and fevered lips of the wanderers with a delicious coolness, and they staggered after the guides with increased energy. Their progress was painful and slow, yet they kept on till night shut out the distant landmark of the mountain, and they were compelled to halt and wait for daylight.

After resting a while, they began to fire guns to direct their two comrades if, refreshed by the evening air, they had attempted to follow after. Roused by the loud reports as they echoed over the desert, the latter crawled up, and fired in reply, and then started in the direction of the sound. They spoke cheering words to each other at this announcement—as they considered it—that their friends had found water. Those in camp kept up constant discharges in reply to those that came from the desert, until at length they could hear each other's shouts. The two laggards then pushed eagerly forward until they joined their friends. But their sudden joy was changed into anger when, in reply to their frantic demands for water, they were told that none had been found. They bitterly reproached their friends for having wakened them from a sleep which would have ended in death, only to undergo new tortures. One, in his rage and disappointment, took a bottle half full of laudanum, which he had with him, and swallowed it at a draught, that he might end in a dreamless sleep the life which had become a burden too great to bear. All expected to see him lie down stupefied and insensible; but to their utter astonishment, as well as his own, the potion produced a totally opposite effect. He became exhilarated and garrulous—laughed and talked, and said that he had taken it to end his life, but had he known the effect it was going to have, he would cheerfully have divided it with his companions. The unnatural state to which his system had been reduced prevented the opiate from having its usual effect.

The pangs of thirst were intense; but the heavy dew was a grateful exchange for the hot and withering rays of the sun, while the relief this repose in the cool shadows of night gave them, after their terrible march over the burning sand, was inexpressibly welcome. To make the night still more comfortable, they scraped away the sand till they reached a cooler stratum, and then stripping themselves, stretched their naked bodies upon it.

It was a long and weary night, and with the first streak of dawn they arose and pushed on toward the mountains. As the sun arose the heat increased, and the intolerable sufferings of the previous day were renewed. At 10 o'clock they reached a sand-hill half a mile high. This rose treeless and barren from the plain, and was composed of such loose sand that they slipped back as fast as they climbed upward. The effort to advance rapidly exhausted the little remaining strength they possessed, while the noonday sun beat on the sand with such a fierce radiance that it nearly blinded them. At length they gave up in despair, and throwing themselves on the sand, declared it was impossible to go farther—they never could reach the top of that hill. The guides, seeing it was useless to attempt to make them advance another step in that direction, descended the hill again, and skirting the base in a northerly direction, sought for a depression where the ascent would not be so difficult. That last mid-day struggle told fearfully on them, and as they reeled in a long straggling line over the sand, it was easy to point out those whose efforts would soon cease.

At length they came to a point where the hill fell down toward the plain, till it presented a comparatively slight elevation to be surmounted. The guides leading the way, they wound one after another up this with the exception of the elder Pattie and one other, both of whom, being advanced in years, broke down. They firmly refused to attempt the ascent, declaring it was impossible—they had borne up till the last vestige of strength was exhausted. Pattie said he and his friend would die together. His son, who had reached the top with the guides, saw his father fling himself on the sand, and immediately hurried back to his side. When the latter made known his determination, the son declared he would remain and die with him. This the old man peremptorily forbade, saying it would not mitigate his pains to see his son

also die a lingering, painful death. Finding him still resolved to remain, he told him such a course was unreasonable—that it was better to keep on with the guides, and if his strength held out till water was found, he could fill his powder-horn with it, and return and save him. This had not occurred to young Pattie; and seeing at once that water might thus be brought to his father, and his life saved, he consented to leave him, and bidding him farewell with the promise that he should surely return, reascended the hill, where his comrades were waiting for him. They had seen the interview between father and son on the burning sand below, and when the latter took his final farewell they knew that the old man had determined to proceed no farther, but die where he lay. With that noble devotion which always characterizes brave men, they with one accord resolved not to desert their leader, who had shared with them so many perils and sufferings, but remain and die with him. But when young Pattie told them his father's wishes, and the plan he had proposed for his and his comrade's relief, they fell in at once with both, and rising, pushed on with renewed courage. As they crossed the crest of the hill they saw in the plain beyond another sand-hill just like the one they were on. The sickness of despair suddenly seized them, and they stumbled on with a reckless indifference that would soon have ended in total abandonment of all effort, when a long gleam of light running along the base of the hill flashed on their vision. A surprised start—a second eager, earnest look—and then a low, heart-breaking cry burst from the little group.

A gentle rivulet was rolling its bright waters along in the sun, singing its quiet song to the desert, ere it bade it farewell to seek green valleys and the cool shades of the mountains. The sight burst so unexpectedly upon them, and the transition of feeling was so sudden and great, that they scarce knew whether they were dreaming or waking. And when they did take in the whole truth, the interval between the bottom of the abyss they had reached and the sunny heights of hope and sure relief was so vast that the poor staggering soul could scarcely scale it with a single effort. Not rows of triple steel could have kept that fainting band from the rippling water before them, and they tore down the hill like tigers rushing on their prey, and plunged their heads into the cool stream. They drank till they grew deadly sick and groaned in anguish.

Young Pattie, however, thinking of his aged father dying in the desert behind, restrained himself, and pouring the powder from his powder-horn, filled it with water and hurried back over the hill. He found his father and his comrade stretched side by side on the sand—both fast asleep—the pitiless sun beating full in their faces. He thought at first that his father was dead; he lay so still and his face presented such a ghastly appearance, with the swollen tongue protruding from his wide open mouth, and the eyes sunk far away into the blackened sockets. But as he approached, and touching him said, "Father!" the old man awoke. As he opened his eyes his son put the powder-horn to his parched lips and emptied a part of its refreshing contents down his throat. The cooling liquid sent life through all his veins. The remainder of the water was given to his fellow-sufferer, and both revived. Supplied at intervals during the afternoon with water and food, they so far recovered that before dark they felt able to travel, and slowly climbing the hill they rejoined the party on the stream below. They built a large fire on the spot and roasted some beaver-meat, for the first time since they started. Their spirits returning with returning life, they passed the evening in cheerful intercourse and in forming plans for the future. The Indians, who had not suffered materially, were highly elated in having brought their charge safe across what is now known as the southern end of "The Great Desert of California."

The next morning, greatly refreshed, yet sore and lame, they broke up their camp, and marching only three miles up the bank of the stream, encamped again amidst palm-trees and live-oaks and vegetation, where they resolved to stop till they were thoroughly recruited. At the end of three days they felt that they had got their old strength back again, and resolved to push on. Still keeping up the bank of the stream, they marched steadily forward for four days, when they came to a gap in the mountain, at the entrance to which they found an Indian mission which had been established by the Spanish priests. Learning here that it was only four days' travel to the Spanish missions, they felt relieved of all their anxieties about reaching the Pacific coast; and dismissing their guides, and taking some of the Christian Indians in their places, set out next day (March 8) to cross the mountains that had mocked their sight so long. It took two days and a half of hard climbing to reach the summit. Pattie had bruised his foot severely. He, however, limped on for a day and a half, when his leg became so swollen and painful that he could travel no longer, and he lay down on a rock and told his comrades to leave him to his fate. They begged him to hold out a little while longer, as the guides said it was only a few miles to the mission. But he declared that he could not take another step, and so they proposed to go on and send back a horse to bring him in.

In parting, the Indians told him not to go to sleep while they were gone, as the mountain was full of grizzly bears. He did not heed the warning; but being very chilly, kindled a fire, and stretching himself before it, was soon fast asleep. Some time after dark he was awakened by a couple of Indians, who said the corporal wanted him to come in. Seeing no horse, and feeling feverish and stiff, he berated the corporal soundly, expressing any thing but flattering opinions of him, and asked why they had not brought a horse. They said there was not one in the mission, but they would carry him; and taking him up, bore him forward to the settlement.

When he arrived he found, to his great indignation, his companions in the guard-house. He remonstrated against this inhuman treatment, and showed his passport obtained at Santa Fé. But it was all of no avail. The officer said they were suspicious characters, and so kept them here a week, feeding them only once a day, and then on mush only. At length a guard of soldiers came to conduct them to the St. Sebastian Mission, near the coast. Two days of hard travel over a mountain took them to the place, where they were kindly received by the sergeant, who held chief command. Being told by them that they were hungry, he ordered food to be given them. The soldiers killed a sick steer, and placing the diseased flesh in a pot, boiled it. Pattie and his band refused to touch the loathsome dish; denounced them as worse than the savages; and when told in reply that they were not Christians, and it was good enough for them, snatched up their guns and said they would go to the forest and kill venison for themselves. The commotion raised by the controversy reaching the sergeant's ears, he came out and asked what was the matter. When Pattie told him, he examined the pot, and seeing what a disgusting mixture had been prepared was very angry, declaring it was not fit for a dog. He then ordered a good repast of mutton, and after it was over interrogated them respecting their plans and objects. They gave a faithful account of every thing that had happened, and asked him for mules and horses with which to return. He promised to write to the commander at San Diego about it. In the mean time, while waiting for an answer, they were allowed to hunt in the woods and amuse themselves in any way they liked. The neighboring mountains commanded a view of the broad Pacific, which beat with ceaseless roar against their base. Here, perched on the highest pinnacles and cliffs, the wanderers would sit for hours, scanning the vast expanse of blue ocean, and listening to the breakers as they thundered on the rocks below; or, as the tremendous tides of the Pacific receded, amused themselves watching seals, otters, sea elephants, and other monsters of the deep, floundering in the retiring flood.

At length, instead of the permission to buy horses and mules for their return journey, came a guard of sixteen soldiers to conduct them to port. They were not sorry to start; and under this formidable escort set out for San Diego, making on the first day twenty-five miles over a mountain to another mission, where they remained all night. The next morning they traveled down a beautiful valley which led to the sea-shore. The wild oats and clover rose to their horses' knees, shedding a sweet perfume on the air, amidst which roamed herds of cattle; while, far away, mountain rose above mountain till a sea of summits spread away on the distant horizon.

That night they stopped at the port of Todos Santos. The next night they reached the mission of St. Michel, nestling amidst orchards, vineyards, and green fields—presenting a beautiful picture on the slopes that overlooked the Pacific. Now along the lovely plain that spread its verdure almost to the water's edge, and now climbing a promontory that jutted boldly into the sea, they kept on, day after day, till at length the town of San Diego shone white in the distance.

They soon reached it, when, to their astonishment, their arms were taken from them and stacked against the guard-house. Weary with their long march, they threw themselves on the ground to wait the return of the officer who had gone to report their arrival to the General. An order came back commanding them to remain where they were till morning.

Full of hope, and fearing nothing now they had reached civilization, they slept the quiet, dreamless sleep of weary, contented men. Next morning they were summoned to the General's presence, who, to their astonishment—after he had heard the story of their misfortunes, and been shown their Santa Fé passports—declared that they were spies sent there by the King of Spain. No explanations, or declaration that they were republicans and had fought against kings, were of any avail. He told them to stop their long speeches. If they were American citizens they ought to have American passports, and ordered them to prison.

Amazed and indignant as this rude treatment, Pattie, as soon as they were out of doors, said, "My boys, as soon as we reach the guard-house let us seize our arms and redress ourselves, or die in the attempt; for it seems to me these scoundrels mean to murder us." All were delighted at the proposal, and walked back with a lighter step; but when they reached the guard-house they found, to their sad disappointment, that the arms had been removed. To cap the climax of their misfortunes the sergeant was ordered to confine them in separate cells. At this unexpected calamity young Pattie for the first time lost his self-command, and flinging himself on his father's neck wept like a child. The sergeant, moved by the touching scene, went back to the General and begged permission to let them remain together, but he sternly refused; and this little band of eight men, who had become endeared to each other by a common fate and a common suffering, turned each to his solitary cell with gloomier feelings than ever before had oppressed him.

Young Pattie indignantly spurned the dog's fare that was brought him, and heaped the most opprobrious epithets on the General, till the jailer, unable to bear longer the storm of invective, set down the detestable dish and retreated. Pattie threw himself on the ground, but could not close his eyes, and passed the night in bitter reflections on this cruel end to their long and bitter sufferings. The sergeant, however, took compassion on him, and told him that neither he nor his father should suffer again for want of proper food. He asked him if he had sisters at home, and showed so much sympathy that Pat-

tie opened his whole heart to him. The next day the tender-hearted sergeant brought his sister to see him. She inquired after his family, commiserated his misfortunes, and spoke such sweet words of hope and pious consolation that when she bade him good-night he felt his savage rebellious feelings all gone. He had not closed his eyes for two nights; yet such was the effect of this lovely creature's presence and sympathy, that he slept a sound dreamless sleep that night. She repeated her visits every few days, cheering him in his desolation.

At length, through the importunities of the sergeant, the General gave Pattie permission to see his father through the bars of his prison. During the interview the father asked him if a beautiful lady had visited him. On his replying that there had, he said that she had been a ministering angel to him, alleviating his sufferings and those of his companions by supplying them with food, bedding, and many luxuries.

A few days after this event young Pattie, thinking the General might be somewhat softened in his feelings, asked permission to go after the buried furs, offering a liberal share of the proceeds of their sale to him, but received a surly refusal. Another weary fortnight now passed away in prison, the only relief to its monotonous gloom being the occasional visits of the beautiful and tender-hearted sister of the sergeant. At last a note was brought him from his father, written on a piece of pasteboard torn from his hat with blood drawn from his aged veins. In it he informed his son that he was very ill, and had no hope whatever of recovery, and begged him, if he could obtain permission, to come and see him before he died. This note, speaking so eloquently of his father's sufferings, completely overcame him, and when the sergeant came in again he earnestly besought him to importune the General for this one great boon. The dejected countenance of the latter as he returned, told, before he spoke, of the failure of his request.

Stunned by this overwhelming calamity Pattie sat in his cell, absorbed in grief; but as twilight darkened the grates of his prison, his good angel —the beautiful Spaniard—came to see him. Her brother had told her of the General's refusal, and of the young American's anguish, and she had come to console him. She mingled her generous tears with his; and though she could do no more, she made him feel that there was one heart that shared his sorrows.

A few days after, the sergeant came and told him his father was dead. The effect on the young hunter was so crushing and painful that the soldier himself could not restrain his tears. After the first burst of grief had passed by, he told him that his sister had sent to inquire in what way, and with what ceremonies, he wished his father buried. In the early evening she came herself with a suit of black to wear at the funeral. He was at first surprised, and could not comprehend the need of the gift, until she told him that she had persuaded the General to let him be present at the burial of his father. He could scarcely thank her in the fullness of his emotions. After endeavoring to console him by such kind expressions as her gentle heart suggested, she took her leave. Pattie paced his room the livelong night. The next morning, at eight o'clock, six soldiers came and conducted him to the grave into which they were just lowering his father. The rough ceremony was soon over, and he turned back, broken-hearted, to his cell.

In the latter part of January a change occurred in his monotonous life. The General received some English letters which he could not translate, and hearing that Pattie could translate them, sent for him. The latter was engaged in this for several days; and at length, thinking it was a favorable opportunity, broached again his proposition to go after the furs. His request was refused so brutally that he determined to translate no more. So the next day when the General sent for him, and handed him a letter, he looked at it carelessly for a moment, then threw it aside, and moved toward the door. The General, with darkening brow, asked why he did not translate it. Pattie replied that he would not work for one who had shown himself so vindictive an enemy. The General, enraged, struck him with the flat of his sword. At this indignity Pattie's American blood took fire, and, all unarmed as he was, he sprung at the General's throat. The guard, however, immediately interposed, and took him away to prison. But as he passed through the door he turned and said, if he had a sword he would kill him, dastard as he was, and as many like him as could be found.

After this he was left alone for a week, and no one but the jailer was allowed to approach him. About this time an American ship came into port, the captain of which, having papers to translate, persuaded Pattie again to act as interpreter. After having served some days in this capacity, he again asked permission to go for his furs. The General intimated that he might grant it, but not till the middle of July. Pattie replied that it would be too late then, as the snows by that time would have melted in the mountains, causing the Colorado to overflow its banks, burying the furs under water, and spoiling them. At the American captain's request he was allowed to pass the night on board ship. He took advantage of this to visit the sergeant and his kind, beautiful sister. The next day he was again remanded to prison, where he remained till the latter part of August.

In the mean time the American captain had left. He had determined to obtain Pattie's release; but finding he could not, offered to aid him to escape on board his ship. But the latter firmly refused to accept liberty alone, saying he would share the fate of his comrades to the end. But he had an opportunity to repay the captain for his generous offer. Going one day to act as interpreter, he happened to be concealed behind a door when the General, with one of his officials, was passing, and overheard their conversation, by which he learned that, on some pretext or other, the ship was to be libeled and

seized. He immediately sent for the captain, and told him what he had heard. The latter resolved not to wait for his papers, but next morning early to weigh anchor and stand out to sea, taking the chances of being sunk by the fort as he passed. He did so, and though the Spanish round shot rattled through his rigging, but little damage was done. The captain, as he bore proudly away, fired a parting salute, which did not at all increase the Spaniard's amiability. The General suspected that Pattie was at the bottom of this movement, and interrogated him closely. But he could get no admissions from him, and could find no evidence to convict him.

Time wore on until the 2d of September, when, to his astonishment, Pattie was told that he might go after the furs. He immediately made preparations to start. When every thing was ready he was coolly informed that his comrades were to go without him, as he was to be kept as a hostage for their return. His rage and disappointment knew no bounds, for he had determined never to come back; but whether he found his furs spoiled or not, to shake off his guard and strike across the continent to the States; for both he and his companions preferred this hazardous undertaking to imprisonment. He strove in every way to induce the General to change his purpose, but in vain. When he told his companions that they were to go without him, and he was to remain as a pledge for their return, they did not care to go at all. But he urged them, saying there was a bare possibility that the furs might not be spoiled; and whether they were or not, they should act without reference to him, and make their escape the best way they could. But they declared they would never desert him, and would certainly return if they lived. Bidding their young leader good-by, they directed their steps toward the mountains. They found the furs spoiled, as Pattie had predicted, and returned without them. Two of the party, however, had effected their escape, in the desperate hope of making their way alone across the country.

Another month was passed in prison, when word reached Diego that the small-pox had broken out among the natives in the Catholic missions at the north, and was sweeping with terrible devastation southward. Inquiring of the Americans if they had any vaccine matter among them, the General was informed that they had, and that Pattie could vaccinate. He immediately proposed to purchase it, and pay Pattie to instruct some of the Spaniards how to perform the operation. This the latter refused to do. Threats and persuasions were equally unavailing, and he declared that he would suffer death before he would yield. Finding him immovable, the General became more conciliatory, and proposed that he himself should vaccinate the different missions, and receive a stipulated price for his services. He consented to this on condition that his companions should have their parole for a year. The General asked what security he could give that they would not escape. He replied that he would give none. The General refused to allow this, and for a time the arrangement seemed to be given up. But fresh news arriving of the rapid spread of the pestilence, the General at length reluctantly yielded, and the prisoners were set free.

Pattie, after vaccinating the inhabitants of San Diego, went north, stopping at each mission as he advanced, until he at last arrived at San Francisco—the first white man that ever made the overland passage to that place which was afterward to occupy so prominent a position on the map of the world.

It is not necessary to follow the fortunes of this little party longer. They were never again remanded to prison; and a revolution breaking out in the more southern provinces, great changes occurred; and Pattie, getting a message to one of the consuls of a southern port, succeeded in obtaining his liberation, took ship for Vera Cruz, and finally reached New Orleans in safety, but without a dollar in his pocket. He had passed six years of toil and suffering, and at last found himself near his home a beggar. Retaining his independence of character, he was about to accept a position on board of a ship bound to Vera Cruz rather than receive as a gift the money necessary to pay his passage up the river, though it was pressed upon him by Judge Johnstone, who was going up to St. Louis. The latter, however, finally persuaded him to let him pay his passage, and young Pattie once more found himself amidst his kindred, who had long since given him up as dead.

Years rolled by, and though adventurous trappers and hunters pushed their explorations up to the foot of the Rocky Mountains and to the borders of the southern desert, the Pacific slope offered them no inducements to brave the hardships of either the one or the other; and it was only by the tedious voyage round Cape Horn that the civilized world ever heard of that remote region. The discovery of gold soon tracked the continent with highways leading westward through the gorges of the Rocky Mountains; and before many years are passed the scream of the locomotive will rouse the grizzly bear from his mountain home, and scatter the buffalo and deer in affright over the plain.

"HE WAS ALWAYS SUCH A FOOL."

I VISIT a married friend occasionally, whose wife is the opposite of himself in appearance. She fat and fair, he thin and care-worn, with an anxious, meditative look, in strong contrast with her jolly but satirical physiognomy. And yet, the continual snapping of the conjugal lash—I mean the lady's tongue—does not irritate or wound my friend. Either with simplicity or wisdom, I know not which, he seems to have fortified himself against these attacks, and responds kindly where other men would burst into passion. The reason may be, that the lady is not in her heart cruel, but can not refrain from the exercise of her critical talent, because he

takes it all so easily, and is not made angry when she ends with the customary "You were always such a fool."

I am right in judging that it is an affair not of the heart but only of manner and temperament; for, of their five children, not one loves father less than mother, and there is no disrespect.

One Sunday night the good lady, Leblanc, and I were enjoying our customary quiet talk in the little work-room of Madam; a sort of parlor boudoir, just large enough for three and the comforts. The conjugal dialogue was piquant and amusing, Leblanc answering with gentleness and humor the petulant sallies of his wife, who concluded each paragraph with, "You were always such a fool, George." At length my friend spoke in earnest. "Susan," said he, "I was not *always*, I think, such a fool as I am now; for if I had been you would never have become Mrs. Leblanc."

"La! George, the folly then was on my side," said the lady, with a gentle laugh, quite free of malice; "it was one of your wise acts."

Leblanc's face darkened. "Wife," said he, "there were some things of which I have never spoken to you that happened before our marriage."

"Oh! I dare say; don't you think it wise in him," said she, turning to me, with a slight flush on her beautiful round face, "to hide from me the little peccadillos of the bachelor, especially when the husband has such a list of follies to confess?"

"Do I confess, Susan?"

"Ah! no, Leblanc; I do that for you: but let us hear some of this 'secret history of a bachelor,' that has been hidden from me so carefully these twenty-three years past."

"Promise that, until I have finished, though the story lasts till morning, you will not once say, 'You were always such a fool.'"

"I promise," said the lady, nodding at me, with a mischievous smile; as if to say, "You see he is a little sore about it, in spite of philosophy."

"Well, Susan, you may remember I was just thirty when I married you."

"Just, but then you were always—"

"Thirty?"

"No matter, go on."

"Your father had forbidden me the house."

"Yes, I have thought sometimes, that—"

"He did well?"

A silence.

"At that time," continued Leblanc, "I was rich, in fact, very rich, for I had a clear million judiciously invested; and although I did not assume the position of a moral reformer and example for the young, I was not a bad man; not at all dissolute; did not play for example, nor indorse doubtful paper: in short, I was a safe man, a good merchant, and steady to my business; but your father hated me. Not that he ever recovered from that even to the day of his death; but he could not refuse his consent to our marriage, after the events that I propose now to relate for the first time."

The wife opened her eyes, and would have spoken, but a look from me restrained her.

"You were very beautiful, Susan, when I first knew you, and had many admirers. Your youth and beauty attracted them; but as my income was ten times greater than yours, even including the grandmother's legacy, no one, not even your father, suspected me of selfish motives. You were only seventeen, I thirty; it was too great a difference, said some; but *I* did not think so, and I pressed my suit vigorously, using the customary measures for success. I had known you since you were a mere infant, and loved you for your amiable character and brilliant mind much more than for your acknowledged beauty.

"There seemed to be no obstacle on your part, but the hatred of your father was inveterate; it began when I was seventeen, and a very stout lad of my years. Your father and mine were neighbors in the city. I was reckoned a mischievous boy, and upon one occasion your father undertook to thrash me for climbing over his wall, where the peach espaliers were in blossom. But instead of taking the punishment I, being the stronger party, thrashed your father; and the good man never forgave me.

"There was a family feud in consequence between your parents and mine, and they annoyed each other as much as was possible for decent people. At length the war becoming too hot for him, when you were five years old your father moved away, and I saw nothing more of you till by accident we met in society and fell mutually in love.

"Although I was then full twenty-eight, I had not yet attained that mythical 'age of discretion' which one reads of, but at which lovers never arrive. For that matter I am still on the way thither, with small prospect of getting there in this life. Our stolen interviews, continued for a year, were at length discovered just on the eve of an elopement, and you were shut up a close prisoner. I sought an interview with your father, obtained one, and was grossly insulted. I was in despair; made a short voyage to cure melancholy, and arrived home more madly in love than before. My parents had died, and my bachelor establishment in the old mansion seemed to me dreary and inhospitable. Even the endearments and consolations of a maiden aunt, my kind housekeeper, were not enough to make home endurable.

"One winter evening, as I sat solitary before the fire in the library—it was a cold, stormy night—a visitor was announced, on business of importance—'must see Mr. Leblanc.' The visitor, a large man, roughly clad, entered, and, at my invitation, seated himself near the fire. His face was broad and red, of the kind called 'jolly,' with a permanent bar-room smile; but more repulsive features — not ugly — I had seldom seen.

"'A house-breaker or a ward politician,' thought I.

"'The man announced himself in a jolly way as Mr. Griff—'Jeames Griff, you may know, of the "Branch," in V—— Street.'

"I did not know.

"'All right; *your* name is George Leblanc, of the same ward; we are neighbors.'

"I assented, and indicated my extreme satisfaction.

"'I don't stand on ceremony, neighbor; but as I have what may be good for you to know—you see,' said he, winking, 'at *my* place we always drink before talking.'

"I rang the bell and ordered brandy. My jolly friend filled a tumbler and swallowed the entire contents at a gulp.

"'Now, Mr. Leblanc, if you've no objection, I'll come to business.'

"'None whatever; the sooner the better. Take more brandy; I never drink, but I like to see friends comfortable.'

"'Right! that's just what I told Major Curtis an hour ago—"I like to see friends comfortable;" and as you are rich, and a gentleman, I can't see no harm in your marrying his daughter Susan. So I told him.'

"'It strikes me, friend Griff — of the "Branch," I think you said?—that you are interesting yourself in my affairs.'

"'Very extraordinary, Mr. Leblanc — isn't it?'

"'Very, Mr. Griff; and I see no reason for it.'

"'No reason! Ha! ha! Well, I'll give one. Suppose I say you can have the girl on certain conditions? What say you to that, Mr. Leblanc?'

"'My friend, the conversation becomes interesting. By-the-by, are you the agent or go-between of Major Curtis?'

"'I?—of Major— Ha! ha! That's a good un.'

"And the jolly man laughed long and vigorously, glancing at me between the bursts of his merriment, with 'I—the go-between of Major—Ha! ha! ha! Why, Sir, they call me master of the ward. I poll a thousand votes, Mr. Leblanc, and as many more as may be wanted. I con-tr-ol Major Curtis; I control you, Sir, if you are wishing to be a Congressman, or an Alderman, or any other officer in this ward and district. Major Curtis is now an Alderman—a poor man, is he not?—and must be re-elected, on account of the contracts he has a hand in—hey? Then, Sir, politically speaking, I control him, though you look sour when I say so.'

"'Really, my friend, this is an affair of no interest at all to me. I am ignorant of politics; in fact so ignorant I did not know the name of Jeames Griff, the most influential man in the ward.'

"The ruffian half shut his eyes, and looked at me through the crevices as one studies a picture.

"'In fact, Mr. Griff, I should require your references. It is customary, you know, in business transactions.'

"'References?'

"'Yes.'

"Mr. Jeames Griff removed a shapeless substitute for a hat, which he had not touched on entering my room, exposing a solid, prominent brow, and square head, covered with coarse red hair. It was the head of a prize-fighter; and the falling shoulders, long, round arms, and small, stubby feet, confirmed my opinion of the class to which my visitor belonged. There was a compactness of frame, and a lithe, quick motion, unlike any other, characteristic of the man trained for attack, which satisfied me that Mr. Griff was at least a distinguished member, if not a leading light, of the 'fancy,' not then as powerful as now in the great, shabby city of New York.

"'Rifferences?' he repeated, with a slight brogue.

"'Yes, *rifferences*,' I answered, unconsciously mocking his brogue.

"'Look ye, my friend, I am a Yankee born, but the brogue is my political as the other is my natyve accent. I can refer you to the Member of Congress from our district, the aldermen of the ward, and as many public men as you like; but my best reference, for *your* purpose, will be Major Curtis himself.'

"'Your proposition is that I should pay you for electing Major Curtis, and that he give me his daughter in requital for the service?'

"'Exactly. You come quick to business; I like that.'

"'How much for the election?'

"'Fifty thousand dollars.'

"'You are extravagant, Mr. Griff. You can do it for five hundred.'

"'Glib Jim must have five hundred, and there are a hundred others who want as much besides myself, who am to be paid.'

"'What may the office be worth?'

"'Fifty thousand. I should only ask twenty-five, but then there is a lady in the case, and you are worth a million. It is only six months' income.'

"'I don't mind the money, Mr. Griff, but we must be judicious. Don't you think, as a friend, it would be better for me to buy the young lady in a direct trade with her father, and so save commissions?'

"'Major Curtis is a gentleman, Sir, and will not sell his daughter; but if you, as a friend, assist him to a valuable office it is kind o'—what do you call—"disinterested," and all that; it puts you in favor with the old man, and makes an opening.'

"'You are shrewd, Mr. Griff.'

"'So I have been told. Perhaps I may be able to say the same of you.'

"'Time will show. You have just seen the Major?'

"'Yes. I own, Sir, I put the idea into his head, not a dull one either, to make you pay the charges of re-electing him, the daughter being the consideration, as we say; you furnish the money, he has the office, you the lady.'

"'And how did he like your proposition?'

"'Kicked at it, Sir; held up his head, and requested me to make no more propositions of the kind. Now if he had your sense, and took things as quietly, how much better it would be for all of us!'

"'Twenty-five thousand for the lady, and as much more to secure the election? Say thirty, and lump it.'

"'Not a dollar less, Mr. Leblanc; the girl is cheap at twice the money, and the office alone is worth fifty; besides, you don't mind the money; you only hold off a little to look smart.'

"'Could you induce the Major to talk with me about it?'

"'No; he is proud and obstinate.'

"'Did he threaten to horsewhip you for making the proposition?'

"'Horsewhip *me?*—ha! ha! that's a little *too* good. Why, I am Jeames Griff, a heavy—look at me, Sir; do I look like as I would take a whipping?'

"'Did he show you one of these things?' said I, taking a loaded Derringer pistol out of a drawer, and laying it before me on the table.

"'No, not exactly,' replied Mr. Griff, pushing back his chair, and touching the left breast of his coat, which projected vaguely in the dim outlines of a similar but larger weapon.

"'Your Englishman of the fancy dislikes this kind of thing,' continued my visitor, with a pleasant laugh; 'but I find it good to deal a little in both kinds.'

"I began now to surmise that the ruffian had some other hold upon Major Curtis than merely the ability to elect him.

"'Suppose,' said I, after a moment's reflection, 'Major Curtis were to leave politics, and form a partnership with me in business. The $50,000 would be more profitably expended upon him in that way, and he would not require your services.'

"'It's quite immaterial, Sir; in either case I must have money, and a large sum too.'

"'Now,' I replied, 'we understand each other; you are black-mailing Major Curtis through me; you have some hold upon him.'

"'Yes, a strong one, if he had money; but I throw in the office to cover the affair, and make it look better for him.'

"'What is the nature of the hold you have upon him?'

"'Are you ready to trade?'

"Tired with so much insolence, I began writing as if there were no one present. He waited till I had finished a letter.

"'You are writing to the Major?'

"'No; to the Chief of Police, perhaps.'

"'A friend of yours, I suppose,' said the ruffian, with a coarse laugh.

"I wrote another letter. It was near midnight, still the man sat looking at me.

"'It's no use trying to tire me out or drive me away, Leblanc. I know what I know; make your offer, and I'll consider it.'

"'*Mr.* Leblanc, if you please,' I said, taking out the other Derringer and laying it by the side of the first one. 'And now, my friend, I think you had better go; you came here to rob me, and the only offer I have to make is a present of a couple of bullets, which shall be yours at twelve precisely. It is now within thirty seconds of that hour.'

"My troublesome visitor smiled in his peculiar way, and loosened the remaining buttons of his coat. 'You see,' said he, 'I knew a little of you, and expected something of the kind.'

"Thinking he would fire upon me I rose suddenly and brought both pistols into line with his body.

"'I see,' he said, in a natural, almost a cultivated tone, 'you are accustomed to the weapon. Your plan is to fire low; that is right.'

"He extended his right hand and commenced drumming with his fingers upon the table, laughing quietly, while his gray eyes were fixed steadily upon mine. The stock of his pistol projected conveniently; of course it was a hair trigger, and cocked.

"Twenty seconds had elapsed; he glanced significantly at the clock; I did the same, and seeing a slight movement as if he would draw his weapon, I fired both mine, but without effect.

"He laughed as the smoke rolled away.

"'Thank you, *Mister* Leblanc, for your good intention; if I had not taken the precaution to enter your house this afternoon, and while left alone here by your servant, under pretense of writing a note, to draw the balls from your Derringers, I should have been obliged to kill you just now in self-defense. You are much too hasty.'

"'It is a set thing, then,' I said, laying down the pistols and taking a fencing foil that hung by the mantle-piece just within reach of my hand.

"'Come now, what do you mean to do with that, *Mister* Leblanc?' said the ruffian, drawing and presenting his weapon, a long-barreled dragoon pistol.

"'You will not fire upon me,' I said, snapping off the button of the foil upon the fender, 'since that would defeat your object, which is to extort money. Now, Sir, put up your pistol and leave the house.'

"'Not at all; we have not completed our trade; and I think my pistol better than your fencing stick. You intended to shoot me, and if I kill you I am merely acting in self-defense.'

"'How can I talk of business with a pistol leveled at my breast?'

"The weapon was lowered, and before it could be raised again a blow of the foil had paralyzed the wrist that held it. It dropped upon the floor, and before the enemy could recover it I had laid open his head and sent him reeling backward with a second blow of the foil. Following up the advantage, I so thoroughly 'punished' and 'milled' my fighting friend, striking him on the wrists, arms, and face, he staggered blindly, threw up his wounded hands, and cried for quarter.

"After securing the pistol, not caring to push matters farther, I gave Master Jeames Griff permission to seat himself, and, in the absence of a bottle-holder, wipe the blood from his face and eyes as he best could. My black servants, three in number, had rushed in after the report of the pistols, and stood cowering in a dark corner, quite invisible, except the whites of their eyes. They now came forward very boldly, and would have attacked the wounded ruffian in a body with chairs. I bid them bring water, towels, and more brandy; with the assistance of which Mr. Griff made himself as comfortable as could be expected, tying up his wounded head with one of my linen handkerchiefs.

"Although badly cut and bruised, especially his hands, which were disabled by the lash of the foil, the rascal took the disaster so good-humoredly, and seemed to suffer so little by it, I was thrown entirely off my guard.

"'You handle the foil masterly, Mr. Leblanc; I suppose you took lessons of some of these Frenchmen.'

"'Yes; don't you think it better than two naked fists?'

"'Not at all. You struck before I knew what was coming. If I had known your game I'd have mauled you handsomely. That little affair between me and Ben Luggins won't come off this month, I guess, with my wrists cut up so. Do you spar?'

"'No.'

"'Can't get my revenge that way, then. But how about the Major? Can't we trade?'

"'The beating seems to have done you no good, Mr. Griff. On the whole, I think you had better not allude to that affair; it might lead to unpleasant consequences.'

"After gulping the remainder of the brandy Mr. Griff took his leave, after a general offer of his services as a politician, to which I made no definite response.

"The next morning I received the following missive from the Major.

"'*George Leblanc, Esq.:*

"'SIR,—A confidential agent informs me this morning that certain propositions were made to you last evening by James Griff, keeper of the Branch, and that on your rejecting them a personal contest ensued, in which he was worsted. Griff is laid up ill with the injury. I thank you for your honorable conduct in regard to me, and sincerely regret that the bitterness that has so long existed between our families makes it impossible for you and me ever to become friends. I can now regard you as at least an honorable enemy. Very respectfully,

"'CARLISLE CURTIS.

"'P.S.—Take care of yourself: Griff never forgives an injury. As this note is confidential I do not fear to tell you that he is a very dangerous rascal.'

"This civil caution of your father led me to employ a trusty detective upon Griff; but when my name was mentioned, or his wounds alluded to, he spoke pleasantly of me as a man 'after his own style;' that I had whipped him fairly, and there was no grudge. In a month the affair was forgotten. Meanwhile I was becoming desperate about you, Susan, as it was now impossible to get even a sight of your face. I began to lose hope, grew thin and melancholy, and dreamed of passing the wretched remnant of my life in a poor cottage on the Rhine, or perhaps a wretched Florentine palace. Driven to these extremities by the very excess of misery, I had nearly lost my taste for the most exciting of all enjoyments—I mean business in the city of New York—when a fortunate accident brought me back to reason.

"One night, coming home late from an interview with one of my country correspondents at the old City Hotel, I stepped into a night cellar much frequented by the fancy, dived into an alcove, drew the curtains, and called for supper and a toddy. Even in the depths of our misery, Susan, we fly to these things for consolation. I lived, you know, as most merchants did in those days, very plainly, and preferred a four-shilling supper in a decent cellar to a costly one at Delmonico's or the Astor. In fact, I still take my oysters in Fulton Market.

"While I was discussing my toddy and the *Post* two persons entered the alcove next to mine, and as the partition was thin I could hear every word above a whisper.

"There were two voices—one of Mr. Jeames Griff, the other of a noted canvasser, whom I shall call Mr. Peter, at that time a pimp, but now a very famous leader of the people. The two rascals '*Mistered*' each other.

"'The Major is dead broke, Mr. Griff.'

"'Took his last X yesterday; it pays for the supper and drinks to-night.'

"'And the contracts, Mr. Griff?'

"'Bah! sold 'em long ago.'

"'He's too poor and too proud. Suppose we drop him and take the other.'

"'Not yet. Curtis has a daughter—handsomest girl in New York! Leblanc, the millionaire, is in love with her. Besides, Curtis is so useful in the contract business; he's better than a new man, who would have to learn the ropes. We must make him Alderman.'

"'*Must* is the word?'

"'Yes; *must* is the word.'

"'How'll you work it?'

"'I am softening the Major. You know he hates Leblanc. But he must give in and let him have the girl. There's more money in that than in any of these ugly things you are getting into.'

"'How does the Major take it?'

"'Fights shy: too proud; but will give in: no more money till that is done. Business gone; friends gone; credit gone: nothing left but the girl. What fools these people are, Mr. Peter, that set up for men of honor and that sort of thing! Major Curtis "goes it stiff" enough in the contract business, but makes a face at me when I propose to sell his daughter for him to a gentleman.'

"'A real gent, or one of us?'

"'Real, *bona fyde*. You heard how he whipped and cut me up with a little steel foil when I went to "bullyrag" him about this business of Curtis's election.'

"'Fowt well, did he?'

"'The cust little steel rod cut me like lightning; but when he saw I was hurt he let me up like a gentleman. None of your gougin' fancy; and he hasn't bragged of it.'

"'That'st I call a gent. L' the major give in?'

"'*He-e* will. He *must*.'

"'When do you see him?'

"'To-night, at Barney's, in a room.'

"'Want help?'

"'Don't care if you stand outside a little.'

"'When?'

"'Be there in an hour.'

"The pair left the alcove, and me to my reflections. I gave the waiter a dollar to tell where 'Barney's' might be. It was a private den in Grand Street, with a back entrance. I went home and armed myself, and was at Barney's ten minutes before the time appointed for the meeting. To introduce myself to the keeper of the place, secure his good-will by announcing myself as the person who 'milled' Jeames Griff of the Branch, and who had business with him and Major Curtis; these representations and a heavy bribe secured silence on the part of my host—who, like others of his class, had a boundless admiration for money and its reputed possessors—and the privilege to me of occupying the room adjoining the one taken by Major Curtis, the two being connected by a door, of which I secured the key.

"I shut myself in this room with writing materials, and glasses with wine upon the table for two persons, for appearance' sake, and waited with some impatience the arrival of the parties who were about to discuss matters so deeply interesting to me. The two rooms had formerly been one, and were divided only by a double partition of cloth covered with paper. Observing this arrangement, I tore off a portion of the cloth and paper near the door of the partition, so that every word or whisper on the other side would be audible to me if I placed myself near the breach. My experience in the night cellar had already reconciled me to the function of an eaves-dropper.

"A few minutes after Major Curtis came in, followed by Griff. Through a small rent in the partition I saw Griff seat himself by a table and look over papers. Your father sat opposite, looking very pale. There were two candles on the table, glasses, and a bottle of brandy.

"'Now, Sir,' began Griff, in a clear, business tone, quite free of his usual affectation of vulgarity, 'let us close our accounts, and decide what is to be done. You owe me a great deal of money, not only for services, but for loans made to you this last two months. I have lent you fifteen hundred dollars, and there remains unpaid of last year's account nine thousand five hundred and fifty-four dollars, forty-four cents. These are the items. When will you pay? The last fifty was to satisfy your daughter's music-teacher. Miss Susan is rather expensive. Don't you think it time she was married?'

"'Would it not be better, Griff, if we each minded our own business?' remarked the Major.

"I could see him as distinctly as I see you; and there must have been some very great restraint that prevented his expressing his real feelings, for your father, Susan, was possessed of genuine courage.

"'Don't be wrathy, Major. I mean well for you,' said the other, in a tone of conciliation; 'but I am hard pressed, and unless the money is paid to-morrow I must foreclose the mortgage upon Mrs. Curtis's Broadway property.'

"'My mother's? What do you mean?'

"'I mean to say that Mrs. Curtis gave me a mortgage upon that property, as security for your debt to me.'

"'And I knew nothing of it until now! Griff, you must not take that property—it is my mother's only possession. It was her unbounded confidence in me that led her to give the mortgage. She will be no better than a beggar if you take it.'

"'Sorry, Major Curtis; but my necessities are pressing. The old lady can take boarders.'

"Never in my life have I seen a face express such hate, horror, and despair as that of your father when Griff spoke to him in this manner. I feared he would destroy himself. The conversation proceeded:

"'You can marry your daughter to Leblanc. That is easily arranged.'

"'Too late, Sir, if it were honorable, after all I have said and done to offend him.'

"'Honorable? *pooh!* Is it honorable to turn your poor old mother into the street?'

"Your father burst into tears, and resting his forehead on the edge of the table, sobbed terribly.

"Griff seemed to be somewhat moved.

"'Come, Major,' said he, 'I'm not a beast.'

"No reply; and Griff continued:

"'If Leblanc was here now, how quickly he would arrange every thing! The poor man is dead in love with Miss Susan, and would give half his fortune to possess her.'

"Your father raised his head, and answered, proudly,

"'I will not sell my daughter, Sir; and if you wish to continue on good terms with me, never speak of that again.'

"'I have the same advice to give you, Mr. Griff,' said I, stepping suddenly into the room, and drawing a seat to the table. 'Major Curtis will not suspect me of conniving with such a person as yourself. And now, as you said not long ago, let us to business. I am ready to buy that mortgage from you at its full value; the investment is a safe one for me; and as it is simply a business operation, Major Curtis will not object.'

"Your father looked a grateful assent; but Griff, who had expected nothing of the kind, was taken by surprise, and muttered something about rights and revenge. But thinking better of the affair, he presently consented to assign

the mortgage to me, and I gave him my check for the money.

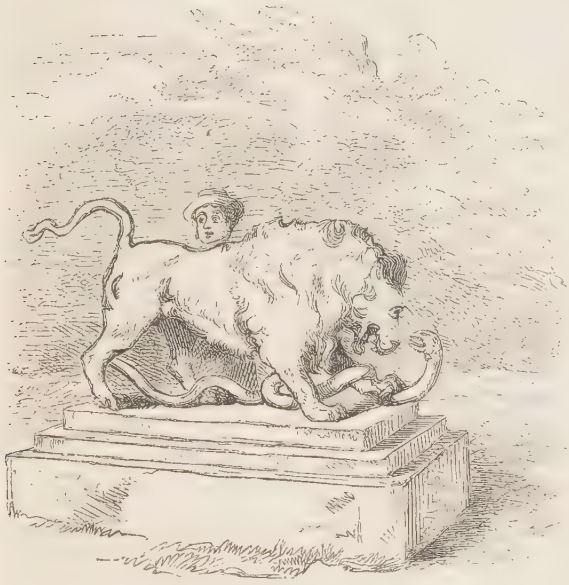
"Nothing was said about you, Susan; and I left Griff and your father to settle their own affairs as they best could. The next time I passed the house you were looking out of the window, and we recognized each other. Of course I went in, but saw no one but yourself. You have never known until now that your father never gave his consent to our marriage, and that it was, in fact, an elopement winked at by both the parents. I made no attempt to conciliate them; and it was then you took up the habit of calling me a fool. You were, in fact, too young to understand the reason; and I formed a habit of not explaining to my wife things that I did not think her competent to understand."

The large blue eyes of the lady had been sending out showers of pearls during the latter part of this narrative; and as it was evident at the close that she wished to say something in private to my friend, I slipped away without taking leave; but I am sure she did not say, that night at least,

"You were always such a fool!"

LOVEL THE WIDOWER.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH I AM STUNG BY A SERPENT.

IF, when I heard Baker call out Bessy Bellenden, and adjure Jove, he had run forward and seized Elizabeth by the waist, or offered her other personal indignity, I too should have run forward on my side and engaged him. Though I am a stout elderly man, short in stature and in wind, I know I am a match for *that* rickety little Captain on his high-heeled boots. A match for him? I believe Miss Bessy would have been a match for both of us. Her white arm was as hard and polished as ivory. Had she held it straight pointed against the rush of the dragoon, he would have fallen backward before his intended prey: I have no doubt he would. It was the hen, in this case, was stronger than the libertine fox, and *au besoin* would have pecked the little marauding vermin's eyes out. Had, I say, Partlet been weak, and Reynard strong, I *would* have come forward: I certainly would. Had he been a wolf now, instead of a fox, I am certain I should have run in upon him, grappled with him, torn his heart and tongue out of his black throat, and trampled the lawless brute to death.

Well, I didn't do any such thing. I was just *going* to run in—and I didn't. I was just going to rush to Bessy's side to clasp her (I have no doubt) to my heart: to beard the whiskered champion who was before her, and perhaps say, "Cheer thee—cheer thee, my persecuted maiden, my beauteous love—my Rebecca! Come on, Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, thou dastard Templar! It is I, Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe." (By-the-way, though the fellow was not a *Templar*, he was a *Lincoln's Inn man*, having passed twice through the Insolvent Court there with infinite discredit.) But I made no heroic speeches. There was no need for Rebecca to jump out of window and risk her lovely neck. How could she, in fact, the French window being flush with the ground-floor? And I give you my honor, just as I was crying my war-cry, couching my lance, and rushing *à la recousse* upon Sir Baker, a sudden thought made me drop my (figurative) point: a sudden idea made me rein in my galloping (metaphorical) steed, and spare Baker for that time.

Suppose I had gone in? But for that sudden precaution there might have been a Mrs. Batchelor. I might have been a bullied father of ten children. (Elizabeth has a fine high temper of her own.) What is four hundred and twenty a year, with a wife and perhaps half a dozen children? Should I have been a whit the happier? Would Elizabeth? Ah! no. And yet I feel a certain sort of shame, even now, when I think that I didn't go in. Not that I was in a fright, as some people choose to hint. I swear I was not. But the reason why I did not charge was this:

Nay, I *did* charge part of the way, and then, I own, stopped. It was an error in judgment. It wasn't a want of courage. Lord George Sackville was a brave man, and as cool as a cucumber under fire. Well, *he* didn't charge at the battle of Minden, and Prince Ferdinand made the deuce and all of a disturbance, as we know. Byng was a brave man—and I ask, wasn't it a confounded shame executing him? So with respect to myself. Here is my statement. I make it openly. I don't care. I am accused of seeing a woman insulted, and not going to her rescue. I am not guilty, I say. That is, there were reasons which caused me not to attack. Even putting aside the superior strength of Elizabeth herself to the enemy, I vow there were cogent and honorable reasons why I did not charge home.

You see I happened to be behind a blue lilac bush (and was turning a rhyme—Heaven help us!—in which *death* was only to part me and Elizabeth) when I saw Baker's face surge over the chair-back. I rush forward as he cries "By Jove!" Had Miss Prior cried out on her part, the strength of twenty Heenans, I know, would have nerved this arm; but all she did was to turn pale, and say, "Oh, mercy! Captain Baker! Do pity me!"

"What! you remember me, Bessy Bellenden, do you?" asks the Captain, advancing.

"Oh, not that name! please, not that name!" cries Bessy.

"I thought I knew you yesterday," says Baker. Only, gad, you see, I had so much claret on board I did not much know what was what. And oh! Bessy, I have got such a splitter of a headache."

"Oh! please—please, my name is Miss Prior. Pray! pray, Sir, don't."

"You've got handsomer—doosid deal handsomer. Know you now well, your spectacles off. You come in here—teach my nephew and niece, humbug my sister, make love to the sh—. Oh! you uncommon sly little toad!"

"Captain Baker! I beg—I implore you," says Bess, or something of the sort; for the white hands assumed an attitude of supplication.

"Pooh! don't gammon *me!*" says the rickety Captain (or words to that effect), and seizes those two firm white hands in his moist, trembling palms.

Now do you understand why I paused? When the dandy came grinning forward, with looks and gestures of familiar recognition—when the pale Elizabeth implored him to spare her—a keen arrow of jealousy shot whizzing through my heart, and caused me well-nigh to fall backward as I ran forward. I bumped up against a bronze group in the gardens. The group represented a lion stung by a serpent. *I* was a lion stung by a serpent too. Even Baker could have knocked me down. Fiends and anguish! he had known her before? The Academy, the life she had led, the wretched old tipsy, ineffective guardian of a father—all these antecedents in poor Bessy's history passed through my mind. And I had offered my heart and troth to this woman! Now, my dear Sir, I appeal to you. What would *you* have done? Would *you* have liked to have such a sudden suspicion thrown over the being of your affection? "Oh! spare me—spare me!" I heard her say, in clear—too clear—pathetic tones. And then there came rather a shrill "Ah!" and then the lion was up in my breast again; and I give you my honor, just as I was going to step forward—to step?—to *rush* forward from behind the urn where I had stood for a moment with thumping heart, Bessy's "Ah!" or little cry was followed by a *whack*, which I heard as clear as any thing I ever heard in my life; and I saw the little Captain spin back, topple over a chair heels up, and in this posture heard him begin to scream and curse in shrill tones. . . . . .

Not for long, for as the Captain and the chair tumble down a door springs open, a man rushes in, who pounces like a panther upon the prostrate Captain, pitches into his nose and eyes, and chokes his bad language by sending a fist down his naughty throat.

"Oh! thank you, Bedford!—please leave him, Bedford! that's enough. There, don't hurt him any more!" says Bessy, laughing—laughing, upon my word.

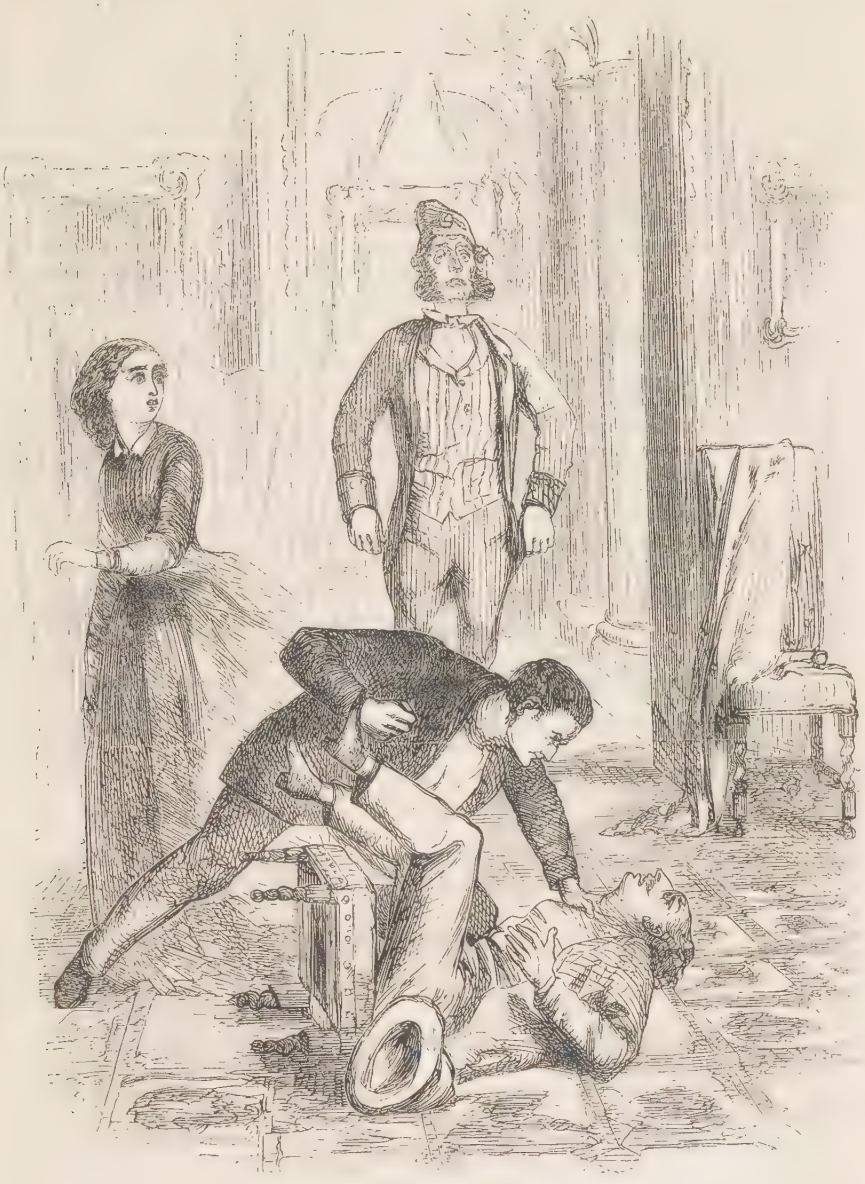
"Ah! will you?" says Bedford. "Lie still, you little beggar, or I'll knock your head off. Look here, Miss Prior!—Elizabeth—dear—dear Elizabeth! I love you with all my heart, and soul, and strength—I do."

"O Bedford! Bedford!" warbles Elizabeth.

"I do! I can't help it. I must say it! Ever since Rome, I do. Lie still, you drunken little beast! It's no use. But I adore you, O Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" And there was Dick, who was always following Miss P. about, and poking his head into keyholes to spy her, actually making love to her over the prostrate body of the Captain.

Now what was I to do? Wasn't I in a most confoundedly awkward situation? A lady had been attacked—*a* lady?—*the* lady, and I hadn't rescued her. Her insolent enemy was overthrown, and I hadn't done it. A champion, three inches shorter than myself, had come in and dealt the blow. I was in such a rage of mortification that I should have liked to thrash the Captain and Bedford too. The first I know I could have matched; the second was a tough little hero. And it was he who rescued the damsel while I stood by! In a strait so odious, sudden, and humiliating, what should I, what could I, what did I do?

Behind the lion and snake there is a brick wall and marble balustrade, built for no particular reason, but flanking three steps and a grassy terrace, which then rises up on a level to the house windows. Beyond the balustrade is a shrubbery of more lilacs and so forth, by which you can walk round into another path, which also leads up to the house. So as I had not charged—ah! wo is me—as the battle was over, I—I just went round that shrubbery into the other path, and so entered the house, arriving, like Fortinbras in



BEDFORD TO THE RESCUE.

Hamlet, when every body is dead and sprawling, you know, and the whole business is done.

And was there to be no end to my shame, or to Bedford's laurels? In that brief interval, while I was walking round the by-path (just to give myself a pretext for entering coolly into the premises), this fortunate fellow had absolutely engaged another and larger champion. This was no other than Bulkeley, my Lady B.'s first-class attendant. When the Captain fell amidst his screams and curses, he called for Bulkeley: and that individual made his appearance, with a little Scotch cap perched on his powdered head.

"Hullo! what's the row year?" says Goliah, entering.

"Kill that blackguard! Hang him, kill him!" screams Captain Blacksheep, rising with bleeding nose.

"I say, what's the row year?" asks the grenadier.

"Off with your cap, Sir, before a lady!" calls out Bedford.

"Hoff with my cap! you be blo—"

But he said no more, for little Bedford jumped some two feet from the ground and knocked the cap off, so that a cloud of ambrosial powder filled the room with violet odors. The immense frame of the giant shook at this insult: "I will be the death on you, you little beggar!" he grunted out, and was advancing to destroy Dick just as I entered in the cloud which his head had raised.

"I'll knock the brains as well as the powder out of your ugly head!" says Bedford, springing at the poker. At which juncture I entered.

"What—what is this disturbance?" I say, advancing with an air of mingled surprise and resolution.

"You git out of the way till I knock his 'ead off!" roars Bulkeley.

"Take up your cap, Sir, and leave the room," I say, still with the same elegant firmness.

"Put down that there poker, you coward!" bellows the monster on board wages.

"Miss Prior," I say (like a dignified hypocrite, as I own I was), "I hope no one has offered you a rudeness?" And I glare round, first at the knight of the bleeding nose, and then at his squire.

Miss Prior's face, as she replied to me, wore a look of awful scorn.

"Thank you, Sir," she said, turning her head over her shoulder, and looking at me with her gray eyes. "Thank you, Richard Bedford! God bless you! I shall ever be thankful to you, wherever I am." And the stately figure swept out of the room.

She had seen me behind that confounded statue, then, and I had not come to her! O torments and racks! O scorpions, fiends, and pitchforks! The face of Bedford, too (flashing with knightly gratitude anon as she spoke kind words to him and passed on), wore a look of scorn as he turned toward me, and then stood, his nostrils distended, and breathing somewhat hard, glaring at his enemies, and still grasping his mace of battle.

When Elizabeth was gone there was a pause of a moment, and then Blacksheep, taking his bleeding cambric from his nose, shrieks out, "Kill him, I say! A fellow that dares to hit one in my condition, and when I'm down! Bulkeley, you great hulking jackass! kill him, I say!"

"Jest let him put that there poker down, that's hall," growls Bulkeley.

"You're afraid, you great cowardly beast! You shall go, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'em—Mr. Bedford—you shall have the sack, Sir, as sure as your name is what it is! I'll tell my brother-in-law every thing: and as for that woman—"

"If you say a word against her, I'll cane you wherever I see you, Captain Baker!" I cry out.

"Who spoke to *you?*" says the Captain, falling back and scowling at me.

"Who hever told you to put *your* foot in?" says the squire.

I was in such a rage, and so eager to find an object on which I might wreak my fury, that I confess I plunged at this Bulkeley. I gave him two most violent blows on the waistcoat, which caused him to double up with such frightful contortions that Bedford burst out laughing; and even the Captain with the damaged eye and nose began to laugh too. Then, taking a lesson from Dick, as there was a fine shining dagger on the table, used for the cutting open of reviews and magazines, I seized and brandished this weapon, and I dare say would have sheathed it in the giant's bloated corpus, had he made any movement toward me. But he only called out, "hI'll be the death on you, you cowards! hI'll be the death of both on you!" And snatching up his cap from the carpet, walked out of the room.

"Glad you did that, though," says Baker, nodding his head. "Think I'd best pack up."

And now the Devil of Rage which had been swelling within me gave place to a worse devil—the Devil of Jealousy—and I turned on the Captain, who was also just about to slink away—

"Stop!" I cried out—I screamed out, I may say.

"Who spoke to you, I should like to know? and who the dooce dares to speak to me in that sort of way?" says Clarence Baker, with a plentiful garnish of expletives, which need not be here inserted. But he stopped, nevertheless, and turned slouching round.

"You spoke just now of Miss Prior," I said. "Have you any thing against her?"

"What's that to you?" he asked.

"I am her oldest friend. I introduced her into this family. *Dare* you say a word against her?"

"Well, who the dooce has?"

"You knew her before?"

"Yes, I did, then."

"When she went by the name of Bellenden?"

"Of course I did. And what's that to you?" he screams out.

"I this day asked her to be my wife, Sir! *That's* what it is to me!" I replied, with severe dignity.

Mr. Clarence began to whistle. "Oh! if that's it—of course not!" he says.

The jealous demon writhed within me and rent me.

"You mean that there *is* something, then?" I asked, glaring at the young reprobate.

"No, I don't," says he, looking very much frightened. "No, there is nothin'. Upon my sacred honor there isn't that I know." (I was looking uncommonly fierce at this time, and, I must own, would rather have quarreled with somebody than not.) "No, there *is* nothin' that I know. Ever so many years ago, you see, I used to go with Tom Papillion, Turkington, and two or three fellows, to that theatre. Dolphin had it. And we used to go behind the scenes—and—and I own I had a row with her. And I was in the wrong. There now, I own I was. And she left the theatre. And she behaved quite right. And I was very sorry. And I believe she is as good a woman as ever stepped now. And the father was a disreputable old

man, but most honorable—I know he was. And there was a fellow in the Bombay service—a fellow by the name of Walker, or Walkingham—yes, Walkingham; and I used to meet him at the Cave of Harmony, you know; and he told me that she was as right as right could be. And he was doosidly cut up about leaving her. And he would have married her, I dessay, only for his father the General, who wouldn't stand it. And he was ready to hang himself when he went away. He used to drink awfully, and then he used to swear about her; and we used to chaff him, you know. Low, vulgarish sort of man he was, and a very passionate fellow. And if you're goin' to marry her, you know—of course, I ask your pardon, and that; and upon the honor of a gentleman I know nothin' against her. And I wish you joy, and all that sort of thing! I do now, really now!" And so saying, the mean, mischievous little monkey sneaked away, and clambered up to his own perch in his own bedroom.

Worthy Mrs. Bonnington, with a couple of her young ones, made her appearance at this juncture. She had a key, which gave her a free pass through the garden door, and brought her children for an afternoon's play and fighting with their little nephew and niece. Decidedly, Bessy did not bring up her young folks well. Was it that their grandmothers spoiled them, and undid the governess's work? Were those young people odious (as they often were) by nature, or rendered so by the neglect of their guardians? If Bessy had loved her charges more would they not have been better? Had she a kind, loving, maternal heart? Ha! This thought—this jealous doubt—smote my bosom: and were she mine, and the mother of many possible little Batchelors, would she be kind to *them?* Would they be willful, and selfish, and abominable little wretches, in a word, like these children? Nay, nay! Say that Elizabeth has but a cold heart; we can not be all perfection. But, *per contra*, you must admit that, cold as she is, she does her duty. How good she has been to her own brothers and sisters: how cheerfully she has given away her savings to them: how admirably she has behaved to her mother, hiding the iniquities of that disreputable old schemer, and covering her improprieties with decent filial screens and pretexts! Her mother? *Ah! grands dieux!* You want to marry, Charles Batchelor, and you will have that greedy pauper for a mother-in-law; that fluffy Blue-coat boy, those hob-nailed taw-players, top-spinners, toffee-eaters, those underbred girls, for your brothers and sisters in law! They will be quartered upon you. You are so absurdly weak and good-natured—you know you are—that you will never be able to resist. Those boys will grow up: they will go out as clerks or shop-boys: get into debt, and expect you to pay their bills: want to be articled to attorneys and so forth, and call upon you for the premium. Their mother will never be out of your house. She will ferret about in your drawers and wardrobes, filch your haberdashery, and cast greedy eyes on the very shirts and coats on your back, and calculate when she can get them for her boys. Those vulgar young miscreants will never fail to come and dine with you on a Sunday. They will bring their young linen-draper or articled friends. They will draw bills on you, or give their own to money-lenders, and unless you take up those bills they will consider you a callous, avaricious brute, and the heartless author of their ruin. The girls will come and practice on your wife's piano. *They* won't come to you on Sundays only; they will always be staying in the house. They will always be preventing a *tête-à-tête* between your wife and you. As they grow old they will want her to take them out to tea-parties, and to give such entertainments, where they will introduce their odious young men. They will expect you to commit meannesses in order to get theatre-tickets for them from the newspaper editors of your acquaintance. You will have to sit in the back seat: to pay the cab to and from the play: to see glances and bows of recognition passing between them and dubious bucks in the lobbies: and to lend the girls your wife's gloves, scarfs, ornaments, smelling-bottles, and handkerchiefs, which of course they will never return. If Elizabeth is ailing from any circumstance, they will get a footing in your house, and she will be jealous of them. The ladies of your own family will quarrel with them, of course; and very likely your mother-in-law will tell them a piece of her mind. And you bring this dreary certainty upon you because, forsooth, you fall in love with a fine figure, a pair of gray eyes, and a head of auburn (not to say red) hair! O Charles Batchelor! in what a galley hast thou seated thyself, and what a family is crowded in thy boat!

All these thoughts are passing in my mind as good Mrs. Bonnington is prattling to me—I protest I don't know about what. I think I caught some faint sentences about the Patagonian mission, the National schools, and Mr. Bonnington's lumbago; but I can't say for certain. I was busy with my own thoughts. I had asked the awful question—I was not answered. Bessy had even gone away in a huff about my want of gallantry, but I was easy on that score. As for Mr. Drencher, she had told me her sentiments regarding him; and though I am considerably older, yet thought I, I need not be afraid of *that* rival. But when she says *yes?* Oh, dear! oh, dear! *Yes* means Elizabeth—certainly, a brave young woman—but it means Mrs. Prior, and Gus, and Amelia Jane, and the whole of that dismal family. No wonder, with these dark thoughts crowding my mind, Mrs. Bonnington found me absent; and, as a comment upon some absurd reply of mine, said, "La! Mr. Batchelor, you must be crossed in love!" Crossed in love! It might be as well for some folks if they *were* crossed in love! At my age, and having loved madly, as I did, that party in Dublin, a man doesn't take the second fit by any means so strongly. Well! well! the die was cast, and I was there to bide the hazard. "What can be

the matter? I look pale and unwell, and had better see Mr. D.?" Thank you, my dear Mrs. Bonnington. I had a violent—a violent toothache last night—yes, toothache; and was kept awake, thank you. And there's nothing like having it out? and Mr. D. draws them beautifully, and has taken out six of your children's? It's better now; I dare say it will be better still, soon. I retire to my chamber: I take a book—can't read one word of it. I resume my tragedy. Tragedy? Bosh!

I suppose Mr. Drencher thought his yesterday's patient would be better for a little more advice and medicine, for he must pay a second visit to Shrublands on this day, just after the row with the Captain had taken place, and walked up to the upper regions, as his custom was. Very likely he found Mr. Clarence bathing his nose there, and prescribed for the injured organ. Certainly he knocked at the door of Miss Prior's school-room (the fellow was always finding a pretext for entering *that* apartment), and Master Bedford comes to me with a wobegone, livid countenance, and a "Ha! ha! young Sawbones is up with her!"

"So my poor Dick," I say, "I heard your confession as I was myself running in to rescue Miss P. from that villain."

"My blood was hup," groans Dick—"up, I beg your pardon. When I saw that young rascal lay a hand on her I could not help flying at him. I would have hit him if he had been my own father. And I could not help saying what was on my mind. It would come out; I knew it would some day. I might as well wish for the moon as hope to get her. She thinks herself superior to me, and perhaps she is mistaken. But it's no use; she don't care for me; she don't care for any body. Now the words are out, in course I mustn't stay here."

"You may get another place easily enough with your character, Bedford!"

But he shook his head. "I'm not disposed to black nobody else's boots no more. I have another place. I have saved a bit of money. My poor old mother is gone, whom you used to be so kind to, Mr. B. I'm alone now. Confound that Sawbones, will he *never* come away? I'll tell you about my plans some day, Sir, and I know you'll be so good as to help me." And away goes Dick, looking the picture of woe and despair.

Presently, from the upper rooms, Sawbones descends. I happened to be standing in the hall, you see, talking to Dick. Mr. Drencher scowls at me fiercely, and I suppose I return him haughty glance for glance. He hated me: I him; I liked him to hate me.

"How is your patient, Mr.—a—Drencher?" I ask.

"Trifling contusion of the nose—brown paper and vinegar," says the Doctor.

"Great powers! did the villain strike her on the nose?" I cry, in terror.

"*Her*—whom?" says he.

"Oh—ah—yes—indeed; it's nothing," I say, smiling. The fact is, I had forgotten about Baker in my natural anxiety for Elizabeth.

"I don't know what you mean by laughing, Sir!" says the red-haired practitioner. "But if you mean chaff, Mr. Batchelor, let me tell you I don't want chaff, and I won't have chaff!" and herewith, exit Sawbones, looking black doses at me.

Jealous of me, think I, as I sink down in a chair in the morning-room, where the combat had just taken place. And so thou, too, art fever-caught, my poor physician! What a fascination this girl has! Here's the butler: here's the medical man: here am I: here is the Captain has been smitten—smitten on the nose. Has the gardener been smitten too, and is the page gnawing his buttons off for jealousy, and is Mons. Bulkeley equally in love with her? I take up a review, and think over this, as I glance through its pages.

As I am lounging and reading Mons. Bulkeley himself makes his appearance, bearing in cloaks and packages belonging to his lady. "Have the goodness to take that cap off," I say, coolly.

"*You* 'ave the goodness to remember that if hever I see you hout o' this 'ouse I'll punch your hugly 'ead off," says the monstrous menial. But I poise my paper-cutter, and here tires growling.

From despondency I pass to hope; and the prospect of marriage, which before appeared so dark to me, assumes a gayer hue. I have four hundred a year, and that house in Devonshire Street, Bloomsbury Square, of which the upper part will be quite big enough for us. If we have children, there is Queen Square for them to walk and play in. Several genteel families I know, who still live in the neighborhood, will come and see my wife, and we shall have a comfortable, cozy little society, suited to our small means. The tradesmen in Lamb's Conduit Street are excellent, and the music at the Foundling always charming. I shall give up one of my clubs. The other is within an easy walk.

No: my wife's relations will *not* plague me. Bessy is a most sensible, determined woman, and as cool a hand as I know. She will only see Mrs. Prior at proper (and, I trust, distant) intervals. Her brothers and sisters will learn to know their places, and not intrude upon me or the company which I keep. My friends, who are educated people and gentlemen, will not object to visit me because I live over a shop (my ground-floor and spacious back premises in Devonshire Street are let to a German toy-warehouse). I shall add a hundred or two, at least, to my income by my literary labor; and Bessy, who has practiced frugality all her life, and been a good daughter and a good sister, I know will prove a good wife, and, please Heaven! a good mother. Why, four hundred a year, *plus* two hundred, is a nice little income. And my old college friend, Wigmore, who is just on the Bench? He will, he must, get me a place—say three hundred a year. With nine hundred a year we can do quite well.

Love is full of elations and despondencies. The future, over which such a black cloud of doubt lowered a few minutes since, blushed a sweet rose-color now. I saw myself happy, beloved, with a competence, and imagined myself reposing in the delightful garden of Red Lion Square on some summer evening, and half a dozen little Batchelors frisking over the flower-bespangled grass there.

After our little colloquy Mrs. Bonnington, not finding much pleasure in my sulky society, had gone to Miss Prior's room with her young folks, and as the door of the morning-room opened now and again, I could hear the dear young ones scuttling about the passages, where they were playing at horses, and fighting, and so forth. After a while good Mrs. B. came down from the school-room. "Whatever has happened, Mr. Batchelor?" she said to me, in her passage through the morning-room. "Miss Prior is very pale and absent. *You* are very pale and absent. Have you been courting her, you naughty man, and trying to supplant Mr. Drencher? There now, you turn as red as my ribbon! Ah! Bessy is a good girl, and *so* fond of my dear children. 'Ah, dear Mrs. Bonnington,' she says to me—but of course you won't tell Lady B.: it would make Lady B. perfectly furious. 'Ah!' says Miss P. to me, 'I wish, ma'am, that my little charges were like their dear little nephews and nieces—so exquisitely brought up!' Pop again wished to beat his uncle. I wish—I wish Frederick would send that child to school! Miss P. owns that he is too much for her. Come, children, it is time to go to dinner." And, with more of this prattle, the good lady summons her young ones, who descend from the school-room with their nephew and niece.

Following nephew and niece comes demure Miss Prior, to whom I fling a knowing glance, which says, plain as eyes can speak—Do, Elizabeth, come and talk for a little to your faithful Batchelor! She gives a sidelong look of intelligence, leaves a parasol and a pair of gloves on a table, accompanies Mrs. Bonnington and the young ones into the garden, sees the clergyman's wife and children disappear through the garden-gate, and her own youthful charges engaged in the strawberry-beds; and, of course, returns to the morning-room for her parasol and gloves, which she had forgotten. There is a calmness about that woman—an easy, dauntless dexterity, which frightens me—*ma parole d'honneur*. In that white breast is there a white marble stone in place of the ordinary cordial apparatus? Under the white velvet glove of that cool hand are there bones of cold steel?

"So, Drencher has again been here, Elizabeth?" I say.

She shrugs her shoulders. "To see that wretched Captain Baker. The horrid little man will die! He was not actually sober just now when he—when I—when you saw him. How I wish you had come sooner—to prevent that horrible, tipsy, disreputable quarrel! It makes me very, very thoughtful, Mr. Batchelor. He will speak to his mother—to Mr. Lovel. I shall have to go away. I know I must."

"And don't you know where you can find a home, Elizabeth? Have the words I spoke this morning been so soon forgotten?"

"Oh, Mr. Batchelor! you spoke in a heat. You could not think seriously of a poor girl like me, so friendless and poor, with so many family ties. Pop is looking this way, please. To a man bred like you, what can I be?"

"You may make the rest of my life happy, Elizabeth!" I cry. "We are friends of such old—old date, that you know what my disposition is."

"Oh! indeed," says she, "it is certain that there never was a sweeter disposition or a more gentle creature." (Somehow I thought she said the words "gentle creature" with rather a sarcastic tone of voice.) "But consider your habits, dear Sir. I remember how in Beak Street you used to be always giving, and, in spite of your income, always poor. You love ease and elegance; and having, I dare say, not too much for yourself now, would you encumber yourself with—with me and the expenses of a household? I shall always regard you, esteem you, love you as the best friend I ever had, and—*voici venir la mère du vaurien*."

Enter Lady Baker. "Do I interrupt a *tête-à-tête*, pray?" she asks.

"My benefactor has known me since I was a child, and befriended me since then," says Elizabeth, with simple kindness beaming in her look. "We were just speaking—I was just—ah!—telling him that my uncle has invited me most kindly to St. Boniface, whenever I can be spared; and if you and the family go to the Isle of Wight this autumn, perhaps you will intercede with Mr. Lovel, and let me have a little holiday. Mary will take every charge of the children; and I do so long to see my dear aunt and cousins! And I was begging Mr. Batchelor to use his interest with you, and to entreat you to use *your* interest, to get me leave. That was what our talk was about."

The deuce it was! I couldn't say No, of course; but I protest I had no idea until that moment that our conversation had been about aunt and uncle at St. Boniface. Again came the horrible suspicion, the dreadful doubt—the chill as of a cold serpent crawling down my back—which had made me pause, and gasp, and turn pale, anon when Bessy and Captain Clarence were holding colloquy together. What *has* happened in this woman's life? *Do* I know all about her, or any thing, or only just as much as she chooses? O Batch—Batch! I suspect you are no better than an old gaby!

"And Mr. Drencher has just been here and seen your son," Bessy continues, softly; "and he begs and entreats your ladyship to order Captain Baker to be more prudent. Mr. D. says Captain Baker is shortening his life, indeed he is, by his carelessness."

There is Mr. Lovel coming from the city, and

the children are running to their papa! And Miss Prior makes her patroness a meek courtesy, and demurely slides away from the room. With a sick heart I say to myself, "She has been—yes—humbugging is the word—humbugging Lady B. Elizabeth! Elizabeth! can it be possible thou art humbugging *me* too?"

Before Lovel enters Bedford rapidly flits through the room. He looks as pale as a ghost. His face is awfully gloomy.

"Here's the governor come," Dick whispers to me. "It must all come hout now—out, I beg your pardon. So she's caught *you*, has she? I thought she would." And he grins a ghastly grin.

"What do you mean?" I ask, and I dare say turn rather red.

"I know all about it. I'll speak to you to-night, Sir. Confound her! confound her!" and he doubles his knuckles into his eyes and rushes out of the room over Buttons, entering with the afternoon tea.

"What on earth's the matter, and why are you knocking the things about?" Lovel asks at dinner of his butler, who, indeed, acted as one distraught. A savage gloom was depicted on Bedford's usually melancholy countenance, and the blunders in his service were many. With his brother-in-law Lovel did not exchange many words. Clarence was not yet forgiven for his escapade two days previous. And when Lady Baker cried, "Mercy, child! what have you done to yourself?" and the Captain replied, "Knocked my face against a dark door—made my nose bleed," Lovel did not look up or express a word of sympathy. "If the fellow knocked his worthless head off, I should not be sorry," the widower murmured to me. Indeed, the tone of the Captain's voice, his *ton*, and his manners in general, were specially odious to Mr. Lovel, who could put up with the tyranny of women, but revolted against the vulgarity and assumption of certain men.

As yet nothing had been said about the morning's quarrel. Here we were all sitting with a sword hanging over our heads, smiling and chatting, and talking cookery, politics, the weather, and what not. Bessy was perfectly cool and dignified at tea. Danger or doubt did not seem to affect *her*. If she had been ordered for execution at the end of the evening she would have made the tea, played her Beethoven, answered questions in her usual voice, and glided about from one to another with her usual dignified calm until the hour of decapitation came, when she would have made her courtesy and gone out and had the amputation performed quite quietly and neatly. I admired her, I was frightened before her. The cold snake crept more than ever down my back as I meditated on her. I made such awful blunders at whist that even good Mrs. Bonnington lost her temper with her fourteen shillings. Miss Prior would have played her hand out, and never made a fault, you may be sure. She retired at her accustomed hour. Mrs. Bonnington had her glass of negus and withdrew too. Lovel keeping his eyes sternly on the Captain, that officer could only get a little sherry and seltzer, and went to bed sober. Lady Baker folded Lovel in her arms, a process to which my poor friend very humbly submitted. Every body went to bed, and no tales were told of the morning's doings. There was a respite, and no execution could take place till to-morrow, at any rate. Put on thy night-cap, Damocles, and slumber for to-night, at least. Thy slumbers will not be cut short by the awful Chopper of Fate.

Perhaps you may ask what need had *I* to be alarmed? Nothing could happen to me. I was not going to lose a governess's place. Well, if I must tell the truth, I had not acted with entire candor in the matter of Bessy's appointment. In recommending her to Lovel, and the late Mrs. L., I had answered for her probity, and so forth, with all my might. I had described the respectability of her family, her father's campaigns, her grandfather's (old Dr. Sargent's) celebrated sermons; and had enlarged with the utmost eloquence upon the learning and high character of her uncle, the Master of Boniface, and the deserved regard he bore his niece. But that part of Bessy's biography which related to the Academy I own I had not touched upon. *A quoi bon?* Would every gentleman or lady like to have every thing told about him or her? I had kept the Academy dark then; and so had brave Dick Bedford the butler; and should that miscreant Captain reveal the secret, I knew there would be an awful commotion in the building. I should have to incur Lovel's not unjust reproaches for *suppressio veri*, and the anger of those two *viragines*, the grandmothers of Lovel's children. I was more afraid of the women than of him, though conscience whispered me that I had not acted quite rightly by my friend.

When, then, the bed-candles were lighted, and every one said good-night, "Oh! Captain Baker," say I, gayly, and putting on a confoundedly hypocritical grin, "if you will come into my room, I will give you that book."

"What book?" says Baker.

"The book we were talking of this morning."

"Hang me if I know what you mean," says he. And luckily for me, Lovel, giving a shrug of disgust, and a good-night to me, stalked out of the room, bed-candle in hand. No doubt he thought his wretch of a brother-in-law did not well remember after dinner what he had done or said in the morning.

As I now had the Blacksheep to myself, I said, calmly, "You are quite right. There was no talk about a book at all, Captain Baker. But I wished to see you alone, and impress upon you my earnest wish that every thing which occurred this morning—mind, *every thing*—should be considered as strictly private, and should be confided to *no person whatever*—you understand?—to no person."

"Confound me," Baker breaks out, "if I understand what you mean by your books and your

'strictly private.' I shall speak what I choose —hang me!"

"In that case, Sir," I said, "will you have the goodness to send a friend of yours to my friend Captain Fitzboodle? I must consider the matter as personal between ourselves. You insulted, and as I find now, for the second time—a lady whose relations to me you know. You have given neither to her, nor to me, the apology to which we are both entitled. You refuse even to promise to be silent regarding a painful scene which was occasioned by your own brutal and cowardly behavior; and you must abide by the consequences, Sir! you must abide by the consequences!" And I glared at him over my flat candlestick.

"Curse me!—and hang me!—and," etc., etc., etc., he says, "if I know what all this is about. What the dooce do you talk to *me* about books, and about silence, and apologies, and sending Captain Fitzboodle to me? *I* don't want to see Captain Fitzboodle—great fat brute! *I* know him perfectly well."

"Hush!" say I, "here's Bedford." In fact, Dick appeared at this juncture to close the house and put the lamps out.

But Captain Clarence only spoke or screamed louder. "What do I care about who hears me? That fellow insulted me already to-day, and I'd have pitched his life out of him, only I was down, and I'm so confounded weak and nervous, and just out of my fever—and—and hang it all! what are you driving at, Mr. What's-your-name?" And the wretched little creature cries almost as he speaks.

"Once for all, will you agree that the affair about which we spoke shall go no further?" I say, as stern as Draco.

"I sha'n't say any thin' about it. I wish you'd leave me alone, you fellows, and not come bothcrin'. I wish I could get a glass of brandy-and-water up in my bedroom. I tell you I can't sleep without it," whimpers the wretch.

"Sorry I laid hands on you, Sir," says Bedford, sadly. "It wasn't worth the while. Go to bed, and I'll get you something warm."

"Will you, though? I couldn't sleep without it. Do now—do now! and I won't say any thin'—I won't now—on the honor of a gentleman, I won't. Good-night, Mr. What-d'-ye-call—." And Bedford leads the helot to his chamber.

"I've got him in bed; and I've given him a dose; and I put some laudanum in it. He ain't been out. He has not had much to-day," says Bedford, coming back to my room, with his face ominously pale.

"You have given him laudanum?" I ask.

"*Sawbones* gave him some yesterday—told me to give him a little—forty drops," growls Bedford.

Then the gloomy major-domo puts a hand into each waistcoat pocket, and looks at me. "You want to fight for her, do you, Sir? Calling out, and that sort of game? Phoo!"—and he laughs scornfully.

"The little miscreant is too despicable, I own," say I; "and it's absurd for a peaceable fellow like me to talk about powder and shot at this time of day. But what could I do?"

"I say it's SHE ain't worth it," says Bedford, lifting up both clenched fists out of the waistcoat pockets.

"What do you mean, Dick?" I ask.

"She's humbugging you—she's humbugging me—she's humbugging every body," roars Dick. "Look here, Sir!" and out of one of the clenched fists he flings a paper down on the table.

"What is it?" I ask. It's her handwriting. I see the neat trim lines on the paper.

"It's not to you, nor yet to me," says Bedford.

"Then how dare you read it, Sir?" I ask, all of a tremble.

"It's to him. It's to Sawbones," hisses out Bedford. "Sawbones dropped it as he was getting into his gig, and I read it. *I* ain't going to make no bones about whether it's wrote to me or not. She tells him how you asked her to marry you. (Ha!) That's how I came to know it. And do you know what she calls you, and what *he* calls you—that castor-hoil beast? And do you know what she says of you? That you hadn't pluck to stand by her to-day. There—it's all down under her hand and seal. You may read it or not, if you like. And if poppy or mandragora will medicine you to sleep afterward, I just recommend you to take it. *I* shall go and get a drop out of the Captain's bottle—I shall."

And he leaves me and the fatal paper on the table.

Now, suppose you had been in my case—would you, or would you not, have read the paper? Suppose there is some news—bad news—about the woman you love, will you, or will you not, hear it? Was Othello a rogue because he let Iago speak to him? There was the paper. It lay there glimmering under the light, with all the house quiet.

"MISERABLE MAN THAT I AM!"

I LIVED in hope and health; full of joy in life, careless of its limit; growing as the tree grows, without heed or intent, from gracious childhood into a man's strength and passion. Then I took a fair companion, and built myself a house of pleasure in a garden of Paradise, where every evil sound and sight were shut away from our rapture, and neither pain nor poverty dare breathe intrusive sighs.

My love's name was Délice; her eyes were bluer than the sapphires wreathed above them; her face a lily reddened with the warm glow of sunset; her lips scarlet, and cool as the pomegranate flower; and the full noonday sun could add no gleam of gold to her rippled hair. I loved her, and gave my life to her.

Our home of tinted marble raised its dream-like battlements and spires high into a summer air, and painted its white traceries against the

glories of dawn; within, its cold walls were hung with gorgeous draperies, softer than the forest moss; pictures whose lovely hues and scenes shamed the niggard Nature they exceeded; and on the soundless floor heaped cushions deadened every step, and spread the hush of pleasure through each apartment. Tapered flasks of wine and tropic fruits spread every table; and flowers, blood-red and blue, mingled with clustered grapes dewy and misty with bloom, crept and caressed about every cornice, and dropped their heavy bells and bunches over every casement.

No shadow dimmed the stainless sky above us; no storm drenched the vivid glory of our blossoms; no fear approached with vague whispers while the day lasted. Our sun rose into the pure azure of morning, and sunk in the flushed roses of twilight with unfailing brightness; and the day was too brief for the rapt madness of whirling and palpitating dances, the long, ecstatic swell of most earthly and entrancing music, the dreamy reveries of noon, the tender and impassioned converse of twilight, the daily feast of every sense and emotion.

One thing alone haunted me in all—one thing from which I could not flee. Our home was on an island, about which foamed and sparkled the waters of a boundless sea that day by day, with false kisses, crumbled away a little atom of my possessions, and filled me hourly with a terror, growing into certainty, that at no distant time my palace, my love, my life would be the prey of that insatiate sea.

And either out of this terror, or in contrastive voice with the gay harmonies of my home, I fancied a most sad utterance in the waves, a moan of plaintive foreboding, a faint and dying prophecy of grief, that wore in upon my unwilling ear day after day its terrible unison, and woke me in the pulseless silence of night like the beat of a spectre's bloodless heart at my side.

And another mystery hung upon this sea: it had no horizon line, but was shut in and bounded by a never-lifting mist, into whose solemn haze I saw, day by day, white-winged ships flutter and vanish; but from thence they never returned!

Some went joyfully, with filled canvas and buoyant motion, as if they were impelled by the breath of some jubilant harmony which yet I could never hear; others fainted in the distance with slow and lingering motion, and but one streaming pennant of blue at the mast-head; while others yet rushed over the opposing waves with loosened sheets and tattered canvas, darkly borne on the breath of a furious tempest. But none returned; and I listened to the murmur of the ocean with vain questioning of their destiny and futurity.

Ere long my terror of this ocean-voice grew to be the one bitterness of my life. I kept my palace resonant with music, to overpower the low tone of dread; I entreated of Délice her sweetest songs and most lavish caresses, to forget in rapture the sound she could not hear. I caused the gray-haired steward of my household to discourse with me on deep philosophies and abstract sciences; but through the gayest song, under the fondest caress, in the most eager discussion or absorbing study, crept upon my attent brain and horror-thrilled ear that ever-living voice of awe.

Now it chanced one day, as I paced upon the white sand of the shore with my ancient steward, the terror within me found words, and I spoke in haste, and said,

"Curus, what is that complaining song?"

And he answered, "There is sorrow on the sea; it can not be quiet."

So I farther questioned him; and thereafter I knew that those ships went on a voyage to some far land whence no traveler returned; and of that country I learned wonderful things—lessons that the stars in their courses and the opened heavens had taught to Curus, having in them but one speech and language to declare the glory of that land, and show forth the handiwork of its frame and fashion; but one sentence of those teachings burned into my thought, and while I said it to myself I was conscious of no deeper sound than its foreshadowing music—and it was this: "For there the glorious Lord shall be unto them a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby!"

But he said to me even more; and I found a certainty in place of a fear that my island home was fast crumbling into the ocean; some time should see it all ingulfed, and I driven to seek the shore beyond in an unreturning ship. And the secrets of that voyage and its navigation were all intoned in the hourly song of the sea; and he who listened to its pleading accent should understand the intent of every cadence, and with patient waiting interpret all its meaning, and so set sail in hope for that country with spread canvas and steady prow. But yet I could not hear that fearful diapason of my life, more and more terrible as my need and obligation to hear it pressed on my unquiet soul.

After that day I returned to the palace, and walked no more by the sea. I reveled more madly than ever in all pleasure. I wound the white arms of my bride about me in a closer embrace, and bade the orchestral chorus swell higher and higher through the loftiest arches of my vaulted halls, till, drunk with perfume and music and beauty, the sobbing of the sea was no more heard, and the golden locks of Délice hid its lurid horizon from my shrinking eyes.

And as time wore on I became more incredulous of Curus's warning. I believed no longer in the voyage or the crumbling shore; but I gathered my treasures closer to my heart, till, weary of their sweet excess, longing for the pure outer air and the free wind across the water, I wooed Délice to stand with me upon the pebbly shore, and strengthen my heart with her blinding caresses against the terror of the sea.

The sunset came, redly burning in the west, and heaped with livid clouds, whose low thunder and vivid flash told of a distant storm; and

one by one the high, cold stars were blotted from the sky till utter darkness was folded about us as a garment; and mad with terror Délice clasped my neck in her arms, and with mine twined about her we awaited breathlessly the next outpouring of dismay.

Ah! even as we stood so interclasped a heavy wave crested with pale light rolled upward from the sea and smote the shore; one brief agony of fear, and the ocean received us, all unconscious, into its breast, and with another eager wave cast back its prey.

The storm passed; the stars burned clear and bright; the moon rode on a sea of surging cloud; and I lay on the sand with a dead, cold face pressed against mine, and the tenacious clasp of a mortal agony still tight about my neck.

Délice was dead, and I living!

Presently through the silence I heard steps drawing near, and Curus came upon me where I lay, his benign face pale yet joyful, and his lips speechless with emotion. He lifted me up, all trembling and helpless, from the shining sand and the hissing wave, and set me up against a rock; but vain were his efforts to unclasp the arms of the dead from about my neck. No human strength could separate the locked fingers, or unbind the clinging death-grasp; and in my anguish I drove him away with fierce words, and sunk back faint with terror and exhaustion, while the sightless eyes looked into mine with an unmoved, stony glare, and the rigid purple lips parted over the set teeth in a ghastly smile that was not a smile, but its most fearful mockery.

At length, worn out, I fell into a trance-like sleep, and while it lay heavily on my senses Curus returned, and with other aid bore me to my palace, and cared for me with tender zeal; but when I woke, under the gorgeous canopy of my own couch, I lay there in the embrace of a corpse—they could not sever me from Délice!

Day after day wore on in this new phase of life in death; day after day those lineaments, sad but exquisite in the first pallor of the relaxed muscle and tranquil calm that followed the immediate distortions of dying, grew first pinched, aged, yellow, a mask of time-stained parchment fearful to behold. Then came corruption! Ah! what words shall tell its horrors? The livid, blackening lips; the sunken eye-ball; the very fleshly decay that even savage decency hides from the living, bound to my eyes, my arms, my heart, in an indissoluble bond, and my ears haunted with the low moaning of the sea.

Words must fail to picture that slow consuming. At first I bore it in sullen silence; then came delirium, when I raved for weeks in tireless madness under the burden of death; and, last of all, I sunk into despair. I knew, as if some superior power had given me a more intense sight, how I had brought upon myself this misery, and how helpless I was under its most deserved curse. Yea, I now sought the ocean's song, and spent hours on its border trying to interpret the soft cadence that seemed of late to breathe an undertone of peace.

As I sat one day upon the rock against which Curus had placed me on that fearful night, and felt the heavy arms about my neck, and turned my face away from its fearful companion, I cried out with irrepressible anguish:

"Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?"

And the voice of Curus said at my ear in a whisper of awe-stricken love, "He cometh!"

So I lifted my eyes, and behold! along the sand there appeared the form of a man, one without comeliness or fair stature; but, as He drew nearer, in the fragile shape and kingly presence, in the wan and grief-worn face, I saw the spirit of the ocean-hymn; I saw unutterable depths of love, pity, and power—a fire of human emotion, a majesty of divine strength, an unsounded sympathy that drew my heart to my lips, and without delay I cast myself down before Him, and breathed out in desperation—

"If thou canst do any thing, help!"

But if words were vain to speak of death, how shall they serve me to portray the divinity of life? how shall I speak of the smile that lit those deep eyes as if an eternal morning broke over them in its gracious dawn? how shall I tell the broken and tearful music of love that parted His serene lips in compassionate and tender utterance? or with what healing His speech distilled as the dew upon my fevered brain and despairing soul?

I lay, like a lost child found by its mother, in a dream of rest at His feet, forgetting my burden and my life in the peace past all understanding of His conquering presence, when I heard Curus say, "Rise! the Master calleth thee;" and I rose, burning with shame and self-disgust as I brought my accursed burden into the light of those pure eyes and heard from the rapt lips of Curus, half-whispered, the adoring cry, "Thou art all fair! There is no spot in thee!"

Where should I abide? whither should I flee from that stainless nature? But even as I stood, with downcast eyes and crimson cheek awaiting His will, I felt the arms of that death unloose, and between it and my defiled breast came a sense of purity, of healing, of power, that created me anew. In the first transport of relief I closed my eyes, and when I opened them it was no more upon the blasting face of decay. He had come between us! He had borne my grief, and I saw only His holy and shining eyes fixed upon mine, His tender lineaments lit with sacred joy, His worn and pallid face suffused with pity and love, and my heart turned within me like the heart of a child, as, clasped in his strong and friendly arms, I wept my long pain away in a flood of happy tears. And Curus at my side lifted a hymn of thanksgiving; while, in simple words as one teaches an infant, He, the Restorer, taught me His own work, and I learned to know that so long as I looked upon Him I should see no more the dead image of Délice, but grow into the likeness of His image; and be made fit for the voyage before me and the mist-vailed country. And I was saved.

But ah! forgetful heart, record thy wander-

ings for His greater praise. For, to my shame I tell it, there came days when I despaired and looked away from Him to the loathly vision of my lifted burden, and felt its cold arms about my neck again; but still He interposed, lifted my drooping head, smiled new life into my eyes, and banished the terror.

Yet again I sometimes remembered my past time of luxury, and grew weary of the flint-strewn shore on which we paced, studying the ocean voice and the soundings of the deep. I recollected the sweetness of my self-centred life, and withdrew from those guiding arms to gather unto myself a vision; but that vision embodied itself in corruption and dust, and I was again lost. Then came His divinest triumph; He smote my heart with one look of yearning affection; He showed me the scars that fearful burden pierced in his tender flesh; I saw its ghastly pressure and vampire touch wound Him day by day, and I beheld the crimson tracks of His bleeding feet as he bore me onward with His own strength, till my soul wept tears of blood in its repentance, and He forgave me again—seventy times seven! O Lord, Thy compassions fail not!

Now, after long years, the corpse of Délice has wasted to a crumbling skeleton; the face of my Lord brightens into the glow and loveliness of a celestial youth; the island is worn away to a rock on which we stand; and over the sparkling sea comes my ship with one blue flag flying from the cross at the mast-head.

He is my pilot. He is my hope and salvation; and the song of the sea is inarticulate no longer, though it singeth a new song, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder, harpers harping with their harps:

"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever!"

ONLY WORDS.

TWO women, a mother and her daughter, sat together in a small room meagrely furnished. They had on mourning garments; but the gloom of their habiliments was not deeper than the gloom of their faces.

"What are we to do, Alice?" said the mother, breaking in upon a long silence.

"If we were only back again in dear Westbrook," fell longingly from the daughter's lips.

"Yes, if— But Westbrook lies more than a thousand miles distant. It was a sad day for us, my child, when we left there. We have had nothing since but trouble and sorrow."

Tears flowed silently over the mother's face.

"If I could only get something to do," said Alice, "how willingly would I work! But no one wants the service here that I can give."

"We shall starve, at this rate," spoke out the mother, in a wild kind of way, as if fear had grown suddenly desperate.

Alice did not reply, but sat very still, in an abstracted way, like one whose thoughts have grown weary in some fruitless effort.

"I dreamed last night," she said, looking up after a while, "that we were back in Westbrook, and in our old home. That dear old home! How plainly I saw every thing! I sat at the window, looking out upon the little garden in front, from which the air came in filled with the odor of flowers; and as I sat there Mr. Fleetwood came by, just as it used to be; and he stopped and said 'Good-morning, Alice,' in that kind way with which he always spoke to me. I cried, when I awoke, to find it was only a dream."

"Ah, if there was a Mr. Fleetwood here!" sighed the mother.

"Suppose you write to him," suggested Alice. "The thought comes this moment into my mind. I am sure he would help us. You know what an excellent man he is."

"I will do it this very day," replied the mother, with hope and confidence in her voice. "Isn't it strange that he was not thought of before? Some good spirit gave you that dream, Alice."

And the letter was written. It ran as follows:

"*Edward Fleetwood, Esq.:*

"My Dear Sir,—I write to you under circumstances of great extremity. Since we left Westbrook for this distant region we have known only trouble. Sickness and losses met us on the very threshold of our new home; and death came at last to complete the work of sorrow and disaster. Six months ago my husband died, leaving me with three children and in circumstances of great extremity. How we have managed to live since that time I can hardly tell. We have suffered many privations; but worse things are approaching. We have no friends here. None to help, advise, or care for us. Alice—you remember my daughter Alice—has tried to get something to do. She is willing to work at any thing to which her strength is equal. But, so far, she has been unsuccessful. What are we to do? It looks as if actual starvation were coming. I write to you—remembering your kindly nature, your warm and human heart. Oh, Sir, can you not help us? It is the voice of the widow and fatherless that cries unto you. Alice dreamed of you last night, and we have taken it as a suggestion and an omen. Forgive me for this freedom; but when imminent danger threatens, we reach out our hands for succor in any direction toward which hope points us. I shall wait in trembling eagerness your reply.

"Yours, in sorrow and hope,

"Alice Maynard."

Let us follow this letter to Westbrook, and note the manner in which it is received. We find it in the hands of Mr. Fleetwood, who has read it through, and is sitting with a troubled look on his kind face.

"There is no help in me," he says at length, folding up the letter and laying it aside. "Poor Mrs. Maynard! Is the day indeed so dark? God knows how willingly I would help you if it were in my power. But misfortune has not come to you alone. It has passed my threshold also, and the threshold of thousands besides. Westbrook has seen some sad changes since you went away.

"Dreamed of me?" he goes on, after a pause; "and you have taken the dream as a suggestion and an omen? Alas, my friend! It is not a good omen. Some spirit has mocked you with

a delusive dream. There is no help in me. None—none! For I am staggering under my own burdens: I am in fear all the day long lest the evil that threatens my home should fall upon it. May God help and comfort you! I can not."

Mr. Fleetwood took the letter from the table on which he had placed it and laid it in a drawer. "Poor Alice Maynard!" he sighed, as he shut the drawer and turned away. All day long the thought of that letter troubled him. How could he answer it? What could he say? It was an eager, expectant cry for help; but he had no help to give. The widowed mother had asked him for bread; and how could he offer her mere words in return—cold, disappointing words!

For two days that letter remained in the drawer where he had placed it.

"It is no use," he would say, as the thought of it now and again intruded. "I can not bring myself to write an answer. Say what I will, and the language must seem to her but heartless sentences. She can not understand how greatly things have changed with me since she went out from Westbrook. If she does not hear from me she may think her letter miscarried. She, like the rest of us, is in God's hands, and He will take care of her. We are of more value than the sparrows."

But this could not satisfy Mr. Fleetwood. He had a conscience, and it would not let him omit a plain duty without reproof.

"If you have no money to give, offer her kind and hopeful words," said the inward monitor. "Even the cup of cold water must not be withheld."

Unable to make peace with himself, Mr. Fleetwood at last sat down to answer the widow's letter. He wrote a brief, kind, suggestive note; but after reading it over twice tore it up, saying, as he did so,

"It reads like mockery. She asked me for bread, and it seems like giving her a stone."

Then he tried it again, but not much more to his satisfaction. This answer he was also about destroying, but he checked himself with the words,

"I might pen forty letters, and the last would read no better than the first. Let this one go."

And he folded, sealed, and directed it. The next mail that left Westbrook bore it away for its remote destination. Let us return to Mrs. Maynard.

"We should have had an answer from Mr. Fleetwood two days ago, Alice."

The daughter sighed, but did not answer.

"What time does the mail from the East come in, Alice?"

"At four o'clock."

"And it is five now?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Won't you put on your bonnet and step over to the post-office?"

Alice went, but returned, as on the two previous days, with nothing in her hand.

"No letter?" said Mrs. Maynard, as she came in.

"None," was the sadly-spoken reply.

"Oh, why has he not written? If help come not from Mr. Fleetwood there is no help for us in this world."

Another day of waiting, in which that deferred hope which maketh the heart sick trembled like the light of a taper flickering in the wind, passed wearily away. At five o'clock Alice was at the post-office again. And now a letter was placed in her hand, directed to her mother, and on the envelope she read, with a heart-bound, the word, "Westbrook." Not fleeter than her footsteps was the wind as she ran back home.

"A letter, and from Westbrook!" she cried out, eagerly, as she entered the room where her mother sat anxiously awaiting her.

The hands of Mrs. Maynard shook as she opened and unfolded the long hoped-for answer. It was brief, and its contents fully understood in a few moments. Alice, whose eyes were fixed eagerly upon her mother while she read in silence, saw her countenance change, grow pale, and the look of hopeful expectation die out utterly. Then as the letter dropped to the floor her hands were held up against her face so as to hide it from view, and she sat with the stillness of one who had been paralyzed. Taking up the letter, Alice read:

"My Dear Madam,—Your letter has troubled me deeply; and the more so, because it finds me wholly unable to give that help of which you stand so much in need. Since you left Westbrook things have greatly changed with me and many others. I have lost nearly all of my property, and find myself in straitened circumstances. It pains me to write this; not so much on my own account as on yours, for it will come to you with a chill of disappointment. But you and I and all of us are in the hands and under the care of One who knoweth our wants, and who heareth even the young ravens when they cry. You have a Father in heaven, dear Madam, and a Father who has not forgotten you. Look to Him, and hope in Him. He will not forsake you in this great extremity. The earth is His and the fullness thereof. All hearts are his, and I am sure he will turn some hearts to you in kindness. There is no night without a succeeding day. The morning cometh as surely as the evening. Look up and trust in God. He has something for all his childen to do: something for you to do, and your hands will find the work. It may now be lying, all unseen, around you.

"It is in my heart to offer deeds instead of words: but I can only give of what I possess. May the widow's Husband and the orphan's Father succor you in the hour of peril! Your friend in heart,

"Edward Fleetwood."

"He writes kindly," said Alice, as she finished reading the letter; "and there is comfort even in words when they come from the lips of a friend."

"Words do not feed the hungry nor clothe the naked," answered Mrs. Maynard, in some bitterness of tone.

She had scarcely said this when the door of the room in which they were sitting was pushed open, and a boy about ten years old, barefooted and meagrely clad, came in with a pitcher in one hand and a small basket in the other.

"Mother sent these, Miss Maynard," he said, with a pleased smile on his face. The pitcher

was filled with new milk, and there was a loaf of bread, hot from the oven, in the basket.

"She says, please accept them."

"Your mother is very kind, Henry," replied Mrs. Maynard. "Tell her that I'm very much obliged to her."

"And she's very much obliged to you," said the boy.

"For what, Henry?"

"Don't you know?" And the boy looked at her in a pleased way.

Mrs. Maynard shook her head.

"Don't you remember, one day, when I was over here, that you asked me if I could read?"

"I've forgotten."

"We haven't, then, mother and I. You asked me if I could read, and I said no. Then you told me that I must learn right away; and you got a book and showed me my A B C's; making me go over them a good many times until I knew them all by heart. Then you gave me the book. I have studied in it almost every day, and now I can spell in two syllables."

"And this is why your mother sent me such a nice loaf of bread, and a pitcher of new milk?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You can't read yet?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then you must bring your book over, and let me give you another lesson."

"Oh, will you?" A light like sunshine came into the boy's face.

"Yes, Henry, and with pleasure. You may come every day if you will."

"May I? Oh, that will be good! And Mrs. Maynard—" Henry checked himself. He evidently wished to go a little farther.

"What is it, Henry?" said Mrs. Maynard, encouragingly.

"May I bring Katy along sometimes? She wants to learn so badly. She 'most knows her letters."

"Why yes, Henry. Bring Katy by all means. Alice will teach her."

Henry glanced toward Alice, as if not fully satisfied in regard to her view of the case. But she gave him an assuring smile and word, and the boy ran home with light feet to tell the good news.

"What does this mean, Alice?" said Mrs. Maynard, looking at her daughter with a countenance through which a dim light seemed breaking.

"It may be true what Mr. Fleetwood says," replied Alice; "the work that God has for us to do may be now lying, all unseen, around us."

"This is no mere chance," remarked Mrs. Maynard, in a thoughtful way.

"Don't you remember," said Alice, "how often dear father used to say that there was no such thing as chance? that the hand of Providence was in every event? I felt, while reading Mr. Fleetwood's letter, as if it was father who was speaking to us."

Mrs. Maynard shut her eyes and sat very still for many moments; then she opened the letter, which she held in her hand, and read it through slowly.

"It reads differently now. I am sorry for Mr. Fleetwood. It is hard, when years lay upon us their long accumulating burdens, to find earthly props suddenly removed. Poor man! It seems as if he ought to have been spared. What he had to give he has given freely, and I thank him with grateful feelings. Yes, I have a Father in heaven, and I will look up to Him in these days of darkness. He will show us the way. Who knows but the path is now opening before us?"

"My own thought, mother. There are more than forty children in this town who are growing up in as much ignorance as Henry Auld and his sister. Their parents will not, or can not, send them to school. These children have immortal souls, and almost infinite capacities that will be developed for good or for evil. They are God's children. Let us care for them, and God will care for us. Let us take this loaf of bread and this pitcher of milk as the sign of God's providence toward us. I feel, dear mother, that such trust will not be in vain. Mr. Fleetwood's letter has turned the channel of my thoughts in a new direction. May God reward him for all he has said to us in this our time of need, and said so kindly and so wisely!"

The daughter's hope and faith flowed into the mother's heart. They were not indolent, self-indulgent women. All they asked was to be shown their work; and now, in their eyes, it seemed to be lying all around them.

On the next day Henry Auld came over with his sister Katy, and received the promised lessons.

"Do you know any other little boys and girls who wish to learn how to read?" asked Mrs. Maynard, as the children were going away.

"Oh, yes, I know a good many," replied Henry, and then stood waiting to hear what would come next.

"Bring them along when you come to-morrow," said Mrs. Maynard. "It will be as easy to teach half a dozen as two."

"Won't Tom Jones be glad, though!" she heard Henry say to his sister as they went out through the gate.

Three months went by, and yet Mr. Fleetwood received no response to the answer which he had given to Mrs. Maynard's imploring letter. He did not remember distinctly what he had written. He only knew that he had sent her mere words when she asked for deeds. He never thought of her without a troubled feeling.

"How cold and heartless that letter must have seemed!" he would say to himself sometimes. "Ah, if she really knew how it was with me! If she could see into my breast, poor woman! But she is in the hands of God, and He is the friend who sticketh closer than a brother."

At last there came a reply to his words of encouragement and hope, which, though flowing

warm from his heart, seemed to grow so cold in the utterance. Mrs. Maynard wrote:

"MY DEAR SIR,—More than four months ago you wrote to me, 'You have a Father in heaven, dear Madam, and a Father who has not forgotten you. Look to Him, and hope in Him.' And you said also, 'He has something for all of His children to do; something for you to do, and your hands will find the work. It may now be lying, all unseen, around you.' My heart blesses you, Sir, for those hopeful, suggestive words. Yes; God had work for me to do—and it was lying, even when I wrote to you in my fear and despair, all around me, though unseen by my dull eyes. Like apples of gold in pictures of silver were your fitly spoken words. I had taught a child his letters, and his poor but grateful mother sent me in return a loaf of bread and a pitcher of milk for my children. Your letter and this offering in God's providence came together. I had the text and illustration side by side. There were many ignorant children in our town, said Alice and I, one to the other, and they are God's children. Let us teach more of them, as we taught this child, taking that loaf of bread and offering of milk as a sign that God will provide for us in the work. We did not hesitate, but acted on the suggestion at once. And now, we have over thirty poor little children under our care, and we have not wanted for bread. Some of the parents pay us in money, some in provisions, and some do nothing in return. But we take all children who come. Yesterday, we had notice from the Town Council that an appropriation of one hundred dollars a year had been made out of the public funds for the support of our school! Does not the hand of a wise and good Providence appear in all this? Oh, Sir! I can not too warmly thank you for the wise words of that timely letter. God bless you for having spoken them! Gratefully yours,

"ALICE MAYNARD."

"Only words," said Mr. Fleetwood, as he folded the letter, with moist eyes. "Only words! They seemed such a cold and heartless return for good deeds, asked pleadingly and in tears, that I had to compel myself to write them. Yet see their good fruit! If we can not do, let us speak kindly and hopefully at least. I will not forget the lesson."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE greater portion of the time of Congress during the month has been devoted to speeches upon the slavery question. In the House, on the 11th of April, the bill for the admission of Kansas, with the Constitution lately framed at Wyandot, passed by a majority of 134 to 73; in the Senate the bill has been referred to the Committee on Territories. The Tariff, the Homestead Bill, and the Pacific Railroad Bill have been discussed at length, but without any positive action being taken.—Senator Wilson has introduced a bill providing more effectually for the suppression of the slave-trade. It calls for five swift steamers, adapted for service on the coast of Africa; offers $100 bounty for each kidnapped African delivered to a United States marshal; makes the ownership and fitting out of slavers piracy; but substitutes imprisonment for life for the death penalty; and requires American vessels sold abroad to return to the United States for a new register.——In the House the Covode Investigating Committee succeeded in procuring the publication of the letter of instructions written in July, 1857, by Mr. Buchanan to Hon. Robert J. Walker, then Governor of Kansas. In this letter the President says: "The point on which your and our success depends is the submission of the Constitution to the people, and by the people I mean, and I have no doubt you mean, the actual *bona fide* residents, who have been long enough in the Territory to identify themselves with its fate. The Legislature determined three months as the period of residence to entitle persons to vote for members of the Convention; and if the Convention should think proper to adopt the same period to entitle individuals to vote for or against the Constitution, it appears to me this would be reasonable. On the question of submitting the Constitution to the *bona fide* resident settlers of Kansas I am willing to stand or fall. It is the principle of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, the principle of popular sovereignty, and the principle at the foundation of all popular government. The more it is discussed the stronger it will become. Should the Convention of Kansas adopt this principle all will be settled harmoniously, and you will return triumphantly from your arduous, important, and responsible mission. The strictures of the Georgia and Mississippi Conventions will then pass away, to be speedily forgotten. . . . . Should you answer the resolution of the latter, I would advise you to make the great principle of the submission of the Constitution to the *bona fide* residents of Kansas conspicuously prominent. On this you will be irresistible." The policy adopted by the Lecompton Convention was very different from that indicated in this letter; but its advocates maintained that it was in accordance with the wishes of the Administration. The existence of this letter was positively denied by members of the Government; and Mr. Walker at first refused to produce it before the Committee; but finding that its existence and the general purport of its contents could be proved, he gave it to the Committee, after making a long speech, in which he reviewed his whole connection with the affairs of Kansas, affirming that, while he believed that the scheme of the Lecompton Convention was framed by members of the Government, he was convinced that it was done without the sanction or approval of the President. Mr. Black, the Attorney-General, was among those who denied the existence of this letter of the President; and Mr. Walker, considering this denial as equivalent to a charge of falsehood, challenged Mr. Black, who refused to accept the invitation to the field.

The Lovejoy and Pryor fracas in the House, noted in our last Record, nearly occasioned a duel between Messrs. Pryor and Potter of Wisconsin. Mr. Potter made some corrections in the report of his speech for the *Union;* Mr. Pryor erased these from the printer's manuscript; Mr. Potter animadverted severely upon this proceeding; Mr. Pryor sent him a challenge; Mr. Potter accepted it, naming bowie-knives as the weapons; Mr. Pryor's second refused to accept the terms, on the ground that the weapons were barbarous and inhuman, and not in use among gentlemen; Mr. Lander, the second of Mr. Potter, replied that his principal considered the practice of dueling barbarous and inhuman, but having been challenged on account of what he had said in Congress, he accepted, and not being accustomed to the

usual weapons of the duelist, he had availed himself of his privilege, as the person challenged, to name such weapons as would place him on equal terms with his opponent; Mr. Lander, moreover, offered to take the place of his principal, and fight Mr. Pryor with any weapon he would name. Mr. Pryor's second declined this proposition, on the ground that neither his principal nor himself had any quarrel with Mr. Lander.

The Democratic National Convention assembled at Charleston on the 23d of April. Every State in the Union was fully represented by delegates, equal in number to its representation in both Houses of Congress—the whole number of delegates being 303. From New York two sets of delegates appeared, claiming seats. One set, headed by Dean Richmond, represented the "Soft" branch of the State Convention of September, 1859, noted in our Record for November last; the other, headed by Fernando Wood, represented the "Hards" of New York politics. The claim of the "Soft" delegates was allowed by the Convention, the other delegation formally protesting against this decision. Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, was chosen as permanent Chairman of the Convention. A resolution was passed allowing all delegates to cast their individual votes, except in cases where the Conventions which appointed them had instructed the delegations to vote as a unit. It was resolved that no ballots should be taken for Presidential candidates until a "platform" had been adopted. A "Platform Committee," consisting of one member from each State, was appointed. This Committee, after refusing to report the "Cincinnati Platform" without alteration, presented the following, by a majority of 17 to 16:

"*Resolved*, That the platform adopted at Cincinnati be affirmed, with the following resolutions:

"That the Democracy of the United States hold these cardinal principles on the subject of Slavery in the Territories: First, that Congress has no power to abolish slavery in the Territories; second, that the Territorial Legislature has no power to abolish slavery in any Territory, nor to prohibit the introduction of slaves therein, nor any power to exclude slavery therefrom, nor any power to destroy or impair the right of property in slaves by any legislation whatever.

"*Resolved*, That the enactments of State Legislatures to defeat the faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law are hostile in character, subversive of the Constitution, and revolutionary in their effect.

"*Resolved*, That it is the duty of the Federal Government to protect, when necessary, the rights of person and property on the high seas, in the Territories, or wherever else its Constitutional authority extends.

"*Resolved*, That the Democracy of the nation recognize it as the imperative duty of this Government to protect the naturalized citizen in all his rights, whether at home or in foreign lands, to the same extent as in its native-born citizens.

"*Resolved*, That the National Democracy earnestly recommend the acquisition of the Island of Cuba at the earliest practicable period.

"*Whereas*, That one of the greatest necessities of the age, in a political, commercial, postal, and military point of view, is a speedy communication between the Pacific and Atlantic coasts; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That the National Democratic party do hereby pledge themselves to use every means in their power to secure the passage of some bill for the construction of a Pacific Railroad, from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, at the earliest practicable moment."

This platform, presented by Mr. Avery, of North Carolina, was voted for in the Committee by the delegates from the 15 Slaveholding States, and by those from Oregon and California. The minority platform, presented by Mr. Samuels, of Iowa, was as follows:

"*Resolved*, That we, the Democracy of the Union, in Convention assembled, hereby declare our affirmance of the resolutions unanimously adopted, and declared as a platform of principles by the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati, in the year 1856, believing that Democratic principles are unchangeable in their nature when applied to the same subject matters; and we recommend as our only further resolutions the following:

"Inasmuch as differences of opinion exist in the Democratic party as to the nature and extent of the powers of a Territorial Legislature, and as to the powers and duties of Congress, under the Constitution of the United States, over the institution of Slavery within the Territories;

"*Resolved*, That the Democratic party will abide by the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States on the questions of Constitutional law.

"*Resolved*, That it is the duty of the United States to afford ample and complete protection to all its citizens, whether at home or abroad, and whether native or foreign.

"*Resolved*, That one of the necessities of the age, in a military, commercial, and postal point of view, is speedy communication between the Atlantic and Pacific States, and the Democratic party pledge such Constitutional Government aid as will insure the construction of a railroad to the Pacific coast at the earliest practicable period.

"*Resolved*, That the Democratic party are in favor of the acquisition of the Island of Cuba on such terms as shall be honorable to ourselves and just to Spain.

"*Resolved*, That the enactments of State Legislatures to defeat the faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law are hostile in character, subversive of the Constitution, and revolutionary in their effect."

Another minority platform, presented by the delegates from Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, and Minnesota, offered as a substitute for both the others, simply reaffirmed the Cincinnati platform. This was rejected by a vote of 105 to 198. The minority report was then accepted, in lieu of that of the majority, by a vote of 165 to 138. Of the votes for this substitution 12 were from the Slave States and 153 from the Free States; against it were 108 from the Slave States and 30 from the Free States. The resolutions contained in the minority platform were then taken up separately and adopted by large majorities, several of the Southern States declining, however, to vote. At this point the Chairman of the Alabama delegation announced that they withdrew from the Convention; this was followed by a similar movement by the majority of the delegations from Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina. These proceedings, and the debates and discussions growing out of them, occupied eight days. On the evening of May 1, the Convention having adopted a rule that 202 votes—being two-thirds of the entire number of delegates—should be required for a nomination, proceeded to ballot for candidates for the Presidency. During this and the succeeding day 57 ballots were taken. We give the results of a portion of these ballots, those which are omitted being essentially the same with those which immediately precedes them:

Ballots	Douglas (Ill.)	Hunter (Va.)	Guthrie (Ky.)	A. Johnson (Tenn.)	Dickinson (N. Y.)	Lane (Oregon.)	Jeff. Davis (Miss.)
1	145½	42	36½	12	7	6	1
2	147	41½	36½	12	6½	6	1
3	148½	36	42	12	6½	6	1
4	149	41½	37½	12	5	5	1
12	150½	38	39½	12	4	6	½
13	149½	28½	39½	12	1	20	1
23	152½	25	41½	12	1½	19½	1
24	151½	25	41½	12	2½	19½	1
30	151½	25	45	11	13	5½	1
34	152½	22½	47½	11	5	12½	1
35	152	22½	47½	11	5	12½	1
36	151½	22½	47½	11	5	12½	1
37	151½	16	64½	1½	5½	12½	1½
38	151½	16	66	1½	5½	12½	1½
55	151½	16	65½	—	2	16	1
56	151½	16	65½	—	2	16	1
57	151½	16	65½	—	2	16	1

The last 20 ballots presenting no essential change

it was evident that no nomination could be effected. It was voted, upon the motion of Mr. Russell, of Virginia, to adjourn, to meet at Baltimore on the 18th of June. At first Mr. Toucey received 2½ votes, and Mr. Pierce 1. The whole number of votes, after the Southern secession, was 252; Mr. Douglas's highest vote being 152, he lacked 16 of a two-thirds vote of the remaining delegates, and 50 of the 202, the number required for nomination under the rule adopted. The seceders, numbering about 50, met in a separate Convention, elected Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, as Chairman, adopted the platform presented by the majority of the Committee, but made no nominations. They adjourned, to meet in Richmond on the second Monday (the 11th) of June. All States which approve of the "Anti-Squatter Sovereignty Platform," are requested to send delegates to the Richmond Convention.

The United States steamer *Powhatan* arrived at San Francisco on the 27th of March, bringing the Japanese embassy to this country. This embassy, the first ever sent by Japan to any "barbarian" country, is an evidence of the tact and good-feeling with which our negotiations with Japan have been conducted by Mr. Townsend Harris, a report of whose death—we trust erroneous—has reached us by way of England. The embassy consists of two principal embassadors, princes of the highest rank in the empire, with two associates of nearly equal rank. The following is a list of the members of the embassy: Simme, Prince of Boozen; Mooragaki, Prince of Awadsi, envoys; Ogoori Mata-itse, chief censor; one vice-governor of the treasury; one vice-governor for foreign affairs; one secretary of the first rank (Serabay Akoo); two inspectors of the first rank; two secretaries of the second rank; two treasury officers; two inspectors of the second rank; two interpreters; two doctors; and fifty-three servants. —The *Powhatan* touched at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, on the 5th of March. The embassadors were received with the highest honors; the King and the Queen held court for their reception, and they were entertained with a grand ball on board of the steamer. At San Francisco they were received with great respect, being treated as the guests of the city, which appropriated $20,000 for their entertainment. The Governor of the State, the officers of the Corporation, members of the Legislature, and many private citizens, visited them; and on the 2d of April a public reception, attended by the United States officers, the foreign consuls, and State authorities, was accorded to them. They bring $100,000 to defray their personal expenses, and many boxes of presents to the members of our Government, though they were invited to come as the guests of our country, and at its sole expense. Their appearance and deportment has been such as to give a very favorable impression of the country which they represent. Their arrival on the Atlantic coast is daily expected. They will be taken directly to Washington; from thence they will visit many of the principal cities of the Union.

The Legislature of the State of New York adjourned April 17. The following embraces the principal business of the session:

The completion of the canal enlargement has been provided for, and the last tax levied for it.—The Pro Rata Railroad Freight bill was passed by the Assembly, but failed in the Senate.—The Railroad Toll bill falls through by disagreement between the two Houses, which the Conference Committee was not able to adjust.—Six New York city railroad bills were passed. One was signed by the Governor, the others vetoed. But the five vetoed bills were then passed through both Houses by a two-third vote, and have become laws.—The grant of $1,000,000 to the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad was first passed by the Senate, but reduced by the Assembly to $350,000, and the reduction concurred in by the Senate. The Governor vetoed it. The Senate passed it over the veto, but was lost in the Assembly.—The Annual Appropriation bill and Supply bill have both been passed and signed.—The Tax bills have also become laws. The total tax this year will be three mills and three quarters on the dollar, viz.: For school, three quarters of a mill; completion of the canals, half a mill; interest on the two and a half million loan, quarter of a mill; for support of Government, a mill and one-eighth; interest on canal debt, a mill and one-eighth.—The Capital Punishment bill, establishing a distinction between two classes of murder, and making one punishable with imprisonment for life, is now a law.—The bill repealing the enactments of 1805 in regard to alienation to deed, commonly called the 'Anti-Rent bill,' also becomes a law.—The bill perfecting the constitutional amendment abolishing the property qualification for colored voters, was passed and approved.—The bill securing to married women their earnings and property in trade was passed and is a law.—The amendments of the Metropolitan Police act were passed and go into effect.—The bill establishing a Department of Public Charities in the City of New York passed.—The bill providing for the sale of the West Washington Market in New York was passed, vetoed, and then passed by a two-thirds vote in each House over the veto.—The bill to remove the City Hall in New York to Madison Square was passed in both Houses.—The Divorce bill failed to pass either House.—The proposed repeal of the Usury Laws also failed to receive the sanction of either House.—The bill prohibiting bequests by will to Charitable Institutions exceeding a specified amount, in certain cases, was passed and signed.—The bill for the relief of Insolvent Debtors passed both Houses, with a provision that it is not to take effect until April, 1861.—The bill prohibiting railroad stockholders from voting by proxy, and that empowering members of religious and charitable societies to vote by proxy, both failed to pass.—The extension of the Chenango Canal was passed by the Senate, but failed in the Assembly.—The bill providing for the appointment of Canal Appraisers in each of the counties along the line of the canal failed to become a law.—The changes and amendments in the laws relating to State prisons were adopted.—The bill giving the State custody of the unclaimed deposits in the savings' banks failed to pass either House.—The bill to amend the Excise law and the Prohibitory Liquor law, also failed to become laws.—The bill 'to lengthen the canal locks without cost to the State' passed the Senate, but was not acted on in the Assembly. —The New York Tax Levy bill, after being amended by striking out the item of $80,000 for the Commissioners of Record, was passed and signed.—The bill to guard against unsafe buildings in New York, and the Brooklyn Park bill, have both become laws.

From *California* the mining intelligence is very favorable. Discoveries of silver mines upon the Washoe River of unexampled richness have recently been made. The receipts of gold at San Francisco, for the quarter ending March 1, are $10,800,000, an access of more than a million of dollars above the corresponding period last year. From British Columbia, also, the mining news is of an encouraging character, new diggings having been found on the Upper Frazer River.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

Since the failure of Miramon's expedition against Vera Cruz, and the capture of his steamers, no change of importance has occurred in the aspect of Mexican affairs. The present position of the parties is briefly this: The Church party hold possession of the chief places in the interior, from Orizaba to Guadalajara; while the Liberalists have the entire coast on both sides of the continent. Their object is to get possession of the capital. If they can accomplish this the contest will be brought to a speedy close. But they have no money with which to carry on their operations, and there seems to be little prospect of their receiving any substantial aid at present from the United States.

EUROPE.

The annexation of the Italian Duchies and the

Romagna to Sardinia, and of Savoy to France, notwithstanding the objections, avowed or secret, of the Powers of Europe, may be considered as accomplished facts. The King of Sardinia, in a speech delivered in the hall of the Senate on the 2d of April, said, that the last time he had opened the Parliament it was amidst the troubles of Italy; but now, thanks to the exertions of a magnanimous ally, and the valor and sacrifices of the soldiers and people, an invasion had been repulsed, Lombardy had been freed, and the representatives of the people were assembled around him; two nations who had a community of origin and destiny had been consolidated. He had found it necessary to make some sacrifices, and had, reserving the vote of the people, concluded a treaty for the "reunion of Savoy and Nice with France. In entering upon the new order of things the welfare of the people and the greatness of the country—which was no longer the Italy of the Romans or of the Middle Ages—was to be consulted. Italy must no longer be left a field open to foreign ambition, but must, for the future, be the Italy of the Italians."—In Savoy the question of annexation to France was submitted to popular vote on the 22d of April; the result was a vote in its favor.—Austria, Prussia, and Switzerland, protest against these measures of annexation. The Pope, also, on the 26th of March, issued a bull of "major excommunication" against all those who have promised aid or counseled rebellion, invasion, or usurpation in the Romagna; and the Papal Government has formally protested against the annexation of the Legations to Sardinia.——Insurrectionary movements, which were repressed, have occurred in Spain and the two Sicilies.——The preliminaries of peace between Spain and Morocco have been adjusted. Morocco cedes some territory to Spain, and makes indemnity for the expenses of the war.

Literary Notices.

Harper's Series of School and Family Readers, by MARCIUS WILLSON. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The friends of education, especially those devoted to the duties of practical instruction, will receive this new manual with a hearty welcome, both on account of the novelty of the plan and the ingenuity and excellence of its execution. The author is himself an experienced teacher of youth, and has brought to the preparation of his work not only a rare fertility of resource, but no small degree of practical sagacity, which has evidently been exercised to advantage in the daily routine of the school-room. He has employed the leisure of several years in perfecting his method and completing the necessary details, so that the series possesses a solidity and permanence of character which can seldom be claimed in manuals of elementary instruction. It is no less than fourteen years ago that the plan was submitted to that distinguished educationist, Mr. Horace Mann, from whom it received the warmest approval, although he was in doubt whether the expense attending the thorough pictorial illustrations, which form an essential feature of the series, would not place it beyond the reach of the great mass of children in the public schools of this country. The difficulty is obviated, however, by furnishing the books at an equally low price with other Readers, the first cost of which was not one-tenth the cost of these. The main idea of Mr. Willson in preparing the series was to popularize the higher branches of English study to the capacities of children, so that they might obtain some useful knowledge of the various departments of natural history and physical science while engaged in their ordinary reading exercises. At the same time the matter is arranged in a series of volumes, adapted to the wants of children of different ages and attainments, and forming a system of progressive Readers, by which the pupil is led on, by an agreeable succession, from the most simple to the higher and more difficult results of scientific investigation. Numerous selections, both in poetry and prose, produce a pleasing variety, and sustain a constant interest in the facts and principles that are expounded. The elements of elocution are taught in connection with the scientific illustrations in a manner to cultivate the habit of correct reading; while its principles, as an art, are almost unconsciously impressed on the memory. The series consists of eight volumes, namely, the Primer; six Readers, adapted to the different classes in common schools; and the Academical Reader, suited to the capacity and wants of the most advanced rank of students in the higher seminaries of education. The beauty and attractiveness of the execution of these manuals can be fully appreciated only from an actual examination of their pages. The typography is not only prepossessing in its appearance, but possesses a simple and finished elegance which is uncommon in school-books, and which would be creditable to works of the highest pretension and character. Of the engravings, with which each volume of the series abounds, many are specimens of admirable design and beautiful execution; and all of them are free from the exaggeration, imperfect detail, and careless completion which, in numerous educational manuals, are so trying to the patience of the teacher and so injurious to the taste of the pupil. It is no small boon to supply the means of thus presenting to the eye of the young the elements of beauty. Many of our readers can remember the hideous caricatures with which the love of art was nurtured in their youthful days. If these have, to a great extent, been banished from the school-room, it is rarely that their place has been filled by productions of such excellent taste as are found in the present volumes.

The Pioneers, Preachers, and People of the Mississippi Valley, by WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) The recollections of boyhood and the experience of mature life have made the Great West a land of enthusiastic interest to the writer of this volume. His young imagination was powerfully excited by the spectacle of the broad and flowery savannas, the island-like groves arrayed in their robes of emerald, the mighty rivers giving a fresh beauty to the luxuriant scenery of the virgin forests; nor has the enchantment yet passed away from his memory; to him the West is still half dream, half reality. He has, accordingly, engaged in the composition of this work, not only under the stimulus of intellectual activity, but with a strong feeling of personal sympathy. The pages are alive with emotion, and the sentiments of admiration, in which he freely indulges, come spontaneously from the heart. Among the topics to which the volume is devoted are the original French

explorers of the Mississippi Valley; the war of Pontiac; the cabin homes of the wilderness at the beginning of the Revolution, and during its progress; the old preachers and their preaching; and the eloquence and humor of the Western mind. The concluding chapter on the past, present, and future of the Great Valley is written in the spirit of hopeful promise, and amply sustains its cheering views by statistical facts. Some of Mr. Milburn's statements on this subject are sufficiently striking to be repeated in this place. The northwestern portion of the valley, lying between the Ohio, the Lakes, and the Mississippi, and comprising over two hundred and sixty thousand square miles, so recently as 1754 contained five little French towns, with about one thousand inhabitants, and no other European settlements. The first State admitted into the Union from it was Ohio, in 1802. The earliest English settlements within Ohio were in 1774, but none was of any importance until the settlement of Marietta in 1788, when the English inhabitants were probably about five thousand. Within three quarters of a century this portion of the great valley has grown into enormous dimensions. Five great States occupy its territory; seven millions of people inhabit it; its farms give an annual product not less than three hundred millions of dollars in value; its mines, eighty millions; its lumber, seventy millions; its manufactories, a hundred and thirty millions; its fisheries, three millions. It has more than nine thousand miles of railroads; fourteen hundred miles of canals; seven thousand miles of telegraph. Nor has the progress of the Northwest been confined to material interests. It has built eight thousand churches, which will hold four millions of people; fifty colleges, and twenty-five thousand schools, with a million and a half of pupils; and it supports a thousand newspapers, twelve hundred public libraries, and innumerable scientific and literary societies. Mr. Milburn regards this immense valley as the hospitable city of refuge for the poor and oppressed of other lands. He cherishes no fear of evil consequences from the admixture of men of different races, different religions, different modes and degrees of cultivation. There is room for them all, and all are needed. So far as human foresight can discern, a future of marvelous grandeur and power awaits the nation of the Great Valley. Its millions of inhabitants, masters of an almost fabulous wealth, may look forward to the day when they shall rule the destinies of the New World. Aspiring to the chief place in the long panorama of human history, it may become a monument of intellectual power, of exalted moral worth, of genuine Christian goodness, presenting a fabric of beauty and strength beyond even the most brilliant dreams of Utopia, or the loftiest speculations of philosophy.

The Mill on the Floss, by GEORGE ELIOT, author of "Adam Bede." (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The masterly delineations of character, combined with the minute sketches and skillful coloring of details, which distinguish the productions of this writer, have naturally provoked inquiry as to the secret of their authorship. It is now, however, well understood that the person who rejoices in the pseudonym of George Eliot is a lady named Evans, who has heretofore been eminently successful in a different branch of literature. The delight which has been enjoyed in the perusal of "Adam Bede" by thousands of readers will, to a great extent, be renewed by the present remarkable story. It is founded on scenes of country life in England; the characters are all taken from the humbler classes of society; and the plot is constructed of elements in the everyday experience of the great world of industry and business. With these slight materials we have a narrative blending the fierce struggles of passion with a curious painting of manners; the peculiarities of individual character are presented in bold relief, but without caricature; scenes of natural pathos alternate with descriptions of vulgar pretension; and the whole is pervaded with an air of such intense reality that you seem to have been a witness of the incidents of the tale rather than the subject of the ingenious illusions of the artist. Rarely are such powerful effects produced with such slight appeals to the imagination. The author calls in the aid of no ghosts or hybrids; deals neither with "gorgons nor chimeras dire;" indulges in no flights of morbid or perverted sentiment; exhibits no convulsions of her own heart for artistic purposes; but trusting alone to the perennial feelings of human nature, in the free exercise both of its dignity and its waywardness, has constructed a work of fiction which, for force, pathos, and genuineness of representation, has few recent parallels.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays: Collected and Republished by THOMAS CARLYLE. (Published by Brown and Taggard.) The very essence of Carlyle's great and audacious nature is more signally exhibited in the critical essays, biographical sketches, and miscellaneous papers which, half sportively, half earnestly, he threw off at a heat in the earlier stages of his literary career, than in the works of greater pretense and elaboration, which are the fruit of wide historical research and dogged perseverance in composition. Many of these productions are pervaded by a kindly and genial spirit—rich in touches of a fine humanity—revealing a noble vein of personal sympathies—flavored by a racy and generous humor—clothed in a quaint, Richterian diction, without the crabbed asperity of his "latter-days", and abounding in curious out-of-the-way learning, as well as in marvelous insight and acute dissection of character. The present collection, in four shapely volumes, and with all the tasteful typographical appliances of the Riverside press, will be welcomed by the admirers of Carlyle as an unimpeachable edition of his most remarkable early writings. It contains the admirable expositions and criticisms of German literature which have done so much to stimulate the intelligent study of that language in this country; the sketches of French history and biography which grew out of Carlyle's labors on the French Revolution; the incomparable essays on Johnson, Burns, and Sir Walter Scott; and a variety of shorter articles, which can scarcely be arranged in any specific category. The volumes are accompanied with a copious summary of contents and an accurate index, which greatly facilitate the convenience of reference, and leave nothing to be desired, in that respect, on the part of the reader.

The Life of Stephen A. Douglas, by JAMES W. SHEAHAN. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A biography of the distinguished Illinois Senator, written by one who agrees fully with him in political views, and "who, since the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, has been engaged in maintaining before the people of Illinois the wisdom, justice, and expediency of the policy of the Democratic party upon the question of Slavery in the Territories." It presents a complete account of the life and public services of Mr. Douglas, an exposition of his principles in legislation and politics, and copious specimens

of his popular and parliamentary eloquence. The writer has aimed to confine himself strictly to the public career of Mr. Douglas, abstaining from irrelevant details and comments on the acts of others.

Our Living Representative Men, by JOHN SAVAGE. (Published by Childs and Peterson.) The prominent men who have been named as candidates for the next Presidency are here sketched in a series of biographical essays, which aim at accuracy and impartiality of statement rather than at brilliancy of delineation or rhetorical flourishes. The facts made use of in the volume have been derived from public and official records, from information furnished by numerous eminent political and literary men, and from the personal knowledge of the writer, whose connection with the press at Washington gave him peculiar advantages for the preparation of the work. Of the list of possible aspirants for the succession there are names which can not fail to suit the reader, whatever his political relations and principles. It comprises, in alphabetical order, a distinguished roll of statesmen, soldiers, and politicians, including Banks, Bates, Bell, Botts, Breckinridge, Brown, Cameron, Chase, Cobb, Crittenden, Cushing, Dallas, Davis, Dayton, Dickinson, Douglas, Everett, Fillmore, Frémont, Guthrie, Hammond, Houston, Hunter, Johnson, Lane, McLean, Orr, Read, Seward, Seymour, Slidell, Stephens, Wise, and Wool. In compiling the work Mr. Savage has abstained from critical estimates of the character or principles of the individuals whose biographies are presented, leaving their position to be understood from the record of their public words and acts. He has performed his by no means easy task with evident honesty of intention, and with perhaps as much success as the nature of the subject permits. The interest of his work is not limited to the pendency of the election, but contains a great amount of valuable material for future reference.

Stories of Rainbow and Lucky, by JACOB ABBOTT. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The closing volume of this favorite juvenile series has recently been issued under the title of "Selling Lucky." It abounds in the familiar details, lively descriptions, and happy illustrations, which give such an interest to Mr. Abbott's writings for young people.

American History, by JACOB ABBOTT. (Published by Sheldon and Co.) In this neat volume Mr. Abbott gives the commencement of a popular history of this country, which he intends to continue through a series of volumes, extending from the earliest periods to the present time. The portion now issued comprises a succinct account of the aborigines, describing their social condition, peculiar habits and customs, and mental characteristics. It is written in a fluent and easy style, and abounds in familiar illustrations, but without pretension to historical research or original discussion. The author has succeeded in his professed purpose, which was to furnish all that is essential for the general reader to understand in respect to the subject of it, while for those who have time for more extended studies, it may serve as an introduction to other and more copious sources of information.

The Bible and Social Reform, by R. H. TYLER, A.M. (Published by James Challen and Son.) The usual evidences of the genuineness, authenticity, and inspiration of the Scriptures are presented in the introductory portions of this volume in a lucid and forcible manner. The practical influence of the Bible on the condition and progress of society is there illustrated by considerations derived from ancient history, from modern civilization, and from the internal characteristics of Holy Writ. In treating the subject, the author, although compelled to repeat many of the arguments which are familiar to readers conversant with theological discussion, has not servilely followed the track of any previous writer, but has taken his point of view from the position of an independent and secular thinker.

Popular Astronomy, by O. M. MITCHEL, LL.D. (Published by Phinny, Blakeman, and Mason.) The method adopted by Professor Mitchel in the composition of this volume is distinguished by its clearness of arrangement, precision of statement, consecutive progress, and adaptation to the popular mind. It is devoted to the description of the sun, planets, satellites, and comets, with an explanation of the laws which reduce their wonderful phenomena to a system of order and harmony. As an exposition of the principal facts established by modern astronomy, combining exactness of detail with liveliness and even eloquence of illustration, this work has few, if any, rivals among the popular scientific treatises of the day.

Memoir of the Duchess of Orleans, translated from the French. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The materials of this volume consist of a memoir by the Marquis de H——, which is an interesting narrative of the varied and peculiar fortunes of the subject, and a collection of souvenirs and original letters by Professor Schubert of Germany, who was the family tutor of the Duchess of Orleans. The work derives not a little interest from the character of the Duchess, which was equally remarkable for loveliness and heroism, especially during her troubled career after the abdication of Louis Philippe. The translation shows fidelity and considerable skill, and will be regarded as a valuable accession to biographical reading.

Old Leaves, Gathered from "Household Words." By W. HENRY WILLS. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A collection of popular contributions to *Household Words*, illustrative of civic and social life in the British metropolis. It presents a series of lively sketches of several of the prominent institutions of that city, with frequent glimpses of the inferior social strata, which serve as the basis of modern civilization.

Poems, Lyric and Idyllic, by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. (Published by Charles Scribner.) In this volume we find the productions of a mind naturally attuned to the expression of melody, but one not yet fully master of its own powers of reflection or illustration. Several of the descriptive poems are of unusual excellence; most of the volume betrays a genuine gift of song, and indicates the promise of a brilliant future.

J. M. Emerson and Co. have published an excellent chromo-lithographic engraving of Rosa Bonheur's great picture of the "Horse Fair." The painting is too well known in this country to need any description. Its distinguishing merit is its simplicity of conception and its perfect fidelity to nature. These qualities are apparent in the numerous engravings and photographs which have been issued. In this print, in addition to the faithfulness with which the drawing has been executed, the brilliancy and harmony of the coloring of the original picture is very satisfactorily represented. It is altogether the best specimen of printing in colors which has been produced in this country, and the very moderate price at which it is sold places it within the reach of those to whom costly works of art are unattainable.

Editor's Table.

AMERICAN CULTURE: ITS CHARACTERISTICS AND DEFECTS.—Men feel the need of virtues much more than the need of virtue. Few are so blind or so corrupt as not to see the necessity in daily life for the practice of truthfulness, honesty, and thrift. Where these are wanting we are as unfit to appear in society as if we were destitute of decent clothing. But the principle of virtue itself is something too pure and lofty to be subject to such considerations as a mere outside respectability or a conventional utility. For the sake of the good opinions of men, for the sake of commercial credit and worldly success, we may be industrious, just, and upright. No higher element may enter into our calculation of the value of these qualities than controls our estimate of productive land and profitable machinery. But this mercenary goodness soon reaches its limit. It can not penetrate below appearances. It is a part of our apparel, not of our blood and spirit. The sentiment of virtue itself, which feeds our inward being and nourishes it for immortality, is a divine sentiment; and hence neither men nor angels can call it forth into activity. The fidelity of Abdiel, the valor of Gabriel, the fellowship of Raphael can no more awaken its vigor than the rude peasant who toils in our fields, or the little children playing around our feet. The infinite One has reserved this prerogative to himself.

So, too, with culture. A man may cultivate his intellect simply because the intellect is an earthly power which is capable of vast achievements. Learning, talent, genius, are conservative forces that society is compelled to have, and therefore the rewards attached to them. Then, again, they are creative energies essential to progress. The instinct of society honors these things because it knows that intellect must write its books, ordain its laws, fulfill its hopes. A man's personal instincts are pretty generally the counterpart of public instincts; and hence, as society encourages intellect on account of its selfish advantages, rating its service by the houses it builds, by the stately ships it constructs, by the wise legislation it adopts, by the literature, science, and art that enrich and adorn its outward existence, it usually happens that intellect itself conforms to this worldly standard. The result is that intellect is a trade, a poor and meagre artisanship, a manufacturing business, like boots and shoes, tinware, and wooden clocks. We call some branches of intellectual labor by the name of professions; but really, for the most part, they are trades, seeking no other aim than to use law, medicine, and the press just as their less honored brethren employ steam-engines to move machinery. The ruling tendency of intellect in this age is to materialize itself by looking downward instead of upward, to consult the needs of public opinion rather than the wants of the soul, to be enslaved to the senses instead of enjoying the supreme dignity of its own birth-right. But no culture can long survive such treachery as this. If the fruits of men's minds are to be gathered into store-houses and barns, then, like the fruits of the earth, they must decay and die. If the precious coin of thought and sensibility is put into chests and vaults, the moth and the rust must corrupt and destroy them.

Any impulse to action that the intellect originates is sure to fall under the tyranny of the senses. No matter what this impulse is, whether toward the majesty of science, or in the direction of the minute details of business; whether prompting to the pursuits of literature, or to the toil of mechanical life, its effect is the same. Scholarship is no freer from its curse than handicraft. The greatest astronomer, if left to the natural instincts of the intellect, is no more elevated by his science than the common sailor who reaps the benefit of his calculations. For the intellect is not competent of itself to ennoble our nature. Its ordinary motives are transient and superficial; its purposes are partial, not complete; its ends terminate in present gratifications. Nor can it be otherwise. Adapted to the outward world by means of our physical organization, seeing through the eye, hearing through the ear, feeling through those nerves that quiver every instant with impressions more or less intense from the manifold forms of matter closely encircling us, delighting in the palpable, content to refine the sensual into the sensuous, intellect can not transcend its earthly functions, and open our hearts to those sublime spiritualities that hold our manhood and our manhood's destiny. Take logic on its own ground, and its certainties are an elaborated pomp of nothingness. Demonstrate the profoundest truths, and the man who hears you may retire from your presence less of a man for your skill and patience. The dead things in the mind are always certainties. So, likewise, of the imagination. Give it beauty, give it images of transcendent loveliness, and it may derive no more benefit than the dew-drop derives from the light in its bosom or the peacock from its gay feathers. The intellect, according to God's law, is the creature of the spirit—that spirit which lies deeper than the quickened sense and thrilling nerves. Intellect must be its servant. It must receive from that spirit, taught by infinite truth, inspired by infinite beauty, consecrated by the indwelling of infinite love, its guidance, its stern monitions, its holy gladness. With the senses of that spirit it must see and hear, or phantoms will delude and destroy. That wonderful mastery which intellect acquires over external objects is not the mastery of sovereignty but of submission; and just in proportion as reason, imagination, and feeling are exalted through the agency of those objects, they must yield in humility, in self-awe, to the authority of God's image —the immortal spirit.

The most marked effect of American institutions and life, so far as the past and the present are concerned, has been to stimulate the practical intellect to its utmost extent of activity. No wonder, for the intellect never had such a work set before its faculties. Face to face with nature—bald and bleak nature—this has been the moral of our history. Every thing was to be created—institutions, homes, trade, commerce, the means of life, the resources of progress. The great problem has been worked out, and to-day we are a vast and prosperous people, free but not freemen, alive but dead. Tested by the fruits of industry, by the expansion of trade and commerce, by all the elements of worldly independence, we have had magnificent success. But it is one thing to conquer circumstances; it is altogether another thing to build up such a condition of society as shall fulfill the beneficent purposes of its existence. The popular belief among our countrymen consists in the sentiment that to subdue the adverse circumstances in one's existence, so as to secure a large and satisfying prosperity, is the main requisite to a condition in life. We lay the emphasis on

condition simply as the equivalent of plenty and ease. The fashionable creed, accepted and obeyed by all ranks of our citizens, verifies itself in splendid edifices, in lucrative stocks, in widening fields of enterprise.

Men can not live for the senses without degenerating into brutes. But men may live for the senses and the intellect, and thus attain a certain degree of refinement that shall disguise the real evils of their condition. They are savages no longer. They are civilized beings; but is the idea of society the substitution of brick houses for bamboo huts? Is it a change of food from acorns or rice to roast beef and plum-pudding?

Now, just at this point, we are in serious danger; for nothing is more certain than that the material aspects of our civilization are not only acquiring a greater control over tastes and habits, but are subordinating the public opinion, the education, and, to some extent, even the religion of the country to their strength and sway.

Without doubt a high state of material civilization is invaluable to a people. It is a physical body to the social spirit. Nor is there any thing more wonderful in the arrangements of Providence than that slow but steady process by which society forms this strange and complicated structure for its corporeal habitation. What a gigantic osseous skeleton this, with its myriad muscles and pulleys, with its nicely-adjusted members, with its keen and active senses! A pulsating globe were not a grander miracle. Within this vast frame-work, fitted so exactly to the needs and faculties of the indwelling soul, we have a mighty brain teeming with thoughts far-reaching and profound, yet holding the least interest of life beneath their microscopic glance. Then, too, it has a heart whose valves expand and contract with a force compared to which all machinery is as the feebleness of an insect. What instruments of locomotion, what a net-work of nerves, what organs of action, of reception, of assimilation, of growth!

But yet it is only a body, and just as the beautiful eye and the marvelous brain are simply common dust if the spirit is withdrawn, so is this material civilization fit for nothing but to return to the earth whence it was taken if the soul of society fails to give it vitality. Intellect can not make this civilization a living thing. Intellect is not life, but one of the humbler forms through which the principle of life is manifested. It is not the image of God, but the sign of that image; not the man himself, but the type of his beauty and glory. The light that shines through reason and imagination, illumining the darkness of human footsteps and shedding its radiance on our advancing way, is but reflected light from that central source of spirituality on which the splendors of the Infinite fall. And this divine spirituality is as necessary for society as for each individual man. When it is wanting we only build our houses with somewhat more of skill and finish than the bird fashions its nest. If intellect alone direct us we gather food as ants of a larger size, and enjoy our luxuries as bees of a more intelligent nature. Elegant animals, indeed, but animals nevertheless—subsisting in the present, dead to the past, dead to the future—interpreting none of the symbols of experience—none the wiser for what we suffer, and utterly deaf to those prophetic oracles that evermore beseech us to listen to the utterances of eternity.

Our countrymen have prepared themselves this magnificent body of material civilization. So far the frame-work has been made solid and substantial. The good earth has furnished her best lime for the bones and her iron for the blood. Our nerves are full of electric fire, our eyes are telescopic, our feet swift to run, our hands broad and brawny. In this body, too, a huge brain is working, its tremendous forces alive with fresh and vigorous strength, both concentrated and diffused, and marshaling its energies every new day as though it had hitherto been engaged in preparatory skirmishes. Its thoughts leap down into the bowels of the old globe, and the iron mines draw out their long lines and count their extent by thousands of miles. Down, too, they go into the quarry, and stately homes arise to beautify the landscape. They spring into the oaks of the forest, and the oaks shape themselves into ships that oceans welcome, proud of their gallant bearing. Enterprises, institutions, reforms, report its romantic adventures. And this body is well fed, well clothed, well housed, and because of it butchers, and tailors, and carpenters see blessed days. But food, raiment, and edifices, despite of their costliness, beauty, and elegance, are of the earth earthy, and, by virtue of some mysterious law, are always tending to return to their original home. The foliage of the tree is but loaned, and after one summer the borrowed loveliness is returned. The gorgeous rainbow arches its own grave, for in an hour it is lost in the ocean. And our tenure on food, raiment, and edifices is no firmer, only a span longer, and earth claims them again to lock them within her grasp. To this fact we are blind, ay, dead. Strangers and aliens are we to the truth that we have dug up our civilization out of the ground, spun it from silk-worms, painted it with colors taken from vegetables and insects. Nor can we believe that our best bread is only dirt in a finer shape, and our wines the sap of vines. The sunshine has transformed them for us; yes, but neither they nor the sunshine, if the whole world were one bright and glowing tropic, can transform us from earthliness and vanity into firm and enduring manhood.

Is our American life, then, grossly material? By no means, for nothing can be more untrue than the charge that we are a sensual people. Our position is midway between the sensual and the spiritual; a position in which the excitements of the lower and the higher nature are fiercely struggling for ascendency. It can not, however, be doubted that the intellectual culture of our country has been largely modified, if not indeed controlled, by the material elements of our civilization. To some extent this is unavoidable. Men must be educated in part by physical objects; for nature first calls out the mind by means of its lower appetites. Food and raiment, comfort and ease, are the foundations of science and art, and to neglect these is to doom existence to poverty and wretchedness. But with us the evil is that the habitual cast of American thought is mainly derived from these things, and instead of being used as stepping-stones to a purer and nobler life they are rested in as final and supreme gratifications. Intellect takes its tone from them, so much so that the most of our countrymen value their brains by the amount of earthly good they are capable of securing. Utility is our Decalogue. We have culture, but it is culture directed to a specific worldly end. The great mass of our educated men look with indifference or scorn upon every kind of culture not immediately related to their particular business; and hence, so far from culture liberalizing taste and sentiment, the most one-sided and narrow-minded peo-

ple in our country are found among our so-called intelligent classes.

The land is full of bitter and relentless partisanship. As a political evil this spirit of partisanship shows itself in a most threatening shape; and to such proportions has it grown, that we have not half the enjoyment of our liberty. But this political partisanship would be a much more manageable thing if our whole life were not trained, in one form or another, in the temper of partisans. For what is partisanship but egoism in an intense degree? What is it but such an excessive devotion to our own opinions as shuts out the corrective and restraining influence of other opinions? What is it but personality run mad? The necessary result of partial and limited culture—such culture as contemplates nothing beyond a business, a profession, a calling, and binds down a man's mind to one range of ideas and feelings—is to create a petty vanity, a dwarfing prejudice, a miserable arrogance, that can see nothing good beyond its own creed. Thus it is that we have literary partisans, medical partisans, and pulpit partisans. The main evil, therefore, is not in our politicians, but in the common and current mode of our culture. That culture is simply directed to the fact that intellect is an invaluable auxiliary to success in the world. Educate a man for a profession or vocation with the idea always before him that said profession or vocation is a means to a respectable and profitable livelihood, and the inevitable consequence is, that the profession or vocation educates him. The man is made by his business, represents its relations to society, and beyond it he is nothing but a cipher or a bigot. But suppose that another plan is adopted. Suppose that while a profession or vocation is thoroughly taught, the manhood of life is duly respected as the first consideration. Suppose that a large outside culture—outside of the immediate object in view—is strenuously urged as necessary not only to develop freedom and force of mind, but also to fit and furnish a man for any specialty in the world, the true spirit of culture is given, the excesses of the intellect are moderated, the faculties are balanced, and, above all, a moral status is secured which qualifies a man to entertain large views and allow full play to generous sympathies.

Our culture must continue a culture of worldliness, of low aims and present satisfactions, so long as this spirit remains of subordinating intellect to respectability, success, aggrandizement. Not that these things are to be rejected as futile and unworthy. They must be prized, and both character and life must be guarded against that abuse of ideality which teaches a stern and sovereign contempt for prosperous circumstances. The point we urge is, that our culture, while attaching a rational importance to these objects, must keep them strictly tributary to their legitimate uses. Utility becomes a dangerous sentiment only when it is narrowed down to the limits of to-day, when it exaggerates the senses and enslaves the intellect to earthliness. It is a genuine utility if it have regard to the wants of our whole nature, rising from the worldly to the spiritual, providing food for the mind no less than sustenance for the body, and building up a divine temple for the soul as well as a home for the family. The idea of culture takes its value, its dignity, and beauty from the immortal within us. Its basis is laid in the soul. Its motives are divine and eternal. Its excellence is measured by its results in elevating us to the communion of sublime thoughts, in opening our hearts to a fellowship higher and purer than the present affords, in interpreting the mysteries of our inward being, in shaping our instincts and leading them forth to their lost friendships and love, in quickening the imagination until it appropriates the universe to its activity, in disciplining reason for faith, and in crowning all our life with the glory of those beatitudes which the sermon on the mount brings to our hope. Private manhood needs this culture infinitely more than any external relations, and outside of that manhood it can have no true and living root. Not otherwise than as we see the deep significance of this manhood, not otherwise than as we feel its hallowed meaning as expressed in Christ, can we be prepared to devote ourselves to its culture. Nor should this view of culture be regarded as covering an exclusively religious ground. Men there are who dismiss such truths as if they were intrusive sermons that had escaped from the pulpit and furtively crept into the everyday world, where they were not wanted. The fact is, however, that neither science nor art, neither literature nor business, is worthy of manly attention and manly love if the deeper instincts of our nature are to lie neglected or crushed under the burdens of their worldliness. This, then, we affirm, that they all exist for the sake of what is spiritual; and therefore, if a man desire to get the good in them, and if society wish to enjoy any depth and joy of fellowship, it is sheer folly to rely on the intellect to furnish these benefits.

No intelligent observer of American society can doubt that there are marked indications of a change with respect to our forms of culture. Our stiffened brains, weary and sick of their cramped and imprisoning restraints, are asking for broader room and more wholesome activity. A bad mental diet has made us dyspeptic, and of all nations we are the most intellectually irritable, peevish, and discontented. Our best thoughts torment us. Like a boy's kite, we rise high enough to come down damp and relaxed. There is a freezing reserve in our very beliefs, as if we were not quite sure but that the whole universe is a semblance, a cheat—perhaps a lie. At every step life reproves us, and the most familiar faces of friends gently admonish us to be on our guard. Two-thirds of our approbations have a parenthesis, in which we daintily express counter sentiments, and from downright, hearty, generous praise we shrink as though about to swamp our private fortunes. Rivalships rule the day despotically. Our wisdom wears a face of most luminous ignorance, and the very pores of our skin sweat a sourness that infects our clothes. And just now, for the first time in our national career, we are getting to be conscious how dreary and impoverished is our existence. There is a struggle among the elements within, and the children of the household in our own bosoms contend like Esau and Jacob.

And what is the meaning of all this? The poor are not arrayed against the rich, the demon of agrarianism is not let loose, the spirit of insurrection is not rife, and yet, in these plentiful and complacent times, trade brisk and money abundant, our better class of men and women give utterance to sad sentiments, or silently brood over their thoughtful sorrows. Nothing is more certain than that our condition is unsatisfying. Our culture fails to bring repose; and hence the yearnings, deeper far than we are conscious, for a serener trust, a firmer security, a clearer vindication of the presence of Providence in our circumstances. Misgivings that have been latent, distrusts long-concealed, and shadowy apprehensions that we feared to commune with, have

been thrown to the surface and now are defined realities. Such among our thinking men as have projected themselves by force of strange impulses in advance of the crowd—men whose lonely to-day carries in itself the future of the multitude—such men are ill at ease. They see visions and dream dreams. Forebodings alarm them, and mysterious phantoms court their meditative hours. What, we ask again, is the meaning of all this?

The gloom and convulsions of chaos must return, in part at least, whenever a new order of things is about to be established. Through strife, through agony worse than martyrdom, we complete our periods of successive growth, and pass from a lower state to one higher and nobler. But it is not always necessary that society should experience this sort of painful revolution. Great and wonderful changes are sometimes undergone without any disturbance of social order. In such cases, however, the leaders of opinion, the chosen few who exist to lead the many, are doomed to suffer. On the altars of their hearts falls the holy fire to consume the sacrifice, and their private anguish purchases the peace of the masses. Thus it is just now. The evils of our intellectual and moral condition, our mournful failure to respond to the unequaled privileges of position and fortune, our worldliness in trade and education and religion, our bitter dissensions and want of genial, generous brotherhood, our staggering statesmanship, these are not yet visited on the nation, but they are laid as a heavy burden on minds and hearts gifted from above to mark the impending danger, gifted, too, to see the pathway of escape. In every part of our extended domain such men are found, and although they differ widely as to the minor points of religious creeds, although they have been trained under very dissimilar circumstances, and reached on other subjects opposite conclusions, yet there is oneness of sorrow and oneness of sentiment as to the intellectual and moral malady that prays on the vitality of our people.

Out of this dissatisfaction with the shallowness of our past and present culture movements of various kinds are arising to give new and broader impulses to thought and action. Large institutions, designed to impart a liberal education, are founded and endowed by private munificence; lectures attract crowded audiences; young men's Christian associations offer sympathy and fellowship. And, last of all, art-culture in different forms appeals to our countrymen, and proposes to compensate some of the defects under which we labor. The interest now taken in Art, diffused as it is throughout the country and indicating a new line of progress, entitles it to special attention.

It is one of the promising signs of the times—promising, because it shows that the practical understanding, our arithmetic and logic, our interest tables and statistics, are not quite the complement of our being—promising, since it discloses that we have sensibilities to feel as well as reason to analyze, a life to adorn no less than a life to enrich. Imagination has been the most dormant power of American mind, and it is really amazing to witness the cool indifference or stolid contempt with which it has been treated. A consideration of its utility and beauty, of its absolute essentiality to the formation of a noble character, of its vital bearing on lofty thought and catholic sympathies, has been practically excluded from our systems of education. Had men consulted their own consciousness they might have seen that imagination is the heart of the intellect, its central seat of feeling, its source of all genuine vitality. The convictions of the reason need its presence and power. Feeble is that man's sense of truth, feeble even his faith, who has not the precious aid of the imagination to communicate the highest certainty to those facts on which his peace and assurance depend. And yet, strangely enough, this sublime faculty has been suffered to lie buried in our minds, and, out of deference to the supposed canons of common sense, we have glorified our stupidity with the name of wisdom. Above all people do we need this particular form of culture. The office of the imagination, if rightly fulfilled, tends to abate the force of the senses. To its illumined eye things are not mere things, but images of other and grander realities than themselves. To its finely-attuned ear there is no silence in the vast realms of space, no dumb and voiceless object in all the far reaches of creation. The cricket on the hearth, the chirp of the grasshopper, the hum of bees, the song of birds, the waving of the yellow corn, the rustle of the forest, the flow of waters, and the undulations of the air, are God's voices to its listening rapture. If these tones are not translated into our language they are not lost to the heart that cheers itself by every token of divine nearness; and perchance it may one day be seen that these inarticulate sounds have called forth our souls to admire and to love, and have been to us a holier minstrelsy than the oratorios of the Academy or the chants of cathedrals. One thing, however, is certain—and this one thing we are contented to know—that the imagination is God's greatest instrument in all true and profound culture, and as such deserves our most watchful care, our most earnest and grateful nurture.

Nor must we omit to notice the absence from our religious life of that imaginative spirit, without which the sensibilities even of good persons are comparatively cold and feeble. We say imaginative spirit, meaning thereby the general disposition of the mind as determined by the habitual action of lofty thoughts and lively feelings on each other. One who has this spirit combines the great principles of Christian truth with the deep affections of Christian experience, and instead of being held as logically related, as serving to suggest and call out each other, they are blended in beautiful and active unity. By means of this spirit our perceptions become a part of character, images gather their fair and touching forms into the heart, conscience unites with emotion, and there is a sense of completeness in our realizations of Christianity not to be otherwise attained. The human mind can never outgrow those methods which Jesus Christ adopted for instruction and impression; and as he never separated these two things, but always communicated truth and awakened feeling at one and the same instant and by one and the same appeal, it is of the first importance that our faculties in their mode of operation should be adjusted to the same paramount law. Parables in his hands effected this purpose. And how perfectly are these very parables adapted to our intellectual and moral constitution? There is an attitude of mind created by these striking lessons, there is a spirit embodied in them with which none of us can dispense. Hence, when they exert over us their due influence and fashion our nature to their sway, we learn how to see the hidden meaning in all Christian facts. The inward import of institutions and sacraments, of brotherhood and fellowship, of home and church, opens to our souls, and we live far more through their spiritual connections than through their outward

forms. Toward the fold of Christ, toward the world as a redeemed world, we must walk by faith, not by sight; and therefore faith is just as needful to comprehend the offices of the Church, to give us a clear and animating insight into the tenderness of Christian brotherhood, as to realize the mediation of Christ our Lord.

The same devotion to the real as addressed to the senses and the understanding, the same intense fondness for the tangible and the outward practical that characterizes our relations to civilization, has deeply penetrated our religious life. As a people, we love the Church visible. As a people, nothing could induce us to resign our hold on Christianity. But religiously we are half paralyzed because the Church Invisible, because the spiritualities of Christianity, are neither adequately perceived nor deeply felt. The form, the truth and beauty of the form, the conservatism and the moral aspects of the form, as addressed to the senses and the intellect, and to some extent as controlling the conscience, these are apprehended and reverenced. But the religion that permeates every interest of human life, hallows trade, and education, and literature, and statesmanship, asserts and maintains its sovereignty over all our affairs, is not yet our inspiration, our joy, our blessedness. No doubt this is only acquired as the fruit of years, of much suffering, of long endurance; but it deeply concerns us to know whether we are in the right path of progress toward a consummation so desirable. Are we sowing the seed for such a harvest?

There is certainly a sad dearth of culture in our churches, and this grievous defect is in the very heart of a vigorous and aggressive Christianity. To say that our religion as a people lacks depth and scope, energy and comprehensiveness, is to utter a bald truism. Wherein consists this want of force and fulness? A partial answer is all we can now give. Whatever other deficiencies may exist, it is quite obvious that there is a serious want of what may be specifically termed Christian sentiment. We mean by this expression that the imagination is a dead element in our religion. We mean that this mighty faculty, through which God's spirit brings the invisible nearer than the visible, and introduces us into the consciousness and secret communion of all with whom we live and on whom we act from day to day—this faculty that sees and sympathizes beyond the boundaries of sense and reason, and through which the highest manifestations of the soul are made—this faculty is entombed beneath visible shapes and outward services. Our religion is like our civilization—far more of a body than a spirit. Our Christian fellowship is more external than internal. The tangible presentations of Christianity, its signs and symbols, its triumphs and trophies, engross both our admiration and our adoration. The tears of penitence affect us more than penitence itself, and the hosannas of children in the temple, or the hallelujahs of angels returning to the Throne, move us more deeply than the spirit of praise from which they come. Led, or perchance driven, by this same slavishness to the outward, we exult over science when it undertakes to confirm the testimony of the Scriptures, allow the insects of a day to patronize our faith, and look to the wings of butterflies and humming-birds to demonstrate the sunshine of God's majestic firmament. We get up certificates of the infinite worth of the Sabbath, and ask poor puny men to indorse the words of Jehovah so that they may pass as current coin in the market-places of Mammon. Has it come to this, that the Christianity of nineteen centuries—the same Christianity that the Son of God taught and illustrated and established by his ministry and miracles—the same Christianity to which we owe our daily bread, our homes, and our nation, must stoop from its high estate to decipher rocks, to interpret the inscriptions on pyramids, to open musty volumes and read out its authentications? The doctrine of Christ crucified is the answer of God to all questions. All wonders, all signs, all history, all science, all miracles, concentrate in the spectacle of Calvary's Cross. If our faith sees that sight it sees every thing which this universe and the Jehovah who created its glories has to show to mortal men.

Will the culture of art help us? It may or it may not. Confined to its own sphere, taken on its own ground as a mere æsthetic thing, we have no more confidence in its utility as a religious influence than in any other form of worldliness. It may minister to the senses, degrade the intellect, and corrupt the heart. But we rejoice in the growing taste and in the love of the beautiful among our countrymen, because it is an evidence that an element of our mind hitherto neglected has been aroused into activity. If by this means imagination is awakened and stimulated, it will at least become a candidate for the honors of recognition and appreciation among our cultivated and religious circles. It will demonstrate its presence, make itself known and felt as a living energy in our midst. Aside from other results, art has an indirect agency of great value in those objects which it presents to the mind, and in that general elevation of spirit which it is competent, under proper conditions, to produce. And, moreover, it may prepare the way for Christianity to establish itself in closer alliance with the imagination, and, by means of this developed faculty, enlarge our sentiments and intensify our sympathies. One fact is quite clear to us; viz., the culture of the imagination is now the great need, so far as the intellect is concerned, of popular Christianity. Indeed, it is the only opening in this direction that is left for a progressive movement. If reason were supplied with a thousand-fold more arguments in behalf of Christianity, we do not believe that the average religion of the country would be at all increased. Nor have we any thing to hope from science. Astronomy may reveal the heavens, geology may explore the earth, history may recite her story, and philosophy furnish its ultimate analysis in every department of investigation, but we should not expect to see a more vital and productive Christianity as the fruit of these demonstrations. It would be otherwise, we think, with a true and genuine culture of the imagination. Not, indeed, that art and religion are identical, for they are radically and essentially different. Religion is founded in the conscience; art in the imagination. Religion, in the sense of Christianity, is supernatural; art is natural. Christianity is a new birth; art is a mere embellishment. But nevertheless art may contribute indirectly to religion by quickening those sensibilities which, when Christianity takes possession of the heart, may assist to vitalize our virtues and render them more prolific in deeds of goodness.

Nature serves man that man may serve his Maker and Lord. Nature educates his senses, intellect, and life that they may receive a higher and purer culture from Christianity. Nature renders her allegiance and adoration to God through him. The grass of the field, the flowers of the gar-

den, the fruits of the orchard, the anthem of the ocean, the light of the stars, the splendors of the sun, return to their Creator through man. Human worship is not merely the prayer and praise of human beings; but the cry of the young ravens, the bleating of lambs, the lowing of herds, and the voice of all nature ascend in those strains with which humanity approaches its Father. We are unconscious mediators. High-priests and intercessors, in their humble measure, are all holy men; and for them, and by virtue of their offices, harvests wave over our plains and oceans keep their appointed bounds. Is our vast civilization thus rising to God?

Look now in the light of this great truth on the vine that God's hand has planted on this continent. It has taken root in the deep earth and filled the land. The hills are covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof are like the goodly cedars.

Once there was such a vine. It sent out its boughs unto the sea and its branches unto the river. But its hedges were broken down, the boar out of the wood wasted it, and the wild beast of the field devoured it. Then rose to heaven the saddest cry that patriotism and piety ever uttered: "Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts, look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine."

And it is for us to say whether this vine shall madden our brain with its juices, or be a sacramental fruit, through which God and man shall interchange their pledges of abiding love.

Editor's Easy Chair.

ONE of the most curious, crotchety, copious, entertaining, humorous, interesting, and valuable biographies in English literature is to be discontinued. Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hogg has withdrawn his "Life of Shelley" from the press. Only two volumes, of about five hundred pages each, had been issued about two years ago, and the Shelley family were so annoyed by it that Lady Shelley (wife of the poet's son) published a memoir by way of antidote and correction to Hogg's, and the family have now procured the suppression of the remainder.

It is a very serious loss; not only because it plunges Shelley back again into the vagueness by which his personal life has always been obscured, after it had been partially freed from it, but because the poet's shade has a right to demand that, since so full a light has been shed upon a part of his life—and that during his indiscreet years—the other part shall not be left to conjecture, or to the utterly unsatisfactory and incomplete account of his daughter-in-law, Lady Shelley.

It is not easy to describe the two volumes of Hogg's already published, and which bring the story but a little beyond Shelley's first marriage. Mr. Hogg is a violent Tory; a man more than sixty years old; and an intense, characteristic Briton, whether he be born in England or not. The book is as much about himself as Shelley; but it is all equally good. When it appeared, some of the critics made light of Hogg for thrusting himself into the memoirs of his friend; but he states the reason of his doing so. He says (vol. ii. p. 46):

"Shelley was fugitive, volatile; he evaporated like ether, his nature being ethereal; he suddenly escaped, like some fragrant essence; evanescent as a quintessence. He was a lovely, a graceful image; but fading, vanishing speedily from our sight, being portrayed in flying colors. He was a climber, a creeper, an elegant, beautiful, odoriferous, parasitical plant. He could not support himself; he must be tied up fast to something of a firmer texture, harder and more rigid than his own pliant, yielding structure—to some person of a less flexible formation: he always required a prop. In order to write the history of his fragile, unconnected, interrupted life it is necessary to describe that of some ordinary, everyday person with whom he was familiar, and to introduce the real subject of the history whenever a transitory glimpse of him can be caught. In exhibiting a phantasmagoria, a magic lantern, a spectrum of prismatic colors, a solar microscope—the white sheet, the screen of blank paper, the whitened wall, claim no merit, no share in the beauty of the exhibition; yet are these indispensable adjuncts in order to display wonderful, beauteous, or striking phenomena."

Hogg's Biography of Shelley presents its subject even more completely than Boswell gives us Johnson. The author has such perfect faith in his friend's genius, and its power of counterbalancing every ridiculous detail of his life, that he recoils at nothing. He does not hesitate to bring him upon the scene under all possible circumstances; and thinks it by no means necessary that he should always appear in his singing robes.

As the book is now suppressed, and has been very little known in this country, the loungers about the Chair will be amused by some of the excellent stories in it. At one time Shelley lived in the Lake region near Southey, and Hogg relates that—

"Bysshe chanced to call one afternoon, during his residence at Keswick, on his new acquaintance (Southey), a man eminent, and of rare epic ability. It was at four o'clock; Southey and his wife were sitting together at their tea, after an early dinner, for it was washing day. A cup of tea was offered, which was accepted, and a plate piled high with tea-cakes was handed to the illustrious visitor; of these he refused to partake, with signs of strong aversion. He was always abstemious in his diet—at this period of his life peculiarly so; a thick hunck of dry bread, possibly a slice of brown bread and butter, might have been welcome to the Spartan youth; but hot tea-cakes, heaped up in scandalous profusion, well-buttered, blushing with currants, or sprinkled thickly with caraway-seeds, and reeking with allspice, shocked him grievously. It was a Persian apparatus which he detested—a display of excessive and unmanly luxury, by which the most powerful empires have been overthrown—that threatened destruction to all social order, and would have rendered abortive even the divine Plato's scheme of a frugal and perfect republic. A poet's dinner is never a very heavy meal; on a washing day we may readily believe that it is as light as his own fancy. So far in the day Southey, no doubt, had fared sparingly; for he was a hale, healthy, hearty man, breathing the keen mountain air, and working hard—too hard, poor fellow! He was hungry, and did not shrink from the tea-cakes which had been furnished to make up for his scanty mid-day repast. Shelley watched his unworthy proceedings, eying him with pain and pity. Southey had not noticed his distress; but he held his way, clearing the plates of buttered currant-cakes and buttered seed-cakes with an equal relish.

"'Why, good God! Southey,' Bysshe suddenly exclaimed, for he could no longer contain his boiling indignation, 'I am ashamed of you! It is aw-

ful, horrible, to see such a man as you are greedily devouring this nasty stuff!'

"'Nasty stuff, indeed!' said Mrs. Southey. 'How dare you call my tea-cakes nasty stuff, Sir?'

"Mrs. Southey was charming; but it is creditably reported that she was also rather sharp.

"'Nasty stuff! What right have you, pray, Mr. Shelley, to come into my house and to tell me to my face that my tea-cakes, which I made myself, are nasty, and to blame my husband for eating them? How in the world can they be nasty? I washed my hands well before I made them, and I sprinkled them with flour. The board and the rolling-pin were quite clean; they had been well scraped and sprinkled with flour. The flour was taken out of the meal-tub, which is always kept locked; here is the key! There was nothing nasty in the ingredients, I am sure; we have a very good grocer in Keswick. Do you suppose that I would put any thing nasty into them? What right have you to call them nasty? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, and not Mr. Southey. He surely has a right to eat what his wife puts before him. Nasty stuff! I like your impertinence!'

"In the course of this animated invective Bysshe put his face close to the plate and curiously scanned the cakes. He then took up a piece, and ventured to taste it, and finding it very good, he began to eat as greedily as Southey himself. The servant—a neat, stout, little, ruddy Cumberland girl, with a very white apron—brought in a fresh supply; these also the brother philosophers soon dispatched, eating one against the other in generous rivalry. Shelley then asked for more, but no more were to be had; the whole batch had been consumed. The lovely Edith was pacified on seeing that her cakes were relished by the two hungry poets; and she expressed her regret that she did not know that Mr. Shelley was coming to take tea with her, or she would have made a larger provision. Harriet (Shelley's wife), who told me the tale, added, 'We were to have hot tea-cakes every evening "forever." I was to make them myself, and Mrs. Southey was to teach me.'"

Throughout his work Mr. Hogg is unsparing in his description of incidents which would place Shelley in an utterly ridiculous light, except for the evident love and enthusiasm with which, under all circumstances, the biographer regards him. Thus, immediately following the Southey tea is another story of the same kind.

"The Divine Poet, like many other wiser men, used to pass very readily and suddenly from one extreme to the other. I myself witnessed, some years later, a like rapid transition. When he resided at Bishopsgate I usually walked down from London and spent Sunday with him. One frosty Saturday, in the middle of the winter, being overcome by hunger, I halted by the way—it was a rare occurrence—for refreshment at an humble inn on Hounslow Heath. I had just taken my seat on a Windsor chair at a small round beechen table in a little dark room with a well-sanded floor, when I saw Bysshe striding past the window. He was coming to meet me. I went to the door and hailed him.

"'Come along! it is dusk: tea will be ready; we shall be late!'

"'No, I must have something to eat first; come in!'

"He walked about the room impatiently.

"'When will your dinner be ready? What have you ordered?'

"'I asked for eggs and bacon, but they have no eggs; I am to have some fried bacon.'

"He was struck with horror, and his agony was increased at the appearance of my dinner. Bacon was proscribed by him; it was gross and abominable. It distressed him greatly at first to see me eat the bacon, but he gradually approached the dish, and studying the bacon attentively, said, 'So this is bacon.' He then ate a small piece. 'It is not so bad, either.' More was ordered: he devoured it voraciously.

"'Bring more bacon.' It was brought and eaten.

"'Let us have another plate.'

"'I am very sorry, gentlemen,' said the old woman, 'but indeed I have no more in the house.'

"The poet was angry at the disappointment, and rated her.

"'What business has a woman to keep an inn who has not bacon enough in her house for guests? She ought to be killed.'

"'Really, gentlemen, I am very sorry to be out of bacon, but I only keep by me as much as I think will be wanted. I can easily get more from Staines: they have very good bacon always in Staines.'

"'As there is nothing more to be had, come along, Bysshe, let us go home to tea.'

"'No, not yet, she is going to Staines to get us some more bacon.'

"'She can not go to-night; come along!'

"He departed with reluctance, grumbling, as we walked homeward, at the scanty store of bacon, lately condemned as gross and abominable. The dainty rustic food made a strong impression upon his lively fancy, for when we arrived the first words he uttered were,

"'We have been eating bacon together on Hounslow Heath, and do you know it was very nice? Can not we have bacon here, Mary?'

"'Yes, you can if you please, but not to-night. Here is your tea; take that!'

"'I had rather have some more bacon,' sighed the poet."

The "Life of Shelley" gives some capital glimpses of William Godwin, whom the poet profoundly revered, and who was the father of his second wife. The letters of the young enthusiast to the veteran philosopher are extremely entertaining.

"A dull, boring fellow, who was accustomed, as other slow-witted seekers after truth were also, to propound questions to William Godwin, and to accept his answers, when they could be extracted, as oracles, inquired one day in Shelley's presence, with all solemnity, 'Pray, William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?' The oracle was silent. After a while, he who came to consult repeated his question: 'Pray, William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?' The oracle was still silent, but Shelley answered for him:

"'My opinion of love is, that it acts upon the human heart precisely as a nutmeg-grater acts upon a nutmeg.'

"The grave inquirer heard the jesting answer with mute contempt, and presently repeated his question a third time: 'Pray, William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?'

"'My opinion entirely agrees with that of Mr. Shelley.'"

This anecdote reminds the Easy Chair of one of which Thackeray was the hero. One evening, at a jolly symposium of authors, artists, and clever men, with some not very clever, Thackeray was leaning against the wall, his chair tipped back, and, while

he smoked, chatting with Washington Irving. A gentleman at Thackeray's elbow, more persistent than wise, kept murmuring questions in an undertone, to which he received no answer from Mr. Titmarsh, who was engaged in talking, and probably did not hear. But at length the resolute inquirer said, distinctly,

"Mr. Thackeray!"

The satirist stopped in the middle of his sentence, took his cigar from his mouth, put his chair down, and turning as if to attend to something important, said,

"Well, Sir?"

"Mr. Thackeray, what do you think of Mr. Tupper—as a poet?"

Thackeray looked at the speaker for a moment, and then answered, gravely,

"I don't think of Mr. Tupper at all."

He then tipped back again, the cloud curled once more above his head, and his neighbor prepared a question about Shelley, as a poet, which he presently propounded, but without success.

Yes, in losing the two other volumes of this biography we lose a great deal of amusement and knowledge of the England of forty and fifty years ago. We lose also the crisp, infinitely droll, and often shrewd criticisms and gibes of Thomas Jefferson Hogg. It is a pity that one poet could not be painted as he really was; for one such "life" makes us feel how fabulous the "lives of the poets" are.

It will not be the fault of intelligent and enterprising Americans if the materials of our national history are not preserved. In every State there are forming Historical Societies, and in none more zealously than in some of the newest. The Wisconsin Society, for instance, has been busy for two or three years in rescuing the early records of that region, and thus facilitating the work of the historian. It is a pleasant sign of the times to mark the same spirit in a region apparently so remote (if any spot upon the continent *could* be far away) as New Mexico. The people have not waited until they were a State, but have begun betimes, and the Historical Society of New Mexico was organized on the 26th of December, 1859. Colonel John B. Grayson, U.S.A., is the President; W. A. Street, Vice-President; Dr. W. J. Sloan, U.S.A., Corresponding Secretary; and D. V. Whitney, Recording Secretary. Who can tell how long it will be before the distinguished lecturers of all parts of the country will take their *MSS.* and carpet-bags at the invitation of the New Mexico Historical Society? The Easy Chair wishes it all kinds of prosperity, sincerely hoping that it may remain always fresh, vigorous, and sympathetic with the youth and the youthful genius and impetus of its own region, and not decline into that sere and yellow old fogyism which is the complexion of so many such societies in older States.

One of the fine sights of the spring was the Academy of Music filled to hear Bryant speak of Irving. It was a historic occasion, and the Easy Chair could not but recall that other evening, some six years since, in Metropolitan Hall, when Irving himself was present, as a kind of presiding officer, at the commemoration of Cooper. There were, in fact, so many noted people that it was difficult to say who was the President. Mr. Webster was there, bending his gloomy brow above the crowd; and seated upon the sofa with him were Bryant, Irving, and Bancroft. All the rank and file of the *littérateurs* were present. The chief discourse was Bryant's. Then Webster made some remarks in his grandiose manner, which were certainly impressive, if not eloquent. They were not eloquent, however. Mr. Webster was rarely so. He made his mark by weight, not by motion—by the feet, as it were, and not by wings. After the services at the Hall Mr. Webster went, on that evening, to the Century Club, which had its rooms on Broadway, opposite Niblo's. There the members were presented to him, and there he made another speech, which those members have probably not forgotten.

Bryant's oration upon Cooper was dignified and discriminating. If it had less glow and sweetness than his recent tribute to Irving the reason of the difference is to be sought in the differing characters of the men. The Easy Chair never saw Cooper; but the universal testimony is that he was not a very genial or retiring man; and his long and angry quarrels and suits with newspapers, for no other apparent reason than that they did not like his books, had sadly alienated public sympathy from him. The sense of personal loss and regret was not poignant when he died, as it was upon the death of Irving. And yet doubtless the national homage was his due, as the author who had introduced the name of American literature in regions where no other of our authors was known. Probably, in the world at large, Cooper is our best-known and most illustrious literary name. Of course this is greatly owing to the fact that he wrote stories, and stories go everywhere.

It was the head of the poet—if an Easy Chair may say so—which offered the eulogy to Cooper; but it was his heart that spoke of Irving. And that is the secret of the peculiar heartiness of every act of homage to his memory. I am told that his grave at Tarrytown is never without a green memorial wreath; and the building of a monument to Washington Irving would not languish, however slowly the marble is piled to Cooper. The hearts of all the people would be more eloquent orators than those whose winning words raise columns to others.

But while we speak of monuments the Easy Chair is reminded that the Abbott Egyptian collection remains yet unpurchased. A committee, including the names of many of the richest men in the city, was appointed to complete the subscription. Only about thirty thousand dollars in all were wanted, but they have not been found. One of the most valuable museums of its kind in the world appeals in vain to the desire, the pride, and the purse of New York.

It is not fair to blame people for not caring to hear or read about any particular Pharaoh, Thothmes, or Ptolemy, nor for failing to be profoundly interested in mummied birds and crocodiles. But it is very clear that a people whose interests are not universal will never surround themselves with memorials of art and science and history in every department, and can never make their city, in any just sense, a metropolis.

We have lately had in New York, also, another unique and invaluable collection—that of M. du Chaillu, made during several years of travel in an unexplored region of Northern Africa. M. du Chaillu went out partly under the patronage of the Philadelphia Society of Natural History, and wandered among strange tribes, finally returning with several gorillas which he had shot, and the skins of which are among the most interesting objects in his collec-

tion. The gorilla, the largest of the apes, is a comparatively recent *bonne bouche* for science, although there are traditions from old Roman and Carthaginian times. Some years since the body of a gorilla was brought to England, and the skeleton was obtained by Owen, the famous English naturalist, by dissecting the corpse in a field far removed from any house. But before Owen's specimen Dr. Wyman, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, had examined a skeleton gorilla presented to him by an African trader; and his paper upon the subject is, as the Easy Chair learns, by some years earlier than that of Professor Owen.

Du Chaillu's collection has been heard of in England, and application has been made to him with regard to its purchase in that country. While it was in New York there was some curiosity to see it, but upon the whole it awakened comparatively little interest. In Boston, Professor Agassiz, who is forming a museum already admirable, was very much impressed by its value. Perhaps New York will lose it to Boston, perhaps to London. But any city that loses it loses one of those treasures which make real wealth.

It is curious and melancholy to observe how little manly and dignified pride New York has in its own character and position. It has plenty of the good-humored snobbery which delights to call Boston, and Philadelphia, and Baltimore "provincial." It rubs its prosperous sides with infinite glee at the idea that the New York newspapers are sent to Albany before breakfast, without the slightest disposition to inquire whether, when they are unfolded and read, they may not be crammed and overflowing with the details of civic shame, which have made the great city a by-word, and which reconcile every rural resident to his retirement. There is nothing very dignified or majestic in going very fast, if you are going for a very poor purpose. A man may be large; but if his size be bloat, there is nothing imposing in it.

Suppose that New York continues to build larger shops and more "palatial residences"—to double the tonnage of her shipping and the whole amount of her property. Suppose she has six great morning papers instead of three, and a hundred hotels able to hold a thousand guests each. Suppose she covers the island with solid city, and extends for busy, swarming miles along the rivers; and while she is doing all this, suppose that her government is a cess-pool of corruption; that, crowded with rich, uneducated people, she suffers treasures of literature, art, and science to slip through her fingers; that she impedes or paralyzes the growth of the Central Park, and still affects to sneer at her civic neighbors, she will be as like a great city—a metropolis—as a rich, ignorant bully, six feet high, is like a gentleman, and no more.

The effort of the Yankee—and of every other person or nation that tries it—to make money stand for the noblest and best results of character and life is sure to fail. Money is valuable for what money will buy. The Yankee can do much, but he can not make money stand for education, taste, heroism, religion; and though it be as remote from our resolutions and habits as the airy tongues that syllable men's names in wildernesses from the actual human tongue to say it, yet it is forever true, whether a man be worth ten thousand a year or one hundred, that the loftiest historical fame, and the purest private character and success, can only be attained when money is regarded merely as a means, and not as an end. An unexpected opinion confirms what experience and common sense teach in this respect; and we find Sir Joshua Reynolds saying:

"The estimation in which we stand in respect to our neighbors will be in proportion to the degree in which we excel or are inferior to them in the acquisition of intellectual excellence, of which trade and its consequential riches must be acknowledged to give the means; but a people whose whole attention is absorbed in those means, and who forget the *end*, can aspire but little above the rank of a barbarous nation."

It is true, although Sir Joshua Reynolds was a painter—as true as if William Cobbett, or Thomas Robert Malthus, or Sir Robert Peel, or any illustrious American statesman, had said it. And that is the reason, not certainly why New York should retain the Abbott and Du Chaillu collections, if it doesn't want them, but why it should consider that not to want them is to want the essential principle of civic greatness. If Florence were willing to lose the "Tribune" and the Pitti—if Rome were not loth to part with the *stanze* and the immortal group of the Transfiguration, the Communion of St. Jerome, the Madonna di Foligno, and the Coronation of the Virgin—the world would sigh to perceive that the intellectual pride, which is the true civic glory, had died out of the hearts of the Romans and Florentines. If we make more money, and more easily than any other people any where in the world, what should we do with it, if not invest it in the results of human genius, science, and heroism? Why is it that the scientific man prefers France or Germany—that the artist and lover of art seek Italy and Greece—that the man of society lives in Paris or London, and willingly spares our cheap enthusiasms about getting the New York morning papers to Albany before breakfast? Why is it that, until the Astor Library (which was the work of one man), our scholars could not write nor illustrate our history without crossing the sea?

The answer to these questions, of course, is, the necessary poverty of a young nation in those works of every kind which the scholar, the artist, and the philosopher naturally seek. But how long shall we be contented with this poverty? How long shall it be said with truth that the hangers-on of a prize-fight are the "governing classes" of the country?

Now and then, indeed, we have a work that shows the creative power to be inherent in American genius also, or an evidence of that tranquil and refined scholarship which is the secret charm of so many of the most cherished books in the world. The spring has given us a specimen of each of these kinds, in the "Marble Faun" of Hawthorne and the "Travel and Study in Italy" of Charles Eliot Norton.

The latter is a work very rare in our literature. It is, indeed, a diary of travel, which is, perhaps, our most common form of literary performance; but it is remarkable for its quiet elegance and repose. It is a series of social, political, and æsthetic observations in Italy—shrewd, often profound, always intelligent and sympathetic, and expressed in a pure and simple style which at once wins and confirms the utmost confidence. The contemplative American is a much more infrequent spectacle than the ardent, picturesque, declamatory, and superficial; so that his work is sure to be like this—a fresh and permanent addition to our literature. And whoever, in these summer days, wishes to see some of the less visited parts of Italy, and some of its grandest mon-

uments, will not fail to choose Mr. Norton for his mentor.

But if he be more romantic than contemplative he will naturally turn to the "Marble Faun," and own once more the weird spell of Hawthorne. The hero of this pure romance is a creation; the central idea of the work, divested of its incidents, is one of the happiest possible. A faun—blithe citizen of fields and woods! whose very name is musical with sylvan scenes and charms—marries at some remote period a human maiden, and from the union springs a race of beings whose human nature is mingled with the attributes of their rural ancestry, having a mysterious sympathy with nature—a broad, sweet, sunny mood of sentiment and feeling—full of joyous impressions, of simple impulses, of sylvan tastes, and affections that have the warmth of the human and the unreasoning ardor of the animal character. In the hands of so subtle an artist as Hawthorne you may conceive what this character becomes. You see Donatello (the faun) standing or moving at the will of that sad, shadowy genius. His whole existence is passed upon the vague, doubtful boundary-line of the brute and human nature. Every action and impulse partake of that mystic duality. Sometimes it rises to painful prominence, as in the conversation about his ears; whether they are indeed pointed and furry, as in the rustic traditions and the statue of Praxiteles. But the creature bounds away, and shakes his long black locks, but does not betray the secret. So all through the tale you believe the ears are there as in the stained statue. You wait for the coy wind that shall lift in airy jest the curls of the human lover, and reveal the lower form that binds him with the animals. Nothing can be more poetic and fascinating than this. It is as if the enchanter had touched the frieze upon some rustic temple or the bas-relief upon some Grock urn, such as Keats sang, and the sweet society of Pan and all the nymphs were alive again—but with that glimmering, perplexing lower life which is so pathetic and appealing.

The scope of the story is that of Fouque's *Undine*, and its theme is properly the elevation of a being, not quite human, through suffering. Undine acquires a soul through love; Donatello through sin and sorrow. The description of the loss of sympathy between Donatello and the animal world, after he has sinned, is very touching and lovely; and the whole work is conceived with such tender art that you do not hold Donatello responsible for crime as if he were a human being like ourselves, but the animal nature that he shares pleads for him continually, so that the offense seems to be the irresistible impulse of a semi-brute, and not the malignity of a superior intelligence. This point is very essential to the proper artistic symmetry of the tale.

That the story ends unsatisfactorily is true; but it is because the story-tellers are so much in the habit of finishing every thing to the least detail, and explaining the plot in full. But no reader who has read the "Marble Faun" in its own spirit can expect the same intelligent completeness in the conclusion of a chapter of mystic, sylvan life. It is not the realm of the novel in which we have been moving, but of the pure romance. The forms are vast and vague in significance. Kenyon, the only strictly human being in the book, is the least real of all. He is not quite in keeping with the rest. He has strayed out of the broad, common daylight of the novel, which is a very different sphere from the romance.

There is another charm in this work which can be chiefly enjoyed by those only who have been in Italy. Hawthorne has written his Italian impressions in the "Marble Faun" as Andersen wrote his in the "Improvisatore." The book abounds with the most faithful descriptions of the details of Italian scenery and character. The old familiar places—the old familiar dirt, and inconvenience, and decay—all reappear in these pages. The story itself lingers as it winds its way through the description of a life and region so sympathetic with the sombre romance of the author's imagination. It is not surprising that many readers find it dull, for it presupposes a familiarity and interest upon the part of the reader with Rome in its decay. In fact the whole work, with its profoundly pathetic charm, is not unlike the melancholy, mystic, weird old city.

The Easy Chair must have a word, if it be but one, about the "Mill on the Floss"—the new story by Miss Evans, the author of "Adam Bede." It is a delicately told domestic tragedy, involving few characters, but those are conceived and delineated in the most masterly manner. The account of the children, although rather too long, is exquisitely done, and the kindly humor and earnest feeling throughout the work make an impression akin to that of Dinah in "Adam Bede."

The grand central theme of the story is the struggle between love and a sense of duty. Maggie Tulliver has two lovers, Philip and Stephen. Philip is personally deformed; but he is refined, and intellectually superior. A feud between the parents, which is espoused by Maggie's brother Tom, compels Maggie and Philip to meet privately. He declares his love. Her feeling is evidently a mingling of love and pity. Their meetings are discovered by Tom, and Maggie promises that she will not again see Philip alone. She disappears for some little time; then reappears in the home of Lucy Dean, her cousin, a sweet, lovely girl, who is upon the point of betrothal with Stephen Guest. But when he sees Maggie he loves her. She perceives it, and begins to doubt herself. They both struggle—he less constantly, for he is a slighter, selfish nature, but she heroically and religiously. She feels as if it were a double treachery to yield to Stephen—on the one hand to Philip, and on the other to Lucy. But Stephen's influence upon her is pure fascination. She is a bird before the charming snake. His presence paralyzes her will, but not her perceptions; for throughout the impression is conveyed that she recurs to Philip, in her heart of hearts, if not as the man she ought to marry, yet as a man of a nobler mould, and therefore worthier of the deepest affection than Stephen, who is not a bad man, but entirely mastered by his passion.

One summer day there was to be a boating party in which the four were to join. But it chanced that only Stephen and Maggie go. They float and drift with the current, she lost in the exquisite languor of love and bewilderment, he lying at her feet, gallant, persuasive, beloved; until she sees suddenly, and he has known all the time, that they have drifted so far as to render return impossible that night. "Now you *must* marry me," urges Stephen. "We love each other entirely. We are not really bound to others. Why should you insist upon making us both miserable?" During the night the vail slowly passes from before her eyes. She sees how enormous the consequences are. Already Philip and Lucy believe that they are betrayed. But Maggie resolves

that she will not lose all, and, still fearful of Stephen's fascinating influence, tells him that she will return. He pleads in vain, and she does return, while he goes abroad. Her brother scorns her and casts her out. The village sneers and stings. Her mother is true to her; and Maggie begins again to earn her living. The clergyman of the parish consoles her after a fashion. Philip writes her a letter full of faith in her still. Stephen writes from abroad urging his suit; and at last Lucy Dean, who has been stricken with illness by the blow, comes to see her, and to kiss her, and to smile in her eyes with the same old confidence. But the struggle has clearly broken Maggie's heart.

One night a flood comes, ingulfs the village, sweeps away the mill, from whose *débris* Maggie saves her brother Tom; and as they are pulling the boat toward the high, dry land, another building, swept off by the freshet, drives its ruins upon them, and they are drowned.

Whatever the author's intention may be, the impression is left very forcibly that, despite the fascination Maggie feels in Stephen, she perceives that it is not that deep, holy love which consecrates and justifies marriage; and she knows it because her love for Philip, although not strong or entire enough, is yet of that nobler, truer type. If she did feel that her love was the one central and soul-satisfying passion, it is not possible that a woman so thoughtful, and sustained, and mature would have wrecked the happiness of all four by persisting in refusing to marry Stephen. At least, in that case, knowing how they loved each other, she could not have failed to say to Lucy, "Your lover loves me entirely." Even if she did not marry him herself, she certainly could not have been so false a friend to Lucy as to allow her to marry a man who loved another woman more.

However, the Easy Chair merely propounds the question, which will be widely enough discussed this summer in the light of all kinds of eyes and experience. But do not forget, oh gentle moralists! that the heart has its duties as well as the conscience.

Our Foreign Bureau.

PUNCH has two good cracks at the Reform Bill of Lord John Russell. In one, Lord John is stiff and paste-boardy, a pipe-clayey artilleryman, whose field-piece is a gun-shaped roll of parchment, marked Reform Bill, which Lord John is in the act of firing; and along the Strand, in the back-ground, various distances are marked by such signals as "six-pound suffrage;" "household suffrage;" "universal suffrage;" and it seems as if the flimsy artillery would hardly reach the nearest mark of limitation.

Then again, Lord John, as a bedraggled Irish girl fag, is pushing a baby cart up stairs (the stairs of the British Lords), and the bandaged baby is labeled Reform Bill. Mr. Punch, as policeman, at the bottom of the stairs, looks compassionately at the poor bedraggled wench (whose face is piteously like Lord John's), and says, "Now, little 'un, do you *think* you'll be able to shove that perambulator up them steps?"

How they laugh at this; how we all laugh at this! Fat Punch at the bottom of the stairs; Serving-maid, John Russell, with the baby (of progress) in her hand-cart upon the lower step. At the top, all the peers and the bishops. Shall Reform be trundled up?

Shall hundreds of thousands, who have no vote now, and never had, come into the phalanx that name England's rulers? At length shall the factories and the miners have a voice to say who shall make laws for them?

So we make jokes of the great things of life, and forget them. There was no joke about the old days of reform in England, when Henry Brougham was as great with the strength of manhood as he is now garrulous with age; when Lansdowne had vigor in him—gone now; when the Iron Duke (whose dust is under St. Paul's dome) put iron gratings to his windows to keep out the brick-bats of the mob, and when the conqueror of Waterloo yielded at length to the leaders of the people, and the Reform Bill passed. England is not so much in earnest now; at least not in the direction of an elective franchise.

Louis Napoleon, who detests English Toryism, is just now its best friend; he is diverting attention by his energy, and strategy, and ambition from the griefs of privilege. Those who band so joyously in the volunteer corps do not band for democratic rights but for the conservation of English power, for England as it is; for England as against aggressive neighbors; for England as capable of showing a great front in war. The crash of the six-pounders of Mr. Whitworth and of Armstrong will drown all sound of the six-pound voter.

Punch has the truth of it. Nurse John Russell is weak with seventy years (though he writes in brave tones about Savoy), and can not trundle any big baby of Reform up the steps of the established powers.

And Savoy, and Nice, and Switzerland?

Like a drifting summer's cloud Tuscany, and the twin Duchies of Modena and Parma, and the Romagna have passed under the dominion of the Sardinian king; and easy as a cloud Savoy has passed away from its old inheritors, and Mont Blanc now throws its shadow upon French territory. Of course there was swift execution: not much time taken up with consultation of the Great Powers; not much time taken up in consultation with England: whereat Lord John makes a most vigorous protest against the ambitious designs of France, and the benches applaud. Who in England wanted France to be stronger or greater than she was? Perfidious France to-day; and to-morrow it may be perfidious England.

Louis Napoleon may possibly have consulted the Great Powers; but he certainly did not indulge himself in a very long consideration of what the Great Powers advised; least of all does he seem to have been deferential to the opinion of England. After all, there are a great many arguments (of policy) to defend the course of the Emperor, and a great many of justice and honor which make against him. France applauds and admires the swift Imperial tactics, which in a month pile up the Alps on her frontiers of the East, and scoop out a new sea-basin for her on the shores of the Mediterranean. There is a loud municipal consent, which tickles the ear as much as a popular vote, and which does not offend the inherited prejudices of Russia and autocracies generally. Louis Napoleon would gladly have submitted the *annexion* to a vote of Savoyards, as he submitted to the vote of France, and yielded to the vote of the Romagna. But the Great Powers, which he had offered to consult, recognize least of all a nation's right to pronounce her own fate. If Savoy may speak by ballot, why not Gallicia, and Bohemia, and Hungary, and all the Caucasus? Political legerdemain is better than any outcrop of democratic principle. So Napoleon says, "If you prefer legerdemain, legerdemain let it be;" and, presto! the re-

turning French regiments (from Lombardy) show their colors in Chambery and in Nice, and the cup of the conjuror is lifted, and there is a blue ball where we saw green.

Of course, you know, this is not the pious and comely way in which we annex Texas—doing it all honestly, and with no bravado and threatening; it is not altogether the utterly simple and honest fashion in which John Bull annexes Afghan or Aden, or what he wants eastward; not altogether so humane a regard for the wishes and rights of the annexed people; and yet, bating pretenses and hypocrisies, it does not seem to us very much worse or wickeder. We want that little piece of border property, and are able to buy it, if you will sell; and are able to take it, if you refuse; and are able to find arguments, if you love discussion; therefore from being yours it comes to be ours—Texas, and Afghan, and Savoy. We are ambitious of course, for we have a growing family that needs room; we were modest about it, and said we were content with what we had, and so for a time we were; but as we grow we want range. And the British Parliament chafes and grows angry; but all its anger comes to no grander focus than a buoyant period or two in Lord John Russell's speech, which serves as an escape valve for the Government irritation. In short, England has given to France a "piece of its mind" about the matter, which, under the circumstances, must be an immense relief. Overzealous Englishmen, such as Mr. Kinglake and Sir Robert Peel, may possibly refuse to go to Italy henceforward by the way of Mont Cenis; but still, awkwardly enough, Mont Cenis will be there, with the French flag flying on it.

If Louis Napoleon had never done a worse thing than to drive a private bargain with Sardinia for the possession of the mountain district of Savoy, he would be a fitter subject for canonization than the Pope is, or the Directors of the East India Company.

God will ripen the sour grapes they grow by Aix as regularly as before; and the hills will look on the sea, and the sea will look up at the hills as when the Savoyards of old planted olives on all the steps of the Mediterranean shore; and Mont Blanc, with his eternal white lifted into the sky, shall stand there challenging all the poets of Christendom to bring Chamouni Hymns of sunrise bravely as ever.

And if Mr. Kinglake can write a hymn like Coleridge's, he will do a better thing in writing it than by proving by ever so much logic (as he clearly does) that no man can tell what "Louis Napoleon will do next."

There is something funny almost in the alternations of British feeling *apropos* of the Emperor Napoleon and France. We chanced to be in England on the occasion of that visit of the Emperor to Victoria in 1855; there was a world of banners, and a great craze of welcome; now the Strand, and Fleet Street, and Trafalgar Square, and Whitehall, and all the purlieus of St. James Park, fairly bubbled over with noisy and crowded greeting! We had nearly been crushed upon the broad steps by the Duke of York's column in the mass that surged down to catch a glimpse of the great Imperial ally. A few old gentlemen, indeed, in the dining-room of the United Service club, kept doggedly at their lunch and the morning *Times*, ignoring, with a pleasantly proud impassiveness, the upstart Emperor. But for all that the shouts must have come to their ears and made them frown.

Afterward came the murderous attack of the Rue Lepelletier, and the boastful speeches of the French colonels, which all England resented manfully. Punch gave a humorsome point to the resentment, which the dear young Guardsmen had the courage to send by mail to every French colonel they could hear of. After this, the conduct and successes of the Italian war made a hero of the Emperor; and after this again, the panic, and the volunteer corps—growing out of Cherbourg—and the waxing strength of the French navy.

Then comes Mr. Cobden with his treaty—interpreted into eloquence by Mr. Gladstone, and made piquant at every club-room dinner by cheap *mouton* and *Chateau Margaux*. What a philosopher he is—this Emperor! What a shrewd man of business! What a true friend of England!

Then the Savoy project looms up, with coy slowness and a complimentary hesitation; the quidnuncs prick up their ears. At last the cloven foot: France is to be enlarged; Belgium will come next, and the Rhine border. But the Government (has not Palmerston dined at Fontainebleau, and played at *piquet* with the Empress?) says Pooh!—pooh! We know the Emperor; he is good friend of ours; he will do nothing without consulting us: we are the "Great Powers!" we shall hardly allow him to consummate this change; at least that is our impression. And the Count Persigny attends the Queen's drawing-room reception; and Lord Cowley hobnobs at the Tuileries, chucking the brave little Prince Imperial under the chin.

The couriers meantime, French and Sardinian, are riding back and forth. The Emperor plies my Lord Cowley with as good wine as he ever drank, but he does not forget the mountain barriers. And so one day it is settled. Mont Blanc, as we said, spends its shadows where the French flag is flying; and the Savoy and organ-men grind out, "Long may it wave!"

We have given enough space to this Savoyard matter: France might do a worse thing than make this hasty annex; a worse thing she has done just now; and yet you will scarcely hear of it. Some years ago two men in the south of France were brought to trial for robbery: they were convicted, condemned; and one died of fever at Cayenne, the other in the hulks at Brest. Within the winter past, however, there was reason to suspect that the real criminal was still at large. Inquiry was prosecuted; the suspected ones interrogated, and the result was perfect demonstration of the innocence of the condemned parties who had died with the great dishonor weighing on them and on their families, and the conviction of the suspected ones.

It would seem that tardy justice would demand the fullest possible declaration of the innocence of those who had suffered, and that the least which the erring officials could do, would be to lift publicly the vail of disgrace from the memory of the injured.

But no: the French judges, in virtue of a law of the realm, deny all publicity to the new trial: the authority of French justice might be shaken if its errors were made matter of public discussion: the doors of the court-room are closed; the new and real culprits are condemned in secret; the ignominy still rests upon the innocent; and the French judges maintain their composure. Even the Belgian paper, *Le Nord*, which has the honesty to give a history of this procedure, is seized, and refused circulation. It is a little injustice to you, and to us, and to Sa-

voyards; but to those friends—mothers, brothers, sisters, who mourn yet the shortened lives of those who died of wasting fever, under a great cloud of dishonor, who died pure as the judges, and innocent as they—what a cankerous tyranny is in it! What love or tolerance of a law that sanctions the wrong! Of such spawn come Massaniellos.

Yet who knows, or who cares?

Is this injustice as significant a fact as that the Prince Imperial, now turned of four, is corporal of the grenadiers of the Guard, and has learned to handle his mimic musket of wood as adroitly as any guardsman of them all? Poor little corporal of the grenadiers of the Guard! Hard as you may find the practice with the mimic musket, there is every chance that, in the twenty years to come, you may find musketry practice to which this shall be child's play!

And the papers tell us (since we are in the train, now, of lesser gossip) that certain American ladies are presently to marry titles, and the men belonging to them. We wish them joy. But we wish still more—that Americans, possessed of wealth enough, properly applied, to make their lives illustrative, had some nobler and, if you please, homelier ambition than to blazon a decaying fragment of heraldry. Wealth is a weapon in the civilization of our day, and can make and gain battles: more the pity, then, that it should become only a brush in the hands of a burnisher, to rub bright some old escutcheon. Wealth will buy titles any where. In England the wealth must be vast; in France, only large; in Germany, only moderate; and in Italy, only sufficient.

And this brings up, pleasantly enough, Hawthorne's story of the Transformation, and of the Count of Monte Beni. It is a new picture, and yet a most just one, which he has given of the Count's eyrie in the Apennines, half reminding of the slender, proud grandness of the Master of Ravenswood; and yet with a local coloring about it so characteristic and so vraisemblant that we know it is so. It brings, with new relish, home to the sympathies the broken fortunes and failing resources of that old, chivalric Italy which we know in story. Even like Donatello, chivalrous Italy has a taste of the woods and the mythologies. We seize its essence best when it is most shadowy: we can not give it hard, human type. Its great crimes are so red that we need a Tarquin and Lucrece, or a bounding ballad of Virginius, to moderate their color to our eye. Crimes so great they need a ground-work of red. Donatello throws a man from the Tarpeian rock (which is not very high, however), and the dreadfulness is only relieved, yet is relieved, by a confused ground-work of dim, mysterious wickednesses, making a bloody, purple back-ground which never clears, and which keeps our eye and imagination when the story is wholly done.

Then, of the book, let us say—what large, and free, and natural judgment about art in it; none of the pettiness of the professional critic; no assumption of superior discernment; no patronizing airs; no overbold defense of indecencies, sustained, as such generally are, by sneers at prudery; but open, clear, zealous, honest, downright.

Then the pictures of Romish streets and gardens and hills are as if a photograph had painted them. Those who have sauntered on the Pincian, through the warm afternoons of a Roman winter, or lounged below in the copses of the Borghese Garden, seem to go there again, as they read the "Marble Faun," and live over the Romish experience with the added zest of story. Another noticeable thing about the book is the way it weans you (with all its vraisemblance) from the matter-of-fact life of Rome, and from all cognizance of the bubbles that break on the stream of to-day.

Who thinks in reading it of the French occupation, or of the Papal troubles, or of Austria, or of the freed Romagna? but rather finds his thought colored with the deep tints of Italian life in the abstract; the romance, the poetry, the chivalry, the mystery, the art-love of Italy: these all blended, make the color with which Hawthorne gives light and shade to his Italian story. By reading it you would never come to know Cavour, or Mazzini, or Antonelli; but yet from its pages there might come a breath of the Italian atmosphere to touch your cheek as true, and fresh, and warm, and passionate, as if you had pored over its history, or yourself looked upon the domes and the purple Apennines.

It is not pleasant to see such men as Leverrier engaged in quarrel; and yet the distinguished astronomer has given very special interest to two or three of the later meetings of the Academy of Sciences by his altercations with fellow-members of the Institute. It would make a pretty story of a quarrel if the grounds of difference were fairly written out; but it is enough for us to chronicle the fact that even so clever a computator as Leverrier has weaknesses—is not so far removed from common infirmities as to deny himself the luxury of a sharp quarrel. The issue will be no way fatal—save to some few errors which have crept into the Imperial almanac.

Among later projected Paris improvements we may allude to the construction of three new churches of imposing size: one at the end of the Chaussée d'Antin, upon the site of the old Caserne de Clichy; a second near to the *Arc de l'Etoile;* and a third upon some site still undetermined. The new Opera-house also is among the designs in reserve, and which, on completion, will add to the brilliancy and completeness of the new capital. The bridge already joins the old terrace of the Tuileries garden to the opposite bank of the river; and along the quay trees, which seem nearly half a century old, fling their shadows where, five years since, the sun shone broadly on the bald asphaltum. Never did the café windows shine more temptingly; never Paris hold more of charm for those who live for pleasure or for self-indulgence. What boots it to us, who consume the best which the Café Anglais can bestow, or listen to all the melodies that waken the Salle Ventadour, that the poor Messinese are uneasy at sight of their butchered children, and the Neapolitans shrinking under a tyranny worse than that of the old king's? What boots it who may be crying for mercy or aid, if only the sound does not trouble our ear? The harshest sighs, whether they come from Palermo or the battle-fields of Morocco, are tempered with the soft breezes that blow over the pretty *Prè-Catalan.* In Paris one hears every thing, and straightway forgets every thing.

Of the American Bonapartes we may put this little current mention on record:

"The seventeenth volume of the 'History of the Consulate and the Empire,' by M. Thiers, just published, contains a note which M. Jerome Napoleon

Bonaparte, 'a French citizen residing at Baltimore, in the United States,' requested the publisher to insert. The note states, that, on the 24th of December, 1803, Jerome Bonaparte, then a naval officer in the service of the French Republic, married Miss Elizabeth Paterson, daughter of a citizen of the United States; that the marriage was celebrated by the Bishop of Baltimore, according to the rites of the Catholic church; and that the marriage was regularly registered. That Jerome Bonaparte, then nineteen years of age, had attained the age required by the French law to contract a valid marriage. That his father being dead, his mother, Madame Letitia Bonaparte, did not within a year, as required by the French law, demand that the marriage should be declared null and void. That, on the contrary, Madame Letitia called M. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, the issue of that marriage, 'her dear son,' and signed herself, in a letter to him, 'his very affectionate mother.' That in 1805 the Emperor Napoleon demanded of the Pope a bull annulling that marriage, and that the Pope replied that there was no reason to annul the marriage, and that were he to do so he would be guilty of a most abominable abuse of his sacred ministry before the tribunal of God, and before the entire Church. An answer to this note, transmitted by Prince Napoleon, is annexed by the publisher.

"At the re-establishment of the empire under Napoleon III., the descendants of the marriage with Miss Paterson attempted to establish a right, and Prince Napoleon and the Princess Mathilde appealed to an imperial family council, the only competent tribunal, to forbid Jerome Paterson to attribute to himself, with the name of Bonaparte, a filiation which does not belong to him legally. The family council, on the 4th of July, 1856, having heard M. Allon, the advocate for Prince Napoleon and the Princess Mathilde, and M. Berryer, for M. Jerome Bonaparte, maintained the right of the defendant to the name of Bonaparte, but without the right of availing himself of the advantages conferred by the 201st and 202d articles of the 'Code Napoleon.' The Emperor sanctioned the judgment, and when the present note was submitted to him for his approbation, he added, with his own hand, the following paragraph:

"'His Majesty the Emperor, by his conduct toward the descendants of Mademoiselle Paterson since the judgment was determined, thought it right to prove that he did not consider them even as belonging to his family *civile*.'

"The question was raised again by a claim made by M. Jerome Bonaparte to a portion of Cardinal Fesch's property, and which was rejected by a decision of the imperial family council, in December, 1859."

Editor's Drawer.

THE TWENTY-FIRST Volume of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* begins with this number. To the Drawer is assigned the honor of making this announcement, and wishing the reader all sorts of compliments on the arrival of this eventful period in its history. We are coming of age: if not in *years*, at least in *volume*. Other Magazines have been blown up long before they reached the *years of discretion*, while we have gone on increasing in age and numbers till now we are about to enter on our majority. Thanks to an appreciating public, to a corps of contributors whose genius and industry meet the wants of the age, and to artists whose illustrations are a bright peculiar feature of the work, we are, in this twenty-first volume, in the enjoyment of a prosperity that has no parallel in this department of literature. The publishers intend to regard past success only as incitement to better things in future.

The Drawer is selected as the place into which every body looks first; and here the publishers intimate that the present is the auspicious time for all who are interested in the Magazine to aid in extending its circulation. The terms are elsewhere stated, and to them we refer the reader, trusting that hundreds of thousands will help themselves and us by enlarging the number of our subscribers. So much for business: now for pleasure.

RIDING in a stage-coach in Kentucky, last week, we heard a fellow swearing at a great rate about the Abolitionists.

"They ought to be hung as high as Haman," he said.

"And how high was Haman hung?" asked a grave old gentleman in the corner.

"Wa'al, about as high as folks is ginerally hung, I reckon," said the other.

"And pray, who was that fellow Haman you are speaking of?" pursued the old gentleman, his eye kindling with a gentle smile as he blandly spoke.

"Why, he was one of them scamps that was hung up at Cynthiana for spreadin' 'sendiary dokymints."

The old gentleman chuckled faintly and dropped the subject.

"IN the flush times of California, when San Francisco was not what it now is, I went into a barber's shop to have my beard cut off. The barber was not learned in his profession, and his time was too valuable to be spent in sharpening razors. Near me a stranger was undergoing all the torture of another dull razor and another dull barber. Just then a monkey came in, noiselessly, hopping about on two feet and a hand, or three hands or three feet, I don't know which, and after gymnasticizing a while, jumped on the lap of my neighbor, and immediately jumped off again and disappeared into another room. We left the shop together, and after we had got off a little distance the stranger asked me in the most confidential manner if I saw 'that thing.'

"'What, that monkey? Certainly.'

"'Ah, I'm glad of it; for I had heard so much of monkeys follering a fellow *after drinking* that I was afeard 'twas one of them blue devils.'

"I never saw the man before, nor have I seen him since; but I'll be bound the fright saved him from running the risk of *delirium tremens*."

DURING the great speculation in town lots in 1835 and '36 in Mississippi, Doctor T——, of Vicksburg, went in largely, investing all the cash funds received in his lucrative practice, and, as usual, paid one-third cash, the balance in six and twelve months, with interest, these being the usual terms of buying and selling. One day when the Doctor was deep in town lots, he had to answer the call of an aristocratic patient, for whom he hastily prescribed a box of pills, and allowing his mind to return to the town lots, was on his way out when the question was asked, how the pills were to be taken? To which the Doctor replied, "One-third down, the balance in six and twelve months with interest."

GENERAL BLANK, of Arkansas, being a widower, somewhat advanced in years, had occasionally visited a widow residing in an adjoining county with a

view to a matrimonial connection. At length the General determined to make a disclosure of a matter before it might be too late for the widow to retract. Addressing her with the remark that, of course, she was aware that he did not claim to be a very young man, yet he thought it his duty to acquaint her with a fact, of which, perhaps, she was not aware; he doffed his wig and bowed low before her, exhibiting a poll as bare and slick as a peeled onion. The widow, with the utmost calmness, replied that she admired his candor, and felt called upon to be as frank as he; and raising her cap, showed that her head was as bare and slick as his own!

They were married the next day.

ROSES.

Roses always roses are—
What with roses can compare?
Search the garden, search the bower,
Try the charms of every flower;
Try them by their beauteous bloom,
Try them by their sweet perfume.
Morning light it loveth best
In the rose's lap to rest;
And the evening breezes tell
The secret of their choice as well.
Try them by whatever token,
Still the same response is spoken;
Nature crowns the rose's stem
With her choicest diadem.

Roses always roses are—
What with roses can compare?
Roses are of royal birth,
Loveliest monarchs of the earth!
Not the realm of flowers alone,
But human hearts their sceptre own.
They more than all the flowery throng
Can wake the poet's soul to song;
They more than all possess the power
To soothe or cheer life's passing hour.
Mark what flowers the maiden's hand
Gathers for her bridal band;
What the sweetest influence shed
Round the grateful sufferer's bed;
What with holiest light illume
The grief and darkness of the tomb.
To every flower some charm is given,
For each reveals the love of Heaven;
But roses so all charms combine,
That roses rule by "right divine;"
And roses still must ever be
The garden's Royal Family.

"In a little village in Connecticut, several years ago, there lived one David Barnes, a person of an excitable temperament and violent passions, especially—as was often the case—when under the influence of strong drink. Not far from him resided old Squire Nelson, famous in all the region round about for his ready wit, with which few were able to cope successfully.

"The Squire had at the time of which I write a pig of remarkable promise, which one day effected a stolen exit from its domicile, and wandered about seeking what it might devour; till finally it happened into Barnes's garden, where, following the impulse of its nature, it (as Barnes himself graphically expressed it) 'rooted araound like all possest.'

"The animal was at length espied by Barnes, who—it being the hour when his bitters most were felt—issued forth with murderous intent and a stick, and so gave vent to his emotions that the poor beast 'withdrew' as speedily as possible, and reached home more dead than alive.

"When recovered from the effect of his potions Barnes regretted his hastiness, and resolved to visit the Squire, explain, and make it right, if possible. Off he started, and found the Squire at home. He hardly knew how to open the subject, so he began with,

"'Wa'al, Square, I'm a-thinkin' o' leavin' these parts.'

"Squire. 'You don't say! I'm sorry for that.'

"Barnes (*with some surprise*). 'Be ye? An' why, may I ask?'

"Squire. 'Wa'al, I'll tell you. Years ago there come a Mr. Robinson to live where you do, and he was a mean sort of a man, and it was hard gittin' along with him. And after him come Tom Mullen, and he was a dretful mean man—worse, if any thing, than the other. And after *he* left there come Bill Mosher, who was really tejus; and then one worse'n all the others together—old Ned Bolles. You see, they kept a-growin' worse. And finally, *you* come; and I'm afraid that, if you go, *the Evil One himself will be next!*'

"Barnes left."

We have the following from Three-Rivers, in Canada, our Drawer being strictly international:

"Although we Lower Canadians, as your constant guests, never fail to partake of the good things you spread before us with such a bountiful hand, still it is very seldom we ever think of returning you the compliment. To make amends for this seeming neglect on our part I invite you to partake of the following, hoping you will find them to your taste:

"A worthy son of Erin, quite fresh from the Emerald Isle, having just arrived in Quebec, and wanting some article of clothing, inquired of the first man he met where he could find a clothing store. The man, who happened to be a French Canadian, told him, with much politeness, that he could get any thing he wanted by going to L. and C. Grenier, in St. Peter Street. At this Pat flew into an awful passion, and pitched into poor Jean Baptiste with the greatest fury, to the latter's most visible astonishment. A policeman, attracted by the row, took both parties into custody and brought them before the Recorder. Jean made his deposition; and Pat was asked why he had behaved in such a brutal manner toward a man who had sought to oblige him? 'Oblige me, yer Honor! faix an' it's I that's obliged him by not knocking his dirty head off. Sure, didn't I ax him perlitely an' dacently as where I could find the like of a clothing shtore; an', by Saint Pathrick, didn't the dirty spalpeen of a Frinchmin till me to go to h—ll and see granny!' The sides of the Recorder fairly shook with laughter at Pat's mistake. He explained matters to him, and warned him not to be so ready with his fists in future. The Irishman, sorry for what he had done, invited Jean Baptiste to take a *dhrop* with him, and they both went out rejoicing.

"In Three-Rivers we have an old French Canadian named Féron, who is crier of the court, and quite a character in his way. Not long since a Judge from Montreal asked old Féron if he understood English.

"'*Entendez vous l'Anglais, Monsieur Féron?*' said the Judge.

"'*Oh oui, votre Honneur, je l'entendez très bien; mais je ne le comprend pas!*'

"*Entendez vous* means, in French, 'Do you understand?' or 'Do you hear?' So when the Judge asked him do you hear (understand) English, the old

fellow answered him, with a merry twinkle in his eye, 'I hear it very well, but I do not understand it.'

"A YOUNG LADY called on a reverend Father and confessed all her sins, big and little. The *Pater* asked her to give him her name. This she was not obliged, and was not inclined to do; so she answered, rather pertly, 'Father, my name is not a sin.'

"A FARMER who had the habit of seasoning his conversation with a large quantity of curses determined one day to get rid of the habit; and, as a first step toward attaining so desirable an end, he sought a priest and confessed his failing. The *curé* made him promise that he would, as a penance, swallow a grain of sand every time he swore. The man returned home and commenced to plow, and every time he swore—which was every two or three seconds—he swallowed the prescribed quantity of sand. At last he could stand it no longer. He went to the *curé*, and with the greatest earnestness said, 'Father, I beg you will change my penance; if you don't, I will eat up the whole of my farm before long!'"

FROM the extreme of the Northwest—from British Columbia—a constant reader of the Drawer writes:

"Perhaps a few items from this barbarous region may not be uninteresting to the readers of the Drawer. Since your Magazine penetrates to all portions of the globe, each in return should contribute its own mite to the fund of amusement.

"Every one upon this part of the Pacific coast is familiar with the name of Captain Tom Wright, son of 'Bully Wright,' of San Francisco, whose eccentricities prove him to be a 'chip of the old block.' During the last winter he was running a small stern-wheel steamer, ycleped the *Enterprise*, an old specimen of Oregon ship-building, much the worse for hard usage. Her boiler, particularly—which was originally intended to carry 120 pounds steam—had become so dilapidated, and been 'plugged' so many times with pine-wood, that any attempt to raise an unusual amount of steam always resulted in its leaking so as to put out the fires. Still Captain Tom never hesitated, at any season of the year, to try the trip up Frazer River, probably the swiftest stream which is navigated by steamers in the world. On these occasions he had an understanding with the engineer of the boat, which in one instance resulted as follows: Upon coming to one of the shoal places in the river, where the water ran so rapidly that he knew it was impossible to steam through, he worked along slowly until the boat came to a dead 'stand-still'—at times going ahead a few feet, and then gradually allowing the current to take it down again. The captain quietly headed her in toward the shore, and ordered the mate to get a line ashore. By dint of hard towing the few hands of the vessel succeeded in getting her some rods farther, when again she stopped and no efforts could move her. Some twenty or thirty of the passengers were congregated forward, and, of course, much interested in the strife.

"'Gentlemen,' said the commander, politely, 'I am under the disagreeable necessity of asking your assistance on the line until we get to yonder point; I am afraid, otherwise, that we can't make the riffle.'

"No one stirred. One specimen of a veritable Pike muttered, in an under-tone, 'that he'd paid his passage, and was dern'd if he'd tow for any body.' Another said, 'he'd heer'n tell of the Paddy who worked his passage on the canawl by leading the tow-horse, but he wasn't so green.' All manifested a very decided disinclination to the proposal.

"'Wash!' sings out the captain to the engineer, in tones loud enough to be heard through the whole boat, 'how much steam have you got on?'

"'*One hundred and forty pounds!*' was the ominous reply.

"'Put on ten more, Sir, at once!' thundered back the 'skipper.'

"'The boiler is leaking very badly now, Sir, and I am afraid she won't stand any more,' was the response, well calculated to assure the timid.

"'Raise her to one hundred and fifty, if you blow her up!' was the next order from the apparently excited captain.

"During this short colloquy the passengers had been staring at each other perfectly thunder-struck. A tall Missourian was the first to recover from his lethargy. Making a leap from the guards of the boat to the shore he cried out, 'I'll tow, for one!' His example was followed by the rest, and in a minute's time there was not a passenger left upon the boat. With a sly twinkle in his eye Captain Tom turned to the pilot and remarked, 'We'll have no trouble with those fellows during the rest of the trip!' And so it was. At all future similar places—and they were not few—a simple request was sufficient to attach them all to the end of the tow-line."

FROM far-off Oregon a genial correspondent of the Drawer writes:

"Even in the mines, in our mountain fastnesses, in our pleasant, smiling valleys, amidst the shining gold-fields and gloomy cañons of the furthest 'Far West,' that bounteous *cornucopia* the Drawer pours out its wealth of convivial humor. Here, where the relentless tide of human fortune bows the stoutest heart beneath its breakers—where 'blues' and hypochondria are often known and felt—it comes with its grateful panacea to 'raise up the bowed down.' Mine costs me nine dollars a year per express, but I reckon it among the indispensables. While the desperate *felo de se* contemplates his destiny in cold steel and arsenic, give me the prolific Drawer and I'll 'laugh and grow fat.'

"I tender you the following, which is too true to be very laughable:

"A case was being examined before Justice A. B. Mc——n of our place, who was generally known as the 'village squire,' and of whom the village poet-aster once facetiously rhymed:

> "'In judgment he sat like a Turkish bashaw,
> For he was, whilom, dubbed "a limb of the law;"
> And while he dispensed law and justice to some,
> To others he vended wise counsel and *rum*.'

"During the examination the lawyers quarreled, became pugnacious, and finally 'pitched in,' handling each other 'without gloves;' and but for the meddlesome interference of the constable, they would have had a 'fair fight.'

"The Squire sat gazing over his spectacles at this scene in horrific amazement, till, suddenly losing his equilibrium, he sprang up a-tip-toe, and roared out:

"'The Court fines you fifty dollars a piece and three days' imprisonment! Constable! to jail with them! *Git!*'

"The two clients looked askant at their culpable counsel. Would Court adjourn, the jury be dismissed, and they be compelled to wait three days for counsel and the closing of their case? They were anxious to have a verdict, and both looked alternately at the Squire and then at a 'Notice' in the

Squire's establishment, which read: 'Pay at once, and don't keep us waiting. Time is money.' The jury seemed fidgety, and even his Honor manifested some uneasiness. But before the constable could muster his thoughts sufficiently to prompt action in the premises, one of the lawyers arose and relieved himself and others by saying:

"'May it please the Court, your Honor has fined us more than the law allows.'

"SQUIRE (*in a husky but emphatic tone*): 'Then the Court fines you as much as the law does allow!'

"The lawyers being left to determine the point as to how much the law *did* allow, agreed on fining themselves twenty-five dollars and no imprisonment, which being satisfactory, his Honor took fifty dollars, and the examination was resumed."

LYING evidently runs in the blood of some negroes as well as many whites, as the following anecdote will illustrate:

"Some time ago, when squatting on claims in Kansas was more profitable than now, I was induced to go over, and, to assist me in cooking, I had occasion to take George and Jesse, two negro boys, with me. One night, as three or four of us were seated in the front room of my cabin, I heard quite an altercation between these sable sons. It seemed that George had forcibly taken away a jack-knife, the property of Jesse, at which Jesse's ire was raised to such a pitch that my presence was required to quell the disturbance. On entering the room I discovered George, with one hand pressing hard against his left hand vest-pocket, loudly vociferating:

"'Mass' Frank! I ain't got Jess's knife! I ain't seed it! 'Fore God, I ain't!'

"Calling George toward me, I made a motion to search him, when the little fellow exclaimed:

"'Mass' Frank, you may feel in ev'ry pocket but dis un.'

"'Why not in that one, George?'

"'Kase de knife's in dar. But I 'clare on my soul I ain't got it.'

"Sure enough, I felt every other pocket, and no knife; but when I put my hand in the one he objected to my searching, there I found the 'bone of contention.' With childish simplicity he exclaimed:

"'Well, Mass' Frank, if you hadn't felt dar I wouldn't 've had it!'"

"I SEND you an account of a desperate legal dog-fight that came off in the Superior Court of Chicago a few days ago.

"The defendant had shot the plaintiff's dog in the month of July, 1857. Plaintiff immediately brought suit in trespass, which has been tried in the inferior courts some three times, in which trials victory was sometimes on the side of the plaintiff and sometimes the defendant. On the final trial James B. Bradwell, a tall 'limb of the law,' celebrated for his extravagant expressions and great eloquence, appeared as counsel for the plaintiff; and Robert Hervey, a fine specimen of a Scotch lawyer, and noted for being a leader in the St. Andrew's Society, for the defendant.

"It was proved by Mr. Martin, formerly groom for Lord Shurtleff, an English nobleman, that the father and mother of the plaintiff's dog at one time belonged to the said nobleman, and were imported by the witness.

"The defendant's counsel wound up his plea as follows:

"'Gentlemen of the jury, it is proved that the plaintiff's dog was an *aristocratic* dog; that he had noble blood coursing through his veins; and, having crossed the great water and come to a land of freedom, any good Democrat like my client had a right to open the vein of this aristocratic dog and let the kingly blood flow out. Gentlemen, you can not find my client guilty for doing to this dog what your fathers of the Revolution did to the aristocratic English. No, gentlemen, never—never!'

"The plaintiff's counsel closed on him in the following way:

"'Gentlemen of the jury, the point my learned friend makes in regard to the right to let aristocratic blood flow, undoubtedly applies as well to *men* as *dogs;* but my friend is the last man to make that point. What! he, who boasts descent from a line of Scottish lords as ancient as the Douglases, talk of being an enemy to aristocratic blood! It is preposterous! Why, gentlemen, you and I have seen him on holidays, in the St. Andrew's Society, with his body as erect as a bean-pole, all decorated with rosettes, ribbons, and furbelows, neither looking to the right nor left, but marching along to the music of the Light Guard Band as carefully and stately as if the fate of worlds depended upon every step he took.

"'No, gentlemen, this will not do; for if the logic of my learned friend is true, you would open that vein of his in which courses the blood of kings, and moisten our democratic soil with it before my friend could return to his office.

"'No, gentlemen, no such aristocratic man can justify the killing of our noble dog on any such ground.

"'We may be forsaken by father, mother, brothers, sisters, and all our kindred—kicked out of doors, and turned loose upon the wide, wide world—but our dog—noble, heroic, faithful—will cling to us with unwavering fidelity till the last faint spark of life dies out!

"'But he is dead! and we ask you, by your verdict, to punish his murderer so that he shall remember shooting our dog with sorrow until the last moment of his life.'"

A LOUISVILLE, Kentucky, correspondent writes:

"Before the adoption of the new Constitution in Indiana, the circuit courts were ornamented with a couple of associate judges who received a compensation of two dollars per day while court was sitting. Of course they were plain old farmers, guiltless of all legal knowledge. In the absence of the circuit judge they were authorized to try ordinary common law cases. Upon one occasion, in the County of C——, the presiding judge was absent, when a little appeal case from a justice's docket was called up for trial. Small as the case was, a formidable bundle of papers had accumulated in it. One party moved to dismiss the appeal, and the other side responded with a motion to dismiss the case. A legal argument of some hours left the Bench completely bewildered, and as a last resort, the two judges called Major T——, the Nestor of the bar, into their councils, and, in a stage whisper, asked his advice.

"'The case ought to be thrown out of court,' was the sententious judgment of the Major.

"'Mr. Clerk, give us all them papers,' said the judge who did up the talking. They were handed to him. 'Mr. Sheriff, open that window!' The next moment the entire bundle of papers were beyond the reach of *certiorari*, scattered over an adja-

cent hog-wallow that lay conveniently beneath the window.

"How the clerk made up the record I never learned."

Our "wealthy" North Carolina correspondent, writing again from "High Johnsing," winds up with a *postscriptum* as follows:

"P.S. I ought to have told you of an *issue of veracity* between Mr. Shakspeare and Mr. Simon which the county-court jury had to try last term. You see it was a case of assault and battery, and the facts were, that an officer of the county, having an execution to levy, was confronted by the plaintiff's wife right in front of the crib door he was about to enter in search of corn wherewith to satisfy the writ. She told him in plain terms he shouldn't 'tetch that ar corn; it war hern, and daddy made it not subjec' to any sich debts or contractings or the like.' The officer, unawed by this remonstrance, nevertheless proceeded to open the crib, and in so doing jostled the good lady a little; he took her by the arms, not, perhaps, handling her as gently as he would a less belligerent dame, and for this assault he stood indicted.

"Our friend Simon appeared for the defense. He enlarged upon the necessity of law and order: 'A great principle, gentlemen of the jury, is involved in this prosecution. Is the law able to vindicate itself? Shall a woman be entitled to leave the sacred spot which should be hallowed by her footstep and presence, the bedside of her sick husband, and, so to speak, unsex herself by resisting a public officer in the proper and lawful discharge of his duties? My client was taking the corn under the command of the law, and he only used force enough to put her out of the way, and he was a sworn officer.'

"The honorable member resumed his seat, and wiping his spectacles, was immediately surrounded by some six or ten clients who wanted a petition for partition. Immersed in the details of the names of heirs, dates, etc., and writing as fast as the crowd and noise would permit, his attention seems entirely to have been taken away from the case, when it was recalled in the following manner:

"Our old friend Gus was employed to prosecute, and his zeal had been fully aroused by a fat contingent. He thought it horrible that, in this land of boasted chivalry, women were to be subjected to such insults.

"'Gentlemen,' said he, 'more than three thousand years ago the immortal bard of Avon said,

> "The man that lays his hand upon
> A woman, save in the way of kindness,
> Is a wretch;"'

and here he turned, 'flaming in full circle,' as friend Sym would say, and looking to where Simon was writing away in the midst of a crowd of clients, totally oblivious of what was going on, and elevating his voice to its full compass, added,

"'Yes, gentlemen, a wretch (that's the point!)

> "Whom 'twere base flattery to call a COWARD!"'

"Mr. Simon looked up a moment at the speaker, and then rising with evident indignation at what he supposed to be an epithet applied to him or his client, remarked, with emphasis and warmth, 'Gentlemen of the jury, I pronounce that an infamous falsehood!'

"You ought to have seen Gus at that moment. He was evidently at a loss, but it was the work of an instant to recover his equanimity. Rubbing the point of his nose, he said, turning to the jury, 'Well, gentlemen, there is evidently an issue of veracity between Mr. Shakspeare and somebody, and I know it ain't me; I will proceed with my argument.'"

Can the following, in the way of advertisements, clipped from the Texas *Christian Advocate*, published at Galveston, Texas, be beat?

"Follow Peace with all men, and Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

I WISH to say to the public, through the *Advocate*, that, by the help of the good Lord, and the use of His money (I am only a steward on earth), I have erected a

Good Flouring and Corn Mill.

It is situated ten miles north of La Grange, near the road leading from that place to the town of Caldwell.

My days for grinding, in each week, are—Corn on Tuesday, and Wheat on Wednesday and Thursday.

Fayette Co., Feb. 29, 1860. JOHN RABB.

"The shining light of our house is a little five-year-older named Simeon; but, from his old-fashioned ways, he is better known as 'Papa' about the premises.

"One of those traveling nuisances called organ-grinders has latterly made a weekly visit to our neighborhood, and one of his stations is in front of the house. As 'Papa' has some music in his soul, he gravely ceases from all worldly pursuits, and gives his serious attention to 'Old Dog Tray,' 'The Last Rose of Summer,' 'The Girl I left behind me,' 'Hail Columbia,' and 'Jim Crow;' and after the whole opera is performed honestly rewards the maestro with a cent. Latterly the organ has been sadly out of tune—a very lamentable hoarseness seemed to afflict it—and 'Papa' became annoyed at the doleful sounds emitted, and it sadly puzzled him to distinguish 'Coming through the Rye' from 'Our Mary Ann.' Hearing his mother say that hot lemonade was good for hoarseness or a cold, he got her promise that the next time the organ came, if no better, it should have a dose. On the usual day the organ was heard—and, if possible, more dismally afflicted than ever. 'Papa' reminded his mother of the promise; and she, believing it to be a great error to promise and not perform, to children especially, prepared a small pitcher of lemonade and handed it to her son. 'Papa' soon presented himself before the organist, his mother watching the proceedings.

"'Got cold?' pointing to the organ.

"'Ees, ees!' said the smiling grinder.

"'Give it this,' handing the pitcher.

"'Ees, ees!' taking hold of it, and pouring the contents down his thirsty throat.

"'Papa' stared, evidently thinking there was something wrong. He looked very wisely at the stomach of the man and the back of the organ, to see where the connecting link joined the two; and his whole action and demeanor showed a wonderfully-perplexed youngster.

"Having returned into the house his mother questioned him as to his success, but he was not talkative. He kept up considerable of a thinking, however; and in the evening, when all were at home and acquainted with the facts, the quizzing he got was by no means palatable.

"On the usual organ day 'Papa' was very fidgety; time seemed to hang heavy on his hands, and the whole household were constantly telling him what o'clock it was. At the stated time an organ was heard; the sounds were fresh and clear; the notes burst forth sharp, and seemed to grind out with a will, 'Here's a Health to all good Lasses!' 'Papa'

bounded to the door, and was soon before the musician. He examined the instrument and found it was the same he had always seen.

"'Better, eh?'

"'Ees, ees; good for organ!' making signs of pouring down his throat. 'Organ good now! a leetle more make much better!'

"Papa was evidently pleased that the organ was better, but still there was a mystery about it he could not explain. Having rewarded the leader of the choir with a penny he turned on his heel; and from that day to this can not bear to hear the matter spoken of, nor will he ever go near either the organ-grinder alluded to or any other, seeming quite convinced there is yet something in it beyond his conception."

THE editor of the Georgia ——, on going to his office one fine April morning, found a rough-looking backwoodsman seated in his sanctum, apparently in the "height of contentment," as he was in the editor's easy-chair, reading the exchanges of the day before.

"Good-morning!" quoth the editor, on entering.

"Good-mornin'!" said the countryman.

A few minutes elapsed, when the countryman—still occupying the only chair in the room—inquired,

"Do yer advertise runaway niggers in your paper; and what do yer charge?"

"We do," replied the editor; "and our charges vary, Sir, owing altogether to the length of the advertisement."

"Wa'al," quoth the countryman, "I got a nigger in the woods, and I come here to git you to put him in the papers."

He here produced a piece of paper on which was written the following advertisement. We were furnished with the original copy, and consequently can testify as to the correctness of every thing we write. Here it is:

STATE OF GEORGIAE } THOMSON
WARREN COUNTY } GOORGIA *Ga Ra R*

Runaway frum mi over sear on the fift Day of march 1860 My Negro boy Amon about five Feat Six hight Black complectede tolerableare Well Bilt Quick When Spoken to marks a Schar on his forrad Small heade A very Smaul years one or the other of Hiss little fingeers Stiff Between twenty five and thirtee years of age I Supose from his Chat that he is Eather harbird or Stolede by Some White Pearson I will Pay a Reward of Ten Dollers for the boy Deliverde to me or five dollers in Some Safe Jale whear I kin git him I wil pay twenty five doller Rewarde fur him And the Thieaf or harber with Suffishon Prouf to Convict them &c.

AN excellent clergyman in the country writes to the Drawer:

"In reading the February number of your most excellent *Monthly* I noticed the sad experience of a 'Western New York' preacher; and the question is asked, 'Who can beat that?' I will try; and I can vouch for the truth of the following, as your humble servant was the man who received the 'grapes and pumpkins.'

"I was seated quietly in my room, one pleasant day, reading *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, when my wife remarked, 'There is a gentleman at the gate, my dear. He says he wishes to see you, and is in a great hurry.'

"I stepped to the door, when the following conversation occurred:

"DEACON. 'Good-morning, Brother Jones!'

"'Good-morning!'

"DEACON. 'The Church in —— sent me over here to see you, and git you to go over thar and preach for us all. Our minister is clean broke down, and thar is a powerful work gwine on 'mung the nabors, and every body wants you to go over.'

"I pleaded bad health, but all to no purpose, the good Deacon still urging me. 'Come, git your critter and let's be off in time for evenin' meetin'!'

"I went and preached *twenty-four* sermons; there were several additions to the church, and I trust much lasting good accomplished. The congregation gathered in the church after the ordinance of baptism had been administered, to sing the parting hymn and give to each other the parting hand, when the good Deacon delivered the following speech:

"'Well, breethring and sisters, we've all bin a prayin' and a singin' and a zortin' here for a gwine on now more'n two weeks, and our pastur broke down, and you sent me over to town for Brother Jones. Well, he comed and preached in great power and weekness; and we orto do the hansum for him, bein' as how he can't live on wind and is got a large family.'

"The church then agreed to 'do the hansum' for me; and I reported to my good wife the speech of the Deacon and the resolution of the brethren.

"A few days after, as I was quietly lounging in my room, I heard a voice at the gate. It was the Deacon with the 'hansum' offering of the church for two weeks' hard labor 'in great power and weekness.' My wife stepped out.

"DEACON. 'Good-evenin', sister. Come out and see what we've done for you!'

"Wife peeped into the cart, and there she saw *seven pumpkins and a half bushel of wild grapes!* The deacon looked at wife and remarked, 'Now ain't they hansum fellers?'"

OLD Colonel Tom S——, of the infantry, a very large, burly, red-faced gentleman, with a snow-white head and a voice like a bass-trombone, has an unfortunate habit of thinking out loud. While stationed temporarily in Washington the old gentleman one Sunday morning took it into his head to go to church, where he took a seat in a pew beneath the pulpit, and, Prayer-Book in hand, attentively followed the clergyman through the service. It happened to be the 17th day of the month; but in giving out the Psalms for the day the Rev. Mr. P—— made a mistake, and announced, "The 16th day of the month, morning prayer, beginning at the 79th Psalm." When, to the astonishment of the congregation, old Colonel Tom, in the pew below, in a deep bass voice, *thought* aloud, "The 17th day of the month, by Jupiter!" The clergyman immediately corrected himself, "Ah! the 17th day of the month, morning prayer, beginning at the 86th Psalm." When the propriety of the assembly was immediately disturbed by another *thought* from old Tom, who, in the same deep tone, remarked, "*Had him there!*" He had, certainly, and the congregation also.

A LOUISVILLE, Kentucky, friend says:

"'Once upon a time,' when the writer was younger than he now is, dueling had become epidemic among the midshipmen at the Gosport navy-yard. A determined effort was made by Commodore W——, then in command of the yard, to suppress the practice. The entire body of reefers were 'quarantined,' *i.e.* confined strictly to the limits of the yard. The armory was locked up, and all private arms tempo-

rarily sequestered. In addition to these precautions a general order was issued from the Navy Department threatening with instant dismissal from the service all participants in any future duel.

"Under these unfavorable conditions a difficulty occurred between Bob H—— and Tom S——.

"After a private consultation between themselves two points were agreed upon—1. That a fight was indispensable; 2. That they would not involve any of their friends in the consequences by calling upon them to act as seconds.

"An important difficulty remained to be overcome. They had no weapons. After a diligent search they succeeded in finding one old flint-lock boarding pistol; and provided with this, they sought and found a 'quiet spot' behind one of the ship houses, and after loading the pistol tossed up for the first fire. Bob H—— won, and the parties took their places at 'gentlemanly distance.' Here let me remark that Tom S—— was one of the most inveterate stutterers that I ever remember to have met.

"'Are you ready?' asked Bob.

"'Y-y-yes! c-c-crack away!'

"Bob took deliberate aim and snapped; recocked and snapped again; and then, coolly drawing an old key from his pocket, commenced picking the flint of his pistol. Tom, who had all the while stood with his arms akimbo waiting his turn, now interrupted the proceedings with,

"'S-s-see here, Bob S——! b-b-blast your eyes, do you think y-y-you're shooting woodcock?'

"The duel went no further."

At the close of a hotly-contested election in the "Iron City," a few years since, Tom M'Glinsey, blacksmith, a patriot of the purest water, having faithfully served his country through the day by drinking and voting half a dozen times in each of the wards, staggered into the "head-quarters" of his party to "liquor" before retiring to his home. "Landlord," said he, "give us a horn of brandy and water."

The landlord, a very decent specimen of his class, seeing that Tom was already pretty considerably "corned," politely refused to grant his request. Indignant at the refusal, Tom threw himself into an arm-chair in front of the bar, where he sat wishfully gazing at the decanters and glasses so temptingly displayed upon the counter—"in sight of heaven, but feeling hell"—and bitterly complaining of his "confounded hard case," that, after having served "the party" all day as *he* had done, he couldn't have a horn of brandy and water at head-quarters in the evening.

Presently entered two of the leading spirits of the party, Captain R—— and Doctor C——. "Come, Captain," said the Doctor, pouring out the liquor for his friend, "let us have a drink before we go home."

"Hold on! hold on!" said the Captain, "you are giving me too heavy a dose."

"Never mind," said the Doctor, "'twill only be another nail in your coffin."

"Do you call that a *nail?*" said Tom, who had watched their proceedings with intense interest, "*that's what I call a spike!*"

The Doctor "owned up," "acknowledged the corn," treated Tom to a spike, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

The Valley of Kittochtinney, which runs through Cumberland and Franklin Counties, Pennsylvania, was, as history informs us, originally settled by Scotch-Irish immigrants, with stockings of the most orthodox Presbyterian true blue. In the early days of the settlement, when church edifices and stationed preachers were not so numerous there as at present, it was the custom, when a minister of the gospel "came along," to have worship in some suitable place in the woods, in fine weather, to which the inhabitants of the valley gathered from far and near, on foot and on horseback. And a very solemn and beautiful sight it must have been to see a congregation of such people on a fine summer's morning. The venerable patriarch, the aged matron, the manly youth, and the modest maiden, seated in dignified composure or standing erect beneath the bright canopy of heaven, and, with united voices, praising the God who made the heavens and the earth. Lofty piles of architecture with spires piercing the clouds have since then been erected in that valley as temples to the Most High; but it may well be doubted whether those who kneel at such costly shrines bring with them purer hearts than the simple people who worshiped under the spreading trees of the Kittochtinney woods. In these primitive days the arrival of a preacher from the old country was certain to produce a lively sensation; and among the most distinguished of these arrivals was the Rev. Archibald M'C——, from the north of Ireland, a man of noble aspect, great simplicity of manners, profound learning, and commanding eloquence, whose fame was in all the churches. On one occasion a large congregation had assembled in the woods to hear him preach. The people were ranged around a natural amphitheatre, and the officiating clergymen were seated upon the trunk of a large decayed fallen tree. It was in the days of knee breeches, long stockings, buckles and shoes, and, unfortunately, the decayed log was inhabited by myriads of large black ants, who very soon commenced a minute examination of the persons of the reverend squatters. One of the divines gave out a psalm, another offered a prayer—both of them hitching and jerking as if suffering with St. Vitus's Dance. The orator of the day sat with immovable firmness, his brows knit and his hair erect, looking for all the world like the great Carolinian, or the Carolinian's great rival, the hero of New Orleans, the noblest Roman of them all.

Rising with majestic dignity, he gave out his text and commenced his discourse, with an occasional and sudden pinch or slap at his inexpressibles. But his tormentors could not thus be subdued. They spread themselves in troops over all his person. His sufferings were intolerable; flesh and blood could not stand it. Eugenius's hot chestnuts, in "Tristam Shandy," were nothing to it. He stopped suddenly and grit his teeth, while the perspiration in large drops rolled down his face, and, stretching forth his right arm, with emphasis and energy he exclaimed (seizing at the same moment with his left hand that part of his person most tormented), "Brethren, the word o' God is in my mouth, but *the de'il is in my breeks!*"

The late Judge Duncan, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, used to tell the following story of his youthful days:

"At the commencement of my practice," said he, "I had a client of the name of Kockersperger, an old, close-fisted German, of considerable property, for whom I did many little matters in the way of my profession, being always paid in promises that all would be right by-and-by. Finally, he sent for me to prepare his will. I made my memorandums of the items and was about to retire, when he stopped me,

and said, 'Mr. Duncan, you have been my good friend, and attended to all my business, and have never got any thing yet for your trouble; I want to leave you $500 in my will.'

"Greatly surprised and delighted, I said, 'My good Sir, you are too generous! I have no claims on you for more than a fair compensation for my services, which would not amount to one half that sum.' The old man *insisted*, however, and I inserted the legacy, nothing loth; and the will was executed in due form. There or four years afterward, when the matter had passed out of my mind, I was attending court in a distant county, and, while sitting at the hotel with the Judges and my fellow-members of the bar, one of the company read from a newspaper the announcement of the death of my old German friend. 'Well,' said I, 'he's gone at last (he was very old), and I am $500 the richer by it!' and I told them the story of my legacy. They overwhelmed me with congratulations, as a matter of course, and it was unanimously resolved that I should 'treat the crowd' to a supper upon the strength of my good fortune. We had the supper, accordingly, and I footed the bill (a matter of no little consequence to me at the time in a pecuniary point of view).

"On my return home I lost no time in calling upon his executors, *to lament with them the loss of our excellent friend;* but, to my surprise, they preserved a dignified silence on the subject of my legacy! My impatience led me to the Recorder's office, where, to my astonishment, I found that the old skinflint had *copied the will*, in his own handwriting, *omitting the legacy!*"

During the recent trial of a man in Baltimore for a cruel and outrageous assault upon his daughter—a pretty, gentle girl, just entering womanhood—it was proven that the traverser had seized his daughter in the street by the throat, had dragged her from the protection of persons with whom she was living as a nurse, and having reached his home with his *prisoner*, and regaled himself with a hearty supper, that he had entertained himself for a period of two hours, varied by intermissions for rest and refreshment, by beating his daughter unmercifully with a cart-whip. The defense interposed by his counsel was as extraordinary as the character of the misdemeanor of the accused; and, among other arguments in justification of the father's brutality, it was urged that the daughter was unworthy of belief; that she was habitually disobedient; that the father's "finer feelings" made him solicitous to reform the girl's heart; and that he had only obeyed the spirit of Solomon's maxim, "Not to spare the rod, lest he should spoil the child." As the counsel finished his argument for the defendant, Mr. R. S. Mathews, a member of the bar, handed the following impromptu to Mr. Whitney, the State's Attorney, who closed the case for the State by repeating it to the jury with humorous effect:

"His 'finer feelings' made him seek his child,
To train her steps in ways 'uncommon mild;'
And lest her feet from duty's paths should slip,
He kept her upright by a *drayman's whip.*
The ancient teacher—holy man of God—
Advises 'parents not to spare the rod;'
But in this case the query rises—Whether
Solomon meant *the rod should be of leather?*
If Pugsley's rule the jury should indorse,
His child will fare scarce better than his horse!"

The prisoner was convicted, heavily fined, and imprisoned for three months, by Judge Bond, the admirable Judge of the Criminal Court.

BABY'S SHOES.

They're very dainty little things,
With bow and buckle bright,
And fitted to dear little feet
So soft, and smooth, and white;
And all the children eager rush
To tell the wondrous news,
"That our baby has short clothes
And pretty little shoes."

Why is it that my timid heart
Is full of anxious fears,
And all unconsciously my eyes
Glisten with blinding tears?
It is, that up to this my babe
Lay on a loving breast,
To which he ever eager turned
For nourishment and rest.

But little shoes, ye bid me think
That from this very day
I send another pilgrim forth
Upon life's weary way,
Into the world of sin and care,
Its struggling and its strife,
Until with Job his soul may wish
It never had known life.

'Twas just two years ago I put
On little Kitty's feet
Such shoes as these with fond caress
And kisses warm and sweet,
Things just as fragile as these are
And not a bit more stout;
Yet she had joined the angels' band
Ere they were quite worn out.

Ah! many a mother's bitter tears
On little shoes are shed,
Relics of household treasures gone,
Idols among the dead.
Whether this babe reach man's estate
Or soon his course be run,
I only ask for grace to say
"Father, Thy will be done!"

The beauty of the following story is that it is as old as the hills, and was told long before the gallant Colonel was born who is now made the hero of it by our Westchester County correspondent:

"A long time ago (if I am not mistaken all true stories commence in that way), when we used to have our general militia musters for Westchester County, New York, at White Plains, when our present Hon. General Aaron Ward was *the Colonel*, there lived at that time *all* over the country three of the laziest men the sun ever shone on, and known as Crazy Lawrence, Possum Joel, and Stuttering Dave. It so happened that, at one of our grand general training days, the said three lazy men—I presume, by sympathy—got together, and sat sunning themselves like snakes in the spring of the year, when our Colonel and several of his officers chanced to pass that way. As soon as the Colonel saw the men he remarked to those with him, 'There sit the three laziest men in the county, and I would give a dollar to know which is the laziest man of the three!' Suiting the action to the word, he took from his pocket a silver dollar, and threw it on the ground a few yards in front of the men, and said, 'There is a dollar for the laziest man. And now to decide who he is.' Crazy Lawrence commenced crawling on his hands and knees toward the prize, saying, 'It's mine, I'm lazy—I'm laziest.' 'Not so fast!' says the Colonel; 'let us see what the other two say to that.'

Possum Joel then put in his claim, by rolling over toward the dollar, saying, 'It is mine; I am too lazy to creep for it.' 'Wait a moment,' says the Colonel; 'wait a moment, and let us hear from Dave.' Dave had sat during the whole time perfectly unmoved, smoking a short pipe. The Colonel said, 'Dave, what have you got to say about the dollar?' Dave deliberately took his pipe out of his mouth, and coolly drawled out, 'We-we-wy, Cur-Cur-Curnel, 'f I'm to h-h-have the do-do-dollar, y-y-you ma-ma-must put it in ma-ma-my pocket!' He then put his pipe in his mouth, and the 'Curnel' put the dollar in his pocket."

"EVERY body that has traveled much on the Lakes is conversant with the name of Captain Fred W——, and hundreds still live who were proud of classing him among their list of particular friends. Fred had an extreme sense of the ludicrous. In a thriving city of the West a splendid church had been erected; and in order to keep up with the times it was decided to build a parsonage, which, as the church was called St. Paul's, must of course be St. Paul's parsonage. A door-plate to this effect was accordingly prepared, and in due time adorned the front door.

"Passing that way one day, with three or four companions, Fred discovered the door-plate, and without a word to his companions mounted the steps and rang the bell. A blooming descendant of the Emerald Isle answered the summons, when Fred, with a slight bow, inquired if 'Mr. St. Paul was in?' The girl promptly answered, 'No, Sir;' when Fred, with all the *sang froid* of a lawyer, asked if 'Mrs. St. Paul was in?' Looking at him a moment, she said she would inquire. I would only add that when the girl returned Fred and his companions had gone; and the next day the door-plate was gone too."

"COLONEL B——, formerly commanding officer at Fort Vancouver, was a 'character'—gruff and fond of a joke, yet kind-hearted withal, as most men fond of a joke are. There are several good things told of him, which, unless the Drawer will spread them, are doomed to remain in their present limited circle of the camp fire and barrack-room. Here is one:

"The guard-house had been undergoing repairs, and the Colonel was looking through the rooms, attended by the sergeant of the guard. The latter seized the opportunity to ask the commanding officer to sign a 'requisition for a couple of brooms for the use of the guard;' as heretofore, while the floors were in a dilapidated state, only brushes of willow, birch, and other undergrowth had been used to sweep about the place, and these were very rude affairs made by the soldiers.

"'What's that?' says the Colonel; 'oh yes! oh yes! come up to my quarters with me and I'll give you an order for brooms; certainly—certainly!'

"So when the Colonel's informal inspection was over, the sergeant followed him 'at a respectful distance,' in silence, to his quarters. The Colonel mounted the steps of his front piazza, wheeled suddenly, and beckoning the sergeant to hurry, waited until he stood beside him on the porch, then with a magnetic wave of his hand at the horizon of undergrowth in the distance, exclaimed pompously,

"'Sergeant, all brooms—all brooms! take as many as you please!'

"THE Colonel was a chicken-fancier, and prided himself on his 'stud' of Bantams, Polands, and Shanghais, making daily visits to the coop and counting many an egg before it was hatched. One morning he missed a couple of choice birds. Inquiries were immediately instituted, with the aid of the whole detective force of his standing orderly and housekeeper, and by night it was pretty clear that two of the soldiers were the depredators; but as there was no proof positive against these amateurs, the Colonel had them brought before him and delivered himself somewhat as follows:

"'Now don't you feel mean? Don't say a word, I know you did it—I see it in your faces! What did Congress raise your pay for? To keep you from stealing officers' chickens, to be sure!'—and the Colonel paced up and down before them impatiently. Then, after a pause, 'You know I can't prove it—you know it, you rascals—so off to your quarters, and mind you don't say a word about it; and if your consciences trouble you, just think to yourselves, 'how well we did it—how well we did it!'

"Afterward one of these men was detailed for orderly to the Colonel, and coming up to the porch, was greeted with,

"'Here you come—here you come again! run to the post-office while I lock the chicken-coop and hide the key!'"

A TRUE wife writes the following to her beloved husband. The letter is genuine. What a comfort it must be to receive such an epistle!

SIR,—I amuse myself by addressing you a few lines as I received a letter from you, and that you were quite welcome as you wrote without the Slightest Consent and as for your awkerdness I did not see and as for your rashness I did not perceive and as I will be verry much gratified to being in your favor as I am not opposed to speaking a word in secret to you as I think I will agree if your opinion of me is of a true heart and willing mind if you are under any good design as I hope you will be as I have the propper mode of choosing to my notion as this is a charming pleasure as I think you will be comforted by my little opinion as I am so worthy of Speaking in your favor for truly I have used my own pleasure and if you are not advancing on firm foundation it is at my reception and not at my refusal and please understand me for I shall not be counterfeit false hearted and deceitful and believe me if I have not turned to your great pleasure I have so endeavored So answer my affection but use your own pleasure excuse me for my bad mistakes and reveal this secret to nun.

MARY ——.

"MY oldest boy—a four-year old—had a present of a little wheel-barrow not long since; and in the evening he was propelling it up and down the parlor floor at a rapid rate, and so disturbing the company with his noise that his father directed him to cease his racing, and, if he must play with his wheel-barrow, to *walk* up and down. He is a very obedient boy, and for some time he endeavored to comply with the directions. At last he exclaimed, 'Papa, I do try to walk; *but the wheel-barrow won't walk!*'"

SOON after the telegraph was put in operation on the line of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad in Martin County, one of the *natives* stepped into the office and wanted to know the price of pork in Cincinnati. In a few moments an answer came, with a charge of thirty-five cents for the information; but the "hoosier" was too smart to be caught that way, and replied,

"Oh no, Mr. Telegrapher, you can't fool me that way. I'm not as green as you think I am! *That darn'd tickin' thing of yourn ha'nt been out of this room; I watched it all the time!*"

PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS

BY

Professor Bumps B.D.

Man Know thy Self!!

This child Madam is destined to become one of our greatest statesmen — Madam! — the Presidential Chair is within his grasp!!!!

Your bump of Veneration Sir! is — fearfully and grandly developed — Och! murther an isn't me self that's thankful to Paddy Rooney for that bump — when he rapped me on the head wid a Club!!

This subject — Ladies and Gents — judging from the beautiful development of her head — is destined for a Poetess — One whose gushing amiability will be known throughout the land!!

Professor! You sir have mistaken your vocation — you a Butcher! with that head! — No Sir an Artist — nature intends you for one and a big one at that.

This subject illustrates the rare fact of an equally balanced head — Sir! if you were to kill a man - your bump of Destructiveness is so equally balanced by Benevolence — that you would — never leave the body until you had buried it !!

The bump of Benevolence in this subject is Grandly developed — proving him a very charitable man — But observe how finely it is balanced by Caution and Secretiveness. The world will never Know his Charities until after death !!

Your vocation, Sir is that of a — Great military — Leader like Gen' Scott or Gen' Pierce Take my advice and leave Theology Alone !!!

This head Ladies and Gentlemen shows the want of Knowledge on the part of parents in selecting a profession suitable for a youth - Here is a case in point - Gifted by nature this subject - with a head that's swollen - with Literary talent - is allowed to go to Grass! - with all the fire and fancy of a Byron &c this subject has been tooling dealing, and puking, over and among Sc, Clams! Shedders! and Yaups from field hoss up — Turn young man - turn from Clams!! to Literature! and the Temple of Fame will have an occupant - Shure!!!

This Ladies and Gents - is the head of a great Financier — Sir your present occupation of Junk dealer - is a mistake - your place is in a — Bank or some other monied institution where you Could handle and control the funds !!

Fashions for June.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*

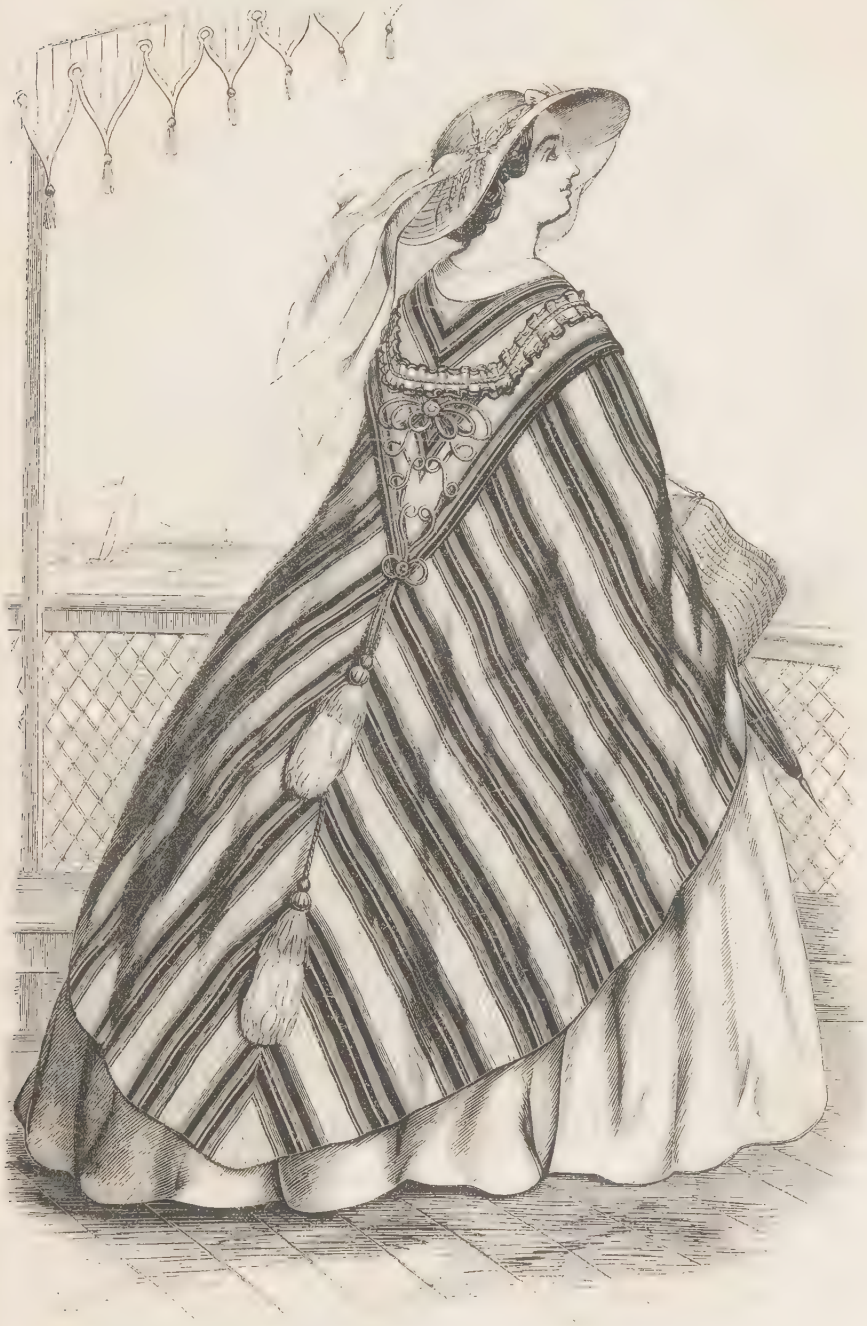


Figure 1.—Promenade and Traveling Pardessus.

FIGURE 2.—LACE MANTILLA.

THE elegance of the above Lace Mantilla warrants us in devoting a page to its illustration. From among a variety of garments adapted for summer travel, we have selected that on the previous page, as most adapted for use.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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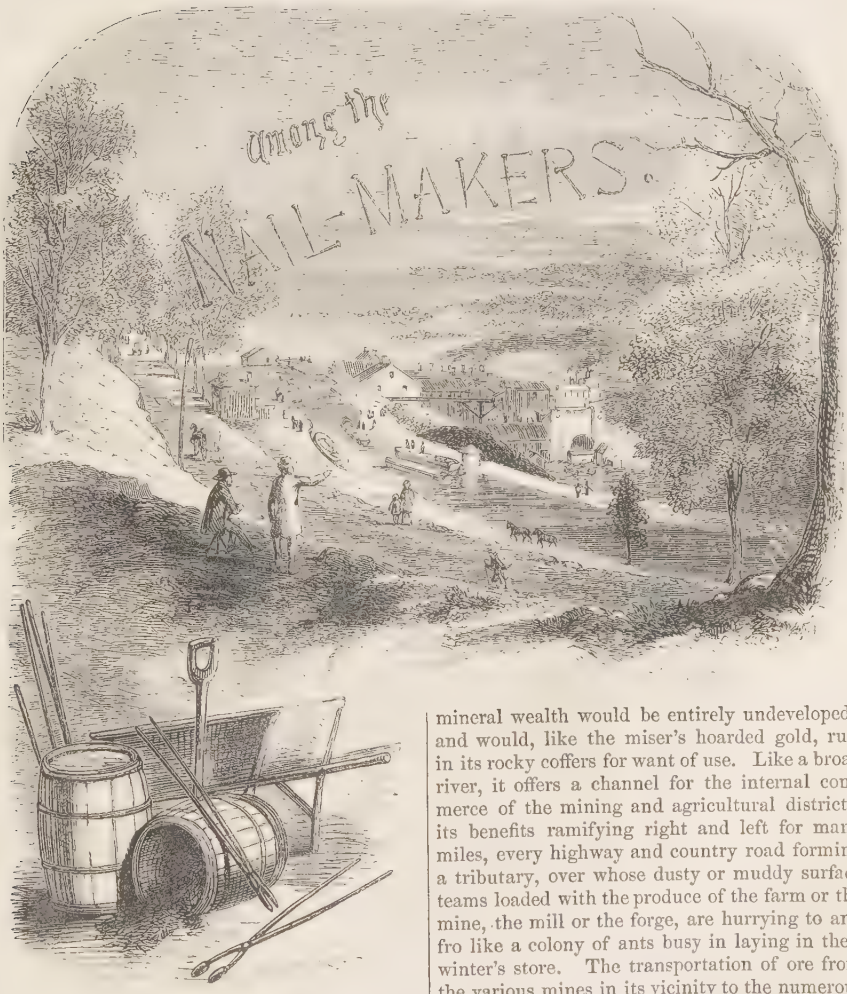


IRON-WORKS AT BOONTON.

STARTING at Jersey City, and running its tortuous course entirely across the State to Easton, on the Delaware, the Morris Canal affords an invaluable means of transit to the highland region of New Jersey, without which its mineral wealth would be entirely undeveloped; and would, like the miser's hoarded gold, rust in its rocky coffers for want of use. Like a broad river, it offers a channel for the internal commerce of the mining and agricultural districts, its benefits ramifying right and left for many miles, every highway and country road forming a tributary, over whose dusty or muddy surface teams loaded with the produce of the farm or the mine, the mill or the forge, are hurrying to and fro like a colony of ants busy in laying in their winter's store. The transportation of ore from the various mines in its vicinity to the numerous forges and mills along its banks, as well as to the manufacturing region of Pennsylvania, and the conveyance of the large quantities of coal and limestone used in the manufacture of the iron, employs large numbers of boats, the greater number of which never pass further eastward than the plane at Boonton. West of that place

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

the canal at all times presents a busy scene, interesting in many points of view, but more particularly so in its display of life among a class of human beings who are "a peculiar people."

It would require the scope of a volume and the pen of a Dickens adequately to portray the characteristics and idiosyncracies of this numerous class, or to convey to the mind a realizing sense of the peculiarities of life among the boatmen. Like the Gipsies of the Eastern continent, they seem to be a race apart from, and having but few sentiments and feelings in common with those with whom they are daily called to associate. Individually, their characters present marked and salient points well worthy of study. A large majority are of the lowest and most vitiated tastes and habits—a drinking, swearing, riotous crew. Of course there are many and marked exceptions to the rule—of men who, from various moving causes, have taken to boating for a livelihood; but ignorance, vice, and filth prevail to a great extent, and but few seem to have any aspiration beyond the mere slothful floating to and fro between their points of departure and destination. The dull monotony of their lives is only relieved by the incidents attendant upon loading and unloading, "locking," or "going over a plane," interspersed with an occasional row when, collected in a basin, there is a strife between the captains of rival boats for precedence. Were the evil influences of such associations, and the debasing, degrading results of such a life confined to the boatmen alone, the emotions of the observer might not extend beyond pity and disgust; but when we consider that, in many instances, their families are occupants with them of the limited accommodations of their boats, and that within a space not larger than six or eight feet are huddled together father, mother, and from two to four or five children, the mind shrinks with horror from the thought that women and children should breathe an atmosphere so saturated with vice and immorality. It may not appear surprising, therefore, that the obscene jest and the blasphemous oath are as glibly uttered by the lips of the women as by those of the men, and that the first prattlings of infancy frequently take the shape of profanity and vulgarity.

Captain Blivens, of the *Sarsey Fanney*, was a fair specimen of the class which I have attempted to describe. Although but the remnant of a man he embodied many, if not all, of their peculiarities and characteristics. Yet the close observer could not fail to detect a vein of good-humor, as well as some traces of downright integrity, which, however, were so smoutched and begrimed by his vulgar and profane manners as to be hardly recognizable. He stood five feet eleven inches in his stocking—if he ever knew such a comfort—and he had need for but one, having lost his left leg at the hip, and replaced it with a piece of hickory, with which he managed very dexterously to stump about. He had also lost two fingers from his right hand, which, together with a long scar on his sinister cheek, gave evidence that his boating experience had been of a very exciting character, or that he had been at some period engaged in a more stirring employment. His skin was of a swarthy hue—having been dyed, by exposure to all sorts of weather, to the color of horse-hide—and seemed to cling to the bones which it covered as though it had been shrunk, by the fiery qualities of the liquor he had drank, to the consistency of parchment. His face—what with its wrinkles and its frightful scar—would have repulsed the gaze of the observer had it not been for the keen, jet-black eyes, which, set deep beneath a pair of overhanging brows, sparkled like coals of fire. His costume—if costume that could be called which barely served to cover his nakedness—consisted of a felt hat, coat, shirt, pantaloons, and one boot—all of which had evidently seen long and arduous service.

CAPTAIN BLIVENS.

Such was Captain Blivens, as first seen by "Neutral Tint" from the banks of the canal at M'Cainsville,

THE TEAM.

where he and his companion, Snell, had arrived a few moments previous with the intention of taking passage on the canal for Boonton. Their object in selecting this mode of conveyance was two-fold: first, to follow the ore which they had seen raised from the bowels of the earth to the place of its manufacture; and, second, to study life on the canal, which promised a new experience.

The *Sarsey Fanney* was the first boat whose destination was Boonton, and although the appearance of her commander and his occupation at the moment they first beheld him was any thing but prepossessing (he was busy in cursing and swearing at the propelling power of his barge, *videlicit*, a horse, a mule, and a Dutch boy about fourteen years old), yet they concluded to hail him and make known their desires.

Stopping short in his vociferations, he eyed our friends for a moment, and after calling out in a stentorian voice to his team to "who-oh," he demanded to know "what the h— they wanted to go to Boonton for aboard of his boat."

Tint undertook to explain their object to be that of enjoying the scenery along the canal and making an occasional sketch, but was met with the response, "Then why don't you travel on 'shank's mare?' You'll get there enuff sight sooner, and won't bother eny body."

While our hero was endeavoring to mollify the Captain by representing their willingness to pay for any inconvenience they might occasion, Snell, who understood such characters much better than his comrade, and had prepared himself for such contingencies, quietly drew a pocket-flask, and, pretending to take a dram, remarked that they were desirous of "having a time."

Whether it was the action or the expression which mollified him is uncertain; the result, however, was that he consented to their wish, and they sprang on board. Walking aft, Snell presented the flask, with a polite invitation for the Captain to "smile." A preliminary taste having satisfied him that the liquor was A 1, the bottom of the flask was turned heavenward, and a gurgling sound, accompanied by a spasmodic action in his long skinny throat, satisfied Snell that he had accepted the invitation. Removing the flask from his lips to take breath, his eye rested upon the boy upon the tow-path, who, with both hands in his pockets and his mouth watering at the prospect, stood gazing at the group on the boat. The sight reminded the Captain that the *Sarsey Fanney* was inert, and in a voice which broke the silence like a clap of thunder, and startled the boy out of his propriety, he roared out, "Git up there, you tarnal fool! what d'ye stand gaping there for? we sha'n't git to Boonton 'fore to-morrow night at this rate, you—" interlarding his speech with oaths and expletives too gross for ears polite.

The old horse, who had dropped off into a doze, caught a heavy blow on his flank, the tow-rope tautened with a twang, the *Sarsey Fanney* moved gracefully off from the shore, and our friends were fairly embarked on the raging canal.

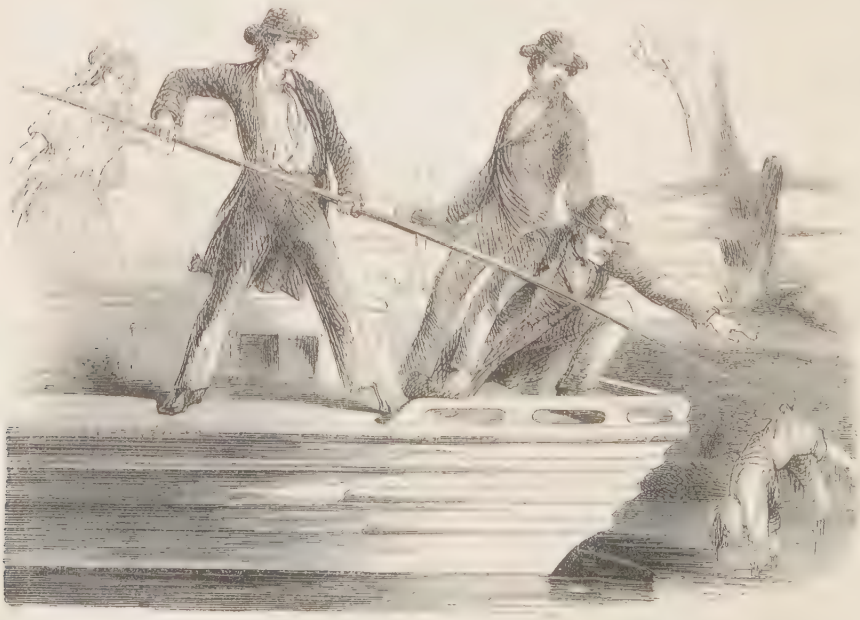
After his boat had got her headway, the Captain again raised the flask to his lips and continued to "smile" until he was interrupted by the apparition of a dirty night-cap, covering an uncombed shock of sandy hair, which protruded itself above the cabin hatch and demanded a share of the prize. Withdrawing it with a sigh, he passed it over to the new claimant with a muttered sentence, addressed to our hero, in which all that was intelligible was the words "old ooman;" and said "old ooman" proceeded to imbibe. Ascending to the deck after returning the flask to its proper owner, Mrs. B. appeared the counterpart of her husband, so far as length of person was concerned, as well as in her dried-up mummy-like appearance. She had a snub nose, and weak eyes, whose red, inflamed lids, together with a tinge of the same color about the nose, proclaimed her fondness for, and her use

or abuse of the product of the still. Her dress consisted of an old and dirty bed-gown, whose color had once been white, with a skirt of calico over another, which showed itself through various crevices and rents, and was quilted. Her hair hung and draggled over her face, and her *tout ensemble* was in perfect keeping with that of her husband and her two children who followed their dam to the upper air, looking very much like two young rats following their maternal parent out of a hole.

Tint was naturally curious to inspect the interior of said hole, but could not invent a pretext sufficiently plausible to enable him to do so. An unexpected incident, however, gave him the opportunity he craved sooner than he had anticipated. The old woman had gone forward to the stove on deck and stooped down to light her pipe at the coals, while the two youngsters, with their goggle eyes staring curiously at the strangers, followed slowly after, retreating backward on the narrow passage-way along the side of the boat. The youngest, a dirty little scamp of two years, with his whole soul concentrated in his eyes, not noticing whither he was going, stepped on the trail of his mother's dress, tripped, fell, and rolled overboard—all of which performance was but the work of a moment. The splash and the accompanying scream brought all hands to their feet, and in the excitement the other boy came very near following his brother. The Captain yelled to Tint, "Here, stranger, take this hellum!" and sprang for a setting-pole with a boat-hook on the end of it, at the same time hallooing to the team to who-oh! The boat being under headway, the child had nearly passed the stern before it rose to the surface, where Snell had stationed himself, and tried to grasp it as it came up, but failed in his endeavor. The Captain then made a lunge at it, and succeeded in fastening the hook in the seat of its trowsers, by which means he landed it on the boat very much as a sportsman lands a large fish, where it was saluted, first, with a volley of oaths from the Captain; next, with two or three vigorous spanks from its mother on the part where the boat-hook had fastened, by way of starting the blood into circulation; and was then unceremoniously tumbled down the cabin stairs, and put to bed while its rags were dried.

As soon as the excitement of the event was over, Tint realized, from the effluvia which saluted his nostrils, and which combined the smell of onions, stale tobacco, whisky, etc., that he was directly over the cabin; and looking down into the aforesaid hole, he discovered that its two sides were occupied by bunks containing some very dirty bed-clothing, while a table, on which were the remains of the morning's meal, interspersed with a couple of old clay pipes, a paper of smoking tobacco, a jug, two or three cracked cups, one large and two small plates, and several other culinary articles, stood against the bulkhead which separated the cabin from the cargo. An old chest and a three-legged stool closed the list of furniture, unless we reckon in the category an infant, about three months old, which was sprawling about on the damp floor, crowing at the sunlight which struggled into the noisome hole from above. Such was the summer residence of Captain Blivens and his family. He housed them during the winter in a log-cabin near the Summit, at Lake Hopatcong.

The boats are constructed in two parts, for



BOY OVERBOARD.

convenience in going over the planes, and are hinged together in the centre by a simple arrangement which permits their being separated in a moment. They are open above, except a narrow passage around the gunwale, a small space at the bow, and another at the stern, where the cabin is partitioned off by a bulkhead. Midships, or where the two parts are connected, a portion of each is floored over, and on this space the feed-boxes are kept, as well as a small cylindrical stove of sheet-iron for cooking. They are from ninety to ninety-five feet long, and of about sixty to sixty-five tons burden. Their nomenclature is as varied as the orthography and tastes of their captains or owners. Among many others which struck our hero as being original, and peculiar too perhaps, were the *Bluddy Pirate*, the *Wild Irishman*, the *Bridge-smasher*, the *Larger Bier*, etc., etc.

A running fire of small talk had been kept up between the Captain and our friends, by which the latter had been able to acquire much valuable information regarding boating life; while our hero was busy in sketching many little "bits" selected from the charming scenery of the region through which they were passing. Succasunny Plains is one of the most beautiful of the numerous valleys of the highland region, and offers a prolific field for the artist. On this delightful October morning its aspect was one of singular beauty and fascination. The sun, as it rose high above the mountains in the east, lit up the haze so peculiar to our Indian Summer season, and cast that mellow tint across the landscape so charming to the eye, yet so impossible to describe. Towns, villages, and hamlets were strewn over the plain, interspersed with the more rustic and less pretentious farm-house, which, in its unpremeditated picturesqueness, is far more attractive to the artist's eye than its comrade of the town. Checkered off into parti-colored fields, rich with the tints of the crops they had so recently borne—here displaying the carmine hues of the buckwheat; there, the rich ochre of the corn standing in shocks awaiting the garnering—contrasted with the bright green of the meadows, in which the flocks and herds were quietly grazing in the rich pasture, the plain seemed to rejoice in its beauty and productiveness; while the hills looked down with a complacent smile, as though they, too, rejoiced in the calm delight of the scene.

Conversation had lagged for a time, and to revive it, as well as to satisfy his curiosity upon that point, Tint abruptly asked the Captain how he lost his leg. A savage expression, for which his interrogator was at a loss to account, passed over his face, and gave way to a sardonic grin, as, after some reluctance, the Captain replied,

"Leg?—yes—that leg—yes, I lost that leg in the service of my country, Sir. I lost that leg at Serry Gorder, I am proud to say."

"What! were you at Cerro Gordo? Were you in the Mexican war?"

"I warn't any where else jest then, you may bet high on that. Yes, Sir, I went all through the Mexican war, from Vera Cruz to Mexico, and reveled in the halls of the Montezumas, on'y there warn't no reveling, 'cause Scott wouldn't let us."

Here was a chance for a yarn, which our friends were eager to seize; and while Tint asked the Captain to favor them with the story, Snell, more taciturn than his brother, but not less interested, made a more telling appeal to the Captain's feelings by pulling forth the flask, uttering the word before so effective:

"Smile?"

The hero took a "horrible smile," which had the effect to open his heart and his mouth at the same time, and he went on to say,

"Well, I don't mind telling you how 'twas, 'cause I ain't ashamed on't, though it ain't so mighty convenient as it might be to trot around on a stick o' timber. Well, you know, I warn't raised in this 'ere State; I were born in Pennsylvania, although it ain't much to boast uv, 'cause I never had much brouten up, any way. I come up pretty much as all the boys on the canal do; for the first thing I can remember, I was drivin' on the tow-path; and I've allers follered boatin', 'sept while I was in Mexico, and was boatin' when a feller cum along about Easton lookin' for recruits for the war. He had a mighty sight to say about glory, fitin' for your country, reveling in the halls of the Montezumys, and sich like stuff; and I was just d—d fool enough, and just tight enough, to 'list, and 'fore I knowed what I was about, or where I was, I found I'd jined the Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was on my way to Mexico. Well, you know, we landed and druv the greasers out'en Vera Cruz, and then started for Punte Nashunel and the City of Mexico. I owed my captain a grudge for having me whipped 'cause I got tight one night and slept on my post, and I made up my mind the first chance I got I'd give him fits, as well as the sargint what informed on me. It warn't long 'fore we was sent out on a scoutin' party, and fell into an ambuscade. The greasers were thicker'n fleas in a dog-kennel, and we ketched it, we did. The captain was brought in mortally wounded, and the sargint turned up missin'; and as I'd made threats agin 'em, they suspicioned me right away, and they sort o' kept their eyes on me after that. I tried to get away, but 'twarn't no use; so I made up my mind to stay and see it out. At Serry Gordy they put me in the forlorn hope, for I reckon they warnted to get rid on me, and I was jist mad enough to fight like —. I didn't see any the rest of the battle, 'cause I had 's much as I could 'tend to to look out for Number One. We was ordered to drive the greasers from a hill on the left, after we had defeated a party uv skirmishers that had been shootin' down our men right sharp; and we did it, too, in a hurry, I can tell you, though they was firing on us from their batteries in the road, and heavy volleys was pouring down on us from above. We didn't stop to fire back, but went at 'em with the bayonet; and in

less'n ten minutes every d—d greaser of 'em was legging it down the other side as though the devil was at their heels. And so he was; for, after stopping to blow a minute or two, we took after 'em—and a prettier race you never seen. Down the hill we went, across the valley, cuttin' 'em down and stickin' 'em like so many pigs, as fast as we cum across 'em, until we came to the base of the hill of Serry Gordy, and we was a-rushing up the same way, when the recall was sounded, and, countin' noses, we found there was on'y seventy-five outen two hundred men left; so we concluded to go back. As soon as we turned round, the bloody greasers opened fire on us from artillery and escopetas, and a ball from an escopeta struck me, shattering this leg below the knee, and I dropped in the chaparral. One of the boys picked me up, and tried to help me, but the curnel told him to let me be and cum along; so he had to leave me where I was, and there I laid till after the battle was over. I tell you what, if I warn't dry that night, then I never was; the recollection ov it has made me dry ever since."

Saying which he reached out his hand for the flask, and, after taking another long "smile," continued,

"Well, I'd laid there, I reckon, till about two hours or so after dark, listening to the groans of the wounded all 'round me, and trying to tie up my wounded leg, when I heard footsteps, and pretty soon I seen a feller cuming toward me that I thought first was one of our boys, but he turned out to be a cussed greaser, looking for plunder. I could just make out that he had a sword in his hand; and I prepared myself to fight for my life if he should discover me, 'cause I knew he'd give me fits if he found the breath of life in me. So I tried to unfix my bayonet—and I reckon he saw the movement, for he made a rush at me, and, sputtering some d—d lingo that I didn't understand, he made a crack at me with his sword, which I just had time to parry with my hand, but lost them two fingers, and got that cut on my cheek. Well, if I warn't mad I wouldn't say so; and though I was faint with loss of blood, and so stiff I could hardly move, I yanked the bayonet off my gun and closed in on him. We had it hot and tight now I tell you, for a minute or two, rollin' over and over in the chaparral, until finally I got him by the throat and druv my bayonet through his heart. I must have fainted away as soon as I done his business for him, for I don't recollect any thing more until I was picked up by some of our fellers and carried off to the hospital next day, after the battle was over. My leg was so bad they had to take it off below the knee; and when we got to Perote, the hurry of traveling, the hot weather, and one thing and another, caused inflammation to set in, and they had to take it off again up here. Well, I staid in the hospitle until my wounds sort o' healed up, and as soon as I could hobble round on crutches I was sent home 'long with the rest of the disabled."

"But how about 'reveling in the halls of the Montezumys,' and going all through the war from Vera Cruz to Mexico?" said Snell.

"Oh! that was on'y a figger of speech," said the Captain, finding himself guilty of an anachronism; and as they did not wish to get into an

GOING OVER A PLANE.

argument our friends dropped the subject. They were approaching the plane at Baker's Mills, and their attention being attracted by the novelty of the incidents connected with going over a plane, they did not further allude to the Captain's yarn.

Not the least important among the many objects of interest on the line of the canal in the highland region are the inclined planes, of which there are thirteen in Morris County. The summit level, at Stanhope, is over 900 feet above the Atlantic Ocean; and these planes have been constructed for the purpose of overcoming the sudden and excessive changes of grade which frequently occur. This is accomplished at a great saving of time in the transit over the same extent of locking. A single track of heavy rails is laid on an incline of about fifteen degrees from the horizontal, and on this the cars containing the boats ascend and descend at the rate of six to eight miles an hour. About 75 yards from the summit a substantial stone building contains the motive power, in the shape of a water-wheel, moved by the water from the upper level, which is conducted to it through a flume. This wheel is connected with a drum, over which passes a heavy wire rope, about two inches in thickness, attached at either end to the car. The car, or cradle, is a heavy frame-work running on flanged wheels, and descends a sufficient distance into the water to allow the boat to float into it, where being secured, boat and car descend or ascend the slope together. From the forward end of the car the rope passes over friction rollers between the track, to and around a large wheel beneath the water, some 100 feet distant from the summit, thence over the drum and other friction rollers by the side of the track to another wheel at the foot of the plane, around which it passes, and is attached to the rear end of the car.

Arriving at a plane, the boat is drawn into the car in the order of its arrival, the team is unhitched, the tow-rope coiled up on deck, the boat secured to the car by hawsers, and its two parts disconnected by means of a lever which pulls out the bolt uniting the hinge. The blade of the rudder is then raised out of harm's way, and all being in readiness, a signal is given to the operative who controls the machinery in the wheel-house by a wave of the arm. The gate in the flume is raised, the wheel slowly revolves, and the boat soon reaches the summit and begins the descent. The brakes are now put on, and, resting securely on the bed of the car, the boat descends to the water at the bottom of the plane, where the impetus communicated floats it out of the car, and the tow-rope being attached to the whipple-tree of the team, which has been driven around by a by-road, it continues on its course. The time occupied in the descent is about five to eight minutes.

Some one has said that the worst use to which a human being could be put was to hang him. Tint, however, is firm in the belief that there is no more degrading, debasing application of the forces and aspirations of an immortal soul than to confine it to the dull routine of driving team on a tow-path. Kicked, cuffed, and cursed from morn till night, through heat and cold, through sunshine and storm, it trudges along, with no relief from the monotony, no cessation to its toil, except to sleep and eat; only one degree removed from the brutes it drives, and that only in the fact that it is an immortal soul, and ought, if it does not, have higher, nobler aspirations. Physically the team has the advantage, for it is at least well cared for, for there is value in horse-flesh; but a boy can be picked up at the next town to supply the place of the driver, at the merest pittance which will maintain the union between soul and body. A man of family has the advantage over his bachelor rival, as his wife assists, not only in cooking his meals but in navigating the boat, while the oldest boy, as soon as he is big enough, is put upon the tow-path to drive team, oftentimes at the tender age of five and six years. The initiation is simple, and the requirements limited. One little fellow, who made an efficient driver, was so small that his head barely reached the belly of his mule, to mount which he was compelled to climb up, hand over hand, by the harness. He was proficient, however, in all the acquirements necessary for his station, and could curse and swear with the best—a habit acquired at his mother's breast, and common to most, if not all, of the children. While wandering along the banks of the canal at Boonton our friends stopped to watch the sports of two boys, whose ages were respectively two and a half and four years, and who were amusing themselves by the side of their father's boat with chips attached to strings, with which they were playing "boating." All went well for a time; but their tow-lines becoming entangled a quarrel ensued, in which the youngest boy "Dod damned the soul" of his elder "to hell" with an unction and a pungency which was terrible to listen to, while his mother stood by with a smile upon her face.

About ten o'clock the *Sarsey Fanney* arrived at Dover, and passed through the lock at that place. Below the lock the canal widens into a small basin, in which a number of boats had collected, leaving only space sufficient for one boat to pass. While the *Sarsey Fanney* was "locking," the captain of the *Bluddy Pirate*, whose boat was empty, endeavored to get it through this space, so as to be in advance and enter the lock as soon as Captain Blivens had left it. By strenuous efforts at poling and towing he had managed to get about half-way through when the *Sarsey Fanney*, having passed the lock, entered at the upper end. Ere the *Bluddy Pirate* could be drawn back to allow her to pass the boats came into collision, with a force which made things shake and tremble, tripped up the mule on the tow-path, and set the rival captains to swearing at each other in terms more forcible than polite. Finding the contest growing warm and serious, our friends slipped off the boat and took up a position out of ear-shot of the wordy warfare, which threatened to result in blows

AN OLD HOMESTEAD.

Ere it reached this point, however, others interfered, and Captain Blivens being evidently in the right, his opponent was compelled to "back down" and allow the *Sarsey Fanney* to pass, which she did through a shower of vituperation and abuse.

Soon after leaving the basin Captain Blivens was called upon to aid the captain of the *Rip Van Winkle*—a boat belonging to the same line, which had sprung a leak and was fast going down—descending to the oozy depths of the canal, there to lay its bones, another victim to the dangers of internal navigation. All hands were called to assist in saving the crew and their effects, and in the space of half an hour, through the most superhuman exertions, the captain, crew, and their furniture, including feed-boxes, stove, table, bedding, coffee-cups, tin pans, and every thing else of value, were landed safely upon the deck of the *Sarsey Fanney*. While the transfer was being made the old boat continued to settle, and a few moments after the last setting-pole had been rescued it made a lurch forward, staggered, trembled as though it still clung to life, and finally disappeared beneath the gurgling, surging waters, except that portion of its stern on which the name was painted, which remained a melancholy warning to others of the fate which must, sooner or later, overtake all canal-boats. Her captain kept his eyes upon the spot for a time, as the *Sarsey Fanney* moved off in conscious pride and security, and when a curve hid the latter end of the *Rip Van Winkle* from his view he turned mournfully away, dashed a tear from his eye, and adjourned to the cabin to "liquor up."

Finding the available space on the deck of the boat limited by the addition to their numbers, Tint and his companion concluded to take to the tow-path with scrip and staff, and walk the remainder of the distance to Rockaway, where they proposed to dine. They accordingly bade farewell to the Captain, who condescended to take another "smile" at their expense, and started off with elastic steps.

Passing the adit at the Sweed's mine, a mile below Dover, they stopped to renew the acquaintance with their old friend the mule, who still continued his monotonous round between the dock and the interior of the level, and to review the surface operations about the mine, and then pushed on again, following the sinuous winding of the canal through a country beautifully diversified, stopping now and then to make a sketch or to admire some new charm in the landscape, until they arrived in sight of the village of Rockaway, at a spot where the road crosses the canal in front of an old homestead. The picturesque beauties of the spot were so attractive that Tint lingered to add it to his repertoire, while Snell lit his meerschaum, and, seated on a rail, lost himself in a day dream. Half an hour quickly glided by, and at the end of that time the old familiar team, followed by the *Sarsey Fanney*, hove in sight, and as she passed under the bridge they leaped upon her deck, and in a few moments thereafter were passing through the pleasant village of Rockaway.

THE PLANE AT ROCKAWAY.

Our friends took a final farewell of the *Sarsey Fanney* and her captain at Rockaway, where they stopped to replenish the inner man, proceeding on their voyage in the afternoon on board of the *Jolly Boteman*, commanded by a good-natured Dutchman with a long name and "a little round belly that shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly," whose specialty was a meerschaum and "Vaderland." Snell having passed two years of his life "on the Continent," most of which time had been spent in Hamburg, and speaking the German language fluently, monopolized most of the conversation, leaving Tint to chew "the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" until their arrival at Powerville, about a mile west of Boonton, where they spent an hour in climbing to the top of Torn Mountain and enjoying the delightful prospect from its brow. The ascent is easy, and the view from the apex amply repays the exertion of climbing. Like Holyoke, it is a prominent spur of a range, and affords a wide and extended landscape in every direction. On one side the valley of the Rockaway River extends for miles away until it is shut in by other ranges of hills and blue-topped mountains, the river and the canal interlacing like silver ribbons through its whole length; while Powerville with its mills, and Boonton with its furnaces belching forth flames and smoke, lay almost at the feet of the observer. The horizon on the right extends almost to the confines of the State.

The village of Boonton is beautifully situated—so far as a charming prospect is concerned—upon the—almost precipitous—face of a bluff, which forms one of the sides of a deep ravine through which the Rockaway River empties its waters into the plain below. It takes its name from a hamlet in the plain about a mile distant (now called "Old Boonton"), where was situated, at the period of the Revolution, a forge and furnace for the manufacture of the ore from the Hibernia, Mount Hope, and Dickerson mines into "blooms" or square blocks of iron, which were afterward rolled into bars and sheets. The principal part of the town lies on the eastern face of the bluff, the houses rising one above another in successive terraces, thus affording to each a most delightful view over the valley and the distant hills for many miles. The opposite side of the ravine is bold and rocky, and at the upper end the river falls over the rocks a distance of about 30 feet in a beautiful cascade, which at some seasons assumes the appearance of a mountain torrent. After circling and eddying over its rocky bed, now stopping to disport in some quiet pool, now darting around some huge boulder which in vain strives to impede its progress, and anon rushing impetuously over a miniature cascade, ever hymning its song to the appreciative ear, it descends to the valley where it resumes its quiet flow until it joins the Passaic. The natural beauties of the spot must have been majestic, and still are very attractive; but the hand of improvement has cramped and confined them, and will eventually entirely obliterate them. The canal, the road, and the works are all built

THE BLAST FURNACE.

upon the side of the ravine, and occupy a portion of what was formerly the bed of the river. There are those still living and engaged in the works who well remember when the site of the furnace and mills was but a mass of boulders which had been brought down by the torrent, or from which the soil had been washed by the impetuous waters; when the howl of the wolf was heard on the neighboring hills; and when but one house occupied the site of the now flourishing town, with its large and commodious hotel, its handsome churches, stores, and private residences. Less than thirty years ago the first step was taken toward developing the resources of the place. Its immense water-power and other advantages early attracted attention, and an association under the title of the "East Jersey Iron Manufacturing Company," was chartered by the Legislature in 1829. The Morris Canal was cut through about the same time. A dam, erected above the falls, furnishes water to the canal, which is drawn off at several points, and, being conducted through the various buildings where power is required, finally finds its way back into the canal below the plane. The canal has a fall of two hundred feet, eighty of which are overcome by a single track plane of eight hundred feet in length, and the balance by means of locks. After repairing to the hotel, where they shook the dust (coal dust) off their feet, and washed their hands of life on the canal, with its profanity, vulgarity, and misery, Tint and his companion started out to gather new experiences among the nail-makers.

Passing down the road, which leads by a collection of low, one-story shanties, built against the hill on one side, and a long brick building containing stores and the office of the Company on the other, on, through, and around the various buildings composing the mills, they came at last, at the head of the ravine, to an irregular mass of rock, some fifteen or twenty feet in height, which seemed, like a screen, to shut out further progress. An irregular footpath led through a crevice, however, and up this they scrambled, to find themselves at length among a group of pines which grew upon the upper surface of the mass, their roots wringing a scanty subsistence from the soil which had accumulated there. A mossy carpet of the deepest emerald yielded to the pressure of their feet, and a rustic seat, erected by some considerate hand at the further perpendicular edge, afforded an excellent view of the fall, which was seen at the extreme upper end of the ravine. A light cloud of spray rose in front of it, which, as it was caught by a ray of the departing sunlight, assumed the prismatic colors, and added a ravishing charm to the otherwise wild and gloomy aspect of the spot. Elevated some twenty feet above the stream, our friends looked down upon a projecting spur of a rock that jutted out from the right, forcing the whole volume of water through a narrow gorge not more than three feet in width. Between this rock and the fall the stream pursued a languid course, forming several basins, which, like polished mirrors, reflected the foaming cascade and the dark sides of the chasm, as well as the clear blue of the sky above, where the foliage allowed the light to struggle through. Here and there, on the surface of the rocks lying in the bed of the river, were several of those "pockets" or bowl-like formations noticed at the Clinton forge, one of which, on being measured, proved to be two feet six inches across and eighteen inches deep.

After sketching this delightful spot our friends, with lingering steps, turned away to the contemplation of the more utilitarian mills and the process of manufacturing iron here so extensively carried on.

Not the least interesting among the many subjects of study is the beautiful and complete system by which every process and manipulation is so arranged that the most inexperienced person may follow the material from the heaps of coal,

limestone, and ore at the upper end of the ravine, through the blast furnace, puddling furnaces, rolling mill, nail shops, packing room, to the canal below the plane, where the nails and other manufactured articles are shipped for market. This system is also evidenced in the fact that nothing whatever is wasted, from the coal dust, which is used to make soil, to the chips and shavings in the cooper's shop, which are used in starting the fires in the puddling furnaces and throughout the mills. At the upper end of the ravine the banks of the canal are some thirty feet above the surface on which the blast furnace and other buildings are erected, and at this point the canal boats discharge their cargoes of coal, limestone, and ore, which are wheeled out upon stages erected for the purpose, and dumped over the banks, where are accumulated huge piles of each containing many hundred tons. These furnish the supplies for the ever-craving maw of the blast furnace, which is a rude structure of masonry, some forty feet square on the ground by forty feet in height, having upon its top two large ovens in which the blast is heated before it enters the furnace. The chimneys of these ovens, as well as that of the furnace itself, vomit forth continually brilliant white flames, which at night time light up the hill-sides with a sulphurous glare, that, taken together with the never-ceasing roar of the furnace and the mills, gives the place a weird appearance, and reminds one of the

> "Double, double, toil and trouble,
> Fire burn and caldron bubble,"

of the Macbethian witches.

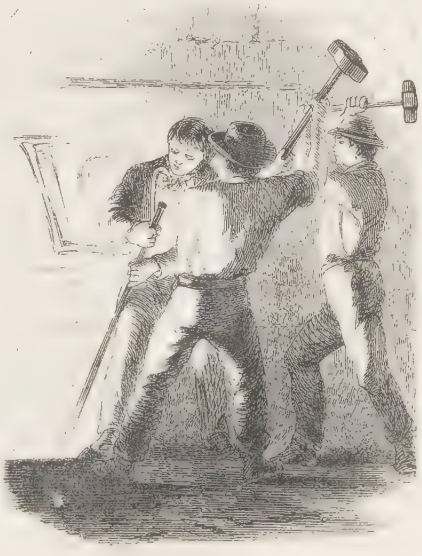
Within this solid mass of masonry is a hollow space or flask about fourteen feet in diameter, lined with fire-brick, which is continually fed with coal, limestone or flux, and iron ore, in the proportions of 40 to 50 tons of ore, 40 tons of coal, and from 10 to 15 tons of limestone. The ores from different mines vary in quality and purity, and while to-day's "cast" may be of "hematite," to-morrow's may be of "magnetite" or magnetic ore. That from Hibernia—which is highly magnetic—will contain but little foreign mineral substance, while that from Andover and other mines will perhaps be mixed with manganese, red oxide of zinc, or some different mineral calculated to effect the quality of the ore.

The machinery for "raising the wind" is very simple, consisting of an immense wheel, driven by water from the canal, which wheel is contained in a building near the furnace. To the shaft of this wheel two cranks and piston-rods are attached, working a pair of double action bellows, from which the air is forced into a receiver or regulator, where its volume is compressed, and whence it is carried through piping to the ovens over the furnace, where it is heated, and then passes down through tubes to the sides and rear of the furnace, where it enters and is brought into contact with the molten mass within.

At five o'clock A.M., and at five P.M., or twice in twenty-four hours, the iron is drawn off and cast into pigs, and to accomplish this two sets of hands are employed, one going to work at seven A.M. and another at seven P.M. Indeed, throughout the mills the operations never cease, but are driven night and day, Sundays not excepted, I am sorry to say, by relays of operatives. The *modus operandi* of casting was explained to our friends by the gentleman who has charge of this branch of the manufacture.

"You must know that there are about one hundred and forty tons of material in the furnace at one time, all of which is supplied from above, through the openings where you see that wheel-barrow, and is melted to a fluid state. The iron, being the heaviest, sinks to the bottom, while the flux, like oil upon water, floats upon the surface, and having an affinity for the dross of the coal and iron, it *grasps* and holds it separate from the metal, until drawn off in what is called lava, cinder, or slag. This is done once every hour. The gases evolved in the operation of smelting pass off through the chimney in the shape of flame. The trouble is, the iron also has an affinity for the dross, and does and will retain some of it notwithstanding all we can do. If I could find any thing stronger than iron there would be no need of the flux. The floor of the building is of fine sand, divided into two parts by a track, on either side of which gutters or 'runners' are formed, leading from the mouth of the furnace to near the entrance. At equal distances are eight branch gutters or 'sows,' as they are technically termed, which conduct the molten ore to feed the 'pigs' in the 'bed.' All these are nicely formed by each set of hands after the previous cast has been cooled and removed. They are now about to cast, and we will draw a little nearer."

The party accordingly took up a position near the mouth of the furnace, where a group of men,



OPENING THE FLASK.

indistinctly seen through the darkness, were engaged apparently in trying with sledge hammers to drive a crow-bar through the walls of the flask. After repeated blows the bar yielded, and a bright glare suddenly lit up the forms of the group, bringing them out into bold relief and startling the spectator with the suddenness of the transition, reminding him of the effect produced by the slides of a magic lantern. A moment more and the molten tide was seen flowing beneath a little bridge of earth, and gliding, snake-like, down the gutter to the lowest bed, where it was diverted from its course into the sow, and thence flowed into and filled the pigs.

"You see," continued Mr. J——, "there are 26 'pigs' in a 'bed,' and 4 'pigs' in the 'sow;' that is, they break the sow into four parts, each the size of a pig. There are 16 beds, and consequently there are 480 pigs, or about 11 tons in each cast. At each of the branch gutters, or 'sows,' a man is stationed with a spade-like instrument with which he prevents the metal from flowing into his bed until the bed below him is filled, when he suddenly transplaces it, and, cutting off the flow downward, turns it into his own bed. The next man does the same in succession, and when all the beds on one side of the track are filled, the flow is turned in the same manner into the other 'runner,' and the process is repeated until all are filled, when the opening in the flask is closed by means of clay prepared for the purpose; new supplies of coal, iron, etc., are furnished, and the operation of smelting goes on for the next twelve hours."

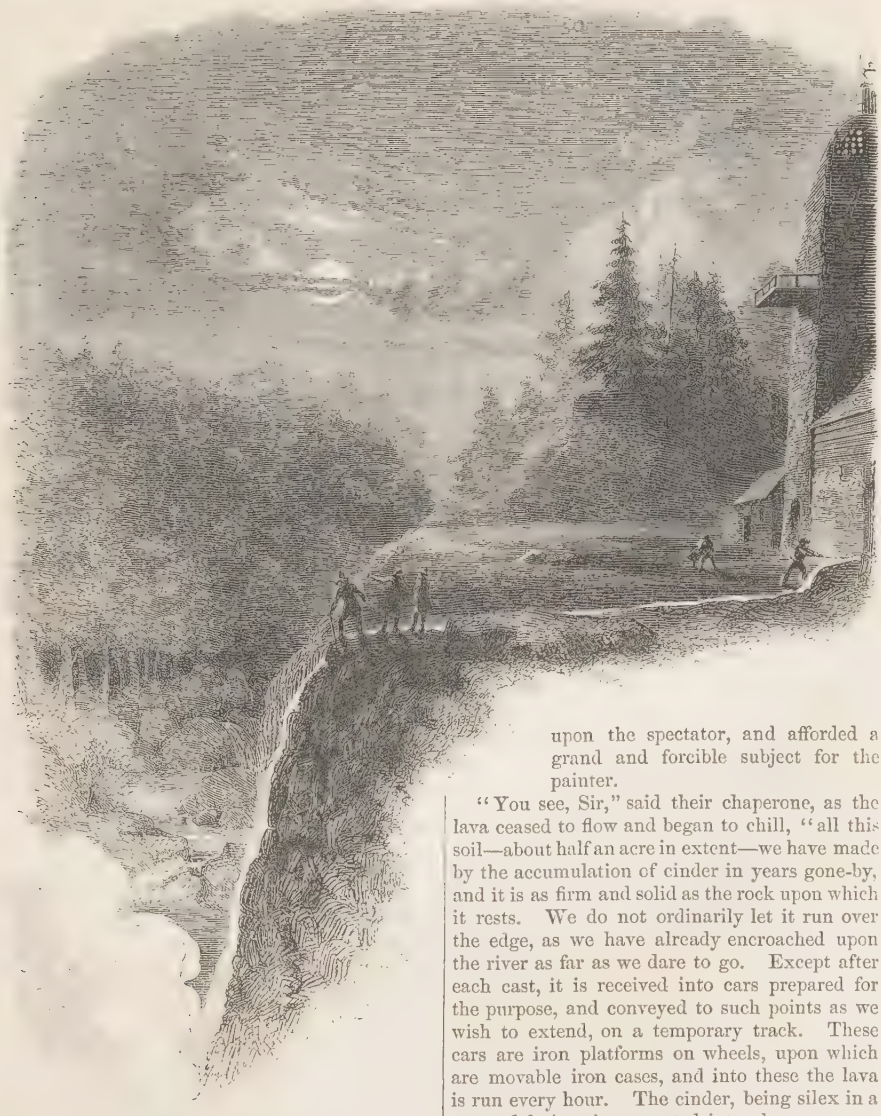
Ere the description had reached this point the heat within the building had become intense, and the party were compelled to withdraw to the open air, content to witness most of the operation at a respectful distance. The operatives, however, did not seem to suffer much inconvenience, although, as each bed was filled, shovelfuls of earth were scattered over it to keep down the heat.

"Now," said Mr. J——, as the opening in the flask was closed, "I wish to show you one of the prettiest sights the place affords. They are about to draw off the lava into the river, and I think you will agree with me that it is worth seeing: walk this way."

Stepping out to the edge of a precipice composed of lava or cinder, which had accumulated on one side of the furnace, they looked down into a dark chasm, and could faintly distinguish the river coursing its way among the rocks below, babbling as it ran, telling of its labor. The opposite side of the ravine was in deep shadow, except where the ghostly light from the furnace chimney lit up the topmost limbs and sprays of the trees and shrubs, while the back-ground was formed of the huge boulder, with its canopy of evergreens, outlined and relieved by the moonlight. The darkness was intensified to the eye by the sudden transition to the open air from the glare of the furnace, and the party having found a good stand-point, instinctively turned their expectant gaze in that direction.

A molten stream of lava, of the consistency of cream, was now seen stealing its way along a gutter constructed for the purpose, toward the precipice. Slowly but steadily it wound its way along like a fiery snake, occasionally emitting flame as it met some slight obstruction, and the surface was broken, until it reached the edge. A sudden plunge, and the whole aspect of the scene was changed. The ravine, so recently the heart of shadow, was now lit up with a brilliancy before which the moon, as she sailed majestically in the heavens above, paled her ineffectual light. The foliage, then of a deep grayish tint, now shone out in all its autumnal, parti-colored hues.

INTERIOR OF BLAST FURNACE.



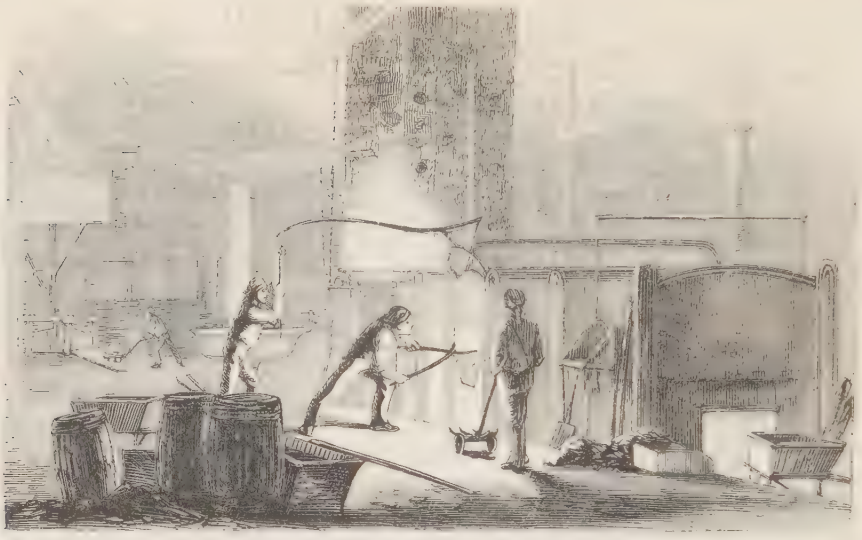
DRAWING OFF THE LAVA.

under a light more glaring than the noonday sun, while the water sparkled and glistened, foaming and dashing among the rocks below, as though it anticipated the struggle which was to come.

More rapidly now the molten cinder pursued its way down the side of the precipice, filling up the interstices left by former flows, now lost to sight for a moment, anon appearing, flowing steadily down, until it finally reached the stream. In an instant there was a terrible commotion as the two elements struggled for the mastery, while the steam rose in clouds above the spot like smoke above a battle-field. The scene was one calculated to make a deep and lasting impression upon the spectator, and afforded a grand and forcible subject for the painter.

"You see, Sir," said their chaperone, as the lava ceased to flow and began to chill, "all this soil—about half an acre in extent—we have made by the accumulation of cinder in years gone-by, and it is as firm and solid as the rock upon which it rests. We do not ordinarily let it run over the edge, as we have already encroached upon the river as far as we dare to go. Except after each cast, it is received into cars prepared for the purpose, and conveyed to such points as we wish to extend, on a temporary track. These cars are iron platforms on wheels, upon which are movable iron cases, and into these the lava is run every hour. The cinder, being silex in a state of fusion, is converted into glass upon exposure to the air, and consequently, when the car is filled and the flow ceases, it soon becomes hardened upon the surface, although the interior is still in a fluid state. The cars are run off by a horse to the crane which you see yonder, and the case there raised clear of the 'cake,' which is run forward to the edge of the precipice, where a man knocks off one corner with a sledge hammer, the molten contents flow over the edge, and the cake is eventually upset and rolls to the bottom. The scene presented at night is but little inferior to that which we have just beheld."

Returning to the front of the furnace, our party found the operatives busily engaged in running over the red-hot iron, with long bars prying and lifting the pigs to separate them from



PUDDLING FURNACE.

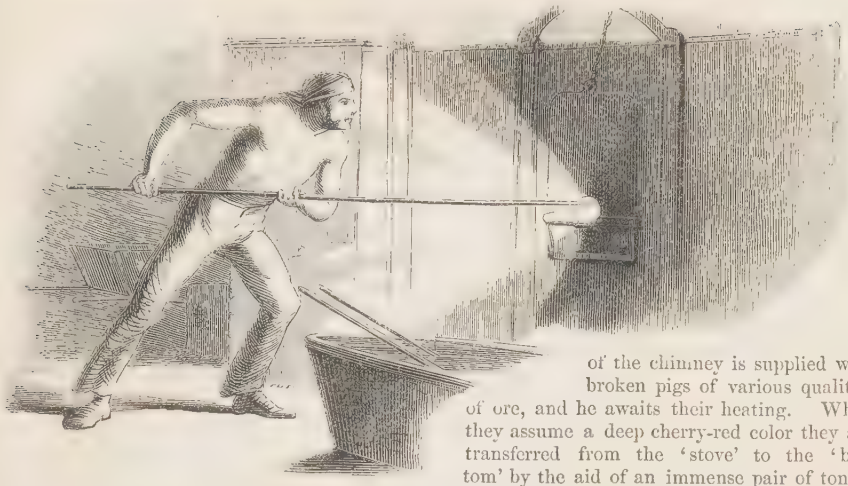
the sow, which, by means of hammers, was subsequently broken into four parts. As soon as the iron "sets" in the pigs, which is known by its color changing to a deep cherry red, the pigs are separated and raised from the sand, and when sufficiently solid, are piled or laid over each other in such a manner as to admit the air to every side, where they are left to cool—a process which of course requires several hours. Although the brogans of the men are thickly studded with clout nails, making their soles a mass of iron, yet standing upon red-hot iron is not the most comfortable position which a man can occupy; and hence the operation of "starting the pigs" is a very lively one while it lasts.

From the blast furnace a track is laid to the mills a distance of some two hundred yards, passing the front of the foundry, where all the machinery, tools, etc., used about the establishment are cast; and here the pigs are piled in huge stacks awaiting the operation of "puddling."

The most favorable and interesting period for viewing the operations of the mills, as well as of the furnace, is at night, when the outside darkness brings out into strong relief the glare of the furnaces, and of the molten iron in its various stages of manufacture. When our friends, after carefully picking their way along the road from the hotel, over the plane, across rude bridges, down rickety stairways, crossing flumes and sluice-ways, and through narrow lanes between huge piles of "pigs," approached the front of the building in which the operation of puddling is carried on, they were struck with the diabolical appearance of the scene within. The furnaces and their attendants, at all times lit up with a ruddy glow, and here and there illuminated with a most intense brilliancy as they discharged their molten contents, which were run off on little trucks by men who looked more like demons in the sulphurous light than like human beings; the noise and clatter of the machinery; the loud reports from the squeezer; the flying sparks from the "trains," as the iron discharged its cinder under the operation of rolling; the gloomy depths of darkness among the intricate beams above, contrasting strongly with the lurid glare below; the traversing carts and barrows; the shouting of the men; the noise of the forge as it labored to renew the tools of the workmen; altogether made up a scene of startling interest, and one not easily forgotten. At first sight it would appear almost impossible to trace through the intricacies of the various operations the iron in its every stage of manufacture; but thanks to the excellent system by which every thing is managed and controlled, the visitor finds no difficulty in that respect. Let us attempt to describe it; which, we trust, by the aid of Tint's pencil, we shall be able to do to the satisfaction of the reader.

Within a large building some two hundred and fifty by three hundred and twenty feet, nine puddling, three heating, and one scrap or ball furnace, are arranged in the form of a horse-shoe or semicircle, at the open part of which is situated the squeezer, through which all the iron from the furnaces has to pass before going to the "puddling-ball-train" in an adjoining building.

The furnaces are constructed of ordinary brick and fire-brick, closed in or faced with iron, and their foundations rest upon the original rocky surface of the ravine. On this basis a platform of red brick is constructed to the level of the floor of the building, and on this a superstructure is raised, of fire-brick inclosed in iron, and containing a receptacle for the fire called a "grate;" an oven or "bottom" in which the iron is melted; and a stove in the base of the chimney for heating the pigs to a red-heat ere they are transferred



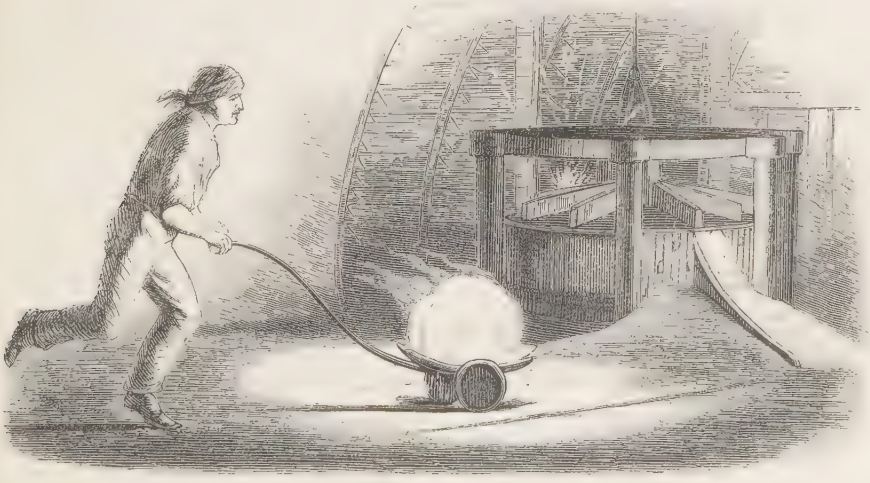
PUDDLING.

to the "bottom." The "bottom" is composed of slag or cinder on a bed of thick cast-iron plates. The fire is made of anthracite coal, and the flame and heat therefrom passes over a soapstone bridge to the "bottom," thence to the "stove," and up through the stack or chimney. About once a week the fire in the furnace is renewed.

"Here is a man," said the gentleman who chaperoned our friends, "who is engaged in renewing his fire; let us observe the process. These cylindrical bundles covered with bark, and looking like logs of wood, with which he is feeding the new-made fire, are the strips and refuse of the cooper's shop, which are tied up in this shape and dried for the purpose. Upon these he shovels in coal enough to supply a small family for a month. The 'bottom' of the furnace is then supplied with slag or cinder, fine coal, and a quantity of ground ore; the stove in the base of the chimney is supplied with broken pigs of various qualities of ore, and he awaits their heating. When they assume a deep cherry-red color they are transferred from the 'stove' to the 'bottom' by the aid of an immense pair of tongs, which are supported by a chain running up to a pair of wheels traversing a track among the beams overhead. Half a ton of iron is called a 'charge;' and as this man's charge will require three quarters of an hour to melt, we will turn our attention to another who is engaged in puddling.

"But, first, let us observe the individuals themselves, for they are worthy of study. Each furnace is double; that is, it has two 'grates' and two 'bottoms,' although one chimney is common to both. A puddler and a helper are required for each, consequently there are eight men employed at each furnace, two of each for the day, and two for night service. The puddlers are mostly Americans, are paid by the ton, and earn from two to three dollars per day each. The helpers are mere laborers, who earn not more than seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half, and are generally Irishmen.

"While surveying the figure of this man, who,



SQUEEZER AND BALL-TROLLY.

stripped to his waist, an old handkerchief tied about his head, and the perspiration issuing in streams from every pore (the thermometer outside may perhaps stand at 40°), is working energetically at the long iron bar, and looking so intently into the mouth of the furnace, you would scarcely recognize in him the individual whom you met this afternoon on the street, dressed in the height of fashion, and who bowed to the ladies with such a well-bred air, yet they are the same; while the man who is shoveling coal into the grate, and who has rather the advantage of his comrade in appearance, you saw a short time since sitting on an old rickety stoop in a squalid neighborhood smoking a short black pipe, while he swore roundly in strong Hibernian accents at 'Biddy' for not having his supper ready.

"You have observed that the pigs, as they come from the blast furnace, are in a very crude state, and contain more or less cinder, together with considerable sand and other impurities. The object of the puddling process is to rid the iron of all these extraneous substances, and to mix the different qualities of metal so that the nail-plate shall have the necessary toughness, firmness of grain, etc., etc.

"The iron in the furnace being melted to the consistency of cream, it is then churned with these long iron bars, with which the men continually work it about for the space of two hours. By this time they have gathered it into 'balls,' each weighing about one hundred pounds. These are now 'drawn' and carried to the squeezer. One would naturally suppose that looking so intently into the mouth of the furnace, upon a light so brilliant as to dazzle your eyes at a glance, would injure those of the workmen, yet it is not so: diseases of the eye are rare among

THE SAURIAN SQUEEZER.

them. On the contrary, they can see in the heart of that intense light, which you can not look upon for a moment, the very condition of the iron, and tell to an instant when it is ready to be drawn.

"When this is the case, and every thing is in readiness, the helper raises a sliding door, or apron, in the front of the furnace, and the puddler seizes a ball with a pair of heavy tongs and rolls it out upon the iron floor, where it is caught up by a third individual upon a small iron truck called a 'ball-trolly,' and run off rapidly to the squeezer. As he starts with it a ladleful of water is thrown upon it, which, decomposing under the intense heat into its component gases, inflames, and burning with a brilliant white blaze that lights up the figure of the truck-man with a sepulchral glare, giving him a fiend-like

THE PUDDLING BALL-TRAIN.

appearance, which is considerably heightened by the stream of sparks the dripping mass leaves in its wake.

"The squeezer, toward which he is hurrying his steps, is an iron-toothed and corrugated wheel, running horizontally within a case which surrounds it, leaving a space between, in which the molten mass is squeezed, rolled, and compressed, by which means much of the cinder is forced out. After passing the circuit of the wheel, the ball, which has now assumed the shape of a cube, falls out upon the floor, where it is seized by a new operative with a pair of tongs and dragged off to the 'puddling ball-train.'

"The effect of the squeezing operation is considerably heightened by frequent explosions as loud as those of a musket, which are caused by the water that is allowed to run over the wheel to prevent its heating. This water gets into the crevices of the iron, where it is suddenly converted into steam and tears its way out, scattering sparks in every direction.

"Adjoining the squeezer is another implement, similar in form to the points of a pair of shears or the jaws of an immense saurian, which are continually opening and closing as though seeking what it may devour. By this, balls that are not properly compacted in the former, are made to assume the proper shape and consistency before passing through the 'puddling ball-train' which is near at hand.

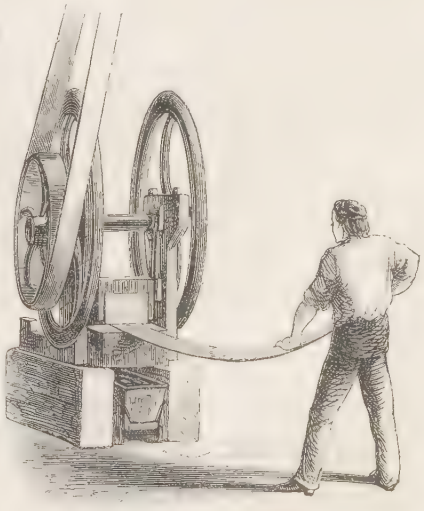
"This machine consists of two or more sets of rollers, in pairs, with grooves of different sizes so arranged above and below each other, and decreasing in size from right to left, as to gradually compress the cylindrical mass of iron and give it the shape of a long bar or sheet. The individual who seizes the mass after it passes through the squeezer drags it across the iron floor to the train and jerks it upon a platform, where another operative seizes it with a pair of tongs, and, by a dexterous twist, thrusts it into the largest groove between the rollers. It passes through to the other side, where two men are awaiting its advent—one with a long iron bar suspended to a chain depending from above; the other with a pair of tongs, with which it is seized, raised up, and passed over the roller to the opposite side again. Here the first man seizes it and passes it through the next groove; it is again seized, passed over the rollers, and so on until it has passed through the various grooves of the series and has assumed the shape of a long bar or sheet. It is now called a 'puddled bar;' and is seized by another operative, who drags it off to a shed near at hand to cool, which operation is sometimes hastened by means of a stream of water.

"The process just described also has its interesting features, not the least noticeable of which are the manner in which the texture of the iron is compressed and its fibres knit together, and the cinder ejected which still remained incorporated with it. The pressure to which it is subjected drives out the cinder in a flight of sparks similar in

CUTTING THE BARS.

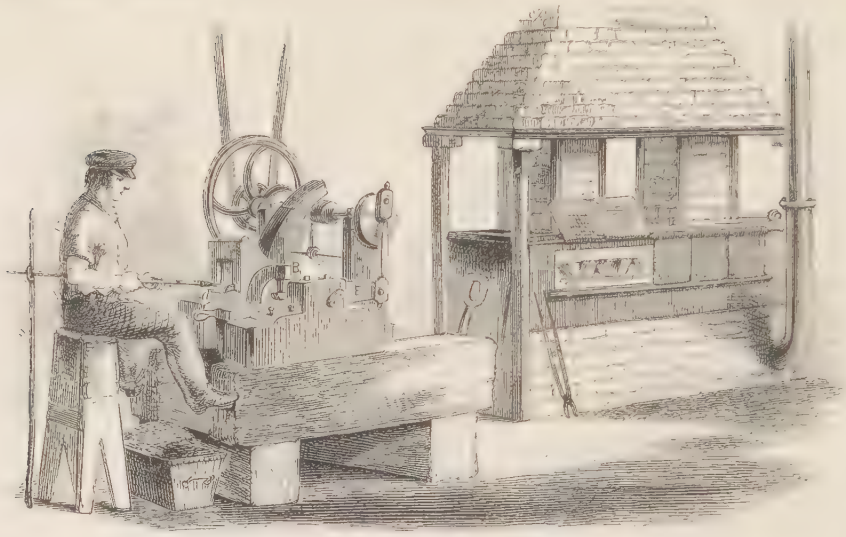
effect to the operation of a blacksmith's hammer.

"Near the 'puddling ball-train' stand two or three pairs of shears used to cut the bars into plates. These shears consist of two massive semicircular pieces of iron with cutting edges, operated by power derived from an immense water-wheel near at hand, and fed by a man whose duty is simply to place the end of the bar between its jaws and keep it fed up to a cheek or stop, which is gauged to give the requisite length. As the jaws shut the bar is cut into plates, which fall upon the floor or into boxes placed to receive them.



CUTTING NAIL-PLATES.

"You would see," said the guide, addressing Tint, "if you were to examine the ends of these plates, that although the operation of the train is intended to crush out the cinder and knit the fibres of the iron together, it is still in a comparatively crude state, and contains some traces of extraneous material which must be got rid of.



FURNACE FOR HEATING PLATES, AND NAIL-MACHINE.

For this purpose it is transferred to the re-heating furnace, where it undergoes the process of heating in a new shape."

Threading their way between and around the various machines, cars, barrows, wheels, operatives, and processes, which make the place a very Babel of confusion, the party reached the front of the re-heating furnaces, where they found a number of boys piling the plates into small stacks preparatory to their being placed in the fire. In making these piles care is taken to break joints so as to avoid flaws in the nail-plate. The furnace itself is very similar to the puddling furnace, and is managed in very much the same manner: with this difference—the plates are not disturbed when once placed in the fire, but when they have been heated to a white heat, and are just ready to melt under the intense heat to which they are subjected, they are "drawn" as from the puddling furnace, are seized by an operative with a pair of tongs, and, with a dexterity acquired by long practice, are "slung" across the floor a distance of fifteen or twenty feet to the *nail-plate train*.

This is a machine similar in construction to the puddling-ball train, except that its grooves are flat and the thickness of the plate is regulated by a wheel, by means of which an operative is enabled to raise and depress the upper roller: thus increasing or decreasing the pressure upon the plate as may be required. The operation of this train is similar to the other, except that the plate in passing between two sets of rollers is made thinner and wider than before. As it leaves the last groove the sheet is seized by two men with tongs and laid upon a car or truck, marked with the initial of the operative in charge of the train, and when the truck is loaded a pair of horses are attached and it is drawn out into the open air to cool.

Thus far our friends had followed the process of manufacture when a reference to their watches showed that it was growing late, and as the remaining operations could be better observed by daylight, they bade their gentlemanly guide good-evening and went to their inn.

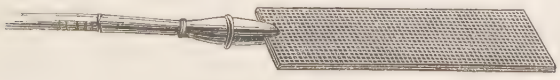
The following morning taking up the thread of their researches, they followed the nail-plate from the open air, where it had cooled during the night, to the cutting-machine, where it is cut across its length into plates about a foot long, and of a width to suit the various sizes of nails, from "two-pennies" to "sixty-pennies," and from 2½ to 8 inch spikes. The machine by which this operation is performed is simple in its construction, consisting merely of a double-crank shaft, on either end of which is a fly-wheel and a band-wheel. Two arms are attached at one end to the crank, and at the other to a wrought-iron cutter, which, moving in grooves in the heavy frame, rises and falls at each revolution of the wheels, and, in descending, crosses the face of a stationary block on which the strip or plate is fed, and cuts off a plate, which falls into a car placed under the machine to receive it. These cars, when filled, are drawn off to an oven, where the slips are placed on their edges on red-hot coals until they are heated to a proper temperature—say to a deep red—when they are transferred to the nail machines, whose greedy jaws are ever, like the dissatisfied Oliver, crying for more! more!

Thus far we have pursued the preparation of the material, or the manufacture of the nail-plate; which branch occupies at least two-thirds of the resources of the establishment. The nail-machines by which the plate is turned into those indispensable articles so small and trivial, yet so absolutely necessary in every branch of industry, are situated in obscure parts of the works, and

CUTTING AND TRIMMING STAVES.

but for their noisy clatter might be passed by the visitor as of little consequence. There are one hundred and fifteen of these machines in all, of which number ten may be found in the immediate vicinity of the nail-plate train, and, as they are all similar in construction, we will only occupy ourselves with one of these. Our description will be better understood on reference to the engraving. The lever-arm, A, is attached to a cutter working in the box, C, and is operated by an eccentric on the shaft which raises it at each revolution of the shaft. Meantime the cutter is depressed and passes by the edge of the plane, *d*, on which the nail-plate is fed, and cuts off a long tapering strip of the plate. This incipient nail is carried down a short distance to where the head is formed by means of the curved lever, B, the outer end of which is raised, while the inner end, striking upon the end of the strip, drives a certain portion of the iron into the shape of a head. The reverse action of both arms releases the now finished nail, which drops down an incline into a box prepared to receive it.

The last-mentioned arm, B, is operated by a wheel on one end of the shaft, to which is attached, near its periphery, an arm that works the outer end of the lever, *e*, the inner end of which strikes upon the arm, B, and the revolution of the shaft raises and depresses the said arm in correspondence with the first-mentioned arm, A.



CLAMP AND PLATE.

The human portion of the machine holds in his hands a staff or stick, one end of which rests in a prop behind him for the sake of steadiness, and upon the other end is a clamp with which the plate is held. As the action of the cutter is not reciprocal, it is necessary that the plate should be turned at each cut; and as the machine moves rather rapidly, this is a delicate operation which the feeder only acquires after considerable practice. The end of the plate being square the first clip from each is an abortion, and this accounts for the fact of so many of these misshapen nails being found in each cask.

When the plate is cut up the feeder throws his clamp over a spur which projects from the side of the machine, pries it open, throws the remnant aside to be reheated with the rest of the scraps, seizes another plate with a pair of pincers, fixes it in his clamp, and goes on as before.

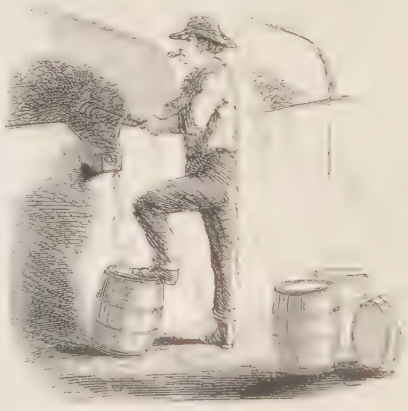
The machines are gauged to cut different-sized nails, and their speed decreases in the same ratio as the size of the nail increases. Thus the machine which cuts a "twenty-penny" moves at about one-eighth the speed of another which is cutting "eight-pennies."

Immediately behind these machines, and on a floor about six feet below, are a series of bins into which each feeder empties his pan or box when it is filled, and from these bins the nails are packed into casks ready for market. Before this can be done, however, a very important series of operations, employing numerous hands, considerable power, and much time is necessary. This is the making of nail-casks, and our friends were invited next to visit the coopers' shops on the other side of the canal.

Picking their way out from among the machinery and the multiplicity of cars, barrows, piles of bars, sheets, and what not, and crossing a bridge which spans a branch of the canal running into the store-house, they approached a group of buildings erected on a somewhat open piece of ground, which they were informed were exclusively devoted to the manufacture of the casks. On the outside of the principal building a lever-arm, worked by a shaft from within, sets in motion a cross-cut saw, which cuts the logs into "lengths." These are carried into the building to the "slab-cutter," which is a platform or bed moving on rollers, on which the length is fixed, and brought under the action of a

circular saw. This takes off a thin slab from each side. It is then transferred to another cross-cut circular saw, which cuts it into lengths a trifle longer than the stave. Another operative, by the dexterous use of an axe, takes off the remaining bark, and the stick is handed over to the operation of the "stave-cutter." This machine, although somewhat complicated in its construction, needs no further description than to say that a circular, barrel-shaped saw, having its axis in the direction of its length, is supported on a solid frame, and a framed bed-piece is made to traverse back and forth, on which bed-piece the stick to be cut is placed and adjusted, and the machine started. Each time the bed-piece traverses the saw takes off a strip, to which the proper curve is given by the shape of the saw, and which falls upon an inclined plane that traverses inside of the saw with the bed-piece, and slides out upon the floor in front of the machine. As the bed-piece returns back to its first position a ratchet movement throws the stick forward the thickness of a stave, when, upon retraversing, another strip is cut, and so on until the stick is cut up, when another stick takes its place. Near by a man and boy are engaged, by the aid of appropriate machinery, in chamfering the ends of the strips and trimming them to a proper width, when they become staves, and are carried to a long shed where they are laid up to dry and season. The heads of the kegs are also cut by machinery, and are laid up to season with the staves. The saw-dust is carefully preserved for bedding for the horses employed about the mills, while all the chips, bark, and waste is gathered up and used for lighting fires.

Our friends were much interested in following the various processes attending the manufacture of the casks; which, however, would be commonplace in the description, and we beg leave to omit it. Returning to the packing-room, they witnessed the operation of filling the casks by men who stand at the bins with huge claws, and while raking the nails down a narrow shoot give a rocking motion to the cask with their feet, which packs the nails. When filled, the cask is thrown upon a scale, weighed, and passed over to another operative, who heads it up, stencils it with the name and number, and rolls it away to a pile, whence, in proper time, it is shipped on board of a canal-boat at the door of the store house, for New York and a market



FILLING THE CASKS.

BEFORE THE MIRROR.

NOW, like the Lady of Shalott,
I dwell within an empty room,
And through the day, and through the night,
I sit before an ancient loom.

And like the Lady of Shalott,
I look into a mirror wide,
Where shadows come, and shadows go,
And ply my shuttle as they glide.

Not as she wove the yellow wool,
Ulysses's wife, Penelope;
By day a queen among her maids,
But in the night a woman, she.

Who, creeping from her lonely couch,
Unraveled all the slender woof;
Or with a torch she climbed the towers,
To fire the fagots on the roof!

But weaving with a steady hand,
The shadows, whether false or true,
I put aside a doubt which asks,
"Among these phantoms what are you?"

For not with altar, tomb, or urn,
Or long-haired Greek with hollow shield,
Or dark-prowed ship with banks of oars,
Or banquet in the tented field;

Or Norman knight in armor clad,
Waiting a foe where four roads meet;
Or hawk and hound in bosky dell,
Where dame and page in secret greet;

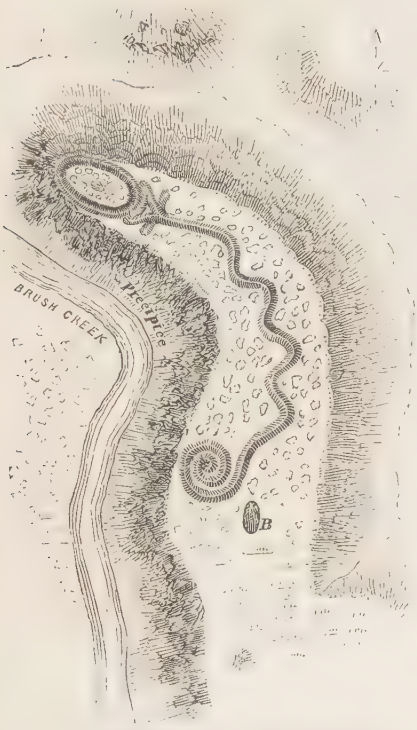
Or rose and lily, bud and flower,
My web is broidered. Nothing bright
Is woven here: the shadows grow
Still darker in the mirror's light!

And as my web grows darker too,
Accursed seems this empty room;
I know I must forever weave
These phantoms by this hateful loom.

ANCIENT MONUMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY E. G. SQUIER.

[Third Paper.]



1.—"GREAT SERPENT," ADAMS COUNTY, OHIO.

DOUBTLESS of the same sacred and symbolical origin, but quite different from the works before described, is the singular serpentine structure represented in the accompanying plan (Figure 1). It is unquestionably, in many respects, the most extraordinary and interesting monument of antiquity yet discovered in the United States. It is situated on the right bank of Brush Creek, Adams County, Ohio, near a point known as "Three Forks," on the summit of a high crescent-formed hill, elevated 150 feet above the level of the creek at its base. The hill presents toward the stream a perpendicular wall of rock, but on the opposite side slopes rapidly, but is not so abrupt as to preclude cultivation. The summit of the hill is not level, but slightly convex, presenting a surface about 150 feet wide and 1000 feet long, measuring from its extremity to the point where it connects with the table-land, of which it may be regarded as a spur. Conforming to the longitudinal curve of the hill, and occupying its very summit, is an embankment artfully built in the form of a serpent, its head resting near the point of the hill, and its body winding back for 700 feet in graceful undulations, terminating in a triple coil at the tail. If extended, its entire length would be a little upward of 1000 feet. It is throughout clearly and boldly defined; the embankment being upward of five feet in height by thirty feet base at the middle of the body, but tapering in just proportion toward the head and tail. The neck is stretched out and slightly curved, and its mouth is opened wide, as if in the act of swallowing or ejecting an oval figure, which rests partially within its distended jaws. This oval is formed by an embankment of earth, without any perceptible opening, four feet in height, and perfectly regular in outline, its conjugate and transverse diameters being 160 and 80 feet respectively. The ground within this oval seems to be slightly raised above the general level; and a small circular elevation of large stones once existed in its centre, but these have been thrown down and scattered by "money-diggers." The point of the hill within which this oval figure rests seems to have been artificially cut and rounded to conform to the outline of the oval, leaving a smooth platform, ten feet wide and somewhat inclining inward, all around it. On each side of the serpent's head are two small triangular elevations, ten or twelve feet broad. They are not high; and although too distinct to be overlooked, are yet too much obliterated to be satisfactorily traced. There is a "platform" or low oval terrace at *B*, and a large mound in the centre of the isthmus connecting the hill or spur with the table-land. An extensive prospect is commanded from all parts of the hill on which this effigy occurs; but no other works occur in its immediate vicinity.

Probably no one will hesitate in ascribing to this work some extraordinary significance. It can not be supposed to be the offspring of an idle fancy or a savage whim. In its position, and the harmony and elaboration of structure, it bears the evidences of design; and it seems to have been begun and finished in accordance with a matured plan, and not to have been the result of successive and unmeaning combinations. It is palpably not a work of defense, for there is nothing to defend; on the contrary, it is clearly and unmistakably, in form and attitude, the representation of a serpent, with jaws distended, in the act of swallowing or ejecting an oval figure, which, from the suggestions of analogy, we shall distinguish as *an egg*. Assuming for the entire structure a religious origin, it can only be regarded as the recognized symbol of some grand mythological idea. What abstract conception was thus embodied, or what vast event thus typically commemorated, we have no certain means of knowing. Analogy, however, furnishes us with some gleams of light on the subject, which may assist us in arriving at an approximately correct conclusion concerning it. As in modern times Christian temples are generally con-

structed in the form of a cross, the symbol of the Christian faith, so in primitive times sacred structures were constructed in the form of predominant religious symbols. It is impossible to go into the rationale of this practice, which is equally natural and logical. The British islands afford us a number of illustrations, of which the great Serpentine temple of Abury, in Wiltshire, is among the best known. Although much dilapidated, it can still be distinctly traced. It consists of a circle 1400 feet in diameter, with an interior ditch. Extending from this, on either hand, were parallel lines of huge upright stones, constituting long avenues, each upward of a mile in length, so arranged as to represent the outline of a serpent, the head being indicated by an oval structure, made up of the concentric lines of upright stones, and resting on a hill which commanded a view of the entire structure. The details of the work, although interesting, are too numerous to be recounted here. It is, perhaps, enough to say, that however British antiquaries may differ in other respects, they all unite in recognizing in the work at Abury a representation of the serpent, and an exclusively sacred origin. Stukely supposes the entire structure to correspond to the sacred hierogram of the Egyptians, the circle or globe, the serpent, and outspread wings. A still more extensive work of the same symbolical import and design is that of Karnac, in Brittany, which has a length of several miles. At Stanton Drew, in England, is another of comparatively small size, represented in the following engraving (Figure 2), but of which the design is not so obvious. The central oval is 378 by 345 feet in diameter, and is connected, by curved parallels, with two smaller circles, as shown in the plan. All of these works have been shown to be connected in various ways with the worship of the Sun, of which the serpent was often, if not generally, regarded as a symbol. The evidence on this point is abundant and conclusive, but too voluminous to be embraced in an article like this.* This evidence goes to show also that the square was generally the symbol of the earth, and the circle of the sun, in that primitive system of religion and worship—a fact which throws some light on the class of works which we have been considering. In the words of the Rev. J. B. Deane, in the *Archæologia Britannica*, "The figure of the temple, in almost every religion with which we are acquainted, is the hierogram of its God. The hierogram of the sun was always a circle; the temples of the sun were circular. The Arkites adored the personified *Ark* of Noah; their temples were built in the form of a *ship*. The Ophites adored a serpent deity; their temples assumed the form of a *serpent*. And to come home to our own times and feelings, the Christian retains a remnant of the same idea when he builds his temples in the form of a *cross*—the cross being at once the symbol of his creed and the hierogram of his God."

2.—STONE TEMPLE, STANTON DREW, ENGLAND.

Before leaving inclosures and proceeding to a notice of the mounds and their contents, it will not be out of place to notice a class of ancient works which are of rather an anomalous character, and can hardly be classed under either of these denominations. These are what have been called "Graded Ways," ascending sometimes from one terrace to another, and occasionally toward the banks of rivers or water-courses. A fine example is afforded near the town of Piketon, Pike County, Ohio, of which a view is presented in Figure 3. It consists of a graded or artificial inclined ascent from the second to the third terrace—the latter being elevated 17 feet above the former. The way is 1080 feet long by 215 feet wide at one extremity, and 203 feet wide at the other, measuring between the bases of the banks. The earth is thrown outward on either hand, forming embankments, varying on their outer sides, according to the depth of the excavation, from five to eleven feet in height. At the lower extremity of the grade, represented in the engraving, the banks are 22 feet high. The easy ascent this afforded from one terrace to another is made use of practically by the Chilicothe and Portsmouth turnpike which runs through it. The walls are covered with trees and bushes, and hundreds ride between them without suspecting their artificial origin. At first glance it would appear that this work was constructed simply to facilitate ascent from one terrace to another, but it can hardly be supposed that so much labor would have been expended for an object equally well effected with less effort. It has been suggested that the Scioto River once flowed at the foot of the terrace at this point, and that the way led down to it. But the river now flows half a mile to the left, and two terraces, each 20 feet high, intervene between the present and supposed ancient level of the stream. To assent to the suggestion would therefore be

* See chapter on "the Symbolism of Temples," in my work on the "*Aboriginal Monuments of the State of New York.*"

3.—"GRADED WAY," NEAR PIKETON, OHIO.

to admit an almost immeasurable antiquity for the work in question.

Having treated of "Inclosures for Defense" and "Sacred Inclosures," I now proceed to speak of the other classes of American Antiquities.

III. SEPULCHRAL MOUNDS.

[Scattered over the country at irregular intervals, of various sizes from five to one hundred feet in height, in the plains, on eminences, in inclosures; generally of earth, occasionally of stones; containing usually one skeleton, sometimes two, rarely more, buried in a rude chamber of wood or stones, in shallow cists dug beneath the original level of the earth, or simply placed on the original surface of the ground, and covered with bark or matting; frequent evidences of fire in various parts of the mound near its surface, and frequent secondary or recent burials by races subsequent to the builders, who regarded the mounds with a certain degree of veneration.]

The most enduring monuments of primeval ages were those erected in memory of the dead; and it seems that the further we go back into man's history of mankind the deeper we find his veneration for his departed brethren. The simplest, and also the most enduring method of preserving the memory of the departed, was by raising a barrow or mound of stones or of earth over his remains; and accordingly we find instances of this mode of interment all over the globe. Even the pyramids of Egypt, now ascertained to have been only just sepulchral monuments, may be regarded as perfected tumuli, carrying back the practice to which I have referred far beyond the dawn of written history. In the deep night of ages, step by step, had the rude heap of stones which filial regard first gathered over the dead developed itself, until, in its massive proportions and solid strength, it emu-

4.—GROUP OF SEPULCHRAL MOUNDS, NEAR CHILICOTHE, OHIO.

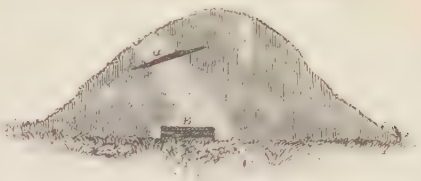
lated the mountains and bade defiance to time. Homer speaks frequently of the sepulchral tumuli of the Heroic Age of Greece, and gives many curious details connected with interments in them. The description of the burial of Patroclus is familiar to most readers. After the burning of the body, and the performance of various sacrifices, the bones were collected, and the Greeks ordered to raise a tumulus over them:

"The Greeks obey! Where yet the embers glow,
Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,
And deep subsides the ashy heap below.
Next the white bones his sad companions place,
With tears collected, in the golden vase.
The sacred relics to the tent they bore;
The urn a vail of linen covered o'er.
That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead."

Again, Hector is made to speak of one whom he is to slay in single combat:

"The long-haired Greeks
To him, upon the shores of Hellespont,
A mound shall heap; that those in after-times
Who sail along the darksome sea shall say,
'This is the monument of one long since
Borne to his grave, by mighty Hector slain.'"

The same practice of erecting mounds over the dead prevailed extensively in America, particularly in Peru, where they are called *huacas* and often contain much treasure, and throughout Central America and Mexico. But nowhere are they more numerous or of more imposing size than in the Mississippi Valley. Until within a few years all, or very nearly all, of those in that valley were regarded as places of burial; and the popular idea was that each was a kind of general cemetery, containing the bones of many individuals. Such, however, is not the case. As we have already intimated, a large part of the mounds were connected with the sacred structures which have been described, and dedicated to religious purposes. Those devoted to sepulture generally stand apart from these works, sometimes in groups but usually singly, and are scattered without order over the country. Most are from 6 to 8 feet in height, but sometimes they reach an altitude of from 60 to 90 feet. They invariably cover a skeleton (in very rare instances more than one), which, at the time of its interment, was enveloped in bark or coarse matting, or inclosed in a rude sarcophagus of timber built on the original surface of the ground, or buried in a cist dug in the earth beneath. Burial by fire seems to have been frequently practiced; and urn burial, in which the bones were placed in vessels of pottery, also appears to have prevailed to a considerable extent in the Southern States. With the skeletons in these mounds are found various relics of art, comprising ornaments, utensils, and weapons. A single example will sufficiently illustrate the construction of this class of mounds. Figure 5 is a section of a large mound, of which Figure 4 is a view, standing six miles below Chilicothe, on the left bank of the Scioto River. It is numbered 1 in the "Map of a section of twelve Miles of the Scioto Valley." There are no inclosures nearer than that represented in Figure 5, a mile distant, although there are a number of other mounds of similar character in its immediate vicinity. It is 22 feet high by 90 feet base. The principal excavation was made (as represented by the lighter lines in the section) from the west side, commencing at about one-third of the height of the mound from the top. At 10 feet below the surface occurred a layer of charcoal (*a*) not far from 10 feet square, and from 2 to 6 inches in thickness, slightly inclined from the horizontal, and lying mostly to the left of the centre of the mound. The coal was coarse and clear, and seemed to have been formed by the sudden covering up of the wood while burning, inasmuch as the trunks and branches retained their form, though entirely carbonized, and the earth immediately above as well as below was burned of a reddish color. Below this layer the earth became much more compact and difficult of excavation. At the depth of 22 feet, and on a level with the original surface, immediately underneath the charcoal layer, and, like that, somewhat to one side of the centre of the mound, was found a rude timber frame-work, now reduced to an almost impalpable powder, but the *cast* of which was still retained in the hard earth. This inclosure of timber, measured from outside to outside, was 9 feet long by 7 wide, and 20 inches high. It had been constructed of logs laid one on the other, and had evidently been covered with other timbers, which had sunk under the superincumbent earth as they decayed. The bottom had also been covered with bark, matting, or thin slabs—at any rate, a whitish stratum of decomposed material remained, covering the bottom of the parallelogram. Within this rude coffin, with its head to the west, was found a human skeleton, or rather the remains of one, for scarcely a fragment as long as one's finger could be recovered. It was so much decayed that it crumbled to powder under the slightest touch. Around the neck of the skeleton, forming a triple row and retaining their position as originally strung and deposited with the dead, were several hundred beads, made of ivory or the tusks of some animal. Several of these still retain their polish, and bear marks which seem to indicate that they were turned in some machine instead of being carved



5.—SECTION OF SEPULCHRAL MOUND.

6.—TIMBER SARCOPHAGUS.

by hand. A few laminæ of mica were also discovered, which completed the list of articles found with this skeleton. The feet of the skeleton were nearly in the centre of the mound. A drift beyond it developed nothing new, nor was a corresponding layer of charcoal found on the opposite side of the mound. It is clear, therefore, that the tumulus was raised over this single skeleton. In the case of a mound of this class opened at Gallipolis, on the Ohio River, the chamber inclosing the skeleton was found just below the original surface, which can always be detected by a strongly marked line and the uniform drab color of the earth beneath it.

The layer of charcoal is not uniformly found in mounds of this class, though it is a feature of frequent occurrence. It would seem to indicate that sacrifices were made for the dead, or that funeral rites of some kind were celebrated. The fire, in every case, was kept burning for a very brief space, as is shown by the lack of ashes and the slight traces of its action left on the adjacent earth. That it was suddenly heaped over is also proved by the facts already presented.

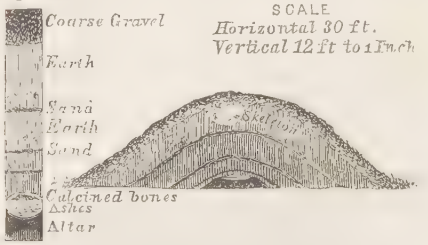
Mounds of this, as of every other class, were often disturbed by the modern Indians, who buried in them, and their skeletons are frequently found, but uniformly near the surface, and in positions and under circumstances which easily prevent their being confounded with the original deposits of the mound-builders. The skeletons of the latter are always much decayed; so much so indeed that, in the whole course of the writer's investigations, he was able to recover but one entire skull demonstrably belonging to the race of the mounds. In the barrows of England, however, entire and well-preserved skeletons are often found of an antiquity dating far beyond the Roman Conquest. And yet in the damp soil and under the humid skies of that country the conditions for their preservation are far less favorable than here, where the climate is comparatively dry, but where we find the skeletons in a much advanced state of decay. If any inference is to be drawn from this circumstance, it is that the mounds of the Mississippi Valley are older than those of England.

From various features discovered in these sepulchral mounds, it has been suggested that sacrifices or ceremonies of some kind, in which fire performed a part, were solemnized above the dead. The general occurrence of a layer of charcoal at some point near the surface of the mound, bearing evidence of having been heaped over while burning, and sometimes having mingled with it human bones, the bones of animals, and relics of art, affords a fair basis for the conjecture.

IV. SACRED, ALTAR, OR TEMPLE MOUNDS.

[Almost invariably within sacred inclosures, sometimes conical, curiously stratified throughout their height, with regular altars or basins of burned clay or of stone at their bases, which contain abundant relics of ancient art. In common with the sepulchral mounds they often contain human skeletons of comparatively late deposit. This class also includes the mounds of regular outline, truncated, terraced, ascended by graded ways, of generally vast size, corresponding with the "high-places" of the ancients, and the *Teocallis* of Mexico; round, square, rectangular, oval, or octagonal in shape; seldom containing human remains; in some cases probably the bases on which chapels or temples were erected; in other cases used as simple altars on which sacrifices and other religious rites were performed.]

The mounds called, for reasons which will appear as we proceed, altar or sacrificial mounds, are richest in relics of art of any found in the Mississippi Valley, and for this reason most interesting. They occur only within or in the immediate vicinity of inclosures or sacred places; they are stratified, and they contain symmetrical altars of burned clay or stone, on which are found various relics of art and other remains, which in all cases have been more or less subjected to the action of fire. Their characteristics will be best explained by reference to the accompanying section, which may be taken as a type of the whole class, although there are no two precisely alike in all their details. The section is of a mound which occurs in a group of twenty-six, embraced in a single inclosure on the banks of the Scioto River, three miles above the city of Chilicothe. This inclosure is indicated by the letter *E* in the "Map of a Section of twelve Miles of the Scioto Valley." The mound itself is 7 feet high by 55 feet base. A shaft 5 feet square was sunk from its apex, with the following results:



7.—SECTION OF SACRIFICIAL MOUND.

1*st*. Occurred a layer of coarse gravel and pebbles, which appeared to have been taken from deep pits surrounding the inclosure or from the bank of the river. This layer was one foot in thickness.

2*d*. Beneath this layer of gravel and pebbles, to the depth of two feet, the earth was homogeneous, though slightly mottled, as if taken up and deposited in small loads from different localities. In one place appeared a deposit of dark-colored surface loam, and by its side, or covering it, there was a mass of the clayey soil of greater depth. The outlines of these various deposits could be distinctly traced.

3*d*. Below this deposit of earth occurred a thin and even layer of fine sand, a little over an inch in thickness.

4*th*. A deposit of earth, as above, eighteen inches in depth.

5*th*. Another stratum of sand, somewhat thinner than the one above mentioned.

6*th*. Another deposit of earth, one foot thick: beneath which was—

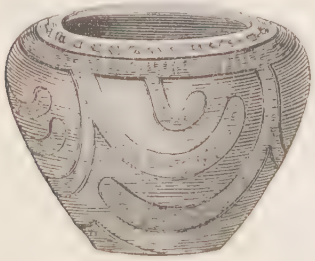
7*th*. A third stratum of sand; below which was—

8*th*. Still another layer of earth, a few inches in thickness; which rested on—

9*th*. An altar, or basin, of burned clay.

8.—PLAN AND SECTION OF ALTAR.

This altar was perfectly round. Its form and dimensions are best shown by the supplementary plan and section (Figure 8). *F F* is the altar, measuring, from *c* to *d*, nine feet; from *a* to *e*, five feet; height from *b* to *e*, twenty inches; dip of curve, *a r e*, nine inches. The sides, *c a*, *e d*, slope regularly, at a given angle. The body of the altar is burned throughout, though in a greater degree within the basin, where it was so hard as to resist the blows of a heavy hatchet, the instrument rebounding as if struck upon a rock. The basin, or hollow of the altar, was filled even full with fine dry ashes, intermixed with which were some fragments of pottery, of an excellent finish and elegant model, ornamented with tasteful carvings on the exterior. One of the vases, taken in fragments from this mound, has been very nearly restored. The accompanying sketch (Figure 9) presents its outlines and the character of its ornaments. Its height is six, its greatest diameter eight inches. The material is hardly distinguishable from that composing the pottery of the ancient Peruvians; and in respect to finish, it is fully equal to the best Peruvian specimens. A few convex copper discs, much resembling the bosses used upon harnesses, were also found.



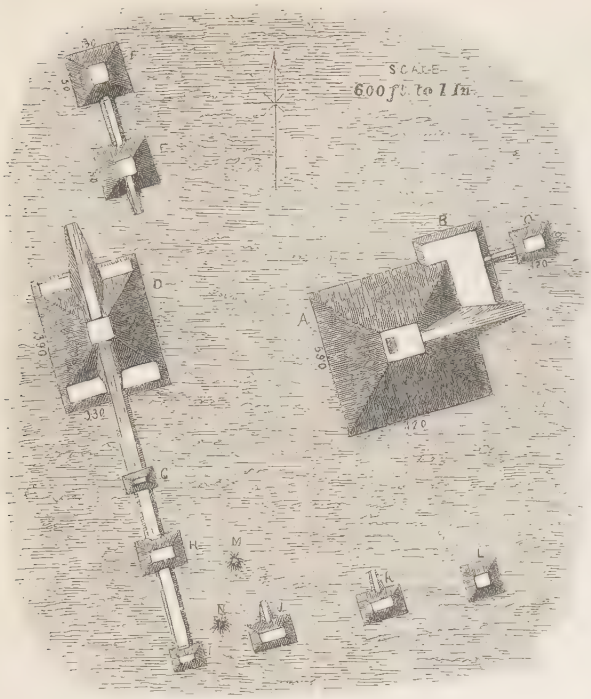
9.—VASE FROM THE MOUNDS.

Above the deposit of ashes, and covering the entire basin, was a layer of silvery or opaque mica, in sheets, overlapping each other; and immediately over the centre of the basin was heaped a quantity of burned human bones, probably the amount of a single skeleton, in fragments. The position of these is indicated by *o* in the section. The layer of mica and calcined bones, it should be remarked to prevent misapprehension, were peculiar to this individual mound, and were not found in any other of the class.

It will be seen by the section that, at a point about two feet below the surface of the mound, a human skeleton was found. It was placed a little to the left of the centre, with the head to the east, and was so much decayed as to render it impossible to extract a single bone entire. Above the skeleton, as shown in the section, the earth and outer layer of gravel and pebbles were broken up and intermixed. Thus, while on one side of the shaft the strata were broken up and confused, on the other they were undisturbed and clearly marked. These circumstances prove conclusively that this skeleton was deposited after the construction of the mound, and doubtless by the Indian races who have succeeded its builders in their occupation of the country. As a general rule, to which there are few exceptions, the only authentic and undoubted remains of the mound-builders are found directly beneath the apex of the mound, on a level with the original surface of the earth; and it may be safely assumed that whatever deposits occur near the surface of the mounds are of a date subsequent to their erection. In the class of mounds now under consideration we have data which will admit of no doubt, whereby to judge of the origin, as well as the relative periods, of the various deposits found in them. If the stratification already mentioned as characterizing them is unbroken and undisturbed, if the strata are regular and entire, it is certain that whatever occurs beneath them was placed there at the period of the construction of the mound. And if, on the other hand, these strata are broken up, it is equally certain that the mound has been disturbed and new deposits made since its erection. In this view, the fact of stratification becomes important as well as interesting, for it serves to fix beyond all dispute the origin of many singular relics having a decisive bearing on some of the leading questions connected with American Archæology. The thickness of the exterior layer of gravel in mounds of this class varies, with the dimensions of the mound, from eight to twenty inches. In a very few instances, the layer, which may have been designed to protect the form of the mound, is entirely wanting. The number and relative position of the sand strata are variable; in some of the larger mounds there are as many as six of them, in no case less than one, usually two or three.

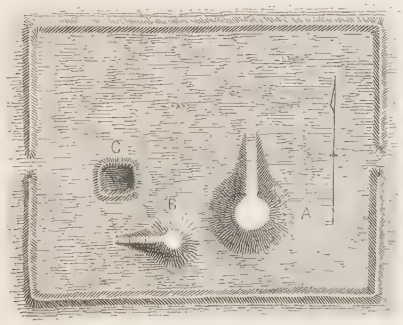
Mounds of this class are most fruitful in relics of the builders. On the altars have been found, though much injured and broken up by the action of fire, instruments and ornaments of silver, copper, stone, and bone; beads of silver, copper, pearls, and shell; spear and arrow heads of flint, quartz, garnet, and obsidian; fossil teeth of the shark; teeth of the alligator; marine shells; galena; sculptures of the human head and of numerous animals; pottery of various kinds, and a large number of interesting articles, some of which evince great skill in art, to which allusion will be had further on.

What are called temple mounds may be distinguished by their great regularity of form and general large dimensions. They occur generally within inclosures, but occasionally stand isolated, and consist chiefly of pyramidal structures, truncated, and having graded or winding ascents to their summits. In some instances they are terraced,



10.—ANCIENT WORKS, WASHINGTON COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI.

or built of successive stages. But whatever their form—round, oval, octangular, or square—they have invariably level tops of greater or less area. Some are only a few feet in elevation, although covering large spaces of ground; such are popularly known as "platforms." Mounds of this class are not numerous in the Valley of the Ohio and on the upper tributaries of the Mississippi, but are numerous in the Southern States, whence we shall draw our present illustrations. Figure 10 is a plan of a group of these mounds never before published. It is found in Washington County, Mississippi, on the road from the Mississippi River, opposite Point Chicot to William's Bayou. It will be observed that the group is made up of a series of rectangular mounds, of various sizes, all truncated, and nearly all ascended by inclined paths. Several are connected with each other by raised causeways. The principal mound, *A*, is 420 by 390 feet square at its base, 55 feet high, and has a level area at its summit 120 feet long by 100 feet broad. A graded roadway, 30 feet wide, leads to its top from the east. At its base to the northeastward is a "platform" or raised area, *B*, 10 feet high and 75 feet wide, with a small mound, *C*, on the right, 120 by 90 feet at the base, with which it is connected by a terrace 4 feet high and 25 feet broad. On the top of the great mound, *A*, is an excavation 30 feet long, 25 broad, and 6 deep. A number of smaller rectangular mounds, with graded ascents, form, in conjunction with that just described, and are of nearly equal size to the left, a rectangular inclosure, within which are a few conical mounds. All the mounds of this group are well-preserved, and display a wonderful regularity of outline. It is represented that numbers of conical mounds, of different sizes, are scattered over the adjacent country. Deep excavations, from which the earth for the construction of these mounds was obtained, are to be found within a few hundred yards of the group.

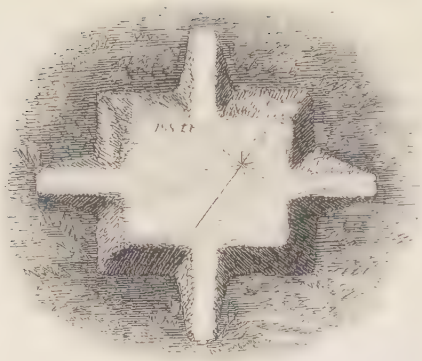


11.—ANCIENT WORKS, LAFAYETTE COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI.

A few miles southeast of Delta, Lafayette County, Mississippi, is a square inclosure, containing two mounds of similar character with those described, of which Figure 11 is a plan.

The inclosure has an area of about 20 acres. The mound, *A*, covers an acre of ground, and is 40 feet high. It is truncated, and the level area at its summit is reached by an inclined plane or graded way from the north. *B* is less in size, but of precisely the same form. It is 25 feet in height. *C* is an excavation 15 feet deep and 100 feet in diameter, and is surrounded by a low embankment three feet in height.

Within the ancient works at Marietta, in Ohio, there are a number of temple mounds of great regularity, of one of which Figure 12 is a plan. It is 188 feet long by 132 wide, and 10 feet high. Midway on each side are graded ascents, rendering easy the passage to the area at its summit. These grades are each 25 feet wide and 60 feet long. One of the most remarkable of this class of ancient monuments is the great mound of Cahokia, Illinois, of which an engraving was given in a previous article. Its form is that of a parallelogram, 700 feet long by 500 wide at the base. It is 90 feet high. Upon one side is



12.—TEMPLE MOUND, MARIETTA, OHIO.

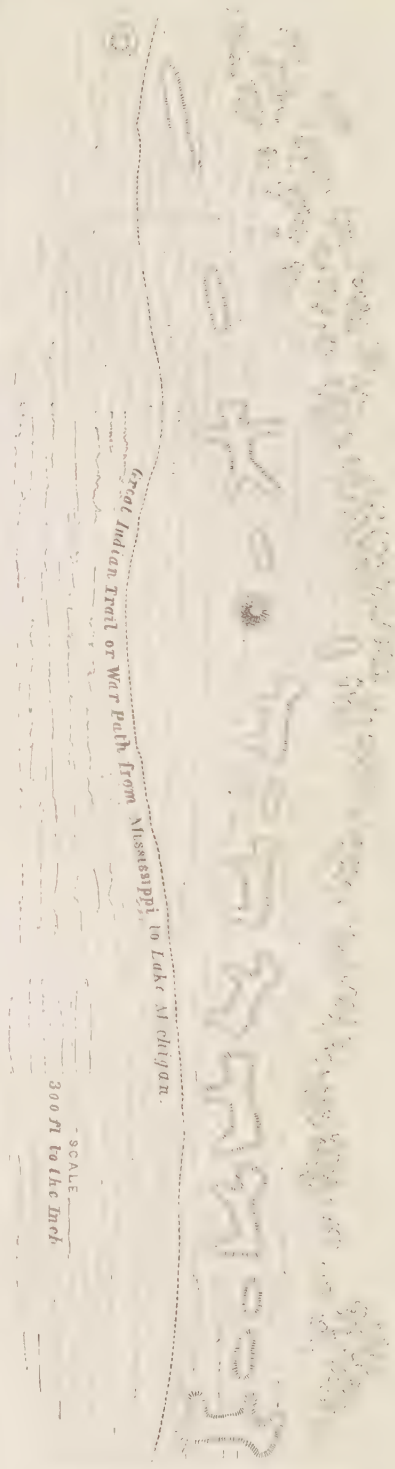
a broad apron or terrace, which is reached by a graded ascent. At the time this mound was occupied by the Monks of La Trappe the terrace was used as a garden. It is 160 feet wide and 350 long. The summit, or highest part of the mound, measures 200 feet in width by 450 in length. This mound covers not far from eight acres of ground, and the area of its level summit is about five acres. Its solid contents may be roughly estimated at 20,000,000 of cubic feet.

So far as ascertained these mounds cover no remains, and they were obviously designed as the sites of temples or of other structures which have passed away, or as "high places" for the performance of religious ceremonies. The likeness which they bear to the *Teocallis* of Mexico is striking, and suggestive of their probable purposes.

V. ANIMAL-SHAPED MOUNDS.

[In the form of men, animals, birds, and reptiles; in Ohio on elevated positions; in Wisconsin on level ground, usually open prairies, abundant, and often containing human remains; probably symbolical in their forms, and connected with the religious or *totemic* systems of the aborigines.]

It has already been observed that, in the southern portions of the Mississippi Valley, inclosures, whether for defense or other purposes, are comparatively few, while mounds are numerous and of great size and symmetry. Going to the northwest, we also find that inclosures are rare; but the mounds take new and singular forms, almost justifying the belief that they were not built by the same people who constructed those which have been described in the preceding pages. Here they generally assume the form of animals, beasts, birds, and reptiles, and in some cases the outlines of human beings. These effigies are situated on the undulating prairies and level plains, and are accompanied by conical mounds and occasional lines of embankment; but the latter, except in few instances, have no obvious design, and enter into none of those combinations which we observe elsewhere. They are seldom isolated, but occur in groups or ranges, sometimes placed with apparent design in respect to each other. In these groups may be observed every variety



13.—ANIMAL-SHAPED MOUNDS, WISCONSIN

14.—FORMS OF ANIMAL-SHAPED MOUNDS.

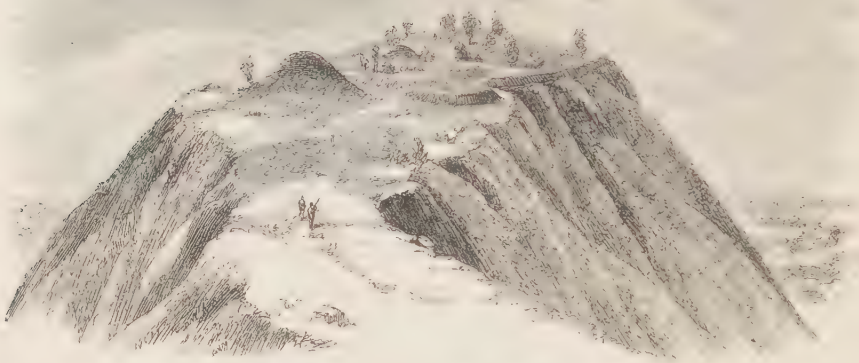
of form—the circular, quadrangular, and animal-shaped structures occurring in such connections with each other as to justify the belief that they are of contemporaneous origin. At first glance they resemble the ground-plans or foundation-lines of buildings, and it is not until their entire outline is taken into view that the impression of an effigy becomes decided. This is not surprising, since they are usually of inconsiderable height, varying from one to four feet in height, rarely reaching six feet. Their outlines are, nevertheless, distinctly defined in all cases where they occupy favorable positions. Figure 13 represents a group which occurs in Dane County, Wisconsin, on the great Indian trail or war-path from the Mississippi River to Lake Michigan. It consists of six effigies of quadrupeds, six mounds in the form of parallelograms, one effigy, supposed to be of a human figure, one circular tumulus, and one small circle. It is not easy to make out from the effigies what kind of animal is intended to be represented. Perhaps it was the bear; at least they bear a closer resemblance to it than to any other animal with which we are acquainted. These figures vary from 90 to 120 feet in length. The length of the supposed figure of a man, with arms and legs extended, is 125 feet, its width between the points of the arms, 140 feet. The body is 30 feet broad, and its greatest elevation in any part 6 feet. The conical mound in the centre of the group is highest, and commands a view of the entire series. For a space of twenty miles around this group similar monuments are to be discovered in every direction and in large numbers. Figures of buffaloes, birds, turtles, lizards, etc., as represented in Figure 14, are common among these remains, the purposes of which remain unexplained. Some of the conical mounds have been found to contain skeletons, as have also some of those in the form of animals. But most of them do not, nor is it clear that the burials which have been found are not secondary deposits. By some they have been regarded as tribal memorials, or a development of the *totemic* system of the Indians. It is perhaps safest, for the present, to pronounce no other judgment on them than that they are anomalous and unintelligible. It should be mentioned that they are numerous, and that probably several thousands of them occur in the State of Wisconsin alone.

VI.—MOUNDS OF OBSERVATION.

[Look-outs, or sentinels' stations; of variable size; usually in connection with defensive inclosures; destitute of remains.]

Under this denomination I have elsewhere classified those mounds which we find placed on commanding positions in or near works of defense, or on conspicuous points visible from the ancient centres of population, which do not contain human remains, and are therefore not sepulchral; which are not regular in form, like the temple mounds; and which do not contain altars, like those classified as altar mounds.

Some have their summits made up of ashes, coals, and burned materials, indicating that great fires, at some period or other, were kept up on them; and as we know that mounds, in corresponding positions, were often erected as signal or telegraphic stations in the old world, we may infer that these were dedicated to a similar purpose. Nearly every important defensive work has some such mound in or near it, on which we may plausibly conclude sentinels were placed to give notice of the approach of an enemy, or to watch his movements. Some of them may have been used as commanding points whence to harass an assailant; in this respect answering to the purpose of a tower in the mediæval systems of fortification. Between Chilicothe and Columbus, on the eastern border of the Scioto Valley, a distance of more than forty miles, a series of mounds may be traced, occupying commanding positions, and so situated in respect to each other that, if the country were cleared of forests, signals of fire might be transmitted in a few minutes along the whole line. As already observed, some of these hill mounds contain human remains, and the reasons for believing that they were primarily, or even secondarily, signal stations, are by no means as numerous or conclusive as in respect to the mounds found in connection with works obviously defensive.



15.—MOUNDS OF OBSERVATION.

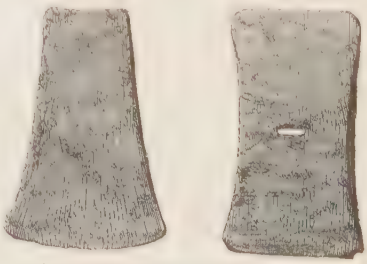
VII.—IMPLEMENTS AND UTENSILS.

[Spear and arrow points of stone and copper; stone and copper axes and knives; pottery of various kinds, vases, *terra-cotta* figures, etc.; graving tools of copper; elaborately sculptured pipes; grinding stones; enigmatical tubes and disks; stamps of stone and clay, etc., etc.]

The condition of the ordinary arts of life among the people who constructed the various classes of works which we have described furnishes a prominent and interesting subject of inquiry. As already remarked, the mounds are the principal depositories of ancient art, and in them we must seek for the only authentic remains of the builders. In the observance of a practice almost universal among barbarous or semi-civilized nations, the mound-builders deposited various articles of use and ornament with their dead. They also, under the prescriptions of their religion, or in accordance with customs unknown to us, and to which perhaps no direct analogy is afforded by those of any other people, placed upon their altars numerous ornaments and implements—probably those most valued by their possessors—which remain there to this day, attesting at once the religious zeal of the depositors and their skill in the minor arts.

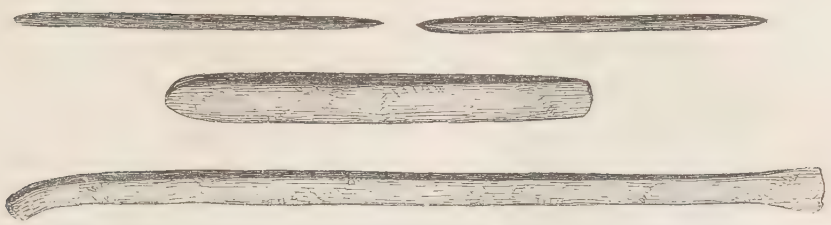
Of course the relics found in the mounds are such only as, from the nature of the materials of which they are composed, have been able to resist the general course of decay, such as articles of pottery, bone, shell, stone, and metal. We can expect to find but slight traces of instruments or utensils of wood, and but few and doubtful ones of the materials which went to compose articles of dress. The only metal found in any degree of abundance in the mounds is copper.

In Figure 16 is a sketch of a copper axe, found in a mound near Chilicothe, Ohio. It is solid and well-hammered, and weighs two pounds five ounces. It is seven inches long by four broad at the cutting edge, and has an average thickness of little less than four-tenths of an inch. Its edge is slightly curved, somewhat after the manner of the axes of the present day, and is *beveled* from both surfaces. Copper chisels, gravers, etc., have also been found in the mounds, of which Figure 17 represents some specimens, the largest of which is eight inches long. The metal seems, however, to have been more generally applied to ornamental than useful purposes; for, while articles of ornament are common in both the sacrificial and sepulchral mounds, copper implements are comparatively rare. It is possible that ornaments were more generally placed in the mounds than articles of use; such certainly is the case in respect to the mounds of sepulture.



16.—COPPER AXES FROM THE MOUNDS.

Silver has also been found, but in small quantities, reduced to great thinness, and closely wrapped around copper ornaments. The ore of lead, *galena*, has been found in considerable abundance, and some of the metal itself, under circumstances implying a knowledge of its use on the part of the ancient people. The discovery of gold has been vaguely announced, but is not well attested. It is not impossible that articles of that metal have been found, with other



17.—COPPER IMPLEMENTS.

vestiges of European art, accompanying secondary and recent deposits, which are often confounded with those of the mound-builders by ignorant or credulous explorers. No iron, or traces of iron, have yet been discovered, except in connection with recent deposits. There are many good reasons for believing that both the silver and copper found in the mounds were obtained from the mineral regions of Lake Superior, where, it is well known, there are abundant traces of ancient mining. The articles composed of these metals are without alloy, and appear to have been worked from the native masses.

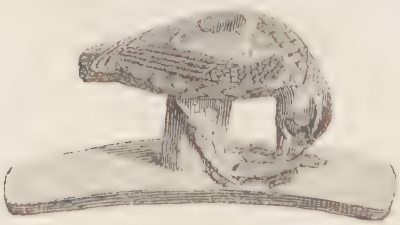
Arrow and lance heads, and cutting instruments of the numerous varieties of quartz, embracing every shade of color and degree of transparency, from the dull blue of the ordinary hornstone to the brilliant opalescence of the chalcedonic varieties, are frequent in the mounds. Some are worked with exquisite skill from pure, limpid crystals of quartz; others from crystals of manganesian garnet; and others still from *obsidian*. It is a singular fact, however, that none of these, nor indeed any traces of weapons, have been discovered in the "sepulchral mounds;" most of the remains found with the skeletons being evidently such as were deemed ornamental, or recognized as badges of distinction. Some of the altar or sacrificial mounds, on the other hand, have the deposits within them almost entirely made up of finished arrow and spear points, intermixed with masses of the unmanufactured material. From one altar were taken several bushels of finely worked lance-heads of milky quartz, nearly all of which had been broken up by the action of fire. In another mound an excavation six feet long and four broad disclosed upward of six hundred spear-heads or disks of hornstone, rudely blocked out, and the deposit extended indefinitely on every side.

In the manufacture of pottery the mound-builders attained a considerable proficiency. Many of the vases recovered from the mounds display, in respect to material, finish, and model, a marked superiority to any thing of which the existing Indian tribes are known to have been capable, and compare favorably with the best Peruvian specimens. Though of great symmetry of proportions, there is no good reason to believe that they were turned on a lathe. Their fine finish seems to have been the result of the same process with that adopted by the Peruvians in their manufactures. Some of them are tastefully ornamented with scrolls, figures of birds, and other devices, which are engraved in the surface, instead of being embossed upon it. The lines appear to have been cut with some sharp, gouge-shaped instrument, which entirely removed the detached material, leaving no ragged or raised edges. Nothing can exceed the regularity and precision with which the ornaments are executed. The material of which the vases are composed is a fine clay, which, in the more delicate specimens, was worked nearly pure, or possessing a very slight silicious intermixture. Some of the coarser specimens have pulverized quartz mingled with the clay; while others are tempered with salmon-colored mica, in small flakes, which gives them a ruddy and rather brilliant appearance, and was, perhaps, introduced with some view to ornament as well as utility. None appear to have been glazed; though one or two, either from baking or the subsequent great heat to which they were subjected, exhibit a slightly vitrified surface. Figure 18 is a good example of the form and style of the vases recovered. It was taken from a mound in "Mound City," in fragments, but subsequently restored. Its height is five and a half, and its diameter six and a half inches. The thickness of the vase is about one-sixth of an inch, and uniform throughout. It is of a dark-brown color; its surface smooth, and of an unctuous feel. *Terra-cottas*, representing animals, etc., are not unfrequently found in the mounds, but are less numerous than those of stone. Many of the latter display great taste

18.—VASE FROM THE MOUNDS.

19.—SCULPTURE OF THE HUMAN HEAD.

and skill, a close observance of nature, and a minute attention to details. None, however, obviously designed as idols or objects of worship have been taken from the mounds. Most, in fact, are what may be called ornamented pipes, wrought in a multitude of characteristic representations of the human head, animals, birds, etc., of which they give to a surprising degree the characteristic attitudes and expression. Of those of the human head Figure 19 may be taken as a fair example. It is engraved of full size. The material is a fine-grained, compact stone, much altered in color and other respects from the action of fire. The muscles of the face are well exhibited, and the forehead is finely moulded. The eyes are prominent and open, and the lips full and rounded. The knots observable at the top of the forehead and just back of the ears may be designed to represent the manner in which the hair was gathered or wound. It appears reasonable to suppose that this, and the other sculptured heads found in the mounds, were copied from nature, and display the characteristic features of the ancient race.



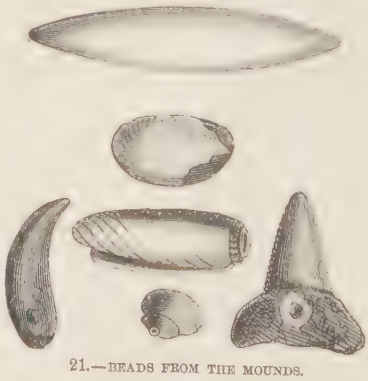
20.—SCULPTURED BIRD FROM THE MOUNDS.

Figure 20 is a good example of the carvings in representation of birds and animals. It is the figure of some rapacious bird, probably some variety of the hawk or eagle, in the act of tearing in pieces a small bird, which it grasps in its claws. The workmanship is spirited and lifelike, as well as minute and delicate. The wings are folded across each other, and the finer feathers on their superior portions, as well as on the thighs, are well represented. The eyes were composed of small pearls. In fact, pearls were inserted for eyes in all the sculptures of birds. The material of this pipe is a hard, red porphyry. Other sculptures represent an otter with a fish in his mouth, a heron devouring a fish; others still, bears, beavers, panthers, the elk, the squirrel, the opossum, the frog, toad, swallow, duck, buzzard, rattle-snake, etc., etc., all so well executed as to be recognized by the most inexperienced eye at the first glance. Besides these, there are carvings of various birds and animals not indigenous to this latitude —such as the *toucan*, and the *lamantin* or *manitus*—of which latter only a few examples have been found in the United States, in the extreme southern parts of Florida. It may be remarked that the mound-builders seem to have been inveterate smokers, and that in the construction and ornament of their pipes they displayed their utmost skill. They are always carved from a single piece, and consist of a flat, curved base, of variable length and width, the bowl rising from the convex side. From one of the ends, communicating with the bowl, is drilled a small hole answering the purposes of a tube; the corresponding opposite division being left for the manifest purpose of holding the implement to the mouth.

VIII.—ORNAMENTS, ETC.

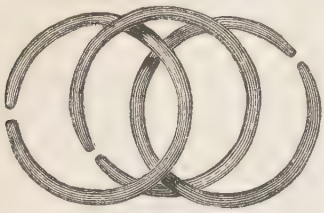
[Beads of pearl, shell, stone, and metal; bracelets of copper; pendants and gorgets of stone, shells, and copper; bosses of metal; teeth of animals, drilled for necklaces; carved rods of bone or ivory, etc., etc.]

A large portion of the articles found in the mounds may be classified as ornaments. Beads are found in the greatest abundance. They may be counted, in some instances, by hundreds and thousands—each one of them the result of no inconsiderable amount of labor, unless we under-estimate the means at the command of their makers. Some of them are made of shell, carefully wrapped round or plated over with thin slips of silver. Others are of simple shell worked in every variety of shape, round, oblong, and flattened; others of animal bones and tusks; and many of pearls and small marine



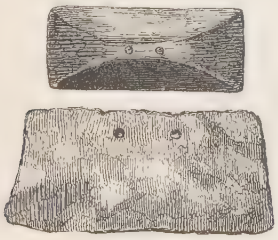
21.—BEADS FROM THE MOUNDS.

shells. The perforated teeth of the wild-cat, wolf, and shark, as well as the claws of animals, and sections of the bones of birds, were used in like manner. The beads of bone often retain their polish. They resemble sections cut from the ends of small cylinders, and subsequently more or less rounded on their edges and perforated, and resemble the bone buttons of commerce. The pearl beads are simply perforated pearls, some of which must have been of great size and value, obtained from the fresh-water shells, or *unios* of the Western rivers. No less than two quarts of these, burned and no longer of value, were obtained from a single mound. Bracelets of copper, of which Figure 22 illustrates the universal character, are also



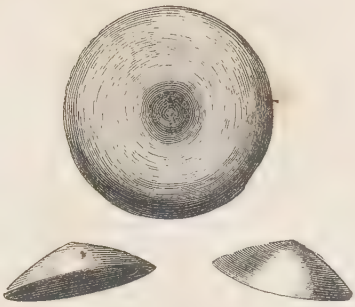
22.—COPPER BRACELETS.

often found in the mounds, usually encircling the arms of skeletons. But they are not uncommon in the altar mounds. They consist of a small rod of copper, hammered out with more or less skill, and so bent that the ends approach or lap over each other. Some of them are exceedingly well and smoothly wrought. A kind of copper *gorget* or plate, apparently to be worn on the breast, is occasionally found. Figure 23



23.—COPPER GORGET.

is an example. The original is eight and a half inches in greatest length, and four and a quarter inches broad, perforated with two holes near its upper edge. A large number of *disks* or medals of copper, which, to use a familiar illustration, resemble the *bosses* used on harnesses. Some of them are not less than ten inches in diameter. They are formed of thin plates of copper, are perfectly round and concave-convex in shape. Figure 24 is an example of this kind of disk, and represents also two specimens of a smaller variety of *boss* or button. These present a convex and plane surface, and are identical in shape with the old-fashioned buttons which linger on the small clothes of our grandfathers. They are hollow. Some are perforated from their



24.—COPPER DISKS.

sides, but most have the holes through which passed the thread or thong for attaching them to any object in their base.

Examples of ornaments and other relics from the mounds might be almost indefinitely extended; but a notice of them would far transcend the limits of an article like this, which at best can only aim to give a very general outline of their character. Many of them are of a very interesting character, not less from illustrating the state of ancient art, than as enabling us, from the material of which they are composed, their peculiarities of form, and correspondences of use, to define the intercourse, and, in some degree, the connections, of the ancient races. From what has already been presented, it will be seen that there are gathered in the mounds, or the alluvions of the Ohio, copper and silver from the Great Lakes; pearls and shells from the Southern Gulf; mica from the primitive ranges of the Alleghanies, and obsidian from the volcanic ridges of Mexico—an extended range, the extremes of which define, with great precision, the field in which the mounds occur. It would almost seem that the ancient race existed contemporaneously over this great area, maintaining throughout a constant intercourse.

GENERAL DEDUCTIONS.

After a perusal of the foregoing accounts of the military works, the sacred inclosures, pyramidal structures, and remains of art of the ancient people who once occupied the Mississippi Valley, and have left only these monuments to record the fact of their existence, the reader will naturally inquire, "Who were this ancient people? When did they live? Why have they disappeared, and whither have they gone?" But these are questions more easily asked than answered. As already said, history is mute concerning them, and their very name is lost to tradition. We only know that they must have been a numerous, stationary, and agricultural people; for a nomadic population would never rear works so extensive, systematic, and manifestly of permanent intention; and a population so large as to afford the labor for their construction could not subsist on the precarious and scanty returns of the chase. And if the mound-builders were a numerous, stationary, and agri-

cultural people, it follows almost of necessity that their customs, laws, and religion had assumed a fixed and well-defined form. If we are not mistaken in our own conclusions as to the character of a large portion of the most imposing remains of the ancient people, their superstitions and religious notions must have coincided very nearly with those of the primitive nations of the old world, and have exercised a strong, if not a controlling influence on their character. That they had extensive intercourse, by means of exchange with other tribes or otherwise, is shown from the variety of remains found in the mounds of remote origin, and which must have been brought to their places of final deposit from great distances. That they had some standard of measurement seems probable from the circumstances of their reproducing great works of exactly coinciding dimensions in localities remote from each other. That they were not deficient in notions of geometrical accuracy is abundantly shown by the number of perfect geometrical figures which they have left embossed on the face of the country. That they were close observers of nature and natural objects is shown from the fidelity with which they reproduced, in the most obdurate materials, the figures of men and animals. Their refinement in taste is shown in the graceful forms and ornamentation of their pottery. In all these respects their works show them to have been far in advance of the tribes found in occupation of the country at the time of the Discovery. But there is no evidence that their condition was any thing more than an approximation to that attained by the ancient Mexicans, Central Americans, and Peruvians. They did not possess, like these, the art of working in metals; nor is there the slightest authentic evidence that they made any approach whatever to the hieroglyphic system or systems of representation which were practiced by the latter, with more or less of success, in the recording of events and the transmission of ideas. Stories of the alleged discovery in the mounds of tablets and stones inscribed with letters or hieroglyphic characters may serve to delude fanatics like the Mormons, or engage antiquarians like Jonathan Oldbuck, but they are beneath notice or criticism on the part of intelligent students of archæology.

As regards the antiquity of the works of the Mississippi Valley, nothing can be affirmed with exactness. That many of them are very ancient, dating back by thousands of years, seems to be fairly deducible from a variety of circumstances. Not only are they covered by primitive forests of trees, some of which have an antiquity of from six to eight hundred years; but even these forests appear to stand on the *debris* of others equally venerable, which preceded them, since the era of the mounds. Numerous works exist, in part cut away by the action of rivers which have since changed their courses and receded to distances of half a mile or more, the intervening ground having since become covered with heavy forests, apparently the successors of others on the same ground. It is impossible to say how long a period such physical changes would require; but we are safe in estimating it by centuries. The extreme decay of the skeletons in the mounds, and the depth of vegetable mould accumulated in the trenches of the ancient works, are also important circumstances bearing on the antiquity of these monuments, and indicate a very great age.

Whether the race of the mounds disappeared under some sudden or overwhelming irruption of hostile nations, were swept away by some devastating epidemic, like those which Mexican tradition records, or migrated elsewhere under the pressure of powerful neighbors or under the seductions of a more genial climate, are questions of deep interest, but to which we can, as yet, give no satisfactory answer.

A PLEA FOR A MONSTER.

DINNER was over. Baby was asleep in his warm blankets up stairs. I was sitting by the bright fire, in comfortable slippers and what my wife calls my "morning-gown"—I suppose because I wear it only in the evening. *She* was just beginning to read to me from the April number of the "Easy Chair" of *Harper's Magazine* that terrible massacre of Messrs. Sol. Gunnybags, Theo. Bottom, Tom Bobby and Co., when we heard the gate opened and shut-to with a *bang*, and presently the deep, rough voice of one approaching the front door, singing,

"Mayhap you've all of you heard of late
Of the wonderful sea-snake,
Which off the Isle of Pitcairn was seen
Of late by Admiral Blake:
But list not what landlubbers tell,
But lend an ear to me;
And I'll to you the truth relate,
'Cause I am just from sea."

Whereupon, the singer having stamped the snow off his boots, there ensued a loud rapping at the door, accompanied with the rollicking chorus of the jolly old sea ballad whose first stave had just been finished—said "chorus" running something after this fashion:

"Ri tol lol lol lol lol li do,
Ri tol liddle lol di-da;
Tol derol deriddleol de-ido,
Ri tol lol di da."

"I wish Captain Newcome would ring the door-bell when he comes here!" exclaimed my wife; "he'll wake baby with his raps."

To prevent which catastrophe I rushed out and let in the boisterous old tar.

"Now then, Madame," said he, gallantly kissing the hand which my wife held out to him, "I hope you begin to believe. At any rate, I've got the animal in my pocket."

"Not a sea-serpent, Captain Newcome?" exclaimed my wife, with a little movement of terror.

"Exactly"—and he took out of his breast coat-pocket, very deliberately, first a lot of cigars, then a parcel of letters, and finally a long strip of blue paper, spreading which out before us on the table, he trolled out,

"From the tip of his nose to the end of his tail
Is just nine thousand miles."

"Just sixteen feet seven inches," remarked my wife, gravely, correcting the Captain's slight inaccuracy from the table of dimensions she saw beneath the drawing.

"Don't be so particular about a foot or two, my dear," remonstrated the old tar, winking his eye at me. "There's no excuse for your unbelief now. You'll have to own up that your husband and I are not such monsters of credulity after all, I think."

My wife looked to me with a very large ? in her eyes.

"Madame," said I, with all the gravity such a statement demands, "I believe there IS such an animal as the Sea-Serpent."

Now that is my "platform," to put it in the raving and incomprehensible slang of the political world; and if any reader of this *Magazine* wishes to remain of a different belief, I warn him to stop just here, and skip to the next article, because I am about to prove my position — and *something more*.

In the first place, you say that it is improbable such a vast animal should exist?

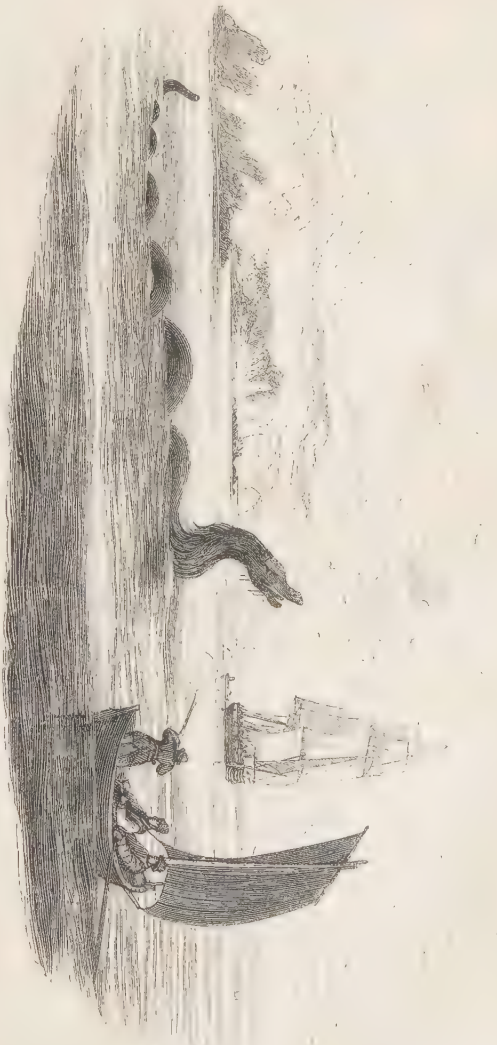
Well, a whale seventy feet in length is a greater bulk; and I was once accessory—before, at, and after the fact—to the killing of a sperm whale which measured 71 feet, and whose blubber made us 100 barrels of oil; and my friend, Captain Newcome, who has been "down on Desolation" in his time, killed—single-handed, the brave old fellow!—a sea-elephant which proved to be 35 feet long; which, for an animal that has huge flippers or poorly developed legs, and can and does really waddle along on land, is surely an incredible monster enough.

They say sailors are credulous — but they are only reverent. The strange and wondrous sights they see wake their simple souls to the truth that to God nothing *is*, and to the wise man nothing seems, impossible. When I asked a college-bred friend the other day if there could be a sea-serpent, he said, "No," and changed the subject, not caring to permit his great mind to dwell upon impossibilities. When I put the same question to an old whaling skipper, he said,

"Don't see why there shouldn't be; I've seen stranger things in my time."

And so he had. A shrewd preacher once told me he thought "faith was very much a matter of experience," and I believe he was right. They say the born-blind find it difficult to believe in a God.

But let us come to facts; of which there are so many that I shall pay no attention to mere rumors. It may or may not be true, what Diodorus Siculus relates of a great Egyptian sea-serpent, 60 feet long, which was brought alive to Alexandria, as a present to Ptolemy II.; and



THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT, ACCORDING TO BISHOP PONTOPPIDAN.

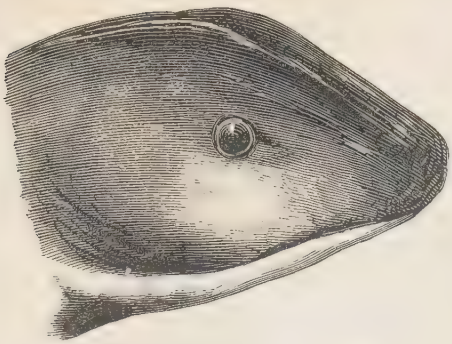
SEA-SERPENT SEEN BY PAUL EGEDE (1734).
(Fac-simile from his Drawing.)

which terrible creature was first observed to leave the water every day to feed on the cattle of the neighboring farms; and was finally, after many desperate contests with armed men, caught alive in a net and sent to Alexandria. Such stories are too far off. Let us get nearer to our own times.

And first comes the Rev. Paul Egede, a missionary to Greenland, where his father, good old Hans Egede, had long lived and labored before him. In his account of Greenland, and of two voyages thither, there occurs this passage:

"On the 6th of July (1734) there appeared a very large and frightful sea-monster, which raised itself so high out of the water that its head reached above our main-top. It had a long sharp snout, and spouted water like a whale; and very broad flappers. The body seemed to be covered with scales, and the skin was uneven and wrinkled, and the lower part was formed like a snake. After some time the creature plunged backward into the water, and then turned its tail up above the surface, a whole ship-length from the head. The following evening we had very bad weather."

And then follows the sketch, of which a *fac-simile* is given above. It may add to the reader's satisfaction to know that Mr. Egede was not only as familiar as any old whaleman with the appearance of whales, porpoises, and seals in the water, but that he was also a remarkably close and accurate observer, as appears from other engravings and descriptions in his book, where



HEAD OF CAPTAIN M'QUHAE'S SEA-SERPENT.

he is so minutely correct in certain apparently trivial but really important details of such little-known fish as the long-mysterious narwhal, or sea-unicorn, that his descriptions have not been found faulty by the closest later observers.

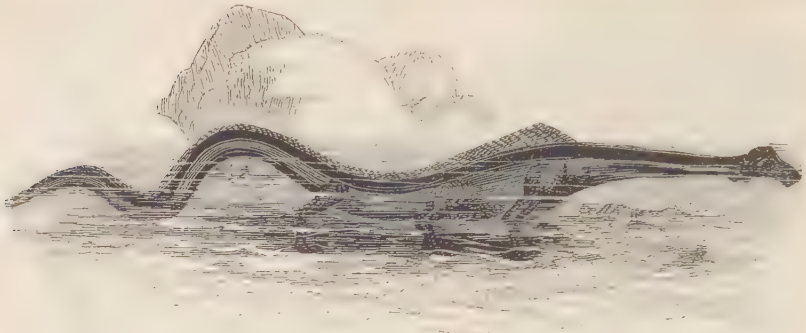
Next comes Captain Lawrence de Ferry, Commander of Bergen, in Norway, who, to satisfy Bishop Pontoppidan, to whom he gave the following account, went, with two of his seamen—additional witnesses—before a magistrate and made oath to its truth. He says:

"The latter end of August, in the year 1746, as I was on a voyage, in my return from Trundtheim, in a very calm and hot day, having a mind to put in at Molde, it happened, that when we were arrived with my vessel within six English miles of the aforesaid Molde, being at a place called Jule-Næss, as I was reading in a book, I heard a kind of murmuring voice from among the men at the oars, who were eight in number, and observed that the man at the helm kept off from the land. Upon this I inquired what was the matter, and was informed that there was a sea-snake before us. I then ordered the man at the helm to keep to the land again, and to come up with this creature, of which I had heard so many stories. Though the fellows were under some apprehensions they were obliged to obey my orders. In the mean time this sea-snake passed by us, and we were obliged to tack the vessel about in orde to get nearer to it. As the snake swam faster than we could row, I took my gun, that was ready charged, and fired at it; on this he immediately plunged under the water. We rowed to the place where it sunk down (which in the calm might be easily observed), and lay upon our oars, thinking it would come up again to the surface; however it did not. When the snake plunged down the water appeared thick and red; perhaps some of the shot might wound it, the distance being very little. The head of this snake, which it held more than two feet above the surface of the water, resembled that of a horse. It was of a grayish color, and the mouth was quite black and very large. It had black eyes, and a long white mane, that hung down from the neck to the surface of the water. Besides the head and neck we saw seven or eight folds or coils of this snake, which were very thick, and, as far as we could guess, there was about a fathom distance between each fold."

A letter of March, 1781, from Captain Little, of the United States Navy, to Mr. Bradford, of Boston, states that in May, 1780, as he was lying in Broad Bay (Penobscot), in a public armed ship, he discovered at sunrise a large serpent coming down the bay on the surface of the water. The cutter was manned and armed; he went himself into the boat; and when within 100 feet of the serpent the marines were ordered to fire on him; but before they could make ready he plunged into the water. He was not less than 45 to 50 feet long; the largest diameter of his body was supposed to be 15 inches; and his head nearly the size of that of a man. He carried four or five feet of his length out of water, which had the appearance of a black snake. He was afterward pursued; but they never came nearer to him than a quarter of a mile.

Next comes — still taking only the sworn testimony of reliable men—a letter from the Rev. Donald Maclean, a Scotch minister, to the Secretary of the *Wernerian Society* of Natural History. He says: "I saw the animal of which you inquire in June (1808) on the coast of Coll [Scotland]. Rowing along that coast, I observed, at the distance of half a mile, an object to windward, which gradually excited astonishment. At first view it appeared like a small

AMERICAN SEA-SERPENT (SCOLIOPHIS ATLANTICUS), TAKEN NEAR CAPE ANN, MASSACHUSETTS.



THE STRONSAY MONSTER.—[FROM A RUDE SKETCH.]

rock; but knowing that there was no rock in that situation, I fixed my eyes closely upon it. Then I saw it elevated considerably above the level of the sea, and after a slow movement distinctly perceived one of its eyes. Alarmed at the unusual appearance and magnitude of the animal, I steered so as to be at no great distance from the shore. When nearly in a line between it and the shore, the monster, directing its head, which still continued above water, toward us, plunged violently under water. Certain that he was in chase of us, we plied hard to get ashore. Just as we leaped out on a rock, and had taken a station as high as we conveniently could, we saw it come rapidly under water toward the stern of our boat. When within a few yards of it, finding the water shallow, it raised its monstrous head above water, and by a winding course got with apparent difficulty clear of the creek where our boat lay, and where the monster seemed in danger of being embayed. It continued to move off with its head above water, and with the wind, for about half a mile, before we lost sight of it. Its head was somewhat broad, and of form somewhat oval; its neck somewhat smaller; its shoulders, if I could so term them, considerably broader, and thence it tapered toward the tail, which last it kept pretty low in the water, so that a view of it could not be taken so distinctly as I wished. It had no fins that I could perceive, and seemed to me to move progressively by undulation up and down. Its length I believe to be between 70 and 80 feet. When nearest to me it did not raise its head wholly above

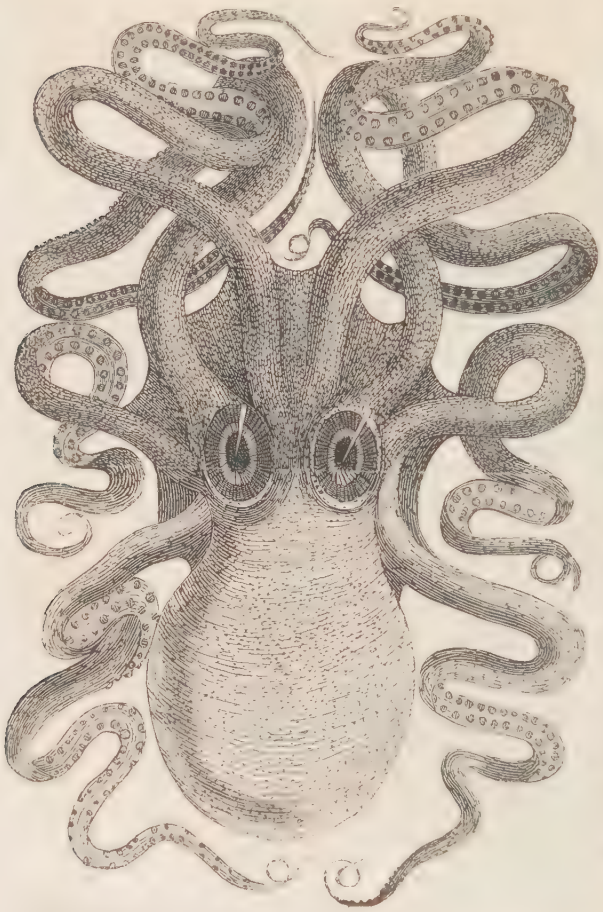
CAPTAIN M'QUHAE'S SEA-SERPENT.

COLOSSAL CUTTLE-FISH ATTACKING A VESSEL IN THE INDIAN SEAS.

water, so that the neck being under water, I could perceive no shining filament thereon, if it had any. Its progressive motion under water I took to be very rapid. About the time I saw it it was seen near the Isle of Canna. The crews of thirteen fishing-boats, I am told, were so much terrified at its appearance that they in a body fled from it to the nearest creek for safety."

In 1809 the Rev. Abraham Cummings stated that he saw a sea-serpent in Penobscot Bay, Maine, when in a boat with his wife and daughter, and another lady. He supposed it to be about 60 feet long, and as thick as a sloop's mast. It lay within fifteen rods of the boat. For thirty years before this various persons, fishermen, shoresmen, and the British, had seen different animals of this kind on the eastern coast of America; and unless all eye-witness is to be thrown aside as worthless, the concurrent testimony of hundreds of persons, mostly strangers to each other, must have some weight.

Next, in the month of August, 1817, a great sea-monster was seen in the harbor of Gloucester, Cape Ann. It was seen on so many occasions, and by so many different persons—most of them fishermen and others familiar with the appearance, in the water, of all the cetacea, sharks and other common sea-animals—that the Linnæan Society of New England took the matter in



THE EIGHT-ARMED CUTTLE-FISH (SEPIA OCTOPUS).—FRONT VIEW, SHOWING THE EYES.

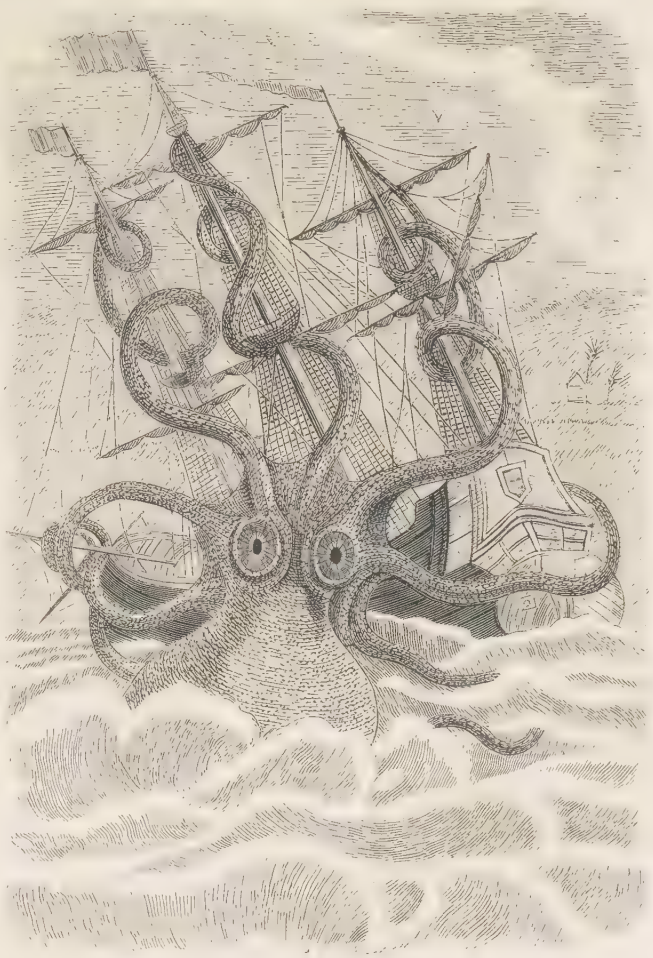
hand, and procured the testimony of a number of reliable witnesses to be taken on oath. The witnesses saw it on different occasions. Sometimes it remained in sight from an hour and a half to two hours—surely a sufficient time to enable observers, at distances from 30 feet to 250 yards, and armed with spy-glasses, to satisfy themselves—and others—that this was an animal, and no common animal. One deposes that it moved across the bay at the rate of a mile or more per minute. Another, who saw it once for half a day, deposes that its head was like a rattle-snake's, but as big as a horse's. At one time it showed fifty distinct portions of its body, and these appeared rough and scaly. Its motions were often slow, and in circles, as though playing about. Another witness saw it open its mouth, which was like that of a serpent; and yet another was in a boat when the animal approached within thirty yards. He fired at its head with ball; but evidently did not hit it. It immediately turned round, as if intending to make for the boat; but sunk down, passed under the boat, and made its appearance again presently, at about a hundred yards distance, on the other side of the boat. Its length was variously estimated at from 40 to 80 feet. Its color was dark. One man was close to it when it turned short about. He states that "the head seemed to approach the body for some feet; then the head and tail appeared moving rapidly in opposite directions; and when they were in parallel lines they appeared not more than two or three yards apart. Captain Tappan, and two of his crew, on board the *Laura*, of Newburyport, saw his head within 30 or 40 feet, and described it with minuteness. It was formed like that of a serpent. His tongue was thrust out, and it appeared about two feet in length; this he raised several times, and then let it fall again; it was of a light brown color, and the end of it resembled a harpoon. The eye was like that of an ox, and there appeared to be a small bunch over it on each side of his head. The animal did not appear to be disturbed by the vessel, and his motion was much swifter than that of a whale.

And, finally, the Hon. Lonson Nash, before whom, as an able and intelligent magistrate, the whole testimony was taken, and who vouched for the respectability of all the witnesses, himself made oath that, on the 14th of August, 1817, he saw the strange animal, both with a spy-glass and with the naked eye; that it moved at the rate, sometimes, of about a mile a minute; that he supposed it at least 70 feet long; and that in the largest part it seemed to be about the circumference of a half-barrel; color, nearly black; and motion vertical. It moved across the bay while he was watching it, at the rate, he thought, of a mile a minute.

In 1830 the sea-serpent appeared near Kennebunk, Maine. "He was seen by three men who were fishing a few miles distant from the shore on Thursday afternoon last. Two of the men were so much alarmed at his nearness to the boat that they went below. The third, however, Mr. Gooch—a man whose statements can be relied on—remained on deck, and returned the glances of his serpentship for a considerable length of time. He gave the following account of his interview: The fish was first seen at a short distance from them, and shortly after he

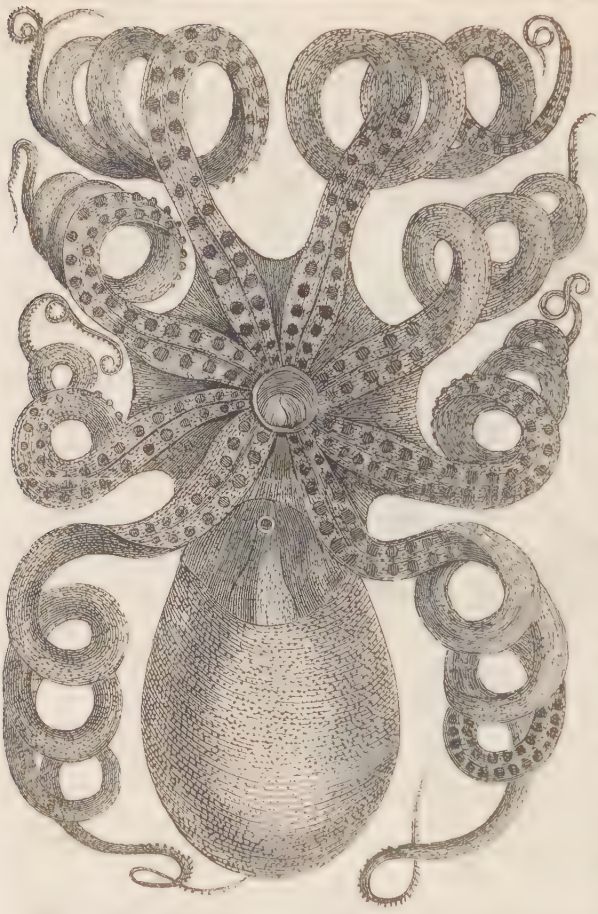
turned about and came within six feet of the boat, when he raised his head about four feet from the water, and looked directly into the boat, and so remained for several minutes. Mr. Gooch noticed him attentively, and thinks he was sixty feet in length and about six in circumference."

On the 15th of May, 1833, five officers of the British army sailed in a yacht on a fishing excursion out of Halifax, Nova Scotia. They got out farther to sea than they wished, and were returning in the afternoon when their attention was called to leeward by an exclamation of the old sailor who was acting as steersman of the boat. Looking to leeward they beheld —I quote here the sworn testimony sent to the *Zoologist* of London — "at the distance of from 150 to 200 yards on our starboard bow, the head and neck of some denizen of the deep, precisely like those of a common snake, in the act of swimming, the head so far elevated and thrown forward by the curve of the neck as to enable us to see the water under and beyond it. The creature rapidly passed, leaving a regular wake, from the commencement of which, to the forepart, which was out of water, we judged its length to be about 80 feet; and this is within rather than beyond the mark. We were, of course, all taken aback at the sight, and with staring eyes and in speechless wonder stood gazing at it for full half a minute: there could be no mistake, no delusion, and we were all perfectly satisfied that we had been favored with a view of the 'true and veritable sea-serpent,' which had been generally considered to have existed only in the brain of some Yankee skipper, and treated as a tale not much entitled to belief. Dowling's exclamation is worthy of record, 'Well, I've sailed in all parts of the world, and have seen rum sights, too, in my time, but this is the queerest thing I ever see!'—and surely Jack Dowling was right. It is most difficult to give correctly the dimensions of any object in the water. The head of the creature was set down at about six feet in length, and that portion of the neck which we saw at the same; the extreme length, as before stated, at between 80 and 100 feet. The neck in thickness equaled the bole of a moderate sized tree. The head and neck of a dark brown or nearly black color, streaked with white in irregular streaks. I do not recollect seeing any part of the body."



FAC-SIMILE OF THE COMMEMORATIVE PAINTING IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MALOE, FRANCE.

Sir A. de Capell Brooke, who traveled in Norway in the early part of the present century, cites the evidence of a great many trust-worthy persons who had, at different times and on different parts of the coast, seen the animal; and in 1845, at the request of an English society, the Rev. P. W. Deinboll, a Norwegian minister, took pains to reinvestigate the question, and furnished the evidence of a large number of persons, then living, who had seen, shot at, and been pursued by it.



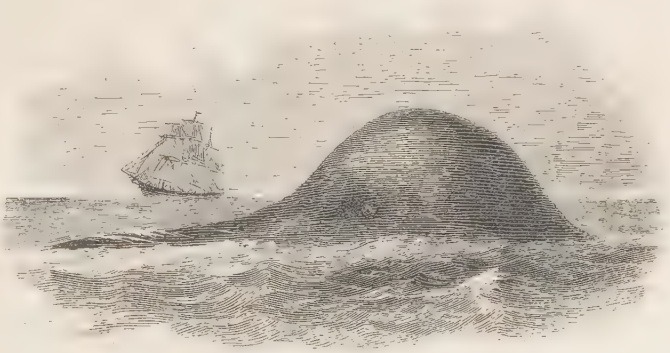
EIGHT-ARMED CUTTLE-FISH, BACK-VIEW, SHOWING BILL AND VENTS.

Lars Johnöen (fisherman at Smölen, about fifty years of age) deposed: "I have several times seen the sea-serpent; but some time since, twelve years ago, in the dog-days, in the fiord not far from here, one afternoon as I was fishing in my boat, I saw it twice in the course of two hours, and, for some time, quite near me. It came close to my boat, so that it was only about six feet from me. I became alarmed, recommended my soul to God, lay down in the boat, and only held my head so far over it that I could observe the serpent. It swam now past the boat, that was agitated by the ripple caused by its movement in the water, which was previously smooth; and afterward removed itself. After it had swum a considerable distance from me, I began again to fish. Not long afterward, the serpent came close to the boat, which was strongly agitated by its movements in the water. I lay down and remained quite still, and, notwithstanding my fright, kept a watchful eye on the animal: it passed me, disappeared, and returned, though not so close as previously; then disappeared entirely, when a light wind arose, and ruffled the water. Its length was about five to six fathoms, and the body, which was as round as a serpent's, was about two feet in diameter. The tail seemed to be very round. The head was about as long as a brandy anker [ten-gallon cask], and about the same thickness; it was not pointed, but round. The eyes were very large, round, and sparkling. Their size was about the diameter of the box here [five inches], and they were as red as my neckerchief [crimson]. Close behind the head, a mane, like a horse's, commenced along the neck, and spread itself on both sides, right and left, while swimming on the water; it was of tolerably long hair. The mane, as well as the head and rest of the body, was brown as this looking-glass frame [old mahogany]. Spots, stripes of other colors I did not observe, nor were there any scales; it seemed as if the body was quite smooth. Its movements were occasionally fast and slow, which latter was the case when it neared my boat"—and so on.

On the 28th of July, 1845, J. C. Lund, bookseller and printer; G. S. Krogh, merchant: Christian Flang, Lund's apprentice; and John Elgenses, laborer, of Molde, in Norway, were out on Romsdale fiord fishing. The sea was, after a warm sunshiny day, quite calm. About seven o'clock in the afternoon, a little distance from shore, near the ballast place and Molde Hooe, they saw a long marine animal, which slowly moved itself forward, as it appeared to them, with the help of two fins, on the forepart of the body nearest the head, which they judged from the boiling of the water on both sides of it. The visible part of the body appeared to be between forty and fifty feet in length, and moved in undulations like a snake. The body was round and of a dark color, and seemed to be several ells (an ell two feet) in thickness. As they discerned a waving motion in the water behind the animal, they concluded that part of the body was concealed under water. That it was one connected animal they saw plainly from its movement. When the animal was about one hundred yards from the boat, they noticed tolerably correctly its forepart, which ended in a sharp snout; its colossal head raised itself above the water in the form of a semicircle; the lower part was not visible. The color of the head was dark brown, and the skin smooth. They did not notice the eyes, or any mane or bristles on the

throat. When the serpent came about a musket-shot near, Lund fired at it, and was certain the shot hit it in the head. After the shot he dived, but came up immediately. He raised his head in the air like a snake preparing to dart on its prey. After he had turned and got his body in a straight line, which he appeared to do with great difficulty, he darted like an arrow against the boat. They reached the shore; and the animal, perceiving it had come in shallow water, dived immediately, and disappeared in the deep.

Lastly, Captain Peter M'Quhae, of the British Navy, reported that, on August 6, 1849, in lat. 24° 44′ S., and long. 9° 22′ E., he and his officers and crew (of the *Dædalus* frigate) saw a sea-serpent. He says: "Our attention being called to the object, it was discovered to be an enormous serpent, with head and shoulders kept about four feet constantly above the surface of the sea, and as nearly as we could approximate by comparing it with what our maintopsail-yard would show in the water, there was at least sixty feet of the animal *à fleur d'eau*, no portion of which was, to our perception, used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation. It passed rapidly, but so close under our lee quarter that, had it been a man of my acquaintance, I should have easily recognized his features with the naked eye; and it did not, either in approaching the ship or after it had passed our wake, deviate in the slightest degree from its course to the southwest, which it held on at the pace of from twelve to fifteen miles per hour, apparently on some determined purpose.



CAPTAIN NEILL'S KRAKEN.

"The diameter of the serpent was about fifteen or sixteen inches behind the head, which was, without any doubt, that of a snake; and it was never, during the twenty minutes that it continued in sight of our glasses, once below the surface of the water: its color, a dark brown, with yellowish white about the throat. It had no fins, but something like the mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of sea-weed, washed about its back. It was seen by the quarter-master, the boatswain's mate, and the man at the wheel, in addition to myself and officers above-mentioned."

To which account is appended a sketch of the serpent, made immediately after it was seen, from which sketch the engraving found in these pages was made.

So much for *eye*-witness. How many facts in various departments of scientific investigation are as well supported? But we come now to something even more assuring than *eye*-witness.

The animal of which a very rude representation —taken from a sketch by a person who could not draw—is found on page 182, was washed ashore in Stronsay, one of the Orkney Islands, in the year 1808. It was discovered by fishermen, was seen entire and measured by respectable and intelligent men, and afterward, when dead and broken in pieces by the violence of the waves, was again examined by many. The skull and upper bones of the swimming-paws were secured by Mr. Laing, a neighboring proprietor; and the vertebræ and some other portions are now deposited in the Museum of the University of Edinburgh and in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. This strange beast, whose existence is thus placed beyond doubt, measured 56 feet in length, and 12 in circumference. The head was small, not being a foot in length from the snout to the first vertebra. The neck was slender, extending to the length of 15 feet. All the accounts agree in assigning it blow-holes, though they differ as to their precise situation. On the neck something like a bristly mane commenced, which extended to near the extremity of the tail. It had three pairs of fins or paws connected with the body; the anterior were the largest, measuring more than four feet in length, and their extremities were somewhat like toes partially webbed. Probably the picture is particularly defective respecting these. Dr. Fleming, in his notice of this animal, suggests that these members were probably the remains of pectoral, ventral, and caudal fins. The skin was smooth, without scales and of a grayish color, and the flesh appeared like coarse, ill-colored beef. The eye was of the size of the seal's. The throat was too narrow to admit the hand.

In September, 1817, a small serpent was killed on the coast, not far from Boston, to which city it was brought, and examined and described by a Committee of the Boston Natural History Society. It was a yard long, all but an inch. The picture on page 181 is from an engraving of it in a pamphlet relating to the sea-serpent, published by the Society. The body is bent vertically, to show its flexibility in that direction. Portions of the head and throat were so far de-

stroyed that their structure could not be ascertained.

The contour of the back of this animal exhibited its most singular feature, for here was found a waving line, produced by a series of permanent risings, which began near the head and extended, almost without interruption, to the tail, their total number being forty. It seems not unlikely that these bunches, becoming more prominent in the mature animal, would produce the effect remarked by nearly all observers, of a "bunch of buoys," or a "string of casks," floating, when the body of the great beast lay prone upon the ocean. It was found that the body could be bent with great ease in a vertical direction, but not laterally without difficulty. The Society, on receiving the report of their committee, gave to the animal the name of *Scoliophis Atlanticus;* and it seems undoubtedly to have been a young specimen of the sea-serpent.

We come now down to the present year of 1860, when a sea-serpent, 16 feet 7 inches long, was washed ashore on the coast of one of the Bermudas. Of this animal a faithful representation, from a sufficiently good sketch, made on the spot, may be found in *Harper's Weekly*, No. 166. There is not space here for the description of this animal, which is still fresh in the minds of readers: it is enough to say that, with the exception of size, the appearance of this animal in the water would have exactly answered to the description given by Captain M'Quhae of the animal he saw.

Here, then, is the evidence—or rather a small portion of it—that part which a lawyer would bring into court, if the case were to be decided by a jury of clear-headed and not bigoted men. It is fair to add that Professor Owen, of London, objects and disbelieves. He pronounced the bones of the animal found on the Isle of Stronsay to be those of the great basking shark, which sometimes reaches a great length. But he judges from the bones; while the persons who saw the animal when first washed ashore were nearly all fishermen and sailors—such men, in fact, as were perfectly familiar with the appearance of all common sea-beasts—and the basking shark is not rare. How could they be deceived? Is it likely they were? And is not their evidence most credible?

Again, Professor Owen objects that, if such an animal as the sea-serpent did exist, we should find its bones on our beaches frequently. But he forgets that the bones of other animals, which do exist in great numbers, and which, like whales, are forced to rise to the surface for breath, or, like seals, live in bays and near land all their lives, are yet very rarely found on the beach. What becomes of them is a mystery; but it is a fact which all observers will vouch for, that when the ribs and vertebræ of the whale are found strewing a beach, it is a sure evidence that whalemen have there killed their prey; and all experience shows that the bones of whales are *never* found washed ashore in localities where they are not killed by men. This is one of the mysteries of nature: just as hunters in Ceylon never find the carcasses of elephants who have died a natural death; just as no hunter has yet found the cast-off horns of the common American deer, nor its body or bones, unless it has died a violent death; just as, finally, it remains a question what becomes of the great numbers of little birds who must annually die, but whose bodies, instead of strewing the woods, are never by any chance found.

But I am not going to bore the reader with arguing a point which is proved, if evidence can prove any thing. Rather let us turn to *another* monster—a *greater* monster—therefore a more incredible monster—which, having long shared the fate of the poor, abused sea-serpent, it is but fair should share the triumph of its companion in these pages. The great Polypus, colossal cuttle-fish, gigantic squid, Kraken, Krabben, Ankertrold, Soe-horven, or Haf-gufa, as this animal has been variously called, is even a better-abused beast than the "great sea-worm." Its existence has been more clearly proven, and more quietly ignored, than that of the other; and this simply because of its more quiet and unpretending character—a warning to those equally rare and monstrous young men whose modesty leads them to hide their light under a bushel.

The colossal cuttle-fish belongs to the class *Mollusca*, and the order *Cephalopoda*—so called because its organs of movement are grouped about the head. Its common name is "cuttle-fish," and the sailors, who know most about it, call it the "squid," and have a proverb that "the squid is the largest and the smallest animal which lives in the sea," which is as nearly correct as proverbs generally are. There are, in fact, cuttle-fish but an inch long, which have regularly developed arms, and secrete the same inky fluid with which the larger squid, whose arms have been found 28 feet long, darkens the water when he is rushing on his prey, or when he, in turn, is chased by some hungry whale or shark, whose jaws he escapes under cover of his inky cloud. These minute squid are found in shoals, near the surface of the water, in various parts of the ocean, and are ravenously pursued by dolphins, bonita, albicore, and even by porpoises, whose choice food they are. There is a variety, which measures some two inches in length, which has the faculty of darting out of the water when pursued, and is therefore called by seamen the *flying* squid. It is found in vast numbers on the Banks of Newfoundland, where our cod-fishermen use a peculiarly constructed hook to catch it. They use the animal for bait in catching codfish, who seem to be extravagantly fond of it, and will bite at a squid bait when even the most delicate clam does not tempt them.

The ancients knew the cuttle-fish very well. They are even now found in considerable numbers in the Mediterranean, but not in such quantities as must have grown in the days when the Romans and Greeks, with a singular taste, thought a "cuttle" the finest of fish, and paid

high prices for them. In India it is eaten now; and I have seen the disgusting things bought in the bazar of Port Louis (Isle of France), at a figure which must have made them proud, if they had that human kind of pride which values itself on a high market price.

Plautus, describing the magnificence of a Greek feast, speaks admiringly of a "hecatomb of Polypes." Pliny assures us that the gourmands of Rome ate every variety of the cuttle-fish known in the Mediterranean. They were cooked in a pie, the arms being cut off, and the body filled with spices; and the Romans were so careful in their preparation, that their cooks used pieces of bamboo to "draw" the body, instead of knives of iron, which were supposed to communicate an ill flavor to the delicious morsel. They were not up to silver knives. How highly the cuttle was esteemed by the Greeks is evident from a story told of Philoxenus, a *Bohemian* of those days, who, being at Syracuse, and inclined for a delicious dinner, caused a Polype of three feet spread to be prepared for the principal dish. He ate it alone, all but the head, and was taken so sick in consequence of his surfeit that a physician was called. This worthy, who seems to have been a kind of Sicilian Abernethy, told him bluntly that his case was desperate, and he had but a few hours to live; whereupon Philoxenus called for the *head* which had been left over from dinner, ate that, and resigned himself to his fate, saying that he left nothing on the earth which seemed to him worthy of regret.

That the ancients knew the animal well by sight is evident from representations of it found on coins. They had, however, many superstitious notions about it—such as that in extreme hunger it would eat off its own arms; whence it came about that the Egyptians symbolized a squanderer or dissipated person by its figure, as one who not only spent the money of others, but even wasted his own substance. Also they figured the cuttle-fish under a conger-eel, to represent a prince who knows not how to make use of his victory. This, from another belief that in a fight the conger bit off the arms of the cuttle, but, having him then at his mercy, let him go. Now, when the arms grew out again, the cuttle renewed the battle, and, made wise by previous misfortune, defeated its former victor. The Greeks likened the flatterer to the cuttle, which was supposed to take the color of every rock to which it clung. And St. Ambrose—to come down to later times—by a great stretch of imagination, likened the white arms of the cuttle to the snow-white arms of those sirens who caused the destruction of the devotees of Venus; while, in another place, he compares the unfortunate animal to "the roaring lion, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour."

To return to modern times. The color we call sepia is, or ought to be, made of the inky fluid of the cuttle-fish—of which even the diminutive flying squid exudes enough to half fill a hollowed hand when you take him from the squid-hook. Our canaries and our goldsmiths are alike indebted to the cuttle-fish for his bone—a chalky substance, which fits into the centre of the bag-like body, without having any farther or more intimate connection with it than a last has with a shoe into which it is stuck, and answers—so physiologists suppose—just the same purpose, viz., to give it shape. The shores of Australia are in many places thickly strewn with these cuttle-bones, which lie there in myriads, a token of the immense numbers in which those animals must exist in those waters. They are found in smaller quantities in various parts of the world, where the sea washes them up on the shores. Formerly great quantities were used for the pearl-powder with which ladies seek to give themselves a fair complexion; and for a fine dentrifice. The Roman ladies used the powder which remained after the bones were burned as a cosmetic; and it is even now said to form a portion of the French "rouge" which is sold in all the "fancy stores," and which, it is well known, is never used by ladies. Three centuries ago, too, cuttle-fish bone was an ingredient in a celebrated eye-salve.

The inky fluid, which is secreted in a little bag in the upper part of the animal's body, and which Pliny took to be its blood, has a sweet and pleasant taste, and was formerly used in cooking the body, to give it a peculiar flavor. It flows more freely from the body when the animal has been dead a day than while it is still alive; of which the Chinese avail themselves, who, according to some Dutch travelers who describe the manufacture of India ink, gather the cuttle-fish and throw them together in vats, where the ink flows out, and is drained off into proper vessels below. Denys Montfort, who is the most voluminous writer on the cuttle-fish, asserts that the fresh fluid makes an ineradicable stain in linen. Though in the common cuttle-fish the ink-bag is only the size of a man's thumb, the animal can squirt the juice out to a distance of six feet, and with considerable force; and the small contents of the bag suffice—such is the diffusive and penetrating power of the fluid—to color several buckets of water.

The body of the cuttle-fish has no opening below. All the issues or vents are grouped near the mouth. This mouth is a weapon of so terrible a force that a mere glance at it, and at the huge sullen eyes of the beast, at once convince the observer that it is a fierce and ravenous animal. It is not a mouth, properly, but a bill, parrot-shaped, with strong, sharp horny edges, the lower mandible fitting into the upper. The muscles are very strongly developed, and show that its hold is deadly, as indeed is proven by those who have observed it seizing and tearing to pieces its prey.

The eyes are quite round, very prominent, set at the sides of the head, and have a malignant, greedy, cruel expression, which is indescribable, but which those who have noticed the cold-blooded stare of the dog-fish of our coast can imagine. It is *that* intensified, and with a gleam of ferocious intelligence added.

It remains to describe the arms of the cuttle-fish—those monstrous weapons, each furnished with a series of exhausters, with which it clings with fatal tenacity to its prey, which it has first seized and enveloped in its anaconda-like hug. The larger rock-squid or cuttle-fish has eight arms. These, of course, vary in length according to the size of the animal; but examples are common on the coasts of Madagascar and Eastern Africa whose arms measure from three to five feet in length, who spread over a circle therefore, whose diameter is from seven to twelve feet.

Each arm has a row of flat projections, commonly called *suckers*, but which are in reality marvelously contrived air-exhausters, whose mechanism is too complicated to be made comprehensible without diagrams. It will suffice to explain that they work in a manner similar to that simple piece-of-leather-with-a-string-attached of school-boys, called a "sucker," with which (in my school days) we used to lift bricks and other flat heavy objects.

The body, which is very small in proportion to the spread of arms, is simply a leathery bag, containing the intestines and organs of life. The breathing apparatus is, according to Montfort (who dissected a great many), so constructed that the animal can exist for a considerable time on the land, and may be called semi-amphibious. Its arms, which are also its organs of progression, but poorly sustain its weight, and it is not probable that it ever, except by accident, comes on shore; though it has its favorite home among the rocks on the coast, to one of which it clings with two arms, while the rest are thrown out to catch passing fish. It is sometimes found in the surf, whither it has probably been led in pursuit of its prey. And several observers (Beale in particular) mention having seen it at sea on the surface, where it progressed by a rotary corkscrew motion of the arms.

Montfort, who spent many years in observing the habits of the cuttle-fish, on two occasions met them on shore. Once a huge mastiff which accompanied him on his explorations discovered the animal, and drew his master's attention by his excited barking. "When I came to the rocks," he relates, "I found a cuttle-fish, whose arms were three feet long. He was defending himself against the violent attacks of the dog, an animal of immense size and strength and undaunted courage, which had already once saved my life when attacked by a wolf. The dog ran around the cuttle, vainly attempting to seize the arms, which followed him with singular dexterity, and lashed him over the back like whips. I looked on a minute in great astonishment at the dexterity of the cuttle, which seemed full of rage, and showed no desire to retreat, though the water was just behind it. When it saw me, it seemed for the first time somewhat intimidated. There was a change in its tactics. The arms struck out less often, and it endeavored to drag itself to the shore. Seeing this, my brave dog seemed encouraged. Watching a chance, he leaped within the arms and fastened his teeth in one, quite near the body.

"Instantly four arms were drawn up and twined rigidly about the dog, who struggled vainly to free himself, and for once losing his courage, uttered piteous howls and cries for help. Meantime the cuttle, whose huge protruding eyes seemed actually to flash fire, and whose body had turned many colors, from dark violet to bright scarlet, was drawing itself with considerable speed toward the water, dragging with little effort the heavy body of my struggling dog. The rough rocky ground helped him to drag the weight along, by giving his arms secure holds.

"Already the monster had reached the water side, when I could no longer bear the sight, and rushed to the help of my faithful dog. I seized two of the arms of the cuttle-fish, and bracing my feet firmly against a solid rock, pulled with all my strength. I succeeded in tearing loose these arms. The animal struggled, uttered cries of rage which resembled the growl of a fierce watch-dog; and finally attacked me too, throwing two of its arms about my person. But my brave dog had not been idle. Gathering courage from my advance, he had succeeded in quite tearing off with his strong teeth two of the arms of the cuttle; and with another struggle he was free. Then, with a fury which I never saw equaled, he attacked the disabled monster, which we together soon overpowered.

"I determined," says Montfort, in conclusion, "never again to attack an animal of this kind unarmed, or to venture to close quarters with it."

The vast strength and determination of the cuttle-fish will appear when we know that though this individual spread nearly nine feet, his body was not larger than a pumpkin.

Mr. Beale, an English physician, who made a whaling voyage in 1831–'2, relates an adventure which befell him with a cuttle-fish—a story so horrible that it always affects me like a nightmare. I can not do better than quote his own words:

"While upon the Bonin Islands, searching for shells upon the rocks which had been left by the receding sea tide, I was much astonished at seeing at my feet a most extraordinary-looking animal crawling toward the surf which had only just left it. I had never seen one like it under such circumstances before; it therefore appeared the more remarkable. It was creeping on its eight legs, which, from their soft and flexible nature, bent considerably under the weight of its body, so that it was lifted by the efforts of its tentaculæ only a small distance from the rocks. It appeared much alarmed at seeing me, and made every effort to escape, while I was not much in the humor to endeavor to capture so ugly a customer, whose appearance excited a feeling of disgust not unmixed with fear. I however endeavored to prevent its escape by pressing on one of its legs with my foot; but although I made use of considerable force for that purpose, its strength was so great that it several

times quickly liberated its member, in spite of all the efforts I could employ in this way on wet, slippery rocks. I now laid hold of one of the tentacles with my hand and held it firmly, so that the limb appeared as if it would be torn asunder by our united strength. I soon gave it a powerful jerk, wishing to disengage it from the rocks to which it clung so forcibly by its suckers. This it effectually resisted; but the moment after the apparently enraged animal lifted its head, with its large eyes projecting from the middle of its body, and letting go its hold on the rocks suddenly sprang upon my arm, which I had previously bared to my shoulder for the purpose of thrusting into holes in the rocks to discover shells. It clung with its suckers with great power, endeavoring to get its beak, which I could now see between the roots of its arms, in a position to bite. A sensation of horror pervaded my whole frame when I found this monstrous animal had affixed itself so firmly to my arm. Its cold slimy grasp was extremely sickening; and I immediately called aloud to the Captain, who was also searching for shells at some distance, to come to my release from my disgusting assailant. He quickly arrived, and taking me down to the boat, during which time I was employed in keeping the beak away from my hand, quickly released me by destroying my tormentor with the boat-knife, when I disengaged it by portions at a time. This animal must have measured across its expanded arms about four feet, *while its body was not larger than a large clenched hand.* It was that species of *sepia* which is called by whalers 'rock-squid.'"

Montfort, who speaks from painful experience, having once been bitten in the side by a cuttle-fish, reports that the wound made by the sharp parrot-bill is not poisonous. It is a smooth cut, as though made by a double pair of scissors. But the marks left by the suckers remain for several days, and the pain was felt by him for a week. He imputes to them the possession of an electrical force, but this remains to be proven. The stomachs of those which were examined by Montfort, Diquemar, and others, prove that the animal is carnivorous, and that it swallows and digests even such substances as the shells of crustaceous animals, which were frequently met with.

In the islands of the Indian Ocean, where the cuttle is found in every rocky crevice of the shore, it is the great dread of swimmers. In fact, on the coasts of Madagascar the natives do not venture, when in the water, near rocks, or cliffs; and every negro will tell you stories of unfortunate swimmers taken down by the sudden attack of the rock-squid. In the Mediterranean they are no longer so frequently found as in former times; but there is a well-authenticated story of the loss of a ship captain on the Italian coast, which proves that even within the present century this disgusting animal has been found dangerous to swimmers.

The unfortunate captain was going to swim, in company with friends; but had not yet got out of his depth, when sudden cries called his friends from a distance. Ere they could reach him he had disappeared. His body was not recovered till three hours afterward, when it was hooked up, closely enveloped in the arms of a cuttle-fish, who had already devoured part of the unfortunate man's flesh. Those who saw his last struggles from a little distance suppose, from his peculiar motions, that his legs were first seized by the arms of the cuttle; that he then reached down with one hand to free himself, which hand was also instantly seized; and putting down the other arm, that also was dragged under, and thus the man was held down and drowned *in water which was not four feet deep.*

So much for an animal which is common enough; but of a larger variety of which we come now to treat, as of a supposed monster. To present to the incredulous reader the kraken, or colossal cuttle-fish, without first showing him the manners and habits of the commoner variety, would have been imprudent; and I am too good a lawyer to be thus imprudent.

Our sperm-whalemen have long known of the existence of a species of cuttle-fish which attains a monstrous size. I have myself seen and handled what was plainly a piece of the arm of such an animal. It was found floating in the sea, between Madagascar and the Isle of France; and measured *two feet in diameter.* It was a mere fragment, perhaps six feet long; but the suckers upon it were the size of dessert plates.

It often happens that the sperm-whale, when in his death-agony, becomes "sick at the stomach." In such cases he vomits forth masses of squid, and often individual pieces which are nearly as large as the body of a full-grown man. It must be borne in mind that the throat of the sperm-whale is large enough to take in such masses without difficulty. It is the right-whale which has a narrow swallow.

Before a committee of the British House of Commons, Captain Coffin, of Nantucket, answered some questions put to him to elucidate the mystery of the formation of ambergris. He stated incidentally that he had once killed a sperm-whale, in whose mouth he found what at first appeared to be an immense serpent. On drawing it out, however, when they got the fish alongside, they found it something still more wonderful; namely, a portion of the arm of a cuttle-fish. It measured a little over 28 feet, and the suckers on it were as large as dinner plates. The end which had been swallowed was already decayed, and the outer end, where it had been torn or bitten off, did not appear to have reached close to the body, as the plates or suckers reached to its extremity, and it is known that in the common cuttle-fish the portion of the arms nearest the body are devoid of these appendages, which would be only in the way there.

Now, given eight arms, each 28 or 30 feet long, with a body in proportion, and you have at once a monster before which the sea-serpent must hide its diminished size in envy.

Toward the close of the last century the French

Government, anxious to give an impetus to the French whale-fishery, induced a number of Nantucket families to remove to France, where they were promised unusual privileges, in order that the men might bring their abilities, as daring and skillful whalemen, to the assistance of the French fisheries. Montfort, whom I have so often quoted already, relates that a captain, whom he calls, in his French way, "Benjohnson"—a man of mark and probity among those people—told him that he once took out of a sperm-whale's mouth a cuttle-fish arm, which measured 35 feet in length, and was as thick in the thickest part as the mainmast of his vessel. He stated farther that the extremity was already disfigured, but as it was then, in the smallest part, still five inches in diameter, it must be supposed that a farther portion, of at least several feet in length, was missing. Montfort remarks that, if we reckon this missing length a few feet, and also the breadth of the *hood* (see the engraving of a common cuttle), which in such an animal can not be supposed less than 20 feet, and within which the whale could not easily penetrate to take his bite, we have an arm whose extreme length was probably 60 feet.

A Captain Reynolds related a similar circumstance to Montfort. He hoisted the immense arm on deck, when he got his whale alongside, hoping, whaleman-like, to get some oil out of it. On cutting it in pieces, however, he found it to consist of a mass of gristly and leathery substance, which gave, to his disgust, not a drop of oil. He threw it overboard after measuring it. At its base it had a diameter of two and a half feet, and the extreme length was 45 feet. A curious circumstance was added. The huge limb seemed freshly bitten off; and it occurred to some of the seamen to cook a piece of it for their dinner. It was beaten into a pulpy state, washed in salt-water, and then cooked; and made so toothsome a morsel that they ate of it so long as the fragment they had saved lasted them.

A Norwegian captain, named Anderson, reported to Montfort that he had seen two such arms, which were washed up, after a storm, into the clefts of some rocks on the coast of Norway, where they lay and rotted. They were ten paces in length, and were visited by many people.

The Rev. Mr. Fries, consistorial assessor, minister of Bodoen, in Nordland, and vicar of the college for promoting Christian knowledge in Norway, relates in a memoir, to which his name is appended, that "in the year 1680, a kraken (perhaps a young and careless one) came into the water that runs between the rocks and cliffs in the parish of Alstahoug, though its usual habit is to keep several leagues from land. It happened that its extended long arms, or antennæ, caught hold of some trees standing near the water, which might easily have been torn up by the roots; but besides this, as it was found afterward, he entangled himself in some opening or clefts in the rocks, and therein he stuck so fast, and clung so unfortunately, that he could not work himself out, but perished and putrefied on the spot. The carcass, which was a long time decaying, and filled a great part of that narrow channel, made it almost impassable by its intolerable stench."

It is well known that the sperm-whale feeds almost entirely upon the *squid* or cuttle-fish. Whalemen do not take pains to examine the stomachs of the whales they kill; and we know the fact only because sperm-whales, in their death-agony, often throw up the contents of their stomach, as we have already shown, and because a few men of science have had opportunities to investigate the bodies of this species of whales.

Old whalemen, who are familiar with the sperm-whale's habits, suppose that his long slender lower jaw, which alone has teeth, serves him as a kind of sword in his battles with the gigantic cuttle-fish. This animal lives at the bottom of the sea; and it is supposed that the whale, when he attacks it, runs this pointed jaw into its body, and drawing it quickly back, thus drags it out from its rocky fastness; the teeth, which are *hooked back*, serving in this manœuvre as hooks. It is a fact that, in attacking boats, the whale uses the jaw in precisely this way, and is able to thrust and slash with it with a dexterity which is very wonderful indeed. How strange would be a sight of one of these submarine battles—the whale urging his huge bony jaw into the substance of his powerful enemy, and in fact dashing by its means through all the defenses of his eight powerful arms; while the vast cuttle-fish in vain fastens his suckers to the body of his enemy, who bites off arm after arm, and swallows down one huge mouthful after the other, till his tremendous hunger is satisfied! How long the battle may last, and whether leviathan is not sometimes held down in the fatal coils till he is fairly drowned, and becomes prey in turn to his many-armed foe—who shall tell? Probably the race here, too, is not always to the swift.

That an animal such as has been described should often make its appearance on the surface of the water, is not likely. It gets its food at the bottom; it has its rocky stronghold there; and it has not the whale's necessity for air to drive it to the top. If whales had not to rise to the surface at short and frequent intervals to breathe, the sight of a whale would be as rare, and its existence would be counted as problematical and monstrous as that of the colossal cuttle-fish.

That it can rise to the surface seems not unlikely, when we find the appearance there of the common cuttle-fish by no means rare. That it does occasionally leave its rocky depths is proved by many observers.

Pennant relates, on the authority of a friend long resident in the East Indian seas, that, "in those seas, the eight-armed cuttle-fish has been found of such size as to measure twelve feet in breadth across the central part, while each arm was fifty-four feet in length; thus making it extend, from point to point, about 120 feet." He farther states that "the natives of the Indian Isles, when sailing in their canoes, always take

care to be provided with hatchets, in order immediately to cut off the arms of such of these animals as happen to fling them over the sides of the canoe, lest they should pull it under water and sink it."

Dr. Shaw, another eminent naturalist, says: "The existence of some enormously large species of the cuttle-fish tribe in the Indian and Northern seas can hardly be doubted; and though some accounts may have been much exaggerated, yet there is sufficient cause for believing that such species may very far surpass all that are generally observed about the coasts of European seas."

An old captain, named John Magnus Dens, who resided in Dunkirk at the time Montfort was exploring the coasts of France to observe the habits of the cuttle-fish found there, related to him that, sailing once between the Isle of St. Helena and the African coast, and near the coast, the ship was becalmed. He took advantage of this calm (as is usual on board ship) to send men over the side to clean off the grass which accumulates near the water-line on long voyages. The men were standing on stages suspended near the water's-edge, scraping with iron scrapers, when suddenly a huge cuttle-fish appeared at the water's-edge, and throwing one of his arms about two of the men tore the unfortunates, with their stage, from the side of the vessel and dragged them into the water. At the same time it threw another arm about a man who was just mounting the main-rigging; but here its arm became entangled with the shrouds and the ratlins, and it was unable to disentangle itself. The man, who was being severely squeezed, cried out for help; and the crew immediately ran to his assistance. Several threw harpoons into the body of the beast, which was now rising along the ship's side; others with axes cut in pieces the arm which held the man to the rigging, and took the unfortunate down on deck.

This done, the cuttle sank down; but the captain payed out on the lines which were fast to the harpoons, in the hope that presently he would be able to drag the beast up again and recover the two men who had been dragged down. In fact, at first he was able to drag the animal toward the surface; but presently the huge beast again sank down, and they were obliged to pay out line after line, till at last, having but a little left, they were forced to hold on; and now four of the harpoons *drew out*, while the fifth line broke, and thus all hope of saving the unfortunates or killing the monster were lost.

I have taken from Montfort the fac-simile he gives of a painting which he saw in the Chapel of St. Thomas, in St. Maloes, a sea-port of France, and of which he gives the following story, on the authority of some of the crew of the vessel to whom the adventure it represents happened. The ship was on the West-African coast. She had just taken in her cargo of slaves, ivory, and gold-dust, and the men were heaving up the anchor, when suddenly a monstrous cuttle-fish appeared on top of the water and slung its arms about two of the masts. The tips of the arms reached to the mast-heads, and the weight of the cuttle dragged the ship over, so that she lay on her beam-ends and was near being capsized. The crew seized axes and knives, and cut away at the arms of the monster; but, despairing of escape, called upon their patron saint, St. Thomas, to help them. Their prayers seemed to give them renewed courage, for they persevered, and finally succeeded in cutting off the arms, when the animal sank and the vessel righted.

Now when the vessel returned to St. Maloes the crew, grateful for their deliverance from so hideous a danger, marched in procession to the chapel of their patron saint, where they offered a solemn thanksgiving, and afterward had a painting made representing the conflict with the cuttle. This painting hung in the chapel, where Montfort saw it.

The last notice of the appearance of this animal dates 1834, and is as follows: "Upon the 22d of June, in lat. 26° 47′, long. 58° 39′, Captain Neill, of the ship *Robertson*, of Greenock, then upon a voyage from Montrose to Greenock, saw the head and snout of a great sea-monster, of which a sketch was drawn at the time. It was first observed at a quarter past 9 A.M., on the weather-bow about four points, and it then appeared like a large vessel lying on her beam ends. The *Robertson* was hauled up so as to near it; and, running at the rate of eight knots an hour, she, at twelve noon, got abreast of it, distant about a mile to leeward. On observation at the time, it was discovered to be the head and snout of a great sea fish swimming to windward; and though an attempt was made to get closer it could not be accomplished, because the fish, without much apparent exertion, kept swimming as fast as the vessel sailed. Immediately above water its eye was seen like a large deep hole. That part of the head which was above the water measured about twelve feet, and its breadth (or width) twenty-five feet. The snout, or trunk, was about fifteen feet long, and the sea occasionally rippled over one part, leaving other parts quite dry and uncovered."

The color of the parts seen was green, with a light and dark shade; and the skin was ribbed.

I have not had space to bring forward all, or nearly all, the testimony which exists, establishing the existence of both of the great animals, the sea-serpent and the kraken. The old books of travel, history, and natural history are full of accounts of the appearance of both. Ælian, Aristotle, Pliny, Gesner, Aldrovandus, Olaus Magnus, Pontoppidan, Jonson, all describe them with more or less accuracy.

Here, then, I leave the question. If I have not convinced the obstinate reader I shall be disappointed. I will only add that if the popular supposition that the moon is made of green cheese were supported by as good an array of evidence, I should think it a safe speculation for any enterprising wholesale grocer to send Mr. Wise's projected Transatlantic balloon, with a cheese-knife of proper dimensions, to slice off a cargo of it.

THE CRUISE OF THE TWO DEACONS.

A TALE IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE INTRODUCTORY TASTE OF MUSKEOGUE.

AMONG Patchogue, and Quogue, and Cutchogue, and the other Long Island places that end in ogue there was once a village called Muskeogue, and in Muskeogue they had two Meetings. One was the Old School Meeting, Rev. Eleazar Stebbins, Pastor; the other was the New School Meeting, which "sot under" Mr. Reuben Kenworthy, Stated Supply. The reason why the Rev. E. Stebbins was Pastor is plain to the feeblest comprehension; but why Mr. Kenworthy was Stated Supply is an etymological puzzle, since "stated" is usually supposed to mean fixed for a given time, and Stated Supplies are at liberty to go away whenever they get tired. However that was what they called him, and Supply he certainly was, of a very excellent kind too, for not even the most prominent members of the female sewing society, with half a dozen matrimonially eligible daughters, ever found his sermons too long, too short, too practical, too doctrinal, or too any thing; albeit he married nobody except as a man may marry his grandmother—to the man who wants her.

In Muskeogue the two Meetings read the commandment of St. John the Apostle with a literal interpretation. "A new commandment give I unto you, *little children*, that ye love one another;" and if an Old School Meeting father found one of his small boys whipping a New School Meeting father's little boy, he quoted this text to him, and gave it a practical application with as large a shrub as he could find growing on the sandy South Shore; but immediately after went to the Lecture Room conference and cudgeled the other Meeting in a speech half an hour long. So that the Christian virtues which flourished on the debatable ground between the two Meetings were principally those of the sterner character. Sound faith, sound doctrine, and another kind, indigenous to polemic theology, sound bastings of all who varied from a certain reading of the Catechism. Charity, tender allowance, peace with one's neighbor, languished to a great degree, or were given over to the cultivation of some poor ignorant old woman who, being too superannuated to fight, took tea with a sister of the other Meeting and knit stockings, herb-doctored, or did the laying out for both Meetings' promiscuous poor.

As to worldly advantages the two Meetings were about equally divided. When the split came the Old Meeting had stuck to the old meeting-house—there was prestige. But the New Meeting had a young minister, as Deacon Baldwin said, "right *spang* out of the siminary"—there was progress. The Old Meeting had a bell, somewhat in tone to be sure like a venerable fish-kettle, and seeming of a Sunday to say to the thronging worshipers an irritable "Git eout! git eout!" rather than a dulcet evangelical "Come in! come in!" But was it not cracked in a good cause—ringing in saints and sinners this many a year long syne? On the other hand, the New Meeting had a melodeon, bought, it must be confessed, in the early years of the patent, when the Covenanter's term of abhorrence, "a kist o' whustles," was not so very far from the truth; yet better, so the chorister thought, than old Daddy Pringle's bare, perhaps even threadbare, voice, assisted by the feline soprano of his thin daughter, and the caterwaul bass of his spindling son, which was the only music they had "over to t'other Meetin'." As to principal men, too, the Meetings were pretty closely matched. Old rejoiced in the possession of Mr. Ebenezer Shubrick, whose father and grandfather before him had kept the Muskeogue store—greatest institution of Muskeogue and all the other places that end in ogue, next to the meeting-house—who now kept it himself, and did the biggest business in truck, plows, groceries, calico, hymn-books, shoes, every thing for the life that now is, that was ever done in any place so ending in ogue. And for the life to come, it was to be said of him, that when Parson Stebbins was confined to the house by a northeaster, he could lead the Meeting just as if he'd been college-larnt, and had the very voice for a sermon—so that a volume of Jonathan Edwards became quite his own by delivery; and, "if you'd jist shet yer eyes, why, sakes alive, ye couldn't have told it wa'n't all 'riginal!"

But if Mr. Shubrick did go to the Old Meeting, did not Dr. Tyler Todd attend the New? Dr. Tyler Todd, who came from New York, and "jined by letter" from one of the very first meeting-houses in that large village; Dr. Todd, who had cut off legs, who had got out a patent for making guano out of moss-bunkers, who played on a flute with real silver keys, who knew Greek, who could argue on the difference between Old and New School with Parson Stebbins till that Achilles of the faith got hit in some vulnerable heel of his doctrine, and had virtually, if not verbally, to own up that his goose was cooked, by growing very red in the face and exchanging argument for denunciation?

To us wise and impartial ones, who spent three or four weeks at Muskeogue every summer for the sake of the bluefishing—us, who being neither of the Old nor New Meeting, looked down with a smiling Olympian justice upon the quarrels of both, and having, as a matter of course, no touch of that frailty ourselves, which could under any circumstances make an enemy of the brother whose tweedle-dum was not our tweedle-dee, Muskeogue, polemically considered, was a mighty entertaining spectacle. It was very funny to see the small retroussée nose of Mrs. Ebenezer Shubrick tossed up at Mrs. Tyler Todd of a Sunday as they passed each other on their way to the

different Meetings, and the calm self-complacency with which Mrs. Tyler Todd caught the toss, like a skillful player at "one old cat," on the edge of her consciously New-York-made bonnet, to throw it back upon Mrs. Shubrick's cherry-colored bows, home-manufactured out of her husband's best store-ribbon. It was very funny to see Daddy Pringle, leader of the Old Meeting Psalmody, plodding along in his uneasy Sunday clothes, humming the three tunes he was going to set the first hymn to according as it was long, short, or common metre, and stopping short, caught in the very act, as he was met by the New Meeting chorister, then growing very much flurried, and all the rest of the way to the Old Meeting-house whistling something else in a low, agitated manner, to make-believe that no thought of official responsibility had once entered his mind. It was very funny to see even the children of the Old and New Meeting Sabbath schools encounter each other, chock full of the antagonistic orthodoxy they had just imbibed in their classes, each holding the books they had drawn from the libraries in the most conspicuous positions, that the highest glory might be to the Meeting who furnished the biggest, the most pictorial, the shiniest as to morocco and gilding. Droll to us were the opposition sewing societies, the tea-cake at Sister Riggs's of the Old, reported by spies, and utterly eclipsed by the "rale muffins" given the New Society at the next assembly in the house of Sister Briggs. Droll to see how, if the ladies of the Old Meeting got up "Puss in the Corner" for the purpose of alluring gentlemen to the society after tea, the ladies of the New immediately brought dismay to the hearts of their competitors and a great many more gentlemen to their own, by the introduction of tableaux or charades. Droll to see how the New Meeting sisters laughed at the said poor "Puss," as childish nonsense, and the Old Meeting sisters were horrified at the tableaux and the charades, getting the opinion of Parson Stebbins upon them, and characterizing them as worldly, theatrical, and "not a bit better'n dancin'."

Yet I fancy that to those who were actors instead of spectators, who, unlike us, could not preserve the position of smiling impartiality, the Muskeogue polemics were any thing but droll. There was, no doubt, a great deal of honest indignant grief in the hearts of the antagonists which kept itself for husbandly and wifely conferences, for the sacred privacy of closets, the studies of the Pastor and the Stated Supply, and those hours of free thought which farmers and fishermen get when their superfluous pugnacity is working itself off in the plow or the cod-line, and the operation of the mind is mostly pure, common-sense logic, free from the party-feeling which ferments in idle moments like beer when the barrel stands still. As Sister Riggs bent over her washing the thought often hinted itself that if Sister Briggs hadn't belonged to the other Meeting it would have been so nice to ask her recipe for those controversial muffins; and a dim questioning arose whether the orthodoxy which interfered with muffins and sisterly Christian intercourse in general was *the* orthodoxy after all. Then Sister Riggs sighed, and rubbed the soap on harder to banish the consideration. And Daddy—or, as he was called by the reverent in his own Meeting, Father Pringle—standing by his farm work-bench, putting a lot of new teeth into his best rake, whiles heard blending with the "Chancy" that had whistled itself through his head since the funeral, half a century ago, at which he first sung, "Why should we mourn departing friends?" stray strains of the plaintive minor of "Naomi," which would not out though they belonged to the New Meeting, and had no business in an ear which had only caught them through the window of the New Church as he went past while they were having a rehearsal.

"Consarn *yew!*" Daddy Pringle would ejaculate on such occasions, and I have no doubt he thought the mild imprecation was addressed to the vice which stuck, or the rake-tooth that split; but perhaps, in his heart of hearts, that indignation was really directed at the theological necessity of not learning Naomi "because it b'longed to the other Meetin'."

And when Dr. Eleazar Stebbins was writing the sermon on "Heaven," which will be remembered by his congregation and his congregation's children long after the gray head and the warm heart that it was born of shall have mouldered under the mossy head-stone in Muskeogue burying-ground, coming to the celebrated passage which was introduced by "That they all may be *one*, even as We are One," he bowed his head upon the desk for nearly ten minutes, while the ink was drying in his pen, then arose, wiped his spectacles, blew his nose, went out into the street for a little air, and meeting the Stated Supply, actually stopped with a smile to shake hands with him and ask how his cough was.

Yes, I fancy that polemics, to the good people of both the Meetings in Muskeogue, were no droller affair than they have proved to good people in all the Meetings out of that town.

But if there were two members to be found in the two antagonistic Meetings of Muskeogue, who for all practical purposes might be supposed to know never a relenting, feel never a misgiving upon the subject of their hostility, those two were Deacon Townsend of the Old School, and Deacon Allen of the New. These good men were the heads of the battering-rams, the muzzles of the cannons, the potato in the pop-guns. Whoever else hung fire on either side, they always went off first. If Deacon Townsend made any remarks in the meetings of the school district, Deacon Allen always had a directly opposite opinion to express; if Deacon Allen supported one man for supervisor, Deacon Townsend invariably had a better. In ecclesiastical bodies of course they did not encounter one another, so that their opportunity of putting down false doctrine was limited to more general occasions, where the subject had to be treated indirectly.

For instance, Deacon Townsend couldn't tackle Deacon Allen on the question of "election" in the lecture-room of either Meeting, so he was obliged to manifest his views, when he sat as examiner, by refusing a certificate to a district school teacher whose mother was Deacon Allen's cousin. That was the ingenious way in which heresy was put down (in Muskeogue).

Yet these two men were alike in almost every particular but their theology. Perhaps I ought not to say "yet;" for likely enough their similarity was the very cause of their dislike. How we hate the man who might be our twin brother if he hadn't that ridiculous pug where our Roman nose ought to be! Deacon Allen was tall, thin, wiry, fiery, forty-five, a family man, and a fisherman by calling—so was Deacon Townsend. Very well, shake hands, brothers. Deacon Townsend went to the Old, Deacon Allen to the New Meeting. Ah! that alters the question; right about face, march!

When Parson Stebbins preached that sermon upon "Heaven" that I was talking about, Deacon Townsend might have been supposed, by an ideal man, to be warming in his heart toward the other Deacon, on the ground that they would so soon be in a better place where all private animosities would be healed forever, and they might as well make up now. I am compelled to say, however, that no such thing took place, for that Deacon Allen would ever meet him there did not enter his head. If Deacon Allen had heard that sermon perhaps he would have been more charitable, but I fear not.

Yet both these deacons—I say it without any covert sneer—were sincerely good Christian men. You see, sincerely good Christian men will sometimes get born on opposite sides of a very tall fence with fragile breeches and knees too stiff to climb. No wonder, then, that while they run along parallel and "sauce" each other through the knot-holes, the great Eye and Heart of the universe smilingly sees and loves them both, having reference to a time when the old posts shall tumble, and, in the open country, the two good people shall walk hand in hand.

CHAPTER II.

THE WIFE OF ONE DEACON.

It is one of the compensations of nature that deacons always have pretty daughters. Thus on the rockiest steeps I ever saw grows the lovely blue campanula.

It is necessary that there should be rocks—it is necessary that there should be great, brown, grim, ragged, ugly rocks that can not be put into a bouquet-holder, or yield their essence to a handkerchief, but make very good cellar walls, and look appropriate at the base or in the background of any thing.

It is therefore necessary that there should be campanulas. Campanulas, which can not be quarried or built into basements; but which, nevertheless, keep the things which must be grim and ugly from being *too* grim and ugly.

It is necessary that there should be deacons. They are not good partners in the *Deux Pas;* if they could possibly be supposed to know Brown of Grace Church, and accept his invitation to Mrs. Blummerie's little supper, they would be awkward, I fear, at handing their lady out—possibly would go ahead of her, and keep on eating oysters when her empty plate was making a mute appeal for chocolate ice. Even at the apple-parings of their own rural neighborhoods their aspect, when unavoidably present, I understand, accelerates the latent cider in every body's pippin; and their entrance at a quilting-bee is as gracefully apropos as that of an elephant into a tea-party. Yet deacons are necessary.

The iron seriousness of existence, its undodgable, private, closet facts, are represented by them and look to them. The commandments, not only ten but innumerable, by which this immortal life of ours must be more or less consciously guided, take logical shape in them. Because they have been groaning over their doctrinal horn-books till the sterner revelations of right and wrong force themselves into their lives and talk as by a very hydraulic press, the world has learned that it is a very tough thing to steal, at least, if not to whistle on Sunday. Learning *that* from the deacons, the world gets a knowledge of Meum and Tuum, and Commerce is born. Strangely enough, in process of time, that same Commerce brings over a Paris hat, per steamer *Arago*, for Mrs. Blummerie. Thus, on this granite substratum of a grunting, wrestling, sermonizing deacon, swings at length the delicate blue-bell of a fashionable bonnet, and Nature has done her poetical justice to the ages.

It is necessary that there should be deacon's daughters. If you ever "sat up" with one, I needn't waste ink to prove you *that* fact. Perhaps you never did. Let me tell you, then, what a deacon's daughter is for. She is a providential arrangement to keep the compact theologic truth of the deacon from becoming a stumbling-stone and a rock of offense. She makes the Longer Catechism, with all the proofs, as pleasant as a fairy tale; because you know that if the deacon knows you know it he feels safe about leaving you alone with her on Sunday evenings. You come closer to the deacon, because she grows out of him; you rub against his stanch soberness without feeling the scratch; and come away better for the attrition, because she is between. If he had no daughter, you would not come near him, or come only to break your head against him. You sleep with your cheek on an Alp when there is a bed of campanula over it—not otherwise with any degree of advantage. And eventually, unless, as they say in Connecticut, he is a "tarnation rocky" deacon, those little baby roots of soft fibre pierce him, grind him gently, work him up into a soil that gives back blessing to the rain and wind and sun. Thus the deacon himself is better for the daughter.

A few of the reasons why deacons' daughters

are necessary. Put your arm around the waist of an average one, give her a kiss upon the nearest plump rosy cheek, get another back to make change, and a number of the coexistent reasons will suggest themselves—at least I do you that justice.

You will have seen before this that I am a man of an eminently logical turn of mind, and have therefore felt conscientiously bound to present the truth in the form of a syllogism. I do not think it ever took that shape to Elisha Allen, who, being the son of the principal New School deacon of Muskeogue, probably got it by intuition. He knew at least that to his existence one deacon's daughter was necessary; and she (so Fate will have it ever since the day that Miss Capulet and Mr. Montague were spoony on each other), of all girls in the world, must be the *other* deacon's daughter.

"It's all very well to talk o' troubles, Miss Briggs"—thus spoke the mother of Lish Allen to the sister who had inaugurated muffins in Muskeogue; "but when you've ben and raised a boy to the age o' my Lish, an' carried him through measles and hoopin' cough an' scarlet fever, to say nothin' of chickin-pox, and fallin' out o' the back garret winder agin a stun boat, and layin' for dead harf a day, besides cuttin' all his fingers off with jack-knives hand runnin', it's putty hard, jest as you'd sot yer heart on havin' him well married an' givin' him a settin' out, and leanin' on him for a prop in your declinin' years, to see him pop off like a cracker at a trainin', an' make up to *that* Becky Townsend. Boys is boys, that's sartin; and you don't expect to see an old head on young shoulders, or ef ye do, ye get disappointed in yer look-eout; but gracious sakes, hain't there gals enough, and putty ones tew, to our Meetin', that a young man hes got to streak off and fall in love with one o' them predestination gals? I kalkilate."

"Boys sometimes takes them shines and gets over it, arter all," observed sister Briggs, by way of tipping the consolation-can on the maternal machinery. "Moss-bunkers jump eout; but then they don't always stay eout."

"Unless they git ketched," replied Mrs. Allen. Like most people, whom habit has made controversial, she spoke somewhat triumphantly, as if glad rather than otherwise that she could trip up her comforter in the very argument meant to comfort her. "And Lish *is* ketched. Jest what he might hev known if he fle-ew right in the face of Providence, and tuk hum a gal from spellin'-school whose father don't believe that *his* father is one o' the 'lect. Arter all, Deacon Allen's suffered from that air Adoniram Townsend! Ef there is filial ongratitude that's it! But boys never has no respect nowadays for nobody. They're all the time a flyin' right intew the face o' Providence; and I ain't right daown sartin' but it's flyin' intew the face o' Providence to *hev* boys. Ef I was that Miss Townsend, an' that Becky was a boy (and I'm orful glad I ain't, though I *didn't* git the prize for butter tew the fair—butter! white soap *I* called it), he'd be sure to go off an' make up tew one o' our New School gals! Parents is nothin'!"

"That Becky Townsend is a right down smart gal, though—and putty as a picter," said Mrs. Briggs, in a gentle tone. "While I shouldn't like to see a boy of mine marry out of our Meetin'—at any rate not right agin it—he might do a great deal worse than to hev that gal." Mrs. Briggs leaned to the side of charity, as a woman who introduced muffins ought to—sympathizing with human weakness.

"Wa'al, yes," replied Mrs. Allen, putting back her iron on the stove and hanging up the shirt of the Deacon's which she had just finished pressing. "He might dew worse. But when ye're eatin' burned mush ye don't never think haow it might hev coals in it. I've al'ays found that when an individooal begins considerin' what an orful fix he *might* be in, he's in a *putty* orful fix already. Now I don't mind tellin' you, Miss Briggs, because I don't believe it will go any further, that I'd sot my heart all along on Lish's hevin' Jerushy Tompkins. I don't want to be onresigned to the will of Providence; but it does seem as ef Providence might have made Lish take a shine to that gal instead of t'other. Matches is made in heaven, they say; and I can't exac'ly see why the son of a deacon of our Meetin', who has sich a gift in prayer, couldn't be directed to set his affections on the right one, ef it was only to encourage faith. But 'tain't no use o' talkin'; I expeck Lish he's got to hev that Becky any way, and go and raise a lot o' young uns who'll know their Catechism afore they dew their Bible, and stick up their noses at their grandfather and grandmother as not bein' o' the elect. I dew declare it's enough to shake one's faith sometimes, and make you believe that arter all it *must* be predestinated to hev things go wrong eend foremost, jest as they say in the other Meetin'."

"Does the Deacon know about it?"

"Yes, he can't help it, with his eyes open. And many a wrestlin' he's had over it, tew! He made it a special subjeck all last fast-day; and to'rd evenin' he kinder seemed to see the light break in, and felt as ef he'd got an answer. But jest as he came daown to tea with the fust smile on his caountenance I'd seen sence he heerd tell on that Becky, and was a sayin' tew me, 'Wa'al, Haldy, let us be resigned tew the will o' the Lord. I feel to trust that matters is comin' eout straight arter all,' in walks Lish with his spick-span new Sunday coat on, and one o' them wall-roses in his button-hole that only grows on one house in Muskeogue; and the Deacon groaned in sperrit, for he didn't need to be told where that boy had been spendin' all the blessed arternoon since sarmon. Sakes alive! wasn't he affectin' that night at family prayers. When he read that chapter abaout haow the Jews was carried away captyve into Bab'lon for marryin' strange wives, I felt the tears come into my eyes as I looked at Lish, and there he was a smellin' o' that rose all the way through. And when the Deacon made sich an able prayer, confessin' all his sins and

mine and Lish's and the Meetin's, and askin' that we might be sorely chastised if that was the only thing that would fetch us to the truth, I felt as orful as if I was tew a funeral. Ef any thing could ha' opened Lish's eyes, that would; but it hain't. Ef I belonged to t'other Meetin', I'd say he was gin over to his own ways."

Evidently Lish was, and didn't seem to take it much to heart either. For just at this juncture of the conversation his firm foot was heard on the stairs, and in a moment more he stood at the open door, in that same spick-span new Sunday coat which had damped the Deacon's faith on fast-day, right in range of Mrs. Briggs's rocking-chair and his mother's ironing-board.

"Wa'al, you Lish, where are ye goin' naow?" said his parent.

"Oh, I thought I'd just look around a little. The salt hay's all in, and p'raps I'll drop in at the store and the post-office and take a squint at yesterday's daily to see the news from the war. How de dew, Miss Briggs? Hope ye're well, ma'am."

"Thank you, Lish, tol'able, all but that neurology. How peart you look! They hain't goin' to hold no spellin'-school tew the store, air they? Heh, Lish?"

Lish colored a little, but answered that he believed not. *That* came off last night.

"It did, heh?" interposed Mrs. Allen, sternly. "I suppose you've hed that air new store-cloth on tew you ever sence, and them shiny boots that you must ha' tuk harf an hour tew when you might ha' been riggin' up them cod-lines for your faather!"

"Ef I'd been riggin' the cod-lines the boots wouldn't ha' been blacked," said Lish, good-naturedly.

"Better they hadn't, then, when they're goin' to carry the feet that's in em where your father's couldn't go over the sill."

"What's to hender? I hain't heerd nothin' about his havin' sore knees; he lifts his leg jest as well as the next man, and will yet these twenty year, Providence and the weather permittin'."

"Conscience, you ongrateful boy! conscience is more'n sore knees, I kalkilate. Ef the 'Postle Poll were only where he heerd you, instead o' bein' in Glory, he'd tell you what a Christian's dooty is tew his enemies! He hadn't no sore knees I guess, nuther, yet there *was* houses where he shuk off the dust o' his feet without so much as puttin' em to the scraper."

"Jes' so," replied Lish, with a face of perfect solemnity. "But did you ever read in any of the 'Pistles that there was a putty gal sittin' inside o' one o' them houses?"

"You jest leave Poll alone, you Lish, and don't you pervert Scripter! Ef I didn't know who'd had yer bringin' up—more grief to 'em!—I'd think you'd sot under Parson Stebbins to hear you standin' there and paintin' black white to yer own Christian mother! I'll tell you what Poll *does* say," continued Mrs. Allen, giving a triumphant little spit at a fresh iron as if it were a zealous member of the other Meeting. "He says, 'Be ye not unekilly yoked together.'"

"Why don't ye tell the whole on it while ye're abaout it, mother?—'with *unbelievers*'—that's the Scripter, ain't it?"

Mrs. Allen was one of those good people who, having been all their lives accustomed to look at so much of the truth as is bounded by the rim of their spectacles, are taken aback when the little outside edge first presents itself. But her way—like theirs, generally—on such an occasion, was to treat the part hitherto seen as central, and explain the new phenomenon by it.

"Wa'al, supposin' Poll does say 'unbelievers?' What is an unbeliever?"

"I don't know what the Catechism says on the pint exac'ly; but I've al'ays been kinder o' the notion that unbelievers was folks that didn't believe."

"Exac'ly! Wa'al, naow, there's your father an' I; we believe that any body can be saved that comes and takes what's offered freely without no merit o' their own—*we're* believers. There's them Townsends, and all their tribe over to t'other Meetin', they don't believe it. What's that but bein' unbelievers, I'd just like to know?"

"Wa'al, naow, I'll tell you, mother; that air jug has got tew handles to it. Over to t'other Meetin' they believe in 'lection and predestination—so *they're* believers. You don't—so you're an unbeliever, and an orful lot worse; for they believe two things to your one."

The force of this logic was a hammer-stroke to Mrs. Allen's faith. There it was, right before her—the plain demonstration that all this time she had been believing one thing less than the other Meeting! Caught in the very act of unbelief, she could only retreat to the last refuge of the wife and mother—that strong-hold of faith and practice, the Deacon.

"There, Miss Briggs! you see what it's come to! The child of my bosom, that I've nussed back from death's-door, gracious knows how many times, calls his own mother an unbeliever! That's what comes o' goin' with them Old School folks! Wa'al, clear right eout, you, Lish, and go an' sit up with your gal! Take a seat under Parson Stebbins, and don't sing base no more over our 'lodyon of a Sabbath, but see if you can't help Daddy Pringle a little on his old chunes. Jine yer believers! jine 'em, Lish! They'll be glad o' ye; and when ye're a freezin' in your Old Meetin'-house some winter arternoon, with no stove to keep yer blood cirkylatin', you jest look out o' the winder over to the berryin'-ground, and there ye'll see your parents' gray hairs goin' down with sorrer tew the grave; and p'raps you'll repent then, when it's tew late! But you see ef I don't tell the Deacon!"

This affecting but rather improbable allegory would have had considerable effect on the really tender-hearted Lish but for its incongruous ending in the habitual threat of mothers. That he could look out of a window and see his parents' double funeral as a passive spectator; see them, moreover, not carried, but *going* to the grave—

which phrase is usually understood to express something rather gradual and voluntary—was in the region of high romance, to say the least, yet not utterly impossible. But the idea of Mrs. Allen, in this abjectly moribund state, taking the systematic maternal revenge which, earlier in his life, was associated with birch laid on by an arm apparently a good way yet from its last struggle, was so irresistibly funny that even Mrs. Briggs smiled faintly, and Lish burst into a hearty, good-natured laugh.

"Wa'al, mother, you must forgive me for larfin', but it comes nat'ral. Yew don't look a bit like dyin' yet; and as for that seat under Parson Stebbins, as I hain't heard o' our Meetin'-house burnin' down jest yet, I guess I won't order it till yew say so. Ef it won't crowd ye, I dew hope you'll let me have a little room in our slip yet a while, and p'raps a sittin' daown place for somebody else afore long. But as to tellin' father, you'll hev to wait till next week for that; for I jest heerd him say in the street, not an hour ago, haow he'd been engaged to go daown Cape Cod way a fishin' with a party of fellers from New York, that had brought their own smack, but wanted somebody else's gumption. In fact, he told me to tell yeou that he'd hev to start right off without comin' hum, as the wind was westerly, and the fellers were in an orful hurry for fear 't'd haul. He had a lot of shirts down to the locker of the *Sally Ann*, and he guessed he wouldn't be back for ten days or so."

Lish was now the only thing in the shape of "men folks" to be available for the next week at least, and Mrs. Allen felt it the wisest course to propitiate him. So she said, in a much gentler tone than before,

"Wa'al, Lish, yeou can't blame your poor mother ef she is a kinder anxious abaout ye. Ye're all she's got to look forrid tew in her old age ef the Deacon shud be tuk off, which the Lord o' massy forbid! though them that goes down to the sea in ships runs great risks. And ef she does flare eout a little at ye naow and then, it's nothin' but the log that spits as it grows the warmer tew ye; and ef ye only dew what's best for yerself, she'll be the fust to say 'Naow let thy sarvant depart in peace.' Ye couldn't fetch in that bar'l o' meal that's eout tew the woodhouse afore ye go tew the store—could ye, Lish?"

"Wa'al, I guess there ain't nothin' to hender," replied Lish, briskly, taking off the spick-span new Sunday coat, and hanging it on a nail back of Mrs. Briggs's rocking-chair.

"It may get specked, Lish; the kitchen's kinder dusty; let me hang this clean sheet over it," said Mrs. Allen, tenderly, at the same time suiting the action to the word.

"Thank ye, mother," answered Lish, and put on a pair of blue overalls which had hung in the corner by the clock.

"I'll hev some *rale* nice Indian fritters for ye agin ye git hum from the store, Lish."

Lish thanked his mother again, and strode out of the back-door.

"That's an orful han'some boy o' yourn, and right daown smart tew," said Mrs. Briggs, as soon as he was beyond hearing.

"I kalkilate he is, though I say it as oughtn't," replied Mrs. Allen, bending lower than usual over the ironing-board, where a spotless shirt of the young man in question grew glossy under her flat.

"Blessed is he that hath his quiver full o' 'em," said Mrs. Briggs, half soliloquizing; then added, after a moment, "ef the pints don't lay the wrong way, and prick the folks that carries 'em."

Mrs. Allen bent still lower over the shirt, as if she were examining whether she had smashed a button.

"Yes, you've got a right daown smart, han'some boy."

At this instant the door opened, and the unconscious recipient of the compliment came in to verify it.

With the meal-barrel poised on his square right shoulder, one brawny arm curved around it at the side, the other steadying it in front, and both bulged out with the effort so that the network of blue veins stood in clear relief from the elbow to the wrist, below the rolled-up sleeves of the fresh white shirt which he had just donned for his "lookin' in at the store"—with his curly black head dropped downward, and to the left, to save the broad clean collar and black tie, mounted for the same purpose—with his shiny boots at every step sounding that hammer-like thud which tells of heavy weight, and a pair of stout legs well braced to walk off under it without staggering—with his flushed brown face and his bright, healthy black eyes; his red, kindly mouth, half open for easier breathing; and his nostrils dilated, like a spirited, willing young horse's—Lish would not have shamed any body who paid him Mrs. Briggs's compliment.

"Where shall I put it, mother?" said Lish.

"Oh, set it daown any where," said Mrs. Allen, tenderly. "It's bad enough to hev lifted that heft from the wood-house without carr'in' it any furder. Let it daown, and I'll make out to roll it into the pantry."

"Jest you open that pantry door and I'll put it there myself. 'Tain't my way to leave things standin'." So saying, Lish stamped in and set down his barrel by the others, where it belonged.

"There! Naow if those Indian fritters ain't light, 'twon't be because I didn't help raise 'em."

If they ever kissed in Muskeogue—which, painful as it is to the novelist, I must say they don't, regarding it, like all tribes in their early stages of civilization, as partaking of ignominious weakness, unless a pretty girl, darkness, solitude, and marriage not yet concluded, happen to be concurrent circumstances—Lish would have made his final peace with Mrs. Allen by that act. With him the correlative expression of the same feeling was the good-humored smile which he threw on her like a vail of sunlight falling from the sky luxuriously and lingeringly through the clouds of a wet spring day, and the gentle voice

in which he said, "I'll be back early to tea, mother," as he stood with his hand on the latch, seeming to invite further commands with the most filial though unworded helpfulness. Nothing hardens a woman so much as to leave her presence with a jerk; nothing so much softens and wins her as to depart slowly and half deprecatingly.

Mrs. Allen bent down still lower over her ironing-board, then set the flat on its stand, and the moment the shiny boots sounded at the gate for the last time, and its hinges creaked and the weight drew it back with a slam, she sat down on the nearest chair and burst into tears.

For though men don't kiss, women cry, even in Muskeogue.

CHAPTER III.

THE TWO DEACONS.

To go back a little. The fishing party who came up to Muskeogue, as Lish had said, "with their own smack, but wanting somebody else's gumption," were three junior partners of separate stores in Warren and Pine streets, bound on a vacation cruise. For bluefish ostensibly—Providence and the land-wind favoring—for "fun" anyhow. If any people of Muskeogue had gone "up tew York" they would probably have known even more of that locality than these New Yorkers did of theirs; but what they didn't know would have been considered as much more authentic ground for considering them green than the ignorance of the Gothamites was accounted by the Muskeogians for imputing that hue to them. Accordingly, strange as it may seem, the barbaric people of the Long Island fishing-port received them with decent urbanity, and instead of laughing at them for not possessing the requisite information upon the best bluefish authorities, kindly helped them to it. After making fast to the wharf, Mr. Arthur Reeve was deputed to go ashore and bring down to the *Esmeralda*, post-haste and at any expense imaginable by a junior partner, the very most eligible native to be found who combined the accomplishment of fisherman, sailor, and pilot on the Cape Cod coast, whither the vacationers would steer.

He had been gone about fifteen minutes when, notwithstanding the possession of a two hundred dollar chronometer, by which he might have ascertained the time to a decimal certainty, Mr. Frank Hodge began to labor under the impression, natural in gentlemen making a business of pleasure, that the envoy had departed a little less than a year previous. Accordingly he said to Mr. Augustus Peavey (who did not find time hanging so heavy on his hands, having a Gambier clay pipe to attend to with some very damp tobacco in it, as he lay along the taffrail in a pair of exaggerated blue flannel breeches, whose pattern, with much disappointment, he had looked for in vain on the decks of all the oyster-sloops the *Esmeralda* had met since getting out of New York), said to Mr. Peavey that he thought he would go up and help Reeve, if he, Peavey, would consider it his watch while he was gone. Having delivered himself of this nautical expression with an old-tarish ease which he considered quite his own, Mr. Hodge stepped upon the wharf and began steering for town, rolling as he went, to imply the idea that he had followed a sea-faring life since early childhood, and to exhibit to the best advantage a pair of pantaloons similar to Mr. Peavey's.

To return to Mr. Reeve. The first person he had met when oyster-shells began to give way to humanity in the less thinly settled portion of Muskeogue was a small boy, sitting on the keel of a wrecked clam-boat eating a cold fish-ball. It is important to recollect hereafter what I now assert. This small boy eating a fish-ball went to the *New School* Meetin'.

"Sonny," said Mr. Reeve, at the same time approaching him on the weak side by means of a dime, "can you tell me who knows most about the fishing round these parts?"

The small boy looked at the pantaloons like Mr. Peavey's, swallowed the rest of the fish-ball, shut his fist on the dime, and vouchsafed the brief reply, "Deacon Allen."

"Can you tell me where I'll find him?"

"You hain't got another 'un o' them, hev ye?" said the small boy.

"'Them' what?" said Mr. Reeve.

"Dimes," said the small boy, laconically.

"Well—yes," replied Mr. Reeve, smilingly; "tell me what I want to know, and perhaps I'll give it to you."

"Let's see it," said the small boy.

"There it is, you little gouge!" and Mr. Reeve chucked it to him.

"He's up tew the street, tew the store, I guess."

If this be thought sharp of the small boy, it is to be recollected that Muskeogue was all settled from Connecticut within the last fifty years.

Mr. Reeve rolled on in another pair of pantaloons similar to Mr. Peavey's, and after some hunting, found Deacon Allen on the steps of the store talking with his son. As before detailed, he engaged him summarily and started off with him to the *Esmeralda*. Arriving there he discovered that Mr. Frank Hodge had been gone ten minutes.

Mr. Frank Hodge had taken a different route in beating up the fishermen of Muskeogue, and Mr. Reeve had not met him. He stopped a farm-cart going down to the beach to bring up a load of the mixed sea-weed and moss-bunkers, which form almost the sole fertilizer of that arid coast, and asked the driver if he could tell him where to find the best fisherman to go off on a cruise with them. The said driver was none other than the venerable Daddy Pringle; and at this very moment was cheering his consumptive horse through the hub-deep sand with a snatch from "Balermy," intended for the next Sabbath Psalmody of the Old School Meetin'. Spite the inspiriting quality of the tune, his willing animal stopped instantly at a hint from the reins, and

fell into an attitude of knock-kneed abasement, while the choir leader answered, without hesitation,

"Deacon Townsend."

"Thank you, Sir. Where shall I find him?"

"He mebbee up tew the street, but I kinder guess ye'll find him tew hum, in the fust haouse ye come tew with a rose climbin' on tew the wall —that air white 'un with the green blinds and the red chimblies you see up tew the head o' the road"—and Daddy Pringle turned around, pointing with his horny forefinger at the dwelling of the Deacon, now quite conspicuous among the less ambitious homes of Muskeogue.

Mr. Frank Hodge pulled out a quarter and put it into the old man's palm.

"Eh—what's that?" said Daddy Pringle, with an air of innocent astonishment which seemed to suggest that this was his first acquaintance with the coin. "Oh, 'tain't worth that—I daon't want nothin' for answerin' a man—wa'al, ef you say so; much obleeged!"

And having thus gone through the formalities necessary to the acceptance of the quarter as premeditated from the first, Daddy Pringle gave another jerk to the reins and jogged painfully on, keeping his head over his shoulder in the direction of the other pair of pantaloons like Mr. Peavey's, to the secret delight of their complacent owner.

That gentleman continued, like the shining river, to roll on until he reached the sea, accompanied by the first Deacon of the Old School Meeting. Here the Deacon, after having cast a scrutinizing eye upon the *Esmeralda* and her appointments, guessed he'd walk down along shore to his own boat, and get a Bible and one or two other things he always kept there for his long cruises, and be back in the course of ten minutes or so. Accordingly Mr. Hodge mounted the deck of the *Esmeralda* alone. Mr. Peavey lay along the taffrail still, with the pipe, the damp tobacco, and the blue pantaloons very much in the same stage as when he left him. But Mr. Reeve paced the deck in a manner denoting unusual excitement.

"Well, Hodge," said he, as that gentleman climbed upon the gunwale, "who's your friend?"

"The man that just left me, you mean? Oh, he's the Deacon, and the first fisherman in Muskeogue."

Mr. Reeve sneered audibly. "Well, you've been sold nicely, haven't you? He's no more the Deacon than I am. I've got the Deacon myself—he's down below this minute, overhauling our tackle."

"I tell you *you're* sold—*my* man's the Deacon, and universally acknowledged to be the best acquainted with fishing on the coast. He's just gone off for a few traps, and will return in a jiffy."

"Who told you all that stuff?"

"I don't know his name, but it's the oldest inhabitant of Muskeogue."

"The youngest inhabitant told me; he's got the later news."

"My informant was going down to the shore in a cart, and looked acquainted with sea-business."

"Mine was sitting on the keel of a boat, and looked as if he was born at sea and washed ashore —devilish salty!—sharp as bricks! I paid him two dimes for *my* Deacon."

"I go you five better—I paid a quarter for *mine*."

"I'm bluffed!—I give in—yours must be the Deacon; though I wish to thunder that when any business is put into my hands you'd let me attend to it!"

"Why, you were gone so long, you see, I thought I'd help you. You might have been eaten up for all I knew. A man who lived in a place called Muskeogue might easily be a cannibal; in fact, I should think he'd have to strive against it pretty hard. I shouldn't wonder a bit if your Deacon were head of a man-eating church."

"Well, there are two of 'em now, thanks to your good-natured assistance; and if they are inclined that way I'll recommend them to try you first. I'll swear you've lived at Delmonico's till the fat lies over your spare-ribs in solid chunks—I'll pay you for your officiousness, old boy!"

"I wonder if there is any thing else but deacons raised in Muskeogue," murmured Mr. Hodge, dreamily.

Abandoning the pipe and damp tobacco as a bad job, Mr. Peavey now for the first time spoke, in listlessly musical accents, from the taffrail.

"The products of the south shore of Long Island are principally oysters, clams, fresh and salt specimens of the different piscine tribes, and Calvinists—the latter, however, not indigenous, but introduced from Connecticut. Being hardy, intelligent, and moral, they make excellent citizens—and very good salt codfish."

"But what shall we do with our two Deacons?" said Mr. Reeve.

"Hold 'a meetin'' with them," suggested Mr. Peavey.

"Perhaps I could tell *my* Deacon it was a mistake, and get let off for a quarter—that's what I paid for him—and you can add your two dimes for 'a consideration,' Reeve," said Mr. Hodge. "They'll do a good deal for that money in Muskeogue."

"That's not to be thought of," answered Mr. Reeve, decidedly. "We may offend him mortally, and I have the old superstition about keeping on the right side of a man that knows fish. Besides, perhaps he's the other Deacon's bosom friend—and then we'd carry ill-will with us as well as leave it behind us."

(This he said, being ignorant of the two Meetings of Muskeogue, and of deacons generally.)

"On the other hand," replied Mr. Hodge, "he and that Deacon of yours may be rivals; they are both called 'the first fisherman,' and it's more than likely that their pride will receive the severer sting by being asked to share the command. I don't know what we *shall* do."

"You're making a great deal of fuss about

nothing, seems to me, fellows," spoke Mr. Peavey, calmly, from the taffrail. "All you've got to do is to admire the Deacon below very excessively, and keep his pride at work rigging the tackle. Hodge has the most gas and blarney, so he can stay down and do that business; and as soon as the other Deacon comes aboard put him at the helm and glide out upon the wave like a thing of life—his brother, meanwhile, you see, not knowing but you're steering yourself. When you're well at sea, and the tackle's all right, Hodge can bring up Reeve's Deacon, and introduce him to Hodge's Deacon. If they shake hands and accept our explanation, very well; if not, why, they're aboard, and that's the end of it."

And Mr. Peavey shut his eyes languidly, to correct any erroneous impression which might be gathered from these practical views that he did not live on Fifth Avenue and was a man of sense.

This advice was acted upon to the letter. Hodge went below and got into a long discussion with Deacon Allen upon the subject, "What is the best bait for bluefish?" making a feint at first of defending his own squids bought of Crook, and then yielding in such a graceful way to the experience of his senior, that the old gentleman thought him the most captivating man he ever saw, and the only New Yorker who had the sense to "allow that a decent bone that had ketched a ton o' fish every season this twenty year was better'n a skeery chunk o' block tin." Reeve and Peavey remained on deck, and when Deacon Townsend came aboard the latter exchanged the taffrail for the nearest cleat, and the former put the helm into the new-comer's hand. Having merely dropped the peak and the jib while lying at the wharf, it was but a moment's work to haul taut and start again, and in ten minutes the town of Muskeogue was a mile and a half off on the *Esmeralda's* port quarter, and that little sloop bowling her nine knots merrily away before a brisk wind from the same direction.

Deacon Allen by this time had replaced the "York squids" upon all but a trice of lines with bones of his own manufacture, and Hodge had exhausted all the finesse of his nature to discover means for keeping him below, to avert the consequences of his officious kindness as long as possible, when he guessed he would look around a little on deck, which guess, with a New Englander, means certainty.

"I kinder think the wind 'll haul round to the beam afore long, and then your smack will lie down up to the scuppers, and ef ye ain't tol'able acquainted with this coast ye may capsize, for I guess ye ain't much in ballast, be ye? Ye ain't no ways crank, be ye, nuther? We get flaws, now and then, orful sudden off the pints, and orful strong tew; so I guess I'd better take her in hand a leetle ef ye hain't got no objections."

"Oh, not in the least, Deacon—very glad to have you," said Mr. Hodge, with a palpitating heart and the mildest of voices. "You go first, if you please," and waved him politely up the ladder, following close behind to witness the dreaded encounter.

The cabin of the *Esmeralda*, as in most small craft, opened up directly forward of the wheel. The very first object, therefore, that met Deacon Allen's eyes as they became flush with the quarter-deck was the Deacon of the other Meeting, and that Deacon steering! At the same instant the Deacon at the wheel beheld the Deacon coming up the ladder, and, to quote from Orator Climax's famous Lyceum speech, "He looked at the fisherman, Mr. President, and the fisherman looked at him, and, Sir, they both looked at each other." This may seem tautological, but nothing else is adequate.

Then Deacon Allen stopped on the ladder, and turning square about, thrust his hands as deeply as possible into the wide pockets of his pea-jacket, throwing a stern, searching glance upon Mr. Hodge, who pretended to feel a sudden call in the direction of examining his finger nails. Simultaneously Deacon Townsend divided a corresponding glance about equally between Mr. Reeve and Mr. Peavey, and put the wheel so hard up that the *Esmeralda* went several points off the wind before he knew it. Mr. Peavey became apparently fast asleep on his cleat, and Mr. Reeve took three hasty strides forward to express his vexation.

The true Yankee never suffers himself to be betrayed into a scene. Where a Middle State's man or a Southerner would be likely to show all that he felt, just there *he* is most likely to keep it to himself. Hence there never had been, and was not now, any open rupture between the Deacons. They had traded together, and met every day "tew the store;" all the while reserving their private opinions of each other for marital converse, or, at the widest, the partisan talk of congregation meetings. So Deacon Allen, making nothing out of Mr. Hodge and his finger-nails, ascended the ladder, and smiled grimly at the other Deacon.

"How de dew, Deacon Townsend?"

"How de dew, Deacon Allen?"

"Tol'able nice weather we've ben havin' for a day or tew."

"Wa'al, yes. Miss Allen well?"

"Quite smart, thank ye. All well to hum?"

"Tol'able; the rheumatiz troubles Miss Townsend a leetle, but we're all right otherways."

"Wa'al, I guess I'll look forrid a bit," and Deacon Allen walked away to the bows, Deacon Townsend holding on tight to the wheel, and steering resolutely, as if he'd like to see the man who'd take it away from him. Mr. Hodge staid aft with him, and Mr. Reeve followed Deacon Allen to the lee shrouds, where he stood holding on't by a ratlin, and looking a long way ahead, as if he suspected breakers. Here the mainsail hid them both completely from the wheel.

"Right deown smart man that Deacon Townsend," said the other Deacon, after a moment.

Feeling wonderfully relieved, Mr. Reeve replied, enthusiastically, "Oh, very!"

"Jes' so," continued Deacon Allen. "An old friend o' yourn, I guess?"

"No, I never saw him before. Mr. Hodge—that gentleman aft with the light mustache—brought him down to the boat while you were below. You see he didn't know I'd found *you*, and after I had gone up into Muskeogue, he went on his own hook and got *him*. It's a natural mistake, perhaps; for we were both recommended to get 'the Deacon' as the best fisherman in Muskeogue, and he engaged the one who's aft now, supposing him to be the Deacon. *You* are the Deacon, aren't you?"

"Wa'al, yes. So's t'other."

"Oh! there are two Deacons in Muskeogue, then? You see I don't know much about church government, anyhow."

"There's half a dozen Deacons in Muskeogue. There's two Meetins."

"And you assist each other, I suppose?"

"Wa'al, not exac'ly. He belongs to one Meetin', and I belong to t'other."

Deacon Allen said this, in spite of himself, with such a polemic acerbity of manner that Mr. Reeve caught sight of at least the title-page of the great Muskeogue controversy, and his former anxiety returned.

"Well, Deacon Allen, we're all very sorry for this mistake, and I hope you won't take any offense at it. I engaged you in perfect good faith, you know, and rely on you myself for all our luck at fishing; so you won't feel like backing out now, will you?"

"Wa'al, no, young man. I kinder think I'll hev tew be putty bad afore I'll feel that way. But as it daon't need tew at the wheel—not in this here sea, nohow—I'll call myself a passenger and make myself comfortable till your pilot's gin eout." And, by way of fulfilling his promise, the Deacon sat down on the spare coil of the jib-halliard, leaned his head against the mast, deliberately drew his iron spectacles from their maple case, mounted them, and plunged into a column of the *Congregationalist*, which he had just taken from the post-office before coming aboard. As he evinced no intention of reading aloud, nor of imparting any further expression of his views extraneous to the article headed, "Duty of Professors to Men of the World," Mr. Reeve made his way aft again as quietly as possible.

In the mean time Mr. Hodge, with occasional assistance, seemingly of a somniloquent nature, from the gentleman on the cleat, had offered the explanation required to *his* Deacon, and with a generally similar result.

After which the three junior partners betook their three pair of intimately related pantaloons down the ladder, and held a cabinet, or at least a cabin, council.

"Devilish close man that Deacon of mine," said Mr. Hodge. "Swear I can't make any thing out of him."

"Mine's closer still. I only wish I knew whether it's a bad sign in Muskeogue when a Deacon begins reading his church paper. Mine's doing it pretty severely forward against the mast; but whether it's for pleasure, or as an exhibition of the consolatory powers of faith in circumstances of great trial, I can't say. I don't believe *my* Deacon likes *yours*, any way."

"Nor mine yours," replied Mr. Hodge, defensively.

"A pretty pickle you've got us into with that 'help' of yours!"

"A pretty pickle we're in, *any way*, to have any Deacons aboard at all. We could have made our own way to Cape Cod alone; but you and Peavey were so helpless and lazy you must have a guide, and now you've got two! And *they* call themselves sailors! A pretty sailor a man is who comes aboard with a lot of books and papers like a parson, old snuff-colored pantaloons on, tight in the leg! And where are their slippers and tarpaulins, I'd like to know? And they don't, either of 'em, have any more roll in their gait than a shop-keeper. Why don't they sing 'Merrily O!' or, 'Twas in the Bay o' Biscay O, the seas was mountains rollin'!' as Burton does in Captain Cuttle? Then one of them stands at the helm looking pickles and thunder; and the other, you say, lies forward reading a church paper. Pretty *sailors*, 'pon my word. I don't believe either of them ever went up the futtock shrouds of a coasting brig even; they both look as if they'd scraped themselves to skin and bone crawling through the lubber-hole."

And Mr. Hodge swaggered with an air of great nautical experience as he made use of these technical terms. The embodiment of marine heroism to Mr. Hodge was a man going up the futtock shrouds; while crawling through the lubber-hole represented the extreme of naval ignominy, from the fact, painfully conscious to his inmost soul, though not communicated to his friends, and happily not mooted by them, that he himself had never been able to nerve his nature for any other access to the main-top of a vessel than the hole aforesaid.

"Well," discoursed Mr. Peavey, calmly, "if they are not sailors it's a great comfort to know you are, Hodge; and if you feel unsafe about their seamanship, why, perhaps, you can make them all right by lending them each a pair of your blue pantaloons."

SENTIMENTALISM.

WHAT is sentimentalism? Did you ever see the shudder of a withered and antiquated prude when somebody happened, inadvertently, to say "*Legs?*" That was sentimentalism. Did you ever hear a seedy old dandy, fallen upon the evil times of dingy linen and on the evil tongues of dunning laundresses, denouncing vulgarity and declaiming on refinement? That was sentimentalism. Were you ever told of fine ladies who enlarged the compass of their crinolines and hurried the making of their dresses, but who, while they sipped their lemonade, lamented the miseries of seamstresses? That

was sentimentalism. Have you ever known women who wept over the penitential sorrows of the fictitious Mrs. Haller on the stage, but who had only "foul scorn" (we thank you, great Queen Bess, for that magnificent phrase) for those of the actual Mrs. Haller in society? That weeping was sentimentalism. Have you listened to men eloquent for liberty, but whose own temper was the temper of tyranny? That eloquence was sentimentalism. Have you heard the rich hoarder, who never put a dollar in the poor-box, say, "God help the poor!" That was sentimentalism. Have you heard the rich *gourmand*, sitting by his bright coal-fire of a winter's evening, while he moistened his clay with Burgundy and whittled a pine-apple, murmur to himself, "Alas, for the houseless and the cold! alas, for the hungry and the thirsty!" but whose interest went no further, and was like the interjection, a mere gasp of wind? That was sentimentalism. Have you heard the blooming and healthy maiden complain of her broken hopes and her despairing heart? That was sentimentalism. Has an athletic youth, with the appetite of a lion and the digestion of a rhinoceros, sent you his virgin volume of poems, informing you, in a confidential epistle, that his verses have been written with tears and blood? That was sentimentalism. When the sick sinner drivels about sanctity—that is sentimentalism. When the worn-out libertine eulogizes virtue—that is sentimentalism. When the dying spendthrift preaches on the worth of economy—that is sentimentalism. When the discarded courtier mourns over the pomp, the luxury, the waste, the deceitfulness of kings—that is sentimentalism. When kings, themselves, uncrowned and disenthroned, banished or imprisoned, moralize on the vanity of glory and the uncertainty of power—that is sentimentalism. When the companion of your youth, or the associate of your thoughts, or the sharer of your plans, with whom you have sworn eternal fealty at the altar of sacred friendship, refuses you the loan of half a dollar—that oath of his, surely, was nothing but sentimentalism.

We do not undertake to define sentimentalism, metaphysically, logically, or ethically, but, if we were to express our meaning without any attempt at dialectical exactness, we would say that sentimentalism is either a disease of the moral nature, or a perversion of imagination; either the illusive confounded with the actual, or fancy taken in preference to fact; either an emotional self-deception, or a pretentious unrealism. But our meaning will come out more distinctly in the course of our progressive elucidation.

Satan, we are told, can clothe himself as an angel of light; and so vice, by sentimentalism, assumes the guise of virtue. The sentimentalist is to ethics what the hypocrite is to piety, a striver after falsehood; the one struggles to *feel* a lie, the other struggles to *believe* a lie: the lie may be at last believed and felt; but from the beginning both sentimentalist and hypocrite deceive themselves more than they deceive others—especially the sentimentalist deceives himself, almost intends to do it. In simple, natural, and social morals, it is desperately difficult to acquire a habit of thinking the wrong to be the right. Sophistry can do much with the help of cunning distinctions; but there is ever within a subtle reasoner that can not be refuted and that will not be silent. Conscience has a terrible tenacity of life; and when it seems to have been killed it is yet not dead but only sleepeth—sleepeth, possibly, to awaken in shame, remorse, confusion, and dismay. Much that civilized society, by the tacit consent of the vast majority of its members, in all ages, and by their independent convictions has held for right or wrong, exceptional individuals, or an exceptional few, may endeavor to reverse, may maintain that such reversal is the order of nature and of justice, and that the ordinary economy of the social world is the creature of prejudice and of convention. But the moral sense and common sense vindicate the ordinary economy of society, and show that, in spite of incidental evils and errors, *that* economy has its foundation not only in the ethical relations of humanity, but in the very necessities of its civilized existence. As innate law can not be repealed, it must be sophisticated or evaded. The grossest and the basest wrong-doers can not bear the testimony which their own conscience gives to social law—can not endure the feeling a perpetual accusation. Thence it is that even thieves make for themselves a theory—one, however, that has hardly audacity to claim the praise of equity, but that is satisfied with being defensive and indulgent. Man can not live without having, in some way, his own self-approval and self-respect; and these the thief secures in the refuge and the shelter of his theory. He has a vocabulary that corresponds with his theory. He tries to escape, by an artificial contrivance, the ignominy which the common language pours on him, and more than he fears punishment he shuns this odium. As there is a dialect of thieves, so is there a literature of thieves; a literature to which men of genius, from Defoe onward, have not scorned to contribute. As might be inferred without reading it, this literature overflows with sentimentalism; and we have in it delicately-minded, as well as delicately-handed, pickpockets; burglars, buoyant, beautiful, and brave—men adventurous in their public profession and admirable in their private character; pirates, the heroes of the sea, highwaymen, the heroes of the land—both glorious in "love and murder;" and murder itself has its romance, in which it is made to appear as a sacred vengeance, or as a means by which a philosophical philanthropist proposes to benefit mankind.

It is not, however, in such outlaw conditions that we can study sentimentalism as it shows itself in natures of finer mould. In these it comes nearer to the heart, or intrenches itself even *within* the heart. "My heart," says a married man, writing to a married woman, "is my only priest. It sanctifies to me the remembrance of my love, and makes Eliza holy." Why should not Eliza

exclaim, after a stolen interview, "Oh, poor Bob is in such a state about parting with me! Oh, if I had not been married! Oh dear, what will I do, my darling Robert? I have a husband and five children, but I could desert them all for you in your loneliness." It is by the mystic falsehood or nonsense of sentimentalism that men impose on women, and that women impose on themselves. The difference generally is, that men are conscious of the imposition, and that women generally are not. We recollect reading, many years ago, the report of a divorce trial, in which the letters of the guilty wife to her lover were on fire with spontaneous passion, that rushed impetuously onward in a torrent of turbid eloquence. It was evident that, on her part, all was unconscious and unreflective—except when she wrote to her betrayed and absent husband. It was equally evident that, on the lover's part, all was deliberate and considered; that he was always self-possessed; and that *his* share in their conversations and correspondence was not only mere sentimentalism, but sentimentalism of the weakest and the most mawkish kind. Yet to her it seemed sincerest eloquence, and it became deadly with a fatal power for wreck and ruin.

When passion and inclination take the place of truth and duty, woman is easily beguiled by sentimental phraseology. To do woman justice, she can not bear to look on guilt and vice as they are in themselves, and she revolts at their vernacular designation. Women in the saddest depths of infamy—women who can be profane, obscene, brutal—yet, by a single term, may be shocked into shame. The cunning tempter appeals to the *soul* of woman in order to beguile her *senses*, and makes the deception of her higher nature the means of her corruption. Woman hates the man who strips idealism from passion, or who tears sentiment even from vice. In this spirit it was that Guiccioli could not bear Byron's "Don Juan," and burned in her anger, it is said, some copies of the early cantos. Worst of all it is when sentimental sophistries shape themselves into systems, as from time to time they have done, both in the ancient world and the modern, and, under the guise of individuality, spirituality, freedom, nature, teach and tolerate licentiousness. These systems have always had a mystic phraseology distinct from the common tongue, and have in this way concealed the coarseness of their meaning. The rude plainness of Saxon English makes it an honest language; and therefore, in our day, the philologists of sensuality seek derivative terms from the Latin or the French. We hear much of *passional attraction*, of *elective affinity*, etc., and these shiboleths of prurient desire have done much and tragic injury to social and domestic life. The loose mind calls its looseness attraction, and gives way to it without curb or shame. Call it by its true name, "*lust*," then the woman, or even man, it would not be easy to find in decent places who would dare to confess it. A wife has an honest, affectionate husband, who has loved her with a loyal heart, and labored for her with an industrious hand; she is a mother as well as a wife; but some bearded impostor, whom a barber could not trim without cutting off in every atom of a hair the fragment of a rogue, meets her; he tells her of the godlike aspirations which go to waste in her vulgar home; in him she finds her "*affinity*," abandons the children whom she never should have borne, and quits the husband of whose goodness she was immeasurably unworthy. Let her be called, as she ought to be called, a carnally-minded adulteress; then her example would not have the danger of an uncertain designation. Deal with man still more severely, since, in most instances, through him it is that woman ever becomes the most debased. A woman stands forth in a public assembly and asserts that, if her mind so willed, she would change husband after husband, and hold herself in nowise accountable to society. Nothing here is wanting to an incessant change, and a numberless variety, but the accidental absence of disposition, of temptation, or of opportunity. The essence of the vilest nature is in this confession, and all the rest is but circumstantial. Now there is only one Saxon monosyllable which properly defines the character of such a woman; and *that*, though we can not write the word, defines it exactly. Yet even this repulsive woman would revolt against it with a holy indignation, as a blasphemy against all the divine affinities of her inner nature. But the public ear has become so accustomed to hear, the public eye has become so accustomed to read, this jargon of licentiousness, that the nerves of moral modesty are almost deprived of sensitiveness, if they are not entirely paralyzed.

All that we have said of sentimentalism in vice may be said as truly of sentimentalism in crime, but with a more visible and a more tangible breadth of application. For one class of illustrations take, in some of its boldest forms, the crime of dishonesty. It is hard to be obliged to state—but fact justifies the statement—that, except to the immediate victims, daring feats of dishonesty have, for vast numbers, the fascinations of romance. We say nothing of the insidious dishonesty, which, as men of science and experience assert, corrupts many departments of business that are the nearest to our life—which traders themselves sometimes admit, and even justify, as the necessary condition of payment and of profit—such dishonesty deceives us, cheats us, robs us, and poisons us; but being, as it is declared, omnipresent, it exhibits no special centres for attention or attack: we can neither measure nor define it; we can neither remedy nor resist it; though, like an infected atmosphere, it may slowly kill us, we must even bear and breathe. It is not at all romantic; it belongs, rather, to ordinary existence; but of the many who have made their millions by it we wish even *one* would give us his experience in the manner and diction of Defoe, under the appropriate title of "Dishonesty Rewarded." Barnum's "Autobiography" is too rhetorical; Burnham's

"Hen-Fever" is too funny: we want an earnest book—a book in genuine Saxon, characterized by the plain and strong simplicity of the Saxon mind. We do not ask for the brilliant roguerie of a "Gil Blas," or the comic dexterities of an "Autolycus;" we want a book which would give us the prose of dishonest industry, and not the poetry of witty or amusing charlatanism. Surely among the multitude of dealers there must be some *one* who has been long so prudent and successful in exchanging the least value for the most money—be it in matter or in mind—as to be able to supply us with such a book. Let us have it; and, written after the fashion that we have suggested, it would be a novelty, a master-piece, and a classic. It would not have the startling variety of Vidocq's "Memoirs," or the penetrating eloquence of Rousseau's "Confessions;" but, more than either, it would be useful and instructive.

But our concern is not with the dishonesty which is regular and reputable; our concern is with the dishonesty that is striking and salient in its manifestations.

Take the case of mercantile failure. If it is paltry, the bankrupt is treated as a rogue, and becomes a beggar. Yet the man may have begun with real capital, may have toiled with unresting constancy, and been at last only the helpless victim of inevitable misfortune. If the failure is enormous, the bankrupt is treated as a prostrate hero; even the creditors who are bruised in the crush of his fall treat him as a brother: they are ready to bind up his wounds, and, if they can, to set him on his feet again. Should he be young, youths say, "Poor fellow!" maidens simper, "Dear soul!" old-lady mammas sigh, "What a pity!" and old-fogy papas groan out, "What business talent the rascal had!" That last epithet, though spoken in a good-natured tone, should probably have been spoken seriously, and would have been the designation which the cheat deserved. For oftentimes such a man is nothing but a cheat—an adventurer, who has no capital but the brass of his impudence, and no sources of credit but the inventions of his cunning—an adventurer, who trades upon chance, thrives upon his own insolvency, and grows rich upon other men's losses.

Take the case of fraud. The pen, in these times, is as sweeping an instrument of plunder as was in other times the sword. No robber-knight of the Middle Ages, with his own good sword and his armed followers, could, by a year's fighting, so enrich himself as one of our clerkly depredators can by the ingenuities of some quiet scribbling. The very quietude gives it a sort of silent grandeur, and it is only in the crash of the catastrophe that we learn the depths of power which lay within the silence. But in these mental activities, as in all others, there are various orders and degrees of genius—"one star differeth from another in glory." An operator with a mere mediocrity of talent, or possibly limited in the sphere of his activity, absorbs only the funds of a five-cent savings bank. "Absorb" is a good word. "*Convey*, the wise it call," quoth Ancient Pistol. "*Extend*, we name it," quoth another eminent authority. "*Absorb*," we define it, and by "*absorb*" we stand. But what mean you by *it*, good Sirs? We mean, good Sirs, what Ancient Pistol meant. But what meant Ancient Pistol? Stealing, Sirs—stealing, Sirs; yet, not to be ill-mannered, we soften it to *absorb;* for we too, Sirs, cynical as slanderers may say we are, incline to the sentimental, and are even at times given "to the melting mood."

Your petty genius, then, *absorbs* the funds of a five-cent savings bank. Your genius of broader grasp absorbs the capital of a wealthy business bank; and a genius has been known that could so multiply itself as to beggar three banks at once; which was as if the dog Cerberus should be munching old Charon with one pair of jaws, the passengers with another, and, with his third, craunching the boat. But a genius of ample capacity can *absorb* sublimely without this triple and divided work. Such a genius can easily absorb all the taxes of a State, all the wealth of a millionaire corporation, all the capital of a many-millioned railway company; and such a genius would easily absorb all the taxes of this nation; but would look upon the pittance of them that ever comes near the treasury as utterly beneath his notice.

We make no separate specification of forgery, since nearly all fraud includes forgery, and since forgery is itself but an intensified manner of fraud.

Now men of this genius are, for the most part, sentimentalists, and by sentimentalism keep terms with society and themselves. Some of them are patriots. They burn with the love of country, and they weep over the corruptions of the age; they denounce the degeneracy of the day, and with sorrow look back to the times of the fathers; they are zealous to serve the state, and to restore the purity of ancient virtue. They are reformers; all tyranny and oppression are hateful to them; excess is an abomination in their sight; they would, indeed, allow the world "cakes," but they would take away its "ale;" and in all things have for their maxim—moderation, justice, and liberty. They are philanthropists, they deplore the miseries of the poor, and subscribe munificently to charities. They are men of public spirit, and there is no ceasing to their exertions for the interests of the communities in which they live. A man brought numbers to bankruptcy by the enormity of his frauds, but it was pleaded in his favor that he was enthusiastic for the prosperity of the city. They are occasionally men of piety, and have sometimes for years the credit of a religious reputation. When the crime is revealed people exclaim, "Who would have thought it? and they were so powerful in prayer!" They are men of taste. A man *absorbed* all the capital which the bank of his village possessed, and when he was detected the people and the papers seemed never to tire of telling what a beautiful house he

built for himself, and what elegance of mind he displayed in his grounds and gardens. They are men of sensitive and impassioned hearts. Heine said of woman in his bitter way, "She loveth much, and she loveth many." It was said of woman satirically; it might be said seriously of man, when his tendency is to *absorb*. The absorbing class are quick to love, are ready to be loved; and when the catastrophe of their career arrives the darkest portion of the tragedy is the number of bleeding affections which indicate the large amount of sentimental suffering that the catastrophe occasions. The younger members of the class are much given to poetry, most especially they affect Byron, and with the music of his despondent song charm many a maiden's ear. Since the days of Dr. Dodd and Fauntleroy, forgery, in particular, has been a romantic crime. Yet, after murder, it is among the most heinous of social offenses. But those who commit it have usually been attractive, and so have ingratiated no small amount of morbid sympathy. We remember some years ago, when a dashing young man was prosecuted for extensive forgeries, and merely escaped by a legal technicality. He had been the pet of Uppertendom, and when his guilt became evident beautiful eyes were weeping for his danger. Munroe Edwards made verses, and when he was first convicted newspaper reports did all they could to render his fate romantic. But, doubtless, this was nothing to the diseased sympathy which his sorrows met in secret. The number and character of letters from women, found in the possession of such men, we can allude to only in most serious sadness. Not always are they of the Minerva-Press order—they often show fine mental culture, but in the same degree they show the want of moral training and of good sense.

Take the case of murder. Toward the close of Cromwell's reign a pamphlet appeared under the title of "Killing no Murder," and even in that time of civil strifes and factions the idea was considered atrocious. But in our day there seems to be a very general persuasion that "killing is no murder," if the killer has money, friends, position, and the faintest shadow of provocation or excuse. To kill somebody does not now so often incur infamy as achieve fame, gain public attention, and excite private inquiry. De Quincy wrote an essay on "Murder" as a "Fine Art;" a popular author should write another "Essay on Murder as a Fine Act." Always there is something fine discovered in assassination by a killer who is well-dressed and of sufficient funds, and particularly if "a lady is in the case." He is chivalrous, of noble sensibilities, all alive with exalted manhood, boiling hot with magnanimous indignation, and so he becomes the hero of a romantic story, which overflows with pity, praise, and pathos. Grave and elderly people shake their heads; but girls dream over it, boys throb at it; by-and-by a girl becomes "a lady in the case," one boy grows to be an injurer, another an avenger. And there are those who esteem this bloody-minded spirit as the protection of family purity, as the guardianship of female honor; there are those who glorify the coward and the careful death-blow as a noble vindication of insulted dignity. But in what does that family purity consist which a dagger must defend? Of what nature is that female honor which is only safe behind a loaded pistol? And of what order is that insulted dignity which the killing of a man, unsuspecting and unprepared, can satisfy? The slaughtered victim, it is alleged, committed an irreparable wrong, and a father, a brother, or a husband, has taken just revenge. Is it certain that all the wrong was on *his* side? Might he not have been the tempted, and not the tempter? Is libertine approach even possible to maidenly or matronly rectitude? How did the father train his daughter? What example did the brother live to his sister? What was the husband's love and loyalty to his wife? And what were the conduct and feelings of father, brother, and husband in relation to other people's daughters, sisters, and wives? Questions not to be asked; not in many instances, we fear, to be by those who commit *honorable* murder, to be sincerely answered.

But the killing may be merely vulgar; the killer may have no station to win sympathy from the jury, no bar of able lawyers to confound or to cajole them, no wealth to buy or bribe them. Then from the day of his conviction begins the process of his apotheosis, and is only perfected when the finisher of the law has done his work. This interval is now the marked time of his existence. All before was unnoted and obscure; now he plays a striking part, which not only gives notoriety to his present, but which likewise brings the whole of his past life into view. He plays, indeed, not in fiction but in fact, a tragic part; still the part is grateful to him so far as it makes him important, and supplies him with excitement. He is aware that throughout the community he is much thought of, much talked of; and is not this, in its way, fame? Do not men for this brave the ocean—traverse the wilderness—rush into the thick tempests of lead and iron—and mount the breach of a forlorn hope? The cell of the condemned murderer is every day alive with visitors—literary, artistic, scientific, pious, philanthropic, sympathetic—and through all these media he ingratiates individual interest, general observation, universal curiosity, sometimes even the love of woman. The more monstrous his deed or deeds of death the greater his attraction. If a wretch kills his wife, administering slow poison from day to day, keeping her in weeks of agony—pretending, at the same time, a martyrdom of affection, all Western Saxondom is alive to learn every particular of a hardened, hypocritical, unnatural malefactor. His character, innately savage and sensual, manifested itself in a plebeian way, and, according to circumstances, as Lothario or Tartuffe—a gay suitor and a grave saint; a combination, according to his vulgar nature, of sentimentalism and sanctimoniousness. Give the transgressor youth, good looks,

and education, then the interest about him becomes most ardently poetic and ideal; the sentimental deepens into the romantic, and the romantic into the impassioned. A young and handsome doctor, we call to mind, of some skill and in respectable practice, but of disordered habits, which his skill did nothing to cure, that brought expenses with them which his practice was inadequate to meet. He had a friend of his own age who was devoted to him with the strong enthusiasm of affection and admiration. This friend he induced to supply him with some hundreds of dollars, which the friend procured by borrowing. When this loving and trusting friend came to give him the money, the deadly traitor, in his own office, invited that friend to drink, and killed him with poisoned liquor. The murderer was convicted; but while waiting for execution, the country was filled with talk of his talents, his comeliness—with more of wonder at his folly than of horror at his guilt, and love-sick women wrote passionate letters, to himself with assurances of their pity, to the governor in supplication for his pardon.

The conduct of such men when they come to die, though not edifying, is painfully suggestive. Their last moments are mostly those of conscious or unconscious deception. When simply unconscious, they seem always to assume that at the end of a wicked life, and red from the recent commission of a cruel deed, they are better than any good man would dare to presume to be at the close of a virtuous course, and departing amidst the tears and sorrow of the many who loved him, and whom he blessed. These men are very urgent in warning; they become quite fervid in exhortation; but generally there is a hidden vanity in their unreal earnestness; their tone to common sinners has a sort of condescension in it, and, like Topsy, they are elated by the distinction which their peculiar iniquity gives them. But their usual manner of extending forgiveness to enemies is ever more indicative of self-confidence and self-righteousness than it is of contrition or humility.

Very frequently, however, the deception is entirely conscious. They speak falsely, they act falsely, and they know it. They assume a part in the beginning, they play it to the last, consistently they close it, and in a breathing of perjury they gasp into eternity. The ordinary modes of dealing with the accused and the convicted tends to foster both kinds of deception. A man who is fully aware of his malefaction finds that in trial his defense rises into eulogy. He is not at all the individual he took himself to be; he never before had understood his own worth; and he comes to the same conclusion as his advocate, that he is an exceedingly ill-treated person. His prosecution at all is a cruelty; it does not deserve even the credit of an honest doubt; it is willful conspiracy; an outrageous injury; a positive injustice. After conviction there is no end to the attention which he receives—he is visited for prayer, for pictures, for biography, from idle curiosity: in the whirl of excitement he finds neither time nor inclination for self-reflection or self-knowledge; he is blinded by illusion, or he loses the remorse of intentional deception in the vanity of dramatic exhibition. The man of illusion pleasurably anticipates his reputation as that of a convert; the man of falsehood proudly anticipates his as that of a martyr. He heard the lawyer on his trial dwell awfully on the fearfulness of taking away innocent life by law, while he was silent on the taking away innocent life by violence. He chooses the character of a blameless victim to the law, and in that character he will leap into terrible eternity. We write in no harsh spirit; we would deprive the accused never of the best defense; we would allow them to have the very ablest eloquence; but speech which becomes reckless of all great ethical and social principles—speech which keeps no measure with the order and relations, of humanity and truth, is not eloquence, but sophistry or bombast. We would have the convicted—especially the capitally convicted—treated with gentle care and mercy, but with a grave wisdom that is sober-minded as well as tender-hearted. This would be for their highest good, and would, therefore, be considerate as well as generous charity. Above all, we protest against the unjust and cruel practice of efforts to wrench a confession from the condemned. This is a mental rack, which seems to take the place, after conviction, that the material rack used once to hold before conviction, and with no less power to torture. Why should an unhappy man, in the latest days and hours of his ruined life, have his secrecy and silence profaned by the irresponsible examinations of constable, turnkey, sheriff, jailer, and such other officials as have the poor creature at their mercy? Why should his short remnant of gloomy minutes be made darker by the pertinacious persecution of an urgency which torments him, or by inquiries which he has no willingness to answer? This is against right, against humanity, and it defeats its own purpose or does worse. It is against right. Even at the gallows a man has inalienable right—a right to his own thoughts. On these no human power should intrude, nor try to reach them by cunning or contrivance. The last liberty of man should be held sacred, and that liberty even the clergyman is not entitled to violate. Sacramental confidence or mild suggestion is all that his office allows him. If there is any reasonable doubt of guilt, the man ought not to be hanged; if there is no reasonable doubt, of what value is confession? The condemned must satisfy the demands of the law; but neither justice nor morality requires that he should satisfy the scruples or curiosity of the public. The law may kill the body, and it does; but besides that there is nothing else that it can do, or that it has the right to do. This questioning of the condemned, as we have said, is against humanity, for it keeps the mind in agitation and uncertainty—puts it to the shame of telling a useless truth, or tempts it to the desperation of telling a

dying lie. This questioning, therefore, defeats its own purpose, for, in most cases, the lie is told. Of late years, it is a matter of lamentable fact that the majority of criminals to the last insist on their innocence. The thread, however fine or brittle, that holds up life, holds up hope; and it may be doubted whether a criminal ever despairs until the bolt which is to shoot him out of earth is about to be withdrawn. The consequence is, that he will not look upon his sentence as certainty—that he will not believe death to be inevitable; and he vainly anticipates executive mercy by the persistent assertion of his innocence. What he has so obstinately asserted he will *not* retract; from shame or unbelief he will cling to his reiterated declaration; and the man, who, if let alone, might have freely unburdened his conscience, being catechised and harassed hardens and belies it.

Our remarks here have been directed to sentimentalism as connected with the convicted murderer; but sentimentalism is far more interesting and exciting as connected with the convicted murderess. Besides, the delectation of its indulgence is generally free from any painful fear of her execution. We can not tell how it happens, but commonly the murderess is romantic—at least she is so in the newspapers. We suppose it is that because it is in her case "love and murder" mostly go together. She is a young lady, tired of a sweet-heart, or finding him in the way; so she gives him his quietus and a kiss. Or she is a mistress, gloomy with the sense of injury, or wrathful in the anticipation of abandonment; so with a sharp dagger and a steady hand she avenges her wrong, or deals punishment in advance to meditated treason. Or she is a wife, yearning for freedom, or disgusted with her tyrant; so in some hour of deadly opportunity she does the irrevocable deed, which will, as she thinks, grant her liberty and rid her of a master. Then, generally, she is youthful; frequently educated and accomplished; if she writes no poems or romances, she has read them by the hundred; always she is handsome, and if she has not had a history or histories, she certainly occasions one. If nothing else avails to render her extraordinary and impressive, she clothes herself with the night of dark robes and vail, and so becomes the mysterious lady of a fatal "Destiny." "Destiny" is a great word.

It has not been from choice, nor with enjoyment, that we have confined our thoughts to the most serious aspect of our subject. The truth is, we could not help doing so. The gay and the ridiculous ideas of life which it suggests would have pleased us more; but our reflections carried us by force to those grave results to which those morbid conditions of character that sentimentalism fosters so often leads. If any should object that sentimentalism is not adequate to such grave results, we ask them to recall some characters the most noticeable in the first French Revolution. Let them think of Robespierre. No man had finer phrases; no man had a heart more coldly cruel. Let them think of the memorable saying with which he closed his oration on "The Supreme Being"—"To-day for pleasure, to-morrow for justice;" which justice signified bloody hecatombs to the guillotine. Let them think of St. Just—his gentle face and his savage soul—his benevolent declamation and his inhuman counsels and conduct. Let them think of Rousseau, the apostle of sentimentalism, and its representative genius. Let them observe how grossness can take the show of goodness, and become as corrupting as it is fascinating in the glow of a beautiful rhetoric. But particularly, we counsel them to study the estimate, intellectual and ethical, of Rousseau's writings, in Edmund Burke's immortal criticism. There is no egotism, no vanity, for which sentimentalism may not be a cloak; there is no cruelty, no lust, which it may not conceal, and to which it may not conduct.

We have not charged our sentimentalism on the French and on French literature, as it is so much the habit of the time to do. We have no want of it in English letters, and in the English language. Richardson, Sterne, and Mackenzie were not unsuccessful cultivators of this mental or moral opium; nor even authors of a later date. Among the greatest satirists of the world we may name Dickens and Bulwer—Dickens, in caricature and humorous ridicule; Bulwer, in burlesque and deliberative irony—yet both of them are often sentimentally mawkish; Dickens in his pathos, and Bulwer in his moralizing. Thackeray avoids the faults of each, and, as a satirist, excels them both. But all these are men of a genuine inspiration, and for such faults as they have compensate us a hundred-fold. There is a menial order of sentimental scribblers, the existence of which is simply an evil—an evil unassociated with any appreciable good. Writers of this order deal either in mental opiates or stimulants; and no drug-shop or dram-shop ever diffused more mortal poison throughout a community. Nay, by the intellectual impotence or intellectual inebriety which they produce, they train their victims for the drug-shop or the dram-shop. Apparently, they are not indecent or immoral; on the contrary, real life has no piety and purity like theirs, or any such miracles of courage or heroism. What actual flesh-and-blood girl was not opaque in her innocency, compared with the transparent simplicity of "Virginia in the Roseate Bower?" What saint or martyr comes near "Bernard Bonaventure; or, the Good Man's Temptation and his Triumph?" Then "Altamont; or, the Knight of the Covered Countenance," gives us a combination, sublime and superhuman, of chastity, honor, bravery, and mystery. Even the cruelty and villainy of these *sensation romances*, though as red and grim as the banners of a Chinese army, assume to have a tendency of edification and instruction. A virtuous impression is intended to be made by "The Gory Robber of the Gloomy Glen;" by "The Fiend Pirate of the Phantom

Ship;" and by "The Apostate Monk of the Haunted Cell." This order hath two schools—"the dulcet and the diabolical," "the namby-pamby and the blood-and-thunder." You may read the productions of both schools, either in completed works or in the columns of widely-circulated weeklies. These productions, as we have admitted, are not on the face of them indecent or immoral, but the tendency of them is to weaken in youth the functions of thought and conscience; to distort their views of life; to disorder imagination; to hasten unhealthily the season of passion; to loosen all moral as well as conventional restraints: thus, on the feminine side of human existence, to prepare the way for light love, for easy marriage, for intrigues, and for divorce; on the masculine side, for idleness, rashness, ambition, discontent, violence, and crime.

We find much in certain spheres of common life which corresponds with this low literature—much that is given and returned in their reciprocal influences of each upon the other. We find it in maudlin conversation, in affected taste, sensibility, enthusiasm, and in what we may call the interjectional style of criticism—a style of criticism which dispenses with feeling, imagination, judgment, and which consists of rapturous exclamations, as "Oh, how beautiful!" "Ah, how divine!" "Surely never was any thing more glorious!" "Oh, to hear such eloquence!" "Oh, to drink in such wisdom!" "Oh, to gaze upon such loveliness!" "Oh, to read such poetry—to find in speech such miracle of genius!" "Oh, the deadly divinity of listening to such entrancing music!" "Oh, the infinity of art, that reaches to the depths of the moral nature, and excites all the immortal cravings of the deathless spirit!" "Surely to feel thus is to find eternity!" "And this is the absolute!"

Nor do we less frequently notice in oratory a morbid sentimentalism. We notice it often in the pulpit, in religious meetings—glaringly in Exeter Hall declamations—and in all assemblies wherein the spirit of such declamations prevails. We have found sentimentalism on the stump—found it there in some of its most lackadaisical whimperings, and in some of its most diluted mixtures of melancholy-and-water. We have found it also in a parliamentary modification. We have heard it in Congress. We have heard it in State Legislatures. But we had no idea that it had ever reached to the primitive and unsophisticated region of Utah—that region in which the progressive Saints commenced the "Latter-day" Millennium with some domestic institutions of the ancient patriarchs—in which Millennium men and women have been taught to come nearer to nature than the ancient patriarchs ever ventured. We were painfully surprised to discover that the artificial language of sentimentalism could ever have had utterance in an assembly so representative of innocence as a Mormon parliament. But here is how an orator in that assembly speaks:

"Language, Mr. President, fails me adequately to express my feelings to yourself and the members of this legislative body, for the kindness and courtesies extended to me here; and while I earnestly hope that I now fully appreciate the goodness of heart and honesty of purpose which actuate my friends in their course toward me, I much more earnestly hope that they may be treasured up in the storehouses of memory, to be looked back upon in after-life as 'a green spot in memory's waste,' and held in grateful remembrance so long as I continue an inhabitant of earth."

But in maudlin sentimentalism certain kinds of forensic oratory hold supremacy. A folio volume might be filled with illustrations. We shall limit ourselves to a single instance. We were once present when a woman was tried for the murder of her step-son. She was as ill-faced an old Hecate as the eye could refuse to look upon. Direct and presumptive evidence went to show that the murder was deliberate. Her step-son was about twelve or thirteen years of age. Upon a certain evening she and he had a quarrel. He threw some missile at her which hurt her slightly in the head. He then became frightened and ran away. Upon the next morning he came prowling around the house to see his sister and to seek a breakfast. The old woman saw him; she carried out a rifle, rested it on the fence. The boy, supposing that she was in play, kept up the fun by not scampering off but by running around a tree. The villainous hag snapped the gun at him, but wanting a cap it did not go off. The wretch went back to the house, arranged the cap, came deliberately back, took steady aim, and shot the unsuspecting boy. The murderess was acquitted, and mainly through the "soft sawder" and ingenious sentimentalism of her advocate. His speech was able, ingenious, and, as far as conscious art could be, it was eloquent. But his management was even better than his rhetoric. The malignant old lady sat before the jury robed in deepest black, and a thick vail hid her forbidding countenance from their view. Toward the close of his speech the advocate so placed himself that the jury must see, at the same time, his client and himself; situated so that no look, turn, or gesture should be lost, gasping, groaning, writhing, perspiring, he thus adapted to his use the words of Hamlet, pointing to his client, gazing intently at the jury:

> "'Tis not, gentlemen, *her* inky cloak,
> Nor customary suits of solemn black,
> Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
> No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
> Nor the dejected havior in the visage,
> Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
> That can denote *her* truly.
> * * * * * * *
> For *she hath within her* which passeth show;
> These but the trappings and the suits of woe."

This quotation did the business. This was the last piece of pathetic chicken-pie. The jury could hold no more. They were filled; they ruminated, they digested, and they forgave.

Our theme may appear to many to be too

darkly treated; and yet there are sombre topics which naturally belong to it that we have not even touched, as, for instance, suicides and duels, with all their associated passions and despair. But we have written ourselves out of breath, and we have written our readers out of patience; yet, after all, it is merely to indicate the truism that veracity and reality are the only sources in human life and human character of power and of worth.

A VOICE FROM THE STREET.

"A PALACE AND A PRISON ON EACH HAND."

[There is a corner in London where a chapel and prison confront one another. In the morning, the shadow of the chapel covers the street; in the afternoon, the shadow of the prison. Even at noonday, when all else is light, there is a half-shadow from each of these buildings, filling the whole highway. It is always dark in that place.]

I STOOD in the crowded city,
On a sultry summer day,
And watched the varying passions
Of men in their rage and play.
To the east arose a temple,
With sculpture light and gay;
To the west, a gloomy prison,
With a front of granite gray.

And evermore, at morning,
From the temple's stately walls,
Upon the subject highway,
A mighty shadow falls:
And evermore, at even,
From the prison's frowning walls,
Upon the subject highway,
A mighty shadow falls.

And evermore, between them,
The human currents run,
Shut out by temple and prison
From the light of the blessed sun:
The thief and the toiler jostle
The scions of wealth and fame;
And, close by the daughter of fashion,
There passes a child of shame.

Alas! on the noontide highway,
'Tis a ghastly sight to see
This unnatural blending of riches
With cannibal poverty.
For my heart was sick within me;
And gone were the dreams of my youth;
I was face to face with terror;
I was grappling a horrible truth.

For the crowds met not as brothers,
Nor yet as man with man;
They were herded like beasts together
In some Eastern caravan;
Where the whip is the common master;
Where the strong oppress the weak;
Where the weak upon the weaker
Their petty vengeance wreak.

There were husbands bleared and bloated;
There were wives all haggard and pale;
They looked upon portly bankers
With eyes that might make them quail.
There were filthy and ragged children,
Practiced to lie and to curse—
Children who now are beggars,
And who may be something worse.

And ever the grim policemen
Stood fast by the prison-gate;
And ever, from out the temple,
The organ pealed in its state:
And I said, in sudden anger,
From a soul with bitterness rife,
"Society genders the serpents
That poison society's life!"

I saw the high-born ladies
Shrink back from a sister's approach;
I saw the poor man covered
With dust from the rich man's coach;
And I mused, as the wheels dashed onward:
"They are but the heralds of strife;
They are but the grindstones of hatred,
That sharpen the axe and the knife."

And then, as the water-carts followed,
Turning the dust into mud,
I almost longed for a vengeance
That might sprinkle that dust with blood;
For my heart was sick within me,
And my thoughts were sombre and dun
As the cloud that steamed from the kennel,
'Neath the heat of a glaring sun.

A woman, in sable vestments,
Came mingling with the throng;
Her step was like distant music;
Her tones were like sweetest song:
She seemed to walk with the angels,
As she passed along the street,
To the sound of inaudible music,
And the tramp of invisible feet.

She beckoned the ragged children,
And they followed her to and fro;
She conversed with their haggard mothers,
And set pale faces aglow;
To the drunken and bloated husbands
She whispered in Christ's dear name,
Till they slunk away from her presence,
To their work, in very shame.

And ever, to second her teachings,
Her hand and her purse were free;
To each she spoke in kindness,
But most of all to me;
Not with the eye of the body,
Not with material tongue;
But my soul could hear in her actions
A hymn that was all unsung.

"Mourn not! mourn not! for the follies
Of the dead and buried past;
Fear not! fear not! for the purpose
Of the future, dark and vast;
For the one is gone forever,
And the other we shall not hear;
We dwell in the mighty present,
And that is our proper sphere.

"The ages have left behind them
A record of sins and shames;
But ever, from cloudy pages,
Flash forth the lightning names.
We must know the dew from the mildew,
And the storm from the vernal showers;
We must tear the weeds from our garden,
Without uprooting the flowers.

"For there is a God in Nature,
And there is a God in Art:
And Heav'n but asks of manhood
That it shall do its part.
Though the wounds of the world are many,
And as sore as sore may be,
Yet the universal healer
Is Christian Charity.

"Though yonder, within the prison,
The multitudes sicken and die,
Yet the close and steel-barred windows
Look out on a hopeful sky.
Though yonder, within the temple,
The priests may pray and entreat,
The sound of their organ-music
Is dumb 'mid the roar of the street.

"Humanity, toiling in bondage,
From most immemorial time,
Hath bowed to the call of error,
Hath cringed to the lash of crime;
But the chains of the generations
Grow weaker, day by day;
And the tears of indignant pity
Shall silently rust them away.

"Be kind to the poor in their sorrow;
Be kind to the rich in their pride;
For both are the objects of mercy,
And both are in need of a guide.
And temple and prison shall crumble,
And sink alike to the sod;
They are built on the faith of Mammon,
And not on the faith of God!"

Then my heart grew light within me,
And the vail on my brain was unfurled;
And I said, "Let us honor woman,
For she heals the sores of the world."
Oh! women, be pure in your instincts;
Oh! women, be true in your lives;
Ye mould the future as mothers,
Ye govern the present as wives!

A LETTER, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

WE were two girls together, Margaret and I. Our mother was dead, and now that we were through school, we kept house for our father, and were under very little restraint of any kind. Margaret, our friends said, was her mother's child, I my father's. I had, in fact, inherited all that I was from him. Strong, muscular organization; black eyes and straight black hair; olive skin; firm yet pleasure-loving lips; haughty forehead; fiery, yet easily soothed temper; warm affections—these were his, and he had given them all to me, his oldest daughter.

Neither of us could remember our mother, but a portrait of her, taken just before her marriage, would have answered equally well for Margaret. She died at the birth of this her youngest child, passing from earth gently and sweetly, like a rose which exhales its soul in perfume. I have been told that my father's agony was terrible. Grief with him was as the storms in tropic climates. Whirlwind-like, it swept every thing before it. It was a resistless flood, to which neither reason nor religion could for the time oppose any barrier. For weeks he could not bear to look at the infant thus left him. When at length the calm succeeded to the tempest, and he heard, in the quiet, the still small voice from heaven, he learned resignation, and turned for comfort to the ties which yet bound him to life. The little white thing, lying upon pillows in the nursery or nestling to a stranger's bosom, looked up to him with the eyes of his early love. He named her Margaret then because it means pearl, and no other name seemed so fitting for the frail, fair babe. Besides, he

had given for her all he had, and to him, therefore, she was indeed a pearl of great price.

My sister was fair. She looked like the women whom the early painters chose for models when they painted angels. She had hair of tawny gold—you saw such three months ago, when you paid your respects to Page's Venus. Her eyes were like the sky in color, where it is deep blue and cloudless, with a light shining in their depths tender and tranquil as a star. Add to these small and delicate features a mouth to which smiles came not too often, but like returning children to their home; you have seen faces where the smiles were aliens, and you felt as if they required a safe-conduct; a skin transparent and faultlessly smooth; a shape tall, slender, and graceful, and you have Margaret, as charming a blonde as the most ardent admirer of that type of beauty could desire. She was firm, too; those women always are. Her character had plenty of tone and fibre. It is we brunettes who are easily moved and governed after all. I could outstorm twenty like Margaret. While she sat calm and quiet and apparently submissive, I could raise a tempest and put the whole house in commotion. But I always ended by doing precisely as she wished. We passionate people always yield, if only we find any one firm enough to remain unmoved by us, quietly persistent in their own will.

I think it was because Margaret and I were so different that we were friends in the true sense of the word. I suppose sisters always love each other. There is duty, natural affection, and all that; you know what, if you've read Mrs. Ellis. But they are not usually *friends*. Ripening on the same vine, they are as like as two peas. There is no charm of novelty. Their society cloys each other like sweet wine. In our case the wine was spicy and pungent. We could never thoroughly analyze its taste, and returned each time to the draught with new zest and new curiosity.

You know something about us now, and I will proceed to tell you what we did.

It was early in the month of June, and a leap-year. We were living very quietly out of town. Every afternoon at five o'clock papa drove out, his business being over at that hour, and often brought with him some mercantile friend to dine and go back in the evening, or, if he were not a family man, to occupy a spare chamber and drive into town with him in the morning. Margaret and I never saw much of these visitors beyond making ourselves agreeable to them at dinner. We voted them old fogies, and never imagined any possibilities of entertainment from their society. We saw very few young people either. We had so many sources of amusement at home and in each other that we did not trouble ourselves about beaus and parties, and were enjoying a pleasant season as grown-up daughters at home, which is very rare, now that girls are permitted to step from the school-room to the ball-room, to waste their first bloom in the dissipations of fashionable life.

We loved fun dearly, both of us, and that June we determined to seek it in a new and not exactly legitimate channel. The most frequent of papa's guests was a Mr. Thorndike—Ignatius Thorndike. He was a man some years younger than our father, but we thought he could not be much less than forty. We were respectively seventeen and nineteen at that time, and forty seems fearfully old to girls in their teens. We had never thought much about Mr. Thorndike—he was the gravest of all those grave merchants—but we knew that he was unmarried. We had heard that he was too poor to marry when he was young, and, now that he had been successful in business even beyond his hopes, he did not dare to seek a wife, because he had lost all faith in his own ability to please, and feared lest he should be accepted for the luxuries it was in his power to bestow.

To this grave merchant we resolved to send a letter, making the freedom of leap-year our excuse, and so wording it that it might prove the commencement of a correspondence which we thought would be vastly entertaining. I hardly know which of us first suggested the idea, but we were both quite carried away with it. The composition of this precious document was our joint work. I have retained a copy of it, which I have by me to-day. It reads thus:

"Mr. Thorndike,—I have hesitated long before writing you this note. I should not venture to do so now were it not that I am emboldened by the license accorded to leap-year. To a different man I would not write it for worlds, but I am sure your character is of too high a tone for you to pursue a correspondence merely for amusement or adventure. If you think I am indelicate in addressing you at all—if you do not desire my friendship, you will let the matter drop here—you will never reply to me, or bestow a second thought on one who will, in that case, strive to think no more of you. But should you really value the regard of a girl who is fearless enough thus to disobey the recognized laws of society; honest enough to show you her heart as it is; good enough at least to feel your goodness in her inmost soul—then you will write. Then, perhaps, we shall know each other better, and the friendship thus unconventionally begun may brighten both our lives. Remember I trust to your honor *not* to answer this letter if you disapprove of my course in sending it—if by so doing I have forfeited your respect. Should you reply, let it be within three days, and address,

"Gratia Livermore,
"*Boston P. O.*"

It fell to Margaret's lot to copy the epistle, as she wrote far more neatly than I. In fact, she was my superior in every thing requiring patience or grace. We sent the missive, and, for three successive days after its probable reception, we dispatched a messenger into town to inquire for letters for Miss Livermore. None came, however, and we at length concluded that our attempt at fun had proved an ignominious failure. All that delicate flattery had been wasted. Most likely Mr. Thorndike despised his unknown correspondent too thoroughly even to be amused by her. We were vexed both of us. We called him a fussy, cross-grained old bachelor, and said, even to each other, that we didn't care; but we did care, we were mortified and disappointed. That afternoon, when papa

came out to dinner, we noticed as he drove up the avenue that he was not alone. We were both of us watching from our window, but Margaret was the first to recognize the visitor.

"That odious Mr. Thorndike!" she cried. "Well, thank fortune, Laura, he never would think of suspecting either of *us*. Scorn to reply to that letter though he may, I'll wager he'd give at least one bright eagle to know who wrote it."

We both of us dressed ourselves as tastefully as we could. Mr. Thorndike's well-known avoidance of women made us resolve that he should at least think his friend's daughters not ill-looking.

Margaret did not wear blue. I imagine this was because most girls of her complexion did wear it. She used to call that color the one idea of blondes, and you know how earnest Mr. Carlyle is that we should "beware of fixed ideas." Her dress was a pale rose-color, just the shade of the spring peach blossoms. It lent its own soft flush to her cheeks. A spray of wisteria was in her golden braids, and her fair arms, with the hair bracelets on them, gleamed bewilderingly through her thin sleeves.

I was in white. It toned me down better than any thing. In fact, I looked well in it. I twisted a few roses in my hair, and put a bunch of them at my waist. Great hoops of barbaric gold were in my ears, and bracelets of the same were upon my arms. I liked Margaret's looks, and she liked mine. We were too dissimilar to have any petty jealousies.

When we went into the drawing-room Mr. Thorndike rose.

"Good afternoon, Miss Otis; good afternoon, Miss Margaret," he said, as he placed chairs for us. He added a pleasant remark about being so frequent a guest, and then returned, apparently quite forgetful of us, to his conversation with papa.

We left them at the dinner-table at the earliest possible moment, and went out of doors. The grounds around our mansion were well kept and spacious. Papa liked breathing room, and did not choose to be overlooked by his neighbors.

We sought a nook which we both loved; where a dusky clump of pines crowned a hill. In the centre was a rustic seat, resting on which we could look out between the tree boles toward the west. The air was full of the rich, balsamic odor of the pines. Under our feet the fallen leaves were piled so soft and thick you could not hear a footstep. The winds among the boughs talked together all day overhead, and our hearts interpreted them; and now, looking afar over other hills, we saw the crimson glory of the sunset. We both, for different reasons, liked to watch it. I, because it seemed to belong to me. I could fancy myself in harmony with those gorgeous colorings, those fantastic clouds. The phantom shapes hurried on without rest were like my thoughts; changeful as my moods; irresponsible as my life. Margaret liked them by the authority of contrast. She was self-centred and all rest—a still noon, or a midnight lit by a full moon. She liked fierce, vivid colors, hurrying storms, enforced changes—they deepened the sense of her own calm. Silent, with the dreamy speculativeness of untried girls, our hearts were questioning the future which seemed hiding itself behind the clouds and the sunset.

"I think it is a ship. Do you see the spars and the trim masts?"

We both looked up, and there beside us stood Mr. Thorndike. We had not heard his step on the soft pine leaves. He stood there, looking, as he always looked, calm and grave and strong—much such a nature as Margaret's, only deepened by masculine elements. There was enthusiasm in his eyes, softened by half poetic melancholy. They were fixed, not on us, but steadily on the sunset. Perhaps the light in them was a reflection from that crimson distance. He went on speaking, as much to himself apparently as to us.

"Yes, it is a ship, surely. See, it is sailing on a flame-colored river, and the port whither it tends no man knoweth. Life is like it.

"'Our beginnings, as our endings,
Rest with the life-sender.'

We were not, we are, and we shall be. I always liked pictures in the sunset, as in the embers. The cloud pictures are best though, for they are on a grander scale. There is more room for fancy to fill up."

I stole a glance at Margaret. His discourse, so unpractical, so far removed from business, was as much a surprise to her as to me. But it was in harmony with her thoughts; while at first I did not like it, because it seemed incongruous with the man.

"I never heard that castles in Spain were merchantable property," I said, with perhaps a latent irony in my tones. Mr. Thorndike looked at me, and the poetic enthusiasm in his gray eyes was replaced by the shrewd analytic expression which betokened the keen man of business.

"Very true, Miss Otis. You think, and justly, that castle-building is a curious pastime for one who has been the architect of any thing so rugged and real as his own fortune. You are right. It was certainly quite a different subject upon which I designed to speak to you. In advance I must implore you both to forgive my plainness of speech. I am a business man, little used to ladies' society, and accustomed to say my say in the fewest and most simple words. I received a letter three days ago signed 'Gratia Livermore.'"

Margaret was pale, with a look like marble in her face. I felt my own cheeks turn crimson. Angry tears rushed to my eyes, but I forced them back. I beat the ground nervously with my foot. It is a trick I have when I need great self-control, and yet my impatience must find some outlet. "Well?" I said, inquiringly.

"Well," he calmly proceeded, "I knew the handwriting. I have often seen Miss Margaret's

delicate chirography in her father's possession. I recognized it, and I recognized you in the composition, Miss Otis."

"And so you despise us, and have come to tell us so?" I spoke defiantly, and looked into his face with eyes which strove to scorn his displeasure.

"No, Miss Otis; a moment's consideration would convince you that if I despised you I should surely not have taken the trouble to speak to you about this matter. I believe I am just—just and honest; but I do not pretend to be a man of disinterested benevolence. Your father is my best friend, and among my few female acquaintances none stand so high as his daughters in my regard. I was therefore the more pained that you should have written this letter. I was not influenced by personal feeling. I quite passed over the light esteem in which you must have held me to think my vanity so susceptible, so easily touched. I thought only of yourselves. Had you had a mother this would never have happened; or, if it had, I should have found it hard to forgive you. But I always held that the best man in the world is not fit to have the sole charge of daughters. He is away from them too much; he does not understand their tastes or their temperaments. When I read that letter how I pitied you, because you had been left motherless. Perhaps I should have taken no notice of it, had I not thought my friendship for your father imposed upon me a duty toward his daughters. It was but a girlish freak, and its repetition was scarcely to be assumed as a probability. Still I wanted to say to you that no young girl can be too careful how she trusts her handwriting in the keeping of any man. In good society an anonymous letter is considered almost a crime; and as to letters under a lady's own name, perhaps I am conservative, but it is my opinion that, except upon business matters, they should never be written to any gentleman save a near relative or a betrothed husband. I have no right to say all this, but I have spoken as a brother would, to you who have no brother. Am I forgiven?"

Margaret went up to him and offered him her hand. Her aspect was pale still, but no longer like marble in its repose. Her lips quivered. Her soul shone transfiguringly through her face, and kindled her eyes into tenderness, which her rising tears served to heighten. Her voice was full-freighted with feeling.

"Not forgiven, Sir, there is no need of that; but you have shown yourself our true friend, and we thank you—I and my sister. Do not fear that we shall fail to profit by your kindness."

He held her hand a moment, then he placed in it our silly letter and turned away.

I caught the sheet from her, tore it into fragments, and scattered them to the winds.

"What would I give," I cried, "that we had never written it! To have disgraced ourselves so in Mr. Thorndike's estimation—it is too bad! I shall never bear to see him again; shall you, Margaret?"

"Certainly: I shall see him with far more pleasure than before; for I know now what a true man he is. I did not think one met such out of books. I can almost forgive myself for having written the letter, because it has shown me such a noble page of human nature."

That evening, despite our mortification, was a very pleasant one. Mr. Thorndike had never before taken such pains to make himself agreeable. We found hitherto unsuspected delight in his conversation. He had thought much and read to good purpose. He had lived his forty years with open and observing eyes.

Music was proposed during the evening. I "performed" well—so said my teachers and the few critics who had heard me. I played difficult music; grand, stately symphonies from Mozart and Beethoven; and Mr. Thorndike listened—he could not have deceived me—with the soul of a genuine music-lover. Margaret succeeded me, and she sang a few ballads—simple Scottish lays, solemn and tender with love and death—accompanying herself with low, sweet chords, which might have been imagined the wordless melody of an accordant spirit.

"Margaret's music is best," said papa, wiping the tears from his eyes when she concluded, and I knew she had been singing some of our mother's old-fashioned songs, calling back the romance and melody of his youth. Mr. Thorndike said nothing, but I thought I discerned a treacherous mistiness in his eyes; and when she was through he closed the piano, as if, having heard those ballads, he wished to hear nothing more. Presently he retired.

During that summer we learned to know our new friend well, and we both liked him. We had respect for his opinions, and even for his prejudices. We revered the unswerving integrity of his life, and we found more pleasure in his society than we had ever found in any gentleman's before. True, we did not know many with whom to compare him. We were not yet "out," and young men were seldom among papa's visitors. Perhaps it was well for us, before we went into general society, to become so well acquainted with a strong, true man like Ignatius Thorndike. After that it would be hard to impose upon us counterfeit coin in lieu of sterling gold.

I think he took all the more pleasure in our acquaintance because his life had heretofore been too much occupied with business for him to cultivate friendships among women. He was certainly very attentive to us. After dinner we used to leave papa to his nap and the evening papers, and wander off, we three, into the woods and dells which lay not far from our home. None of us knew enough of artificial enjoyments to spoil our zest for the simple pleasures of our quiet life. We rejoiced, like happy children, over a rare flower, a curious leaf, or a pretty stone. We talked about every thing—politics, religion, poetry, fashion, business, and finally we got one day to talking of love. Mr. Thorndike had no patience with flirtations. He spoke of them in terms of unmeasured severity. He also

inveighed bitterly against the selfishness of many marriages. He could not understand, he said, how a man could ever venture to ask a woman not half so old as himself to marry him. Only the strongest love, he held, could make marriage safe or happy, and certainly strong love, on the wife's side, where there was such disparity of age, was too rare to be reckoned among the probabilities.

"And you think it is wrong to marry without a love as romantic as the love of novels?" asked Margaret.

"I think, Miss Margaret, that Hawthorne has written a great many strong and true words, but nothing truer than when he said, 'Let men tremble to win the hand of woman, unless they win along with it the utmost passion of her heart; else it may be their miserable fortune, when some mightier touch than their own may have awakened all her sensibilities, to be reproached even for the calm content, the marble image of happiness, which they will have imposed upon her as the warm reality.' There are women whom we know instinctively to be above all mercenary motives in marriage; but perhaps such, from their very tenderness and purity, would be the most easily persuaded to believe that love which was only its cold counterfeit. And when such a wife awoke from her delusion to the knowledge of all that might have been and was not, I should pity her husband, if a true man, even more than herself; inasmuch as I believe it would be easier to bear through life the burden of an unsatisfied hope than for a generous husband to feel that he had snatched the possibility of happiness from the woman of his choice—that he had condemned the best part of her nature to perpetual solitude. I allude now to cases where a man's only fault is want of consideration, selfish haste, neglecting to make himself certain of his absolute empire over the heart before he accepts the hand. Those other cases where the sacrifice of a heart for wealth and a name is deliberately made and accepted as beneath even the discussion of high-minded men and women."

Margaret had listened silently while he had spoken; now she drew her shawl around her and shivered.

"It is chilly," she said. "I feel the damp. Let us go in."

At the time this struck me as singular, for Margaret was rarely cold. I used often to envy her insensibility to the cold of winter or heat of summer; her temperament so calm, or so perfectly balanced, that the weather had no hold on her. For myself, I liked nothing but sunshine. Few days were too warm for me; but I suffered from cold like an East Indian—grew aguish in the slightest draught, and believed devoutly in furnaces and hot air. But I was not even chilly now. However, we obeyed Margaret's motion, and the subject of love and marriage was not afterward renewed between us three. It was clear enough, from what Mr. Thorndike had said, that he would never seek to marry a young girl; and even had we been, which we were not, match-seeking young ladies, it was warning enough to us to think of him only as the friend he had proved himself.

His attentions during that pleasant summer were pretty equally divided between us; if any thing, the larger proportion fell to my share. We did not go into town very early that year. We could not bear to return to brick walls and paved streets while Nature was holding her high festival of harvest time. Oh, those glorious October days! Grain waving on the hill-tops; grapes purpling on the vines; fruit blushing on the boughs; fire-tinted leaves rustling slowly downward; prismatic haze floating over all! If you never were in the country in October, you have missed something you can hardly afford to forego.

It was November before we were settled in our house in town—a pleasant house, large and commodious, looking upon the common, where the waving of the tree-boughs, and the Frog Pond, with its blue water and fleets of juvenile ships, do their pleasant best toward a little fiction of country life—a sort of vignette. A maiden sister of my father was sent for, and promoted over our heads to the post of housekeeper. This was in deference to the proprieties, for we were to receive company this winter, and go into society, and needed a chaperon.

At first Mr. Thorndike came to see us frequently; but as soon as we had collected round us a gay circle of acquaintances he began quietly to withdraw himself from our intimacy. Out of town, where there had been no fear of his attentions interfering with any one else, he had given us most of his leisure; but now he evidently thought the young men who surrounded us must needs be more agreeable. That this was not the case I could have answered—for myself, at least. I missed him sadly. Compared with him, the young men of our circle—youths well-born and well-bred, who had never known the slightest necessity for exertion—seemed sadly vapid and uninteresting. I began to suspect myself of quite as much regard for him as any prudent damsel would care to bestow on one who, by his own showing, was not a marrying man.

If Margaret missed our old friend as much as I did she made no sign. Reserved, self-contained, and cold, as she really was, to all but the few, she was so sweet, and gentle, and courteous in society that she was very popular—far more so than I, who carried my heart upon my sleeve. It was not long before the attentions of one, at least, of her admirers began to seem serious to me, an interested looker-on.

He was a young divine, of the poetico-romantic school, who was just then making quite a sensation. He was handsome; graceful in manners as in person; with one of those eclectic natures of which saith the proverb, "All's fish that comes to that net." Milton, Shakspeare, godly George Herbert, gentle Elia, Festus Bailey, Carlyle, Dickens—who was there, ancient or

modern, serious or profane, poet or essayist, who had not contributed to enrich his sermons?

"Words, dears," said papa, when we had coaxed him to go and hear Mr. Staunton; "a great many very fine words; but where is the soul? I'm too old-fashioned to judge, perhaps, but I confess I like the old gray-beards who were young when I was; who learned their theology from the Bible; and who utter their own thoughts in their own simple phrase a great deal better."

Upon this Margaret defended the young minister warmly, and when I said to her, after we were alone, that I had no idea she was so much interested in Mr. Staunton, she colored, and, with more of temper than I had almost ever seen in her, answered that I had no right to infer any special interest on her part, but she did like to see every one dealt with fairly.

At all events, there was presently no doubt of Mr. Staunton's estimation of her. He showed it by many unequivocal demonstrations, and yet not in any way which made it possible for Margaret to repulse him, or obliged her, on the other hand, to encourage him. His attentions were such as friend might show to friend, but accompanied by looks and tones which evidently pointed home their moral. I do not know whether all this was noticed by outside observers; I thought not. It surprised me a little when, one evening, Mr. Thorndike spoke to me upon the subject.

He happened to call when Mr. Staunton was there. Margaret was singing in the music room, which opened out of the parlor. Of course the minister was bending over her, and for a few moments Mr. Thorndike was alone with me.

A little while we both listened to Margaret's voice, which floated out to us clear and sweet. My companion had been leaning his head on his hand, thus concealing his face; but when he looked up I saw an unfamiliar trouble in his deep eyes. He spoke hoarsely:

"Is she, is Margaret going to marry Mr. Staunton, Laura? Perhaps I have no right to ask, but you know you have treated me almost like a brother."

"I have no idea," I answered, honestly. "You have seen as much, I imagine, as I have. He is very attentive, but she is reserved, even to me. I have no means of guessing her intentions."

He tried to smile, but it was a ghastly failure.

"Well," he said, "God bless her, whoever she marries, wherever her lot is cast! She will decide wisely. It is absurd for me to question it. Her own pure instincts will not guide her wrongly; but Mr. Staunton! Laura, I can never think he is good enough for her. Take my word for it, there is poverty of heart and soul beneath that fine exterior. The soil is too poor for wholesome grain where all that exotic luxuriance of transplanted flowers springs up."

In a few moments more he left. When I urged him to stay and see my sister, he answered in a voice I should scarcely have known, it was so constrained and unnatural.

"Not to-night. To-night, at least, you must excuse me."

I needed no more words to tell me that he loved Margaret with a love as pure and as strong as his manly heart. Had he so loved me, I was conscious that I should have returned it. I esteemed him as I esteemed no other man. Perhaps I had unwittingly striven to please him; but it was here, as in all else, I who had failed, and Margaret, my calm, pale, firm sister, who had won what she seemed not to value after all. Well, thank Heaven and the common sense I inherited from my father, I should not die for love. I had no story-book sentimentality about it. If a good man, like Ignatius Thorndike, had truly loved me, and Heaven had separated us, I can not answer for my fortitude; but while I recognized the possible hold he might have had on my heart, my affections not having been sought, were still in my own keeping, and I was quite capable of being a true sister to him, and entering with unselfish warmth into his love for Margaret and all its accompanying hopes and fears.

That evening, when I was alone with my sister, I told her all that had passed. I did not omit to describe the expressions which had swept over Mr. Thorndike's face or the inflections of his voice. She listened silently. Her back was toward me as she stood letting down her hair before the mirror. I thought her fingers trembled a little, but I could not be sure. When I had concluded she turned round for a moment. I could not read her face distinctly, it was shrouded so by the golden hair sweeping round it; but I could see that her eyes glittered, whether with tears or pride, and that her cheeks were glowing. Her voice was steady and unmoved as usual.

"Thank you, Laura," she said, quietly. "It is unnecessary to speak to Mr. Thorndike again upon the subject, but should any one ask you hereafter whether I am going to marry Mr. Staunton you can say no; as I shall certainly tell the gentleman himself if he ever gives me an opportunity."

She said no more. I longed to sound her as to her sentiments toward Mr. Thorndike, but I could think of no way. Open as a child in all her acts, Margaret was reserved about her feelings; and this reserve had even grown upon her of late. She went on undressing as tranquilly as if I had not told her that Mr. Thorndike loved her, and then knelt down, with her childlike instinct of reverence, to say her prayers, for neither great grief nor overwhelming joy had as yet taught her how to *pray*.

We went out of town early in the spring, as we had come in late; but before we went Mr. Staunton's visits had nearly ceased. I conjectured, though Margaret did not tell me, that he had offered her his hand and been rejected. His sermons about this time took a melancholy tone. He dwelt much on the fact that we are pilgrims and strangers, and have no continuing city here; he bewailed the vanity of life and the

unstable nature of earthly hopes and dreams. He quoted largely from that school of bards whose constant longing seems to be to have the grass green and the snow white above their graves; the storms whistling and the flowers blooming over them, all at once. In this phase of emotional development he was more popular than ever, especially with the young ladies of his flock. The dear creatures seemed to have an affinity for tears, and take naturally to lamentations; and as not a few were rich and some handsome, he was in a fair way to console himself in time.

When we were settled in our suburban home we missed Mr. Thorndike's frequent visits still more than in the city. There was a different reason now for his not coming to us. It was the spring of 1858. The commercial earthquake which had commenced in the fall had been rumbling all winter, and bursting out now and then to overwhelm its victims with a financial ruin, sudden and terrible. Toward spring the failures grew perhaps less frequent but more severe; for firms which had struggled so long, if they went down at last, wrought a devastation as fearful as when Samson, blind and old and persecuted long, pulled down upon himself the temple of Dagon. Few merchants had time for much social civility. It was all they could do to fight their way in the hand-to-hand conflict going on around them. Papa said Mr. Thorndike was struggling with the rest—that he had a great many bad debts, and it was doubtful how long he would be able to meet his engagements.

"Couldn't you help him?" I asked, when he told us this.

Papa shook his head.

"I offered to, but he obstinately refused to involve me in any way. 'No one can do more in these times,' he said, 'than look out for himself. You have children, and I have none. You are an older man than I, and not used as I am to struggling and privation. I shall remember all my life this friendship, when so few would dare to be friendly; but I must stand or fall alone—I don't know which it will be.' He is a noble fellow, girls; not many like him in these days, when people hold honor and faith and friendship as mere fictions."

I turned to look at Margaret. I wanted to see how she was affected by this praise, but she had gone out of the room.

That day papa, not feeling very well, did not go to town. After dinner we were all together in the dining-room. Papa was at the window, where the sunset brightened his silver hair. Margaret was half-sitting, half-lying on a lounge in the back part of the room, and I was on a stool beside her. I think we were all partly asleep, papa smoking and watching the blue rings float up and away, and we girls dreaming each her own dreams. The sound of a horse galloping up the avenue aroused us. We heard the rider dismount and speak to Patrick, who was at work on a flower-bed not far from the house. Then, the doors being open, he came without ringing into the hall, and along to the dining-room. It was Mr. Thorndike. He evidently saw no one but my father, and neither Margaret nor I made any movement. He went straight up to papa and stood before him. His face was very white but calm. His voice did not tremble, but there was a sadness in it deeper than tears.

"Mr. Otis," he said, "my struggle is over. My paper was protested to-day. These last failures have been too much for me. I have done my best, but the fruit of my life's toil is gone. I shall give up every cent, and no man can lose much by me; but I must begin again at the foot of the ladder, I who am no longer young. But, thank Heaven, I have no one dearer than myself to suffer through my misfortune. I have repined at my loneliness sometimes, but it comforts me now."

Papa was betrayed by his sympathy into suggesting a thought to his friend which he would never have accepted himself.

"But can't you save enough to go into business again? It is custom; every one does it nowadays. No one gives up every thing."

Mr. Thorndike smiled with an indescribable expression of patient pride.

"Dear Sir, you would be the very last to temporize with duty yourself. No, I must preserve my honor at all costs. I shall go into business again, I hope; but it will be as a poor man, as poor as I was twenty years ago. You must feel that this is right."

"It *is* right." It was Margaret who spoke. I had never seen her so stirred from her usual calmness. She sprang from the sofa and walked to Ignatius Thorndike's side. "Yes, my friend, you are right; *you* could do no other way. The loss of fortune is only loss. There is no absolute ruin in life save the ruin of integrity; no utter wreck but the wreck of honor. Gold is tried and purified by fire; only the baser metals are destroyed."

He held her hand, her white delicate hand that did not look as if there were any strength in it to labor. He glanced at her figure, so slender and so graceful, arrayed with such costly simplicity—a woman whom it seemed no poor man could venture to win. Then he looked steadfastly in her eyes. What did he read there? They were luminous, as on that night when he had given her back our silly leap-year letter—when she had first discovered how good he was. A flush like the dawning was on her cheeks. A noble pride, kindled rather for him than herself, shone in her face. She looked fit for a hero's bride. But what read Ignatius Thorndike in her eyes? He held her hand for a moment, gazing at her steadily. Then he said, with less composure than he had shown before,

"God bless you, Margaret; I can not even thank you," and turned away. As he went out of the door I, who was nearest to it, heard him murmur, "I could have borne all but this. This makes the cup too bitter."

I understood then that Margaret's soul had revealed itself to him in her look—that he felt sure of her love. I know his first, despairing thought was that he could never marry her; that love had come too late—come but to mock him with tantalizing glimpses of what might have been. I was not troubled, however, for I had faith in the true hearts of both of them. I believe that when two belong to each other so that apart their being is incomplete—so that, in life or death, no other could usurp the throne—it is seldom possible to separate them, even in this world. Through pain and weariness it may be; over paths rough with rocks and thorns, or lying among shadows; still, were it from far antipodes, they will draw near to each other. By-and-by Mr. Thorndike would come to understand that to deprive Margaret of himself, of his love, would be to do her a heavier wrong than to subject her to one meal a day and an attic. Not, however, that I apprehended any such romantic catastrophe. The wife of a business man, who possesses strong health and active energies, can never know hopeless poverty. Besides, papa was well enough able to assist them. There would be only he and I left; he could give my sister her fortune now.

I did not mention any of my speculations to Margaret. She did not allude to Mr. Thorndike beyond a simple expression of her sympathy in his misfortunes; and I respected her reticent delicacy. We did not see him again for more than a month. From time to time I inquired of papa concerning his affairs. He had behaved nobly—given up every thing, and refused an offer from papa, and two other of his warm friends, to lend him a sufficient capital to start again. He had sturdily adhered to his preference for independence, and was going to establish himself in a commission business. I believe I exulted in him—in the integrity which no temptations could shake, the self-respect which no misfortunes could lessen—as much as if his love had been mine.

It was June when he came to us again—just a year, as I happened to remember, from the day at which I dated the real beginning of our friendship. He looked a little worn by anxiety and labor, but hopeful and resolute notwithstanding. For the first time he asked Margaret to go to walk with him, and omitted me in the invitation. I saw them, a few moments afterward, from my window, pacing slowly under the trees, her light dress gleaming through the summer greenery. They were gone a long time. When they returned Margaret came directly up stairs. A tender, womanly light was in her eyes; an expression of entire happiness upon her face. She sat down beside me, and laid her head against my shoulder, with a caressing manner which was unusual in her; for, though deeply and fervently affectionate, she was seldom demonstrative.

"I am not half worthy of him, Laura," she said, hiding her eyes from me; "not half worthy of being Ignatius Thorndike's wife; but I have promised to be so. I don't know what he sees in me, that noble man—the best man I ever knew—strong and true as an angel."

I could tell very well what he saw in her—a bride whom any man might be proud to win; but those who love truly are always humble. I did not dispute the point; I only rallied her a little.

"Do I hear you rightly, Margaret?" I asked, with apparent incredulity. "Why, don't you remember all Mr. Thorndike said, last summer, about men who asked women a great deal younger than themselves to marry them—how wrong he thought it, how hazardous?"

"That was when they asked hastily; when they wooed women who were not sure of their own hearts; when they married without knowing, beyond doubt, that their wives loved them."

"And he has no doubt of your love, then?"

"Thank Heaven, none; nor I of his."

Her sweetness and frankness had quite overruled my attempts to tease her and banished the desire. I caught her in my arms instead, and wept over her passionately—not, Heaven knows, because I was sorry; every thing had happened as I most wished. I could give up my beloved sister to her husband without a single apprehension as to her future. Nevertheless the tears would come. They are most women's safety-valve, and answer quite as well for occasions of extreme joy as for those of sorrow. Mine were contagious, and we had a good cry together—we two, who had been the dearest upon earth to each other almost all the years of our young lives. I could be dearest to Margaret no longer. Was there any unworthy jealousy in my tears?"

"What will papa say?" I asked, when we had got quiet again.

"Oh, he is pleased. Ignatius spoke to him first; and indeed, Laura, what could he have hoped for me half so good? As he himself said, he can give me to Mr. Thorndike without a doubt or a fear. I know it was a long time before Ignatius could make up his mind to ask my hand, because he is poor now, and he could not bear to have me share poverty with him; but finally—"

"But finally he bethought himself to do you better justice, and not sacrifice your heart and his own to what is, at worst, but a doubtful fear."

I went down stairs presently to see and congratulate my brother-in-law elect. Margaret staid behind; she had need to be alone, she said. I think she *prayed* then.

It was not long before Mr. Thorndike left. I was going with him into the hall, but I saw a rapid figure flitting down the stairs to join him, and I retreated, to leave them to exchange together their first lovers' farewell.

They were to be married in the early fall, before we went into town, and we commenced the preparations at once. I wanted to have superintended Margaret's *trousseau*, and I thought no-

thing could be too costly or too elegant for her. It was a real annoyance when she quietly refused to have this and that, because it was not fitting for the wife of a man whose fortune was yet to make. But she had always had her own way—she did still. Her quiet, persistent mildness was all-powerful.

In respect to style of living and expenses I could see there would be perfect harmony between her and her betrothed. Both were independent and entirely above vanity. I went into the parlor one day, and found papa fussing and fretting in a manner quite unusual for him.

"What is the matter?" I asked, as I went up to him.

"Matter enough! One likes to see a very young man Quixotic, and heroic, and all that; but Ignatius Thorndike is old enough to take a common-sense view of life. I have been telling him I was going to buy Margaret a house and furnish it, and transfer some stock to her name; and instead of thanking me, behold he will have Margaret and nothing else! He is not willing I should do any thing for her. If he were rich, he says, he should not mind; but as he is not, he would prefer beginning his married life as suits his altered fortunes. It's absurd—absolutely ridiculous!"

"And what does Margaret say?"

"Oh, agrees with Ignatius, of course. She understands him so well that I suppose she thinks it would make him unhappy to owe too much, even to her."

It was possible too, I thought, that Margaret preferred to be dependent on her husband. I had begun to understand her nature now.

She and Ignatius—the two firm, quiet ones—had their way. Papa only gave them their furniture, their silver, and linen. Mr. Thorndike rented a small, pleasant house in town, and it was all fitted up ready for them to go into before they were married.

It was the first of October when they went away from us. They had a very quiet wedding. Margaret wore white muslin, in lieu of the satin and point lace I would fain have selected; but with all her simplicity of attire she could not help looking like a queen. Nature had stamped her *regina*. There was an unutterable content and peace in Ignatius Thorndike's face when he came from church with his wife—his young, true, fair wife; and Margaret looked as if the ducal strawberries would have elevated her less than the unadorned honor of being Mrs. Thorndike.

They had no bridal tour. It was not only that the new-made husband had no superfluity of time or means—in any circumstances neither of them would have fancied it. Their happiness was not of a kind to require change of air and scene. They needed no company besides each other. We knew this—papa and I—and did not intrude upon them much at first. After a while, however, we fell into the habit of spending with them some portion of every day. In fact we can not stay away, it is such a pleasant home to visit. A neat little house, simple in furniture and adornments, but with a few sunny pictures, plenty of choice books, and always fresh flowers in the crystal vase on Margaret's table. I do not know how the one tidy maid contrives to keep every thing so neat and bright and smiling. I half suspect Margaret of assisting her; but her hands are as white and ladylike as ever, her dress as faultlessly neat and elegant. She never talks about her domestic affairs. She is content to love us dearly and welcome us heartily, without presenting constant drafts on our sympathy in household grievances.

Her husband is all Margaret's husband ought to be—loving, proud, honest, and fearless. I think he forgets that he is just beginning the struggle for fortune at an age when he hoped to be able to leave it off. Cheered by her brave, hopeful love, he knows no regrets. He puts mind and brain into his business during many hours of each day; but he comes home to rest and refreshment, and his heart has a sure anchor. Already he is successful. When patience and industry join hands with tact and skill the reward is sure. I should not be surprised if Ignatius Thorndike were one day to be numbered again among the rich men of Boston. But can he ever be a richer man than now?

WILD CATTLE HUNTING ON GREEN ISLAND.

ALL along the coast of Georgia the ocean sets into the land by numerous estuaries, creeks, and inlets, which, intersecting, form an extensive chain of fertile islands of great diversity in size and shape—some, whose large areas are monopolized by flourishing plantations; others densely wooded, with outlines sweeping gracefully into all conceivable curves, girt by the waters that float dreamily by. These are Edenal retreats, tenanted by lithe-limbed deer with large, loving eyes, and gaudy birds that flutter noisily amidst the interwoven foliage. Here the orange and palmetto grow in full luxuriance, the fragrant magnolia and huge live-oaks draped to their summits with long pendent moss; and along the shadowy shores overhanging bushes, festooned with trailing plants, droop to the water's surface. Other islands are but isolated hummocks away out in the ocean, where the surf never ceases to thunder, covered at all times with uncouth wild-fowl waddling over the rocks, noodles, and screaming gulls, while the air above is filled with myriads constantly hovering.

This is the famous Sea Island cotton district, where planters grow wealthy by the cultivation of a staple whose market price is 33 cents per pound; and here are aristocratic estates whose proprietors are "native and to the manor born" of the real old Georgian stock, living in simple but most substantial style, the owners of many negroes and of imported cattle of the purest blood. Here the climate is delightful, and always tempered by the cool breezes wafted from the ocean. The atmosphere has a purplish hazy hue that gives to the eye an uncertain horizon,

and the sun shines through with a softened light, such as reposes in the quiet vale of Cashmere, or in

"——— that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm;"

a dreamy clime such as would indite impassioned lyrics for harps long since hung on willows.

Of these numerous islands that known as Green Island is the property of an eminent citizen of Georgia. Its whole large area was once a thriving plantation; but of late years it has been suffered to run to waste by its owner, who abandoned it either because he had accumulated sufficient wealth, or that he might devote his time and energies to other pursuits more lucrative or more congenial to his taste, or more for the public good. The single negro family left behind as curators of the estate have not prevented the encroachments of that rank vegetation which always springs from the fallow field, or of the decay that follows neglect. The idle children saunter lazily among the rickety outbuildings and falling fences, or fish in the sluggish creek for mullet, while the old blacks sun themselves in the door-ways in lieu of more arduous duties. There is a luxurious growth of young palmettoes where the fields were once white with cotton blooms, and squads of Berkshire shotes, wild as the boars of Bohemia, roam *ad libitum*, and charge desperately into the cassena copses with a quick, sharp grunt when suddenly disturbed. Then there are herds of Devon cattle of aristocratic blood, splendid animals, as wild as the lordly buffaloes of the Western prairies, but far more fierce and dangerous—the multiplied progeny of half a score of their noble kin imported twelve years since, and *then* cognizant of their master's crib, but which were granted the freedom of the island when the estate was abandoned, and now own no liege in man. These have grown wilder and wilder with each successive generation, until their natural fire has flamed into a restless passion, swelling the full veins that traverse their delicate skins, lighting their dark eyes with a malicious brightness, and imparting a nervous quickness to their well-turned limbs. The haughty brutes are at all times ready to charge at whatever may excite their anger, or to dispute territorial possession with every living thing that crosses their path, and in open list would defy the expertest matadores of Spain.

Some time since the herd numbered about one hundred and fifty; but such dainty and precious flesh could not long be permitted to run to grass when the few whitleather sirloins exposed in the shambles were but slanders upon the name of beef. Hence repeated incursions into their domain, and sanguinary assaults by organized bands of hunters, have biennially furnished many rare and juicy tid-bits to titillate epicurean palates, and thereby reduced the number of the cattle to some thirty head.

There is no gentleman's "preserve" in all Georgia so redundant in sport so exciting and deliciously dangerous, as is this hunting-ground of Green Island; and they are deemed fortunate who chance to be the recipients of an invitation from its proprietor, or members of his family, to participate in it. What a thrill of pleasurable anticipation tingles every vein when the shrill horn calls "to horse!" How the mettled steeds themselves seem to catch the subtle inspiration, champing their impatience, and springing with nervous bound and fluttering pulse; and the whole crew of gathering dogs, of all degrees—bull-dog, hound, and mastiff—darting hither and thither in wild excitement, uttering eager whines and yelps! Then the scurry and scrub-race that brings the huntsmen within sight of the old, dilapidated "quarter," serves to warm the blood the more, and begets a glorious intoxication of animal spirit that nerves them for the dangers of the thickest fray. Once more a blast from the horn winds long and full in the direction of the silent and apparently deserted hamlet; but before its echo has time to answer, a black woolly head peers suddenly up from a stubble patch that had seemed tenantless, gives two or three spasmodic jerks from right to left, then displays for an instant a chasm lined with ivory, and quickly disappears under the heels of its owner, who turns a nimble summersault, and darts away toward the "quarter" with a succession of tremendous bounds and strange contortions of body and limbs.

"Oh keigh! whoop! golly! dar dey come! Come out dat, you niggers! Yeah, Mass' Sam—ole bull tail—de whole of 'em—run cow—golly sakes foreber—dere dey is!"

"Oh, go 'way, you irridiscible soot-bag! What ye want come luff foolin' round heah for, makin' sich a noise? Afeard de cattle, does ye? 'Tink you must be prediwessicated. Keah!"

"Who you call pedissicated, ole Sambo nigger? You jest come 'long, de whole pack ob you chicken-gizzards! If dar ain't all de—"

Again comes a piercing shriek from the horn, near at hand, and followed by a simultaneous yell from all the dogs. This double summons is instantly answered by a bevy of negroes, old and young, who tumble helter-skelter through the door-way and from behind adjacent buildings, while a rabble of leaping curs join chorus with the voices of the new-comers, and run to meet them.

"Oh, *dar* Massa Sam, for sartain; Kurnel George, and young Mass' Dave too, and heap ob gemmen! Mornin', gemmen! Yah! yah! de bulls is about 'dis mornin', and dar's heap ob tracks all 'bout de sink-hole, and plenty ob calf-meat too, Mass' Sam, sence you was down to de island lass fall."

"Yes, massa; and de big bull is more savagous dan he eber was. Golly! what mighty fine hoss! Oats neber kill dat hoss, I spec."

"Shut yer mouf, imperence, Josh, and keep dem ivories close. 'Tink corn-bread break dem teef?"

"Oh, go 'way, 'possum, and don't be so conflution just 'cause you's in gemmen's sciety! Mass' Sam, I tell you dem dogs is anxious for de

stwife; an' heah's my pup Sanch—*he* de dog! De big bull gub him toss last fall, but he hold on wid he teef like a curl-tail 'possum to a 'simmon-tree."

"Ki! yah! jist heah dat low-priced nigger talk! Dat ain't no pup! Here, Pomp! dat *my* pup!"

"Dis my Snap—catch um bull."

"An' dis Hannibal—*he* a pup!"

"An' dis—"

"There, now! George, did you ever hear such a chattering flock of lunatic crows in all your life? Silence, the whole of you, lazy hounds! You ought to be at work in a sugar-mill instead of idling here. Brother William always was very easy with his servants, and these good-for-nothing boys here have had it all their own way until they have become as wild as the very cattle themselves. Away with you! don't stand there bowing and grinning. Ah! I understand now what you want. One might suppose you hadn't seen a dime in ten years. There! Now clear out, the whole of you, if you don't want to feel the snapper of this whip; and put out the dogs, and see if you can't start out those cattle. Here, Sambo!"

"Yes, massa!"

"You take Tom and the best of the dogs and go down to the bayou, and if the cattle are there, drive them up to the more open ground where we can get a fair crack at them. Do you hear?"

"Yes, massa. Trust ole Sambo to dat. Science shall prewail ober all obstaclums."

"And you, Picaninny Joe, run and tell old marm Sallie to have a lunch ready for us when we come back; and tell her to prepare it in her best style, for we shall be hungry as wolves."

"Yes, Sah, I'se goin' straight."

Old Sambo was the patriarch of a numerous family, as the dog Sanch was of all the mongrels on the premises. Sam was the prototype of Sanch. More than sixty years had laid him siege, and with the wrinkles that seamed his skinny face, and the gray that mottled his fleece of wool, had also added a dignity and self-complacency which were manifested by a benignant rolling of the whites of his eyes, and occasional broad grins, more of condescension than of mirth. And if there were aught of meaning in the formal wag of Sanch's tail, or the indifferent manner in which he received the obstreperous fawnings of the young dogs, or startled them into propriety by a stately snarl, it was easy of interpretation. Hence the twain are officially recognized as law and gospel on all occasions, especially in matters appertaining to the hunting of beasts, the catching of fish, or the entrapping of birds.

Thus Sambo, being duly commissioned, undertook the performance of the duties allotted to him, while the horsemen clattered away to take their stand in waiting for the expected herd. No leather-clad hunter of the Far West was ever more properly equipped and armed than they; for each carried a pair of six-shooting revolvers and a heavy knife, and one or two had long barreled rifles; but these were intended more for certain contingencies than for active and general use. The pistols were the weapons to do the work, for the encounter was to be hand to hand, and the steaks to be won were large. The horses were apparently trained hunters, mettlesome, and fully imbued with the spirit of the occasion, while their riders would have done credit to a centaur lineage. That "Massa Sam" was as reckless and daring a fellow as ever bestrode a saddle, as agile as a cat, a fine marksman, and as expert a horseman as any Comanche. Many a hair-breadth escape had he already had from the infuriated bulls on this same island, and all the negroes paid due reverence to his prowess. His companions were kindred spirits, and all impatient for the sport of the coming fray.

The sluggish moments are endured with becoming patience, until at last the hunters begin to grow restless under the suspense, when all at once the sharp toot-toot of old Sambo's cow-horn rings out lustily, and the distant deep-mouthed bay of Sanch's well-known voice announces that the noble game is afoot. Then in one short instant more the exhilarating sounds are succeeded by an opening chorus from the whole pack. A momentary pause, broken only by the monotonous baying of a single dog, and another simultaneous roar of fitful yells comes nearer and clearer than before, and with increasing cadence. The sound is electrifying: the horses shiver with eagerness, and with ready alacrity bound away to advantageous points, the better to intercept the chase. Yet another long full blast from the cow-horn, and another chorus of yells and cries from the dogs.

"Hurrah, boys, hurrah! There they come! Now look well to bit and spur! Hurrah for cross-ribs and tender-loins!"

Now the chase bursts into full view through an opening in the trees—the bellowing cattle, some twenty in all, leading the van, and plunging desperately forward in headlong terror; the dogs following closely with deafening clamor, and after them all the darkeys, big and little, afoot and mounted, rushing forward with ear-splitting yells and in tumbling confusion.

"Steady now, steady! Look out for yourselves. Give no quarter."

"That's the word. Give none; but take all the quarters we can."

"Hurrah! now's our time."

The first onslaught has now commenced in real earnest, and the hunters, reckless of danger, dash in together amidst the surging tumult of horns and heels. The cattle, hitherto flying affrighted from an undefined danger, now charge savagely at their foes, since they have assumed a tangible shape ("present fears are less than horrible imaginings"); but the well-trained steeds skillfully elude the desperate brutes by a quick side motion, and, wheeling, follow on in swift pursuit. Crack after crack of pistol-shots is heard in quick succession, and the herd, now scattered, drive crashing through the young palmettoes in all directions, each followed by a rabble of curs, biting and snapping at his heels and

flanks, now pausing for an instant in his flight to charge upon his tormentors with stiffened neck, full front, and glaring eyes, tossing them like shuttlecocks from right to left, and then dashing away in the vain attempt to escape them. All is now one general melée—hunters, negroes, cattle, dogs, all mingled in wild confusion—each for himself, and "*sauve qui peut*," if worst comes to the worst. One huge bull has already measured his length upon the earth, and the gallant Sam comes flying back just opportunely to rescue the "irridiscible" Josh from the fan-like top of a short palmetto, into which he had scrambled for refuge from an infuriated animal, and where he now clung for dear life, the big brute meanwhile butting the quivering tree with such sturdy and determined blows as would soon have shaken the trembling darkey from his perch, in spite of the persistent attacks of sundry small dogs upon his exposed flanks. A couple of well-directed shots brought the bull to his knees, when Josh immediately took his revenge by cutting his hamstrings with his knife.

And now a horse comes careering wildly over the ground, riderless, with great clots of blood flecking his side. The battle has raged fiercely in some quarter. Ha! it's the Colonel's horse, and yonder is the Colonel himself, measuring the ground with colossal strides, and a horn of a most unpleasant dilemma in dangerous proximity to his coat-skirts. There is apparently little chance of escape with a whole skin, for there is no friendly hand near to aid him, and this bovine demonstration is evidently no feint. With head bowed low, tail in air, eyes flashing with rage, and bellowing with revengeful ire, he pushes his victim to the death. The dogs, however, are doing their best; for old Sanch has him by the muzzle, and there is a sturdy bull-terrier hanging from each ear, like huge ear-drops from the auricles of a South Sea Islander; others with their fangs fixed in his pasterns; and another still with firm clutch upon the tuft of his tail, spinning like a teetotum and yelping frantically as he is jerked forward with each convulsive bound of the desperate animal. That bull, with his parasites, would make a spirited sketch for a ready artist, should he desire to give him "a brush."

Darkey Josh regarded the horse with orbs fixed in amazement as he bounded past; but the instant his eye caught sight of the distant struggle his inky face changed suddenly to the color of chocolate and milk, and he threw up his arms with frantic gesture.

"Oh, Mass' Sam, Mass' Sam! dat *de big bull!* Golly sakes for eber! de bery debbil in dat bull. De bullet neber hurt um, and he neber care shucks for all de dogs in Georgy. Bress de Lor', he be witched wid de spook as I'se a libin nigger! Oh, Massa George, Massa George, dat de big bull should hab you so!"

But "Mass' Sam" didn't pause to listen to this peroration, but, putting spurs to his horse, dashed away in the hope of rescuing his friend from his imminent danger, and Josh instinctively followed after, as quickly as his shuffling feet could carry him. The bull had so lessened the little distance between himself and the object of his pursuit that the unfortunate hunter now felt his hot breath full upon his bare neck behind; indeed, the brute was in the very act of lowering his huge head to give the requisite pitch to the quaver that was to toss his victim high in air, when the Colonel, with remarkable presence of mind, took advantage of the proximity of a stout palmetto, and threw himself headlong behind the friendly refuge, while the foiled bull, with a howl of baffled rage, swept furiously by. To Sam and Josh this act seemed far from voluntary, and as the prostrate man still lay panting and breathless upon the ground they dared not hope that he had escaped scathless. As they reached the spot the negro's face changed to a hue more pallid than before, and throwing himself upon the body of his master, he gave way to a paroxysm of grief.

"Oh, bress de Lor', bress de Lor'! Massa George is done gone dead for sartin'! Oh, Lor', take dis mizzible nigger to heself! Oh, Massa George! de Lord's will be done! dis misery in my bosom almos' brokes my heart. I can scarcely perspire. I see de heabens open. Oh, Lor', dis anguished nigger is ready to go!"

These ludicrous appeals and unfeigned tokens of affection were too much for the naturally jovial Colonel, who had a full appreciation for good jokes; and now, partially recovered from his exhaustion, with one desperate effort he threw the wailing negro from him, and, springing to his feet, cried, with a well-affected tone of austerity,

"Off from me, with your big lubberly carcass! Do you want to crush me to death? I'll teach you manners, boy. I'll make you perspire to your heart's content. Away with you!"

Then, observing the negro's blended look of horror and astonishment, he fell helplessly upon the grass, and gave way to an uncontrollable and prolonged fit of laughter. At these evidences of reanimation Josh's ashy face began to assume its natural hue, and the color gradually came back in streaks, like the wave-marks upon the sandy sea-shore. Still he gazed for a moment half-incredulously; and soon penetrating the other's duplicity, and half-vexed at his own ill-timed display of feeling, said, quietly, in a serio-comic style,

"Pshaw! I *knowed* you was only foolin', Massa George! Dem 'possum tricks don't go down wid dis chile. Yah! yah! Dat big bull de very debbil!"

Then, as if uncertain that he had not exceeded the bounds of propriety, he gave one or two spasmodic leaps, and darted from the place. But a kindly summons called him back, and directly, with a silver coin glittering in his palm, he started off for the delinquent horse. The Colonel was not hurt in the least, though he confessed himself badly scared. His steed fared worse, though he was found not dangerously

hurt; and the big bull was discovered among those that had "bit the dust," when the noble quarry was counted at the close of the hunt, with more balls in him than ever he had "spooks." He had succumbed at last, to the infinite delight of all the negroes, who had ever regarded him with mingled terror and superstition.

And now, with renewed energy, the whole party, content with blood, essayed to capture alive other members of the numerous family. There was a large pen, or cow-yard, near the farm-house, which had formerly been used for herding the cattle, and which was still amply strong for present use. Into this it was proposed to drive some half a dozen of the full-grown animals for future disposal. As for the yearling calves, of which there were several, these were to be taken with the lasso; and the sport thus afforded would be sufficiently exciting, and far less dangerous than that which they had just enjoyed. It was the *chile con carne*—the dessert after the more substantial meal. Oh, that was the *ne plus ultra* of wild hunts—the chasing of those lithe-limbed calves, as agile as the springbok, through the palmetto copses; in the oft-foiled endeavor to throw the lasso over their knotty, stubborn heads; and in parrying or eluding the brunt of their incipient ferocity, which they had imbibed into their nature with the maternal milk! And after the long and exciting race, in which the third of these bovine bantlings had baffled every attempt at capture—when, at length, the redoubtable Sam, vexed and chagrined, seized the contumacious brute by the extremity of its caudal appendage, and threw himself bodily from his horse over the back of the running calf, thus bearing it to the ground by his own heavy weight, and thereby enabling his comrade to pass the rope over its neck—*that* was the crowning glory of that day's success!

> ——"Come *weal*, come woe,
> To perish or overcome the foe!"

The record of that hunt should be bound in calf, and perpetuated for succeeding generations.

Neither was the "surround" and the driving of the unruly cattle into the pen a pastime of any ordinary character; for in this all participated to their heart's content. The cordon of hunters, negroes, dogs, and horses was gradually contracted until within the small space encircled the entangled herd ran, bellowing, swaying, and crushing upon each other, amidst the dust-clouds of their own collision; then made one desperate charge to break the lines of their captors, and in spite of every effort to prevent—in spite of the unearthly din of whoops, cries, yells, the barking of dogs, and firing of guns—succeeded in making good their escape, all but five unfortunates. These were urged within the precincts of the pen, and Sam, the hero of many battles, hastened to lift the bars to their places. One, the topmost, was raised to its socket; and he was in the act of stooping to lift another, when one of the impounded bulls, chancing to catch a glimpse of this unwonted attitude, charged upon him with downward head, passed under the bar and over his prostrate body, and would have escaped scot-free had not Sam, with intuitive quickness, grasped him by the tail. The hinderance was slight, and the delay of short duration; but from some defect in the animal's anatomy, or owing to a vulgar pedigree from the stump-tail breed, the hirsute ornament slipped from its natural fastenings and remained in the victor's hand! And thereby "hangs a tail." This was a becoming finis to the wild cattle hunt on Green Island.

As regards the feast prepared by old Marm Sallie's skill—the corn bread, broiled chickens, fruit, and small beer—the digestive organs duly performed their functions in all matters thereto pertaining.

A TALE OF THE CONNECTICUT COLONY.

I.

THE year 1749 was one of unusual severity throughout New England. Scant and small was the summer harvest, and the early winter brought dismal apprehensions to the abodes of the poor. Before mid-winter the worst fears were realized. Disease trod in the footsteps of poverty, and the grave-yards amidst the lonely hills were thickly dotted with new graves. There was one thriving young town in the Connecticut Colony long exempt from the general calamity; but toward the close of winter it was sadly rumored that a poor widow, living in a retired locality a mile or two from the village, was dying of small-pox. Consternation seized upon the stoutest hearts; for the disease was not then, as now, mitigated by the wonderful art which has stripped it of its worst terrors.

A sanitary meeting was warned, and the selectmen ordered to take the customary precautions against the spread of the malady. The road leading to the widow's house was speedily barred across, the red flag suspended, and notices posted in various places cautioning any and every person against the dangerous locality. An elderly maiden, pitted with the dreadful disease from childhood, volunteered to go and nurse the sick woman, and her offer was gratefully accepted by the Committee of Health.

"But what can Aunt Ruth do there with nobody to help her?" John Williams inquired of his mother, as they sat discoursing together by their cheerful hearthside. "They say the widow's two boys are both taken sick, and there's no wood cut, and almost nothing at all in the house to eat. I should think we might spare our Jack as well as not to go and help her. I can do the chores at home while he's away."

"All the money in the colony would not tempt the fellow to go near the house," replied his mother. "I spoke to him about it this morning, and his teeth fell to chattering immediately. The negroes seem to have even greater fear of the disease than the whites."

"Coward!" exclaimed John. "I don't know, though; I don't blame him, come to think on't. Why should *he* risk his life just because we are willing to hazard the price of his head any more than I? But then, mother, *somebody* ought to go; and here's your son John Williams, stout, strong, all fitted for college, and not a thing to do for the next six months, why not *he* as well as any body else?"

"Oh, John, don't mention it!" said his mother. "You'd be sure to take the disease, and I should die, too, of anxiety. I was in hopes the Lord would raise up my son for some great and good work on the earth."

"If He's got any greater or better than taking care of his own sick children, and doing pretty near by others what we'd like to have them do by us, He hasn't revealed it to me yet. I don't like to go while father's away at Hartford; but if I can't find any body else able and willing, I will do it. Ask Aunt Patsy to put up a basket of *goodies* for Aunt Ruth, and I'll go out and see if any body's to be found."

When John left the house he turned his steps directly toward the parsonage. At the door he was met by Mary Miner, the minister's pretty young daughter, for whom he had long entertained a boyish fancy. She conducted him to the door of the sitting-room, and invited him to enter.

"No, thank you, unless your father is there," he said. "I would like to see him a minute or two. I want to get somebody to go down to Widow Dow's, and help Aunt Ruth Rudd take care of the sick folks. She is left there all alone with them, and it isn't safe. Our Jack is afraid to go near, and I don't quite like to leave mother now father's away. I thought, maybe, one of your boys would go."

Mary called her father, who gave his consent to either of the boys going provided they were willing to remain there entirely; but when they went to the kitchen they found the minister's servants no more ready to risk themselves than Jack.

"I can't blame them much, Mary," John said. "I didn't think they'd want to go, but thought I'd come and see, and then I could bid you good-by, for I shall go down there myself if nobody else will."

Mary's cheeks turned a shade paler, but she said not a word to discourage the brave lad from his purpose. She only remarked she was afraid he would suffer a good deal from cold, as the doctor would allow no fire in the sick-room.

"Never mind, Mary, I'll keep a roarer in the kitchen, for I can cut wood like a hero. Then Jack will come down every day as far as the bars with a basket of provision for Aunt Ruth and I. You needn't fear for me, Mary," he added, in a lower tone. "I'm sorry your father thinks me such a heathen as he does; but good-by, and may God bless you!"

Mary knew very well what John meant when he alluded to her father's opinion. Her eyes were full of tears as she bade him in turn good-by, and saw him take the direct path homeward. "'Tis too bad," she thought, "that father judges John so harshly, and perhaps he thinks because I refused to let him walk home with me from the spelling-school that I think the same."

In the last pastoral visitation, very common at that period, John Williams had refused to recite a portion of the common Catechism, frankly avowing that, if he understood it rightly, he did not believe it; thereby winning for himself the reputation of an ungodly youth, notwithstanding his marked predilection for the parson's daughter. "Beware of him, Mary," her father counseled; "for he sets at naught some of the vital principles of godliness, and that too with all the religious teaching he has had, and the goodly example of pious ancestors. Though the Squire is a little too easy with him, I allow, his grandfather Williams was a notable clergyman, and his mother a Hathaway. I fear me, however, that Satan hath entangled the youth in his net."

"He is the most generous, best-hearted lad in the parish, father," Mary replied; "and if he really don't believe what a good many don't understand fully, I see no harm in his saying so. It may be the Lord will enlighten him in His own good time."

Such was a portion of the conversation which resulted in Mary's rejection of John Williams's company home from spelling-school the autumn preceding; for though from a little child he had been her favorite of all the village boys, she would not willingly depart from the counsels of her only parent, whom she both revered and loved. Several little acts of attention proffered since then—for John and Mary attended the same school—had been received with hesitation on her part, or rejected altogether. And now, as she saw him going away so unselfishly to a place of danger and death perhaps, her heart smote her for much ungraciousness.

John went, and remained at the cottage, helping to nurse the sick and bury the dead—waiting on Aunt Ruth as kindly and tenderly as though she had been his own relative, instead of one of those who, while "Aunt" to every body, are wont to receive but a feeble share of human love and sympathy.

"The great, noble heart!" Aunt Ruth would say to herself, as the lad went about seeking what he might find to do for her comfort. "'They don't know rightly that call him proud and stubborn. Since my own poor brother died, and I lay, just as these poor little things lie here now, struck down with the dreadful disease, nobody has ever spoken to me so tender and loving-like as he; and how gently he helped me bury the poor widow, and said, with tears in his eyes, when we got back here to the children: 'Heaven loves, and will take care of the fatherless and motherless, Aunt Ruth!' 'I hope you are right, John,' I said, 'for I have long been fatherless and motherless, and now I am getting weak and old besides.' 'Don't cry about it, Aunt Ruth,' he answered quickly, 'for *I* will take care of you

myself when I am old enough to have a home of my own.' Bless the heart that has a kind word for such a poor body as me!"

Nobody in town fared any better for food than John Williams and Aunt Ruth Rudd; for the nicest delicacies from the Squire's cook-room were daily deposited beside the wooden bar that shut them out from the town. Sometimes John would find there two parcels instead of one; and they gave rise to a variety of surmises, until one day, wrapped around a glass of wild grape jelly, was a paper written, "Maybe the poor sick boys can taste of this, John." Then he no longer doubted who, besides his mother, was thinking of them there in that dreary old house. He knew the writing well, and had known it ever since he used to guide the little hand through its first "pot-hooks and trammels." The sight of it there made him feel stronger and better.

As we have mentioned before the widow died, but the boys recovered, and neither Aunt Ruth nor John suffered from their long season of watchfulness and care. Both staid until all danger was past, then burned the beds on which the sick had lain, and cleansed the cottage. When the town provided homes for the little orphans their work of charity was done. John went back to the home of love and wealth, Aunt Ruth to such a home as strangers offer in reward for toil.

For a while every body praised John Williams, and called him a brave, self-denying lad; but before another season was over the Catechism question was revived again. Its knotty problems were not yet solved to his understanding, and Mr. Miner's next pastoral visit proved no more satisfactory than the last.

"Waxing worse and worse, as sinners are wont," he said, shaking his head ominously. And that night he again took occasion to warn his young daughter against the intimacy he had not failed to observe growing between her and the Squire's son. "For the present," he continued, "or until such time as he shall walk more humbly in the ways of the Church, 'tis better to leave him quite alone. His family is a very proper family I allow, and the boy himself is not wanting in generous feeling; but then, in principle, he is little better than an open infidel. How much his father is to blame in the matter I can not say."

Mary defended her friend with all the warmth of real friendship until her father hinted she was going beyond the limits of maidenly discretion—then she ran away to her own room to give full vent to her vexation and regret.

"There isn't a better lad in town," she said, spiritedly. "Aunt Ruth Rudd says there's not one to be compared with him, and I partly believe her. She says he was as kind to her as an own son could have been, and told her not to worry about a home. I don't doubt it, for he'd do any thing to make a person happy."

All the pleasant rides John had planned giving Mary that summer in his father's handsome chaise, in return for the cakes and pies she had sent to the cottage the winter before, fell through; for suddenly the manner of the minister's daughter became as cool and distant as once before. He was at a loss how to account for it until he met her one evening and frankly inquired how he had offended her.

"I am not offended with you, John," she replied, simply and sincerely. "I hope you won't think so. Father wishes me to treat you as a stranger, and it is my duty to mind him. Don't think hard of me, John, for I am very sorry about it!"

He did not think hard of Mary, for he read the truth of her words in the ingenuous face which had been one of his boyish studies; but he was in a boiling rage with the minister, her father. "An old curmudgeon!" he exclaimed. "Does he think I will go and hear him preach when he uses me so meanly? If he does, he is mistaken. They may *fine* me forever for staying at home, but I'll never go to his meeting again until he thinks me good enough to speak to his daughter."

And John kept his word. Small observation would such omission have drawn upon him at the present time; but what in the middle of the nineteenth century is a question of conscience and taste, was, at the time of which we are writing, a matter of colonial law.

Sunday morning came. John's shoes, neatly blacked by Jack the Saturday afternoon before, were standing at the door of his chamber when he got up; and his "Holland shirt," white as snow from the hands of Aunt Patsy, lay in a chair by his bedside. But John put on his week-day apparel and presented himself in the breakfast-room.

"Are you sick, my son?" was the first anxious inquiry of his mother, who, an invalid herself, was always apprehensive of illness. "You *do* look bad this morning. What's the matter?"

"Not a thing in the world, mother, only I haven't got on my 'Go-to-meetins'," he answered, in a tone of affected gayety! "I thought I'd stay at home and read to you today."

"There'll be a plenty of time for that before the last bell rings," his mother replied. "I am not strong enough to hear much reading at once, and your absence from the house of God would surely be remarked upon, and might bring you into trouble."

"I can't help it, mother. I shall not go unless father commands me."

The Squire raised his eyes from the Bible which he was reading, lifted his spectacles, and earnestly regarded his son. That something was wrong was very apparent, for the cheerful manner, and the smile that was wont to warm whatever object it rested upon, were both wanting that morning. Satisfied, however, that he was not seriously ill he forbore inquiry, and, turning his attention once more to the sacred book, he read aloud:

"The Proverbs of Solomon, the son of David, king of Israel.

"To know wisdom and instruction; to per-

ceive the words of understanding; to receive the instruction of wisdom, justice, and judgment, and equity; to give subtilty to the simple, to the young man knowledge and discretion." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge; but fools despise wisdom."

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother: for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck."

"My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments: for length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee."

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord, and depart from evil."

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding: for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

All the force of the inspired Preacher was rendered in the tone of the reader as he read verse after verse of the sacred Proverbs; and when he had finished, and rose up reverently to lay his morning petition on the altar of the Most High, more than his customary fervor was manifest in his supplication for the young, that their feet might not stumble on the dark mountains, but be led in the ways of righteousness.

The tender words and accents of his father that morning had more weight on John Williams's mind than many sermons; but the lad was proud, too proud to forget or forgive the minister's hostility. "He might have used me in a more Christian-like way—the old Pharisee! and not have forbidden Mary to treat me decent. I would recite the whole Catechism to *her* backward, if she asked me, but I won't stand up before him, like a great dunce, year after year, to be 'indoctrinated,' as he calls it. The Bible is good enough doctrine for me."

So mused the disaffected youth in the long interval that elapsed before service-time. But when his father took the Psalm-book from the shelf and said, mildly, "It is a long time since I have found my own place, John; I shall miss you very much when you are gone away altogether," his heart smote him sorely; he would, at that moment, rather have gone with him and forgotten his resentment; but it was then too late, and before noon his pride was ascendant again. He read to his mother until she became too weary to hear him further, then took the book and went out under the shade of a great apple-tree near the house, and amused himself with the haps and mishaps of Bunyan's Christian until summoned by Jack to supper.

"How far have you traveled to-day with the old hero, John?" his father asked, as he entered, observing what book he held in his hand.

"Past the 'lions' and the 'giants,' and past the dreadful 'Castle of Doubt' too," he replied. "But I left him in a bad place; plunged in the river, with his friend Hopeful trying to keep his head above water."

"Ah! but the bottom was solid, and no quicksand, and Christian found it out at last, my son. We will finish the story after supper together; for you have now come to the most interesting part of it all. You will hear the cheerful songs of the pilgrims soon, as they catch sight of the shining ones waiting for them on the heavenward side. You will see how they walk with ease up the hill to the city which is above the clouds after their heavy earthly garments are left behind in the River of Death. That is a glorious book, John, and a godly one too."

"*I* like it," was the frank reply; "though I think the old fellow, instead of being a hero, showed himself a miserable coward sometimes."

"Nay, nay, my son! 'tis only weak human nature. If ever you set your face in earnest toward Mount Zion, which I trust in the Lord you will, you will find, like the Apostle of old, '*without* fightings, *within* fears.' But the Christian needs them all to make him strong at last."

Squire Williams, if not exactly a man of *the* times, was a man for any times; one who, in the very sincerity of his heart, "feared the Lord and loved righteousness." One who loved his fellow-man, too, without stint or selfishness, and who had faith in him as God's noblest creation. On no subject were his views narrow or circumscribed, least of all in matters of faith and conscience; and he had often and openly avowed his belief that the laws of the Connecticut colony were too stringent and severe in things belonging alone to man and his Maker. The time was coming to test and try him.

One of the tithing-men, who sat in the gallery on the look-out for offenders, on the Sabbath aforesaid, saw, from the window, fit subject for complaint, to wit: John Williams coming out of his father's house in apparent sound health, and making his way to the orchard, where he passed the entire period of public worship sitting under a tree with a book in his hand, thereby plainly showing forth that he was not sick.

Such was the complaint to the proper parish officer whose duty it was to investigate and otherwise proceed as the laws of the colony directed. On the following day John Williams, junior, was arraigned before a justice of the peace, and the penalty of five shillings imposed upon him for non-attendance on divine worship. After a little consultation, both John Williams, senior, and his son refused to pay the fine.

On the following Sabbath the offense was repeated; the Squire appearing alone at church, while John sat all day beneath the apple-tree, "in the face and eyes" (so ran the second complaint) "of a goodly portion of the congregation." The fine was doubled, but with the other

remained unpaid until an officer of the law put an attachment upon a cow, and sold it at public auction to settle the affair and defray the cost of prosecution.

By this time the parish was wide awake on the subject. A very few dared assert their belief that Squire Williams was in the right, whatever the statute-book might say to the contrary; but by far the greater number urged that it was a scandalous affair, calling for decisive church action. A meeting was accordingly warned, and by a large vote, pastor and council concurring, it was resolved that the Squire was deserving of censure for not enforcing the obligations of the Gospel on his unruly son, and also for withholding the demands of the lawyer who had set himself up for a practitioner.

But the Squire went steadily forward in his accustomed way, appearing regularly at meeting on the Sabbath, and that, too, without a spark of malice in his heart toward his condemning pastor and brethren.

II.

Matters in the little town grew worse and worse. John Williams, when openly "dealt with," declared his determination of attending no longer on the ministry of Parson Miner, and frankly confessed his reasons; for which he was commended by some who in the first place had only blamed him. His father refused to interfere; affirming that the youth was come to years of discretion, and should be allowed to follow the dictates of his own conscience and heart. Thus the long quiet and peaceable parish was rent into factions.

The "Williams" party gained ground so rapidly that the opposition felt the necessity of speedy action; for the first yeast of free opinion cast into the minds of the community was beginning to ferment, and the result was problematic.

The young man was shortly after arraigned again, not for Sabbath-breaking alone by non-attendance on public worship, but for contempt of the law, and was sentenced to pay the fine of thirty shillings, or receive *ten lashes at the town whipping-post*.

"That will bring him back," said the minister to his daughter, as they sat together at the tea-table the same afternoon, "and teach him a profitable lesson besides. Squire Williams will never suffer his son to be publicly whipped like a low vagabond."

Mary's cheeks were flushed with excitement, and her eyes were red as though she had been weeping.

"Father," she said, in reply to his remark, "I am afraid you have helped forward this cruel business, for it *is* as cruel a one as the heart of wicked man ever devised. You were the first cause of John's staying home from meeting any way; for you commanded me to treat him coldly, and I now wish I had disobeyed you."

Mr. Miner was astounded to hear such unfilial words from the lips of his hitherto gentle and obedient child; and there was real concern in the tone with which he replied,

"With insubordination in my family as well as in my church, what earthly comfort can I hope for?"

"Forgive me, dear father," she said, quickly. "I would not willingly prove undutiful or depart from your counsels. Ever since mother died, when I was a very little girl, I have studied your pleasure more than my own. I never had a brother, and John Williams was always as kind to me as he could be; helping me with my lessons in school, drawing me home on his sled in snow-time, and taking my part always just like a brother. You don't know how hard it was for me to treat him so unkindly after all he had done; but I did it because you wished me."

"You did right, my dear. 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.'"

"But John is none such, father. He has been injured, and he knows it and feels it; and I know it and feel it too, for he is my friend. If the authorities lay one stripe on his back I will go to him, and tell him I think you have all done wrong, and that I will take his part as long as I live!"

"That is what I am glad to hear you say, Miss Mary Miner," said the voice of Aunt Ruth Rudd, who at the moment was entering the door. "Whoever complains of John Williams finds fault with the best heart alive. I know it, Mr. Miner. He used to say the *Catechise* to me last winter, down at the Widow Dow's, and tell me what he couldn't understand on't too; but I was ony a poor ignorant thing, that wasn't able to enlighten him one bit nor grain. And he used to read the Bible to me too, and repeated the most beautifullest passages you ever heard, and was as kind to me altogether as if he'd been my own brother's son."

"Works! works! Aunt Ruth. But you know neither good works nor fair words will save the soul; and unless the power of God be exerted, John Williams will live and die a caviler. 'Tis bred in his bone I greatly fear. His father before him is a little inclined that way."

"That ain't what I want to talk about now, Mr. Miner," Aunt Ruth said, bluntly. "I never had boldness enough afore to speak much to a minister of the Gospel any way; for 'tain't for the simple to seek to instruct the wise. But what I want now is for somebody to go and pay *that fine*, and hush the matter all up afore next Wednesday; and I don't know any body who's got thirty shillings handy without you or Squire Williams himself, and he won't have a thing to do about it. He says 'tain't a grain worse for *his* boy than 'twas for poor Bill Saunders, who was fined for going away to dissentin' meetin', and, cause he hadn't got no money to pay, was whipped soundly. 'Tis the law that's wrong, he says; and just so long as folks uphold it it won't never be mended."

"Squire Williams failed greatly in his duty as a Christian magistrate when he refused to impose sentence on the same William Saunders,

and I think I discover a Divine judgment in this case of his son. The Lord is speaking unto him now in his wrath, and vexing him in his sore displeasure. I consider the judgment a very just one, and certainly shall not interfere to turn it aside."

The tone and manner of Mr. Miner admitted of no entreaty, and Aunt Ruth and Mary exchanged despairing looks.

"Sit down and take a cup of tea with us," Mary said. "It's warm yet, and we've a nice bit of toast left. Lay off your things now."

"Wa'al, I guess I shouldn't do no better," was her reply, when she observed the anxiousness of Mary. "It's a long way back to the hill, and I can al'ays walk the better on the strength of a cup of tea."

When the Parson left the table, and went back to his study, his daughter drew her chair nearer their guest, and said, "You mustn't tell what you overheard me say, Aunt Ruth, but I am so sorry about John. I wish *I* had the money, I would give it to you in a minute; but I haven't more than three shillings in the world."

"I've got twenty," replied her listener. "I arned it spinning; but it's all in Ensign Palmer's hands, and he wouldn't let me have it more than nothin', if he mistrusted what I'd do with it. He's one of the bitterest on 'em all. If I could git that and borrow ten shillings more, I'd go and settle it straight off myself and trust in Providence."

"If you should go for your money to-night he might not think what you wanted of it," suggested Mary. "You shall have my three shillings as far as they will go; I only wish they were thirty instead. But I shall have six more when father gets his next quarter's salary, and you shall have every copper of it."

Aunt Ruth hastened through her tea and was off; but not before Mary had slipped into her pocket her little deer-skin purse.

"I'm afeared it's no use, dear child," she said; "but the Lord may prosper us if it ain't agin his will."

This was Monday. Tuesday the fine remained unpaid. Squire Williams put a full purse in his son's hands that morning, and told him to do as he thought best. He would go and settle it for him, if such was his wish; but John was firm against it. All the town was anxiously waiting the result, for the offender was not, as is usual in such cases, from the lower order of the social scale, for whom too few have a care, but the son of the wealthiest and most distinguished man in town—one of the twelve colonial Senators or assistants. The youth himself was the champion of the village lads, and the prime favorite of all the village maidens.

"Run away, John," counseled his youthful companions. "I wouldn't stand it any how. I'd make 'em whistle for my money or skin either. Give 'em the slip!"

"Never!" he replied, haughtily. "I have done nothing to be ashamed of, or to flee from. If they dare whip me the scar will remain upon *them* and not upon *me*. It shall be put on the town records in capital letters, and stand like the Bill Saunders affair, a burning shame against them forever. Let them do it if they will; I won't budge an inch."

Every body in town believed he would, nevertheless; for they knew his time for entering college was not far off. They did not know the "stuff he was made of." The Squire's chaise was seen leaving the village at an early hour Wednesday morning, but it bore away his father and mother only, the latter in ignorance of the whole affair.

At the appointed hour the town officers proceeded to the mansion without a thought of finding the transgressor; but John himself met them at the door, and courteously bade them enter. It was a very awkward business, and the men felt it to be so as they made known their errand.

"I was expecting you, Sirs, and am at your service entirely," the young man said, pleasantly. "As the tools of bigotry, I only pity you. You may put up your cords," he added, with a little heightening of his natural color, "for I won't be bound. You have only to lead the way and I will follow."

"There's no hurry," said one of the men. "Plenty of time to be off now, if you only thought so. We sha'n't see you, for we ain't over-anxious for the job."

"As friends I ought to thank you," replied the brave lad, in a tone in which many emotions were mingled, "but as officers of the law I can only cry, 'For shame!' Were I sworn to so vile a piece of business I would perform it to the very letter. Lead the way."

The whipping-post stood at the corner of the church nearest the parsonage. At her chamber window Mary Miner had been sitting ever since dinner, watching with tear-dimmed eyes the gathering crowd, and wondering whether John Williams would really be led forth like a culprit and whipped, or whether he was not already beyond the reach of the officers of the law. She had seen nor heard nothing of Aunt Ruth, and felt sure she had failed in her attempt to pay the fine. Just at that moment she observed Jack Williams and their own servant, Pete, each armed with a large stick, going down the lane from the parsonage.

"What are you going to do, boys?" she called from the window.

"Knock down de very fust man dat lays hand on Massa John, so 'tain't de minister's own self," replied Jack. "If they's anxious to whip, let 'em hav proper 'casion and proper pussons too."

Mary never uttered a word either of encouragement or rebuke. If John was really at home, and in the power of his persecutors, she thought, she did not much care if the boys showed their good-will toward him. Maidens of this latter half of the nineteenth century, who still live in the days of youthful feeling and affection, but not of whipping-posts, how many of you have hearts to censure Mary Miner?

John did not wish any such expression of good-

will, however. As he passed along through the crowd, and detected a movement on the part of his young friends to rescue him, he whispered to one of the leaders whom he recognized, "Don't let the boys interfere, Moses. Don't, if you care for me. I shall be the last subject whipped for not going to meeting in this town, I'll bet! I am willing to take it for the *public* good, for a deuced little good will it do *me!*"

"Don't swear, John," replied his friend, in a low, cautious tone. "They'll be arter you agin if you do; for they sarve God here as though the divil driv 'em."

John took his position before the post of shame with a look of mingled pride and embarrassment, such as in these times you often see manifested by an incipient orator when first called by his townsfolk to deliver a Fourth of July oration. Many of the youthful lookers-on regarded him as proudly as though he had risen to some such honor; for when he took off his coat of his own accord, and handed it to Jack, who stood blubbering at his side, John Williams in their eyes was a real hero.

So he was for a lad of sixteen, though Ensign Palmer shook his head, and exclaimed, solemnly, "Dreadfully hardened for one so young!"

"One—two—three," had been counted by one of the parish officials, while the other laid on the stripes, milder, it must be confessed, than had fallen on the back of poor William Saunders, who was guilty of attending a Baptist meeting. But every stroke called forth a groan of pain from black Jack, who stood beside his young master gnashing his teeth with rage. Just as the arm of the law was lifted for the fourth stroke a man on horseback rode into the crowd, crying out, Damon-like, "Stop, stop, constable—not another lash! The fine is paid. The thirty shillings is all safe in the town treasury."

It was the justice of the peace, and his order was most readily obeyed by the before reluctant officer. While the young men of the town were venting their indignation on the former for his tardiness, John walked quietly away toward home, attended by the faithful and affectionate Jack, who heaped all manner of ludicrous epithets and evil wishes on the guiltless constable.

"Hope his hoss break his leg, Massa John! Hope his best cow git choke with tater! Hope his boys run away to Baptis' meetin', and git licked awful! Hope his own self git drunk next trainin'-day! Dis nigger am fust to tell on 'im, sure."

But John, if he heard, did not heed the wrathful servant. Burning spots were on his cheeks, and his head throbbed with a violence he had never felt before. He was not angry, but the pride which had buoyed his young heart to brave the unjust sentence would sustain it no longer. Entering the house he turned abruptly away from Aunt Patsy's well-meant but unseasonable words of condolence, sought his own apartment, and pressing his hands to his head, groaned aloud, and wept.

"*Hardened for one so young!*" Blind, misjudging mortals! How often, were a thin partition rent aside, would the heart of man be healed of its cold uncharity! Even Ensign Palmer's, crusted over as it was with the intolerance of the age in which he lived, would have melted at sight of the genuine grief of the lad he had assisted to wound in his ardent zeal, really believing he was doing God service. But the best of men of all times are liable to err. Let us not, therefore, upbraid our fathers, rocked, as they were, in the hard cradles of persecution.

John did not leave his chamber until evening. Then the summer moon came shining brightly in at the window, and the summer breezes moved him to go forth and forget his wrong. Down through the orchard was a little footpath leading to an old wooden bridge, which spanned one of the smaller tributaries of the Shetucket. He followed the oft-trodden path without thinking whither he was going until he reached the bridge; then seated himself on one of the unhewn logs, turning his face toward the sparkling waters.

It was one of the loveliest amidst New England's myriad places of loveliness. Others before John had sought the pleasant stream that soft mid-summer evening. Had he listened he might have heard the low hum of their voices from the shadow of the drooping elm only a little way above. But John heard nothing, thought of nothing good or pleasant until he saw a light shadow fall beside his own on the watery mirror before him, and heard a soft voice whisper his name. He did not look up nor answer.

"Won't you take my hand and speak to me, John?" the same sweet voice said, falteringly. "If you only knew how much I was wishing to see you to-night I know you would."

A spasmodic inarticulation ended in silence. But the sweet voice spake on: "Let me be your sister, John? I never had any brother but you."

Then he took the little hand that was laid so kindly on his shoulder, and pressed it in both of his.

"Aunt Ruth is out there under the great elm, John, crying as though her heart would break because—but no matter why, I can not tell you. But I *can* and *will* tell you, John, what I told father I would if they dared touch you; and that is, that I shall always take your part, and go with you wherever I like, and you would like to have me in future."

The little hand that rested in his was now raised to his lips; but John could not speak yet. He was choking with too many thoughts.

"I want you should forgive me for treating you so coldly last winter," the voice went on to say. "It made me feel worse all the time than it *could* you; but I thought it was right then. Children are commanded to obey their parents in the Lord; but that wasn't *in the Lord*, John. I know it now, and Aunt Ruth says so too."

"Sit down here a little while, Mary," John said, in a tender tone, still holding the little hand firmly. "I don't believe you would like to go with me now, and hear people say, sneeringly:

'There is Mary Miner, the minister's daughter, with John Williams, who was whipped at the post beside her father's church!'"

"Yes, I would, John," she said, eagerly. "You don't know me at all if you think I wouldn't. And I would tell all such persons it was none of your fault, but of those who thought themselves a great deal wiser and better, and were not in reality half so good.

"I saw it all," she continued, in a faltering tone; "and every blow they gave you almost killed me."

She turned away her head to conceal the tears she could not keep back any longer.

"Don't cry," he said, in a whisper; and, putting his arm around her tenderly, added: "I like you, Mary, better than any body else in the world; and if you will only like me, in spite of all people may say, I will make a man you shall not be ashamed of. I always meant to make a *good* man, Mary—as good a man as father—and no one could well be better, for he is always trying to do something to make the world happier. You would not like to give me a promise to-night, would you, darling?"

"For what, John?"

"To love me always; and sometimes, when we are both older, and I get through college, and have a home of my own, to come and live with me and Aunt Ruth, for I have promised to take care of her in her old age."

"Oh, I knew that before!" she said, her face brightening up in the pleasant moonlight. "Aunt Ruth told me long ago. Yes, John, I'll promise you, if you will promise not to forget me when you go away to college. Let's go and tell *her* now."

Hand in hand they arose and crossed the bridge, seeking the spot beneath the elm where the homeless old maid was sitting, weeping still because her hard-borrowed shillings were too late to save her poor heart's one earthly idol from indignity.

"See here, Aunt Ruth," John said, in the honest tones she loved so well to hear; "you are not to fret any more to-night nor ever; for when we get our home Mary has promised to come and live with us. You will then have two of us to take care of you instead of one. It's been a good day for me after all, and I shall never again regret the whipping."

"And you mustn't tell," Mary said, with naïve simplicity, "for we should only be laughed at. We three can keep a secret, can't we?"

Aunt Ruth bowed her head, and a silent, grateful thanksgiving was borne upward to heaven on the wings of the messenger angels. Then, clasping a hand of each, she said, while her face, faded and scarred as it was, lighted up with a sudden inspiration: "The Lord be thy keeper, my children, the shade on thy right hand. The Lord preserve thee in thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth and for evermore."

"Amen," solemnly responded John Williams; and the three rose up together and walked in silence back to the village.

From that time forward Aunt Ruth Rudd was never heard "borrowing trouble" about the future. More than "thirty shillings" found their way somehow into her faded, brown stockingnet-purse before John left home for college; and as there was a good deal of extra work at Squire Williams's in reference to that event, she was called to the assistance of the invalid mother and old Aunt Patsy. And when he was gone, there was a vacant place there which she was invited to fill, whether at John's suggestion or not was never certainly known.

The next winter Squire Williams, who, as we have before stated, was one of the assistants of the colony, was appointed to aid in the revision of its statutes; "to consider what alterations and additions were necessary to render them more effectual in maintaining righteousness, and promoting the weal and prosperity of the nation."

Such was the language of his appointment, and never was a mind better prepared to enter upon such a work. He had long seen wrong and oppression clothed in the garments of supreme power, doing their work in the name of God. He had seen towns heavily fined for allowing a minister of the Gospel, not of the one approved denomination, to open his mouth within their borders; and individuals fined for bestowing on those same ministers the "cup of cold water," in the name of Christ. He had seen men persecuted as false teachers, publicly whipped, and driven in disgrace beyond the limits of the colony. His own personal feelings had been deeply outraged when his brave son became the victim of statutory decree for quietly entertaining a personal resentment. In the exercise of his profession his conscience had often been sorely wounded, and with such experience he entered with full purpose of heart on the work of reform. The "Toleration Acts" were the result, and, imperfect as those were, they were the commencement of the emancipation of the Connecticut Colony, so long and rigorously bound by the straitened maxims of puritanic law.

John remained several years from home, only coming now and then to spend a brief vacation in his native village; but his heart remained true to his first boy-love, little Mary Miner, whose girlish partiality for him ripened into the strongest womanly love. Neither ever forgot the promise made on the little bridge the evening of the most miserable day of their young lives; and though they offered to absolve one another from it afterward, neither were inclined to break that simple, youthful pledge.

"Aunt Ruth Rudd's heart will be broken, John, if we do," Mary said, with bewitching simplicity; "and mine, I own, will miss its familiar tenant."

"And I could never exist without you, Mary, my own heart's darling!" he replied, folding her in his strong arms. "You have been the brightness of my life—its sweetest thought, its dearest hope, ever since the hour when you came, like an angel, and sat down in its darkened chambers. For your sake more than for my own I

have battled with temptation. To plead for blessings on your head I have oftener knelt to Heaven. And the thought of what he should be who should walk side by side with you through life has incited me to higher thoughts and nobler actions. I am not yet half worthy of you, Mary; but, with God's help, I will strive to become so."

When Mary, with overflowing joy, whispered all the sweet thoughts which, like doves, had lain so long nestled in her heart; and how his love was dearer to her than the whole world else; and, more than all, how her father had come to like him, and to wish, with his shining talents, he might become a minister of the Gospel.

Such was the unspoken purpose of John Williams's soul.

"Struggling for the better, with a spirit strong;
Earnest to pursue the right, and eschew the wrong."

And such, with persevering heart-work and laborious study, he at length became, to the great satisfaction of his friends—to none greater than Aunt Ruth Rudd, who would persist that "he was as good as *Samuel*, every bit, and graver than when a boy."

On a pleasant summer day, eight years from the time when he first left home, in a parish adjoining his native town, he stood up to be established, with the customary forms and solemnities, in the pastoral office. Mr. Miner gave the ordaining "charge," and failed not to exhort him to "hold fast the form of sound words;" which drew smiles from a portion of the congregation, who happened to remember that worthy minister's success in *catechising* him when a boy.

Shortly afterward the same voice solemnized the marriage ceremony which united the young pastor, John Williams, to his faithful Mary. It was a pleasant wedding, the last spark of the old prejudice and resentment having been extinguished in the breast of all parties.

To his own parsonage-home the next day the young minister bore his bride, where Aunt Ruth, already established, waited to give them welcome. Never, to the day of her death, was a solitary old woman so contented and happy as she; though she ceased not to regret that those "thirty shillings" were too late to accomplish their object, and that, too, when so often playfully reminded that to that circumstance they were indebted for *Mary*.

SLIGHTLY DEAF.

I AM one of those awkward persons that will sometimes occur, like accidents, even in the best regulated families, who are "eternally" (as my wife has it) wanting to know what people said. Not that I am inquisitive beyond the common order of things; but it is my misfortune to be slightly deaf. It is excessively painful to a man of my years and family to know to what an extent the opinion is current among my friends that I could hear as well as any body if I pleased. Only yesterday, as Buggs was walking past my house (I live in New York: 301 Sutcha Street), he overheard me reproving my son Charles for elevating his voice to a murder-fire-and-thieves pitch in addressing me; though, being but a lad of four years or less, he can't be expected to know any better; which apology can hardly be adopted by certain very offensive older heads I could mention. Buggs, I say, hearing this, becomes incredulous forthwith (for the fiftieth time during our six months' acquaintance), and declares emphatically that it is an utter impossibility for any person to pull wool over his optics to that extent that he can be made to believe Bykes is deaf.

"Nonsense!" says Buggs, gesticulating impatiently with his left hand; "no more hard of hearing than that stick, Sir—not a bit."

[Allusion is here made to Mr. Buggs's walking-stick, supposed to be an uncommonly sharp stick (no intentions of a pun, only suspicions of a sword-cane), and consequently capable of extraordinary acoustic feats.]

If there is any thing in human nature that I especially detest, it is hypocrisy. I would rather have a man spit in my face than call me a hypocrite. I don't care what gentle euphemism he employs; asafœtida by any other name would smell as awful. A hypocrite is a hypocrite, whether you tell him of it by saying that he pretends to be deafer than he is, or by calling him outright a wolf in sheep's clothing. Perhaps I am too sensitive in this particular; I can't help it if I am. I have learned to subdue and control my passions, but I can't get over this sensitiveness. I can refrain from knocking my friend down when he says, "Pshaw! Bykes, you're not so deaf as you seem!" but I can't refrain from wincing.

I have made a careful calculation, and I have concluded that I probably do not represent less than seven thousand of my fellow-countrymen (and women—bless them!) in my position, here in the Magazine, as a misunderstood and ill-treated slightly deaf person. On behalf, therefore, of this large body of people, by me represented, I propose to show that in my (our) case the deuce-and-all is not so black as he is painted.

I.

I took dinner with my friend Sacques, one day last summer, at his truly delightful boarding-place in the country. Sacques is a well-meaning fellow, and has talent in the poetical way; but he is very much retired in his manners, personally. Fond of society, possessing an appreciative sense of feminine æsthetics, not aware that he is himself bad to look at, but at the same time with a strong antipathy to the attraction of any undue attention toward his end of the table. I discovered this latter fact by the blushes that suffused his pleasant countenance when he introduced me to a chair at the dining-table—taking special care to introduce me to nobody else—and by the anxious sidelong glances he gave me during the early part of the repast. Sacques was one of those who fully believed in the genuineness of my auricular defect; and Sacques was on the look-out for a

blunder. I was amused with the expression of amazement that gradually spread itself over his face; but I was sorry he seemed to have no appetite, for the dinner was excellent. As we left the dining-room Sacques took me by the arm and led me upon the piazza, taking a seat at the remote end thereof, overlooking the Tappaan Zee. He said,

"Bykes, how's this? I thought you were hard of hearing?"

"Very true, my dear fellow. What about it?"

"Why, see here! Didn't I see you go through four courses at our quiet table, where no one speaks above their breath, where there is no bill of fare, and where the servants are so soft-spoken that half the time I can't hear them myself? I want to know how you heard so easily, when you are slightly deaf?"

"My dear boy, I haven't heard a syllable since we entered the dining-room till you spoke to me just now."

Sacques didn't seem to get any better of his amazement.

"You don't understand," said I; "I will explain. I have learned to make my eyes serve the place of ears. My appetites are not fastidious; I can generally eat what is set before me without any qualms. I get through a dinner in this way: At the first course I respond to the servant's query with a nod; he generally understands that to mean the last dish he mentioned—say, cod; so he asks me if it was cod I preferred; I don't hear him, but nod again, and he brings me cod. I linger over my fish until one of my neighbors is served with a dish in the next course—say, roast beef; I immediately order some roast beef; I know there *is* some, not because the servant says so, but because *I've seen it*. After that it's easy enough to keep behind my neighbors a little. Some things about this plan may seem awkward to you; but practice makes perfect; I find it easy enough."

Sacques seemed satisfied. That being all I wanted, we dropped the subject.

II.

I ride a good deal by railroad. If I had been a railroad conductor, instead of a dry-goods dealer, nobody ever should know that I was slightly deaf.

I often form pleasant acquaintanceships in the cars. Only last week I made a friend of a very intelligent and sociable Southern gentleman, in this way: I had business in Albany, and went by Hudson River Railroad thither. By me sat a gentleman wearing a military coat, with whom I was soon conversing. It was an express train, and the stops were few; whenever these did occur I stepped out upon the platform, from a habit of long standing, not returning until the wheels had again set up their rumbling. Finally, at one place I did not go out, but kept my seat. My military friend continued the conversation. I had suddenly lost my hearing. His lips moved, but I heard no sound.

"What do you say?" said I.

The lips moved again.

"Speak a little louder, please," said I.

Once more I saw the lips move.

"I don't understand you," I was forced to say again.

The military gentleman grew red in the face, and arose in his seat, looking daggers at me. There was an audible tittering in our vicinity.

"D—n it, Sir!" he declared, in a tone of voice that I heard perfectly distinctly; "what do you mean?"

The gentleman was from Virginia. I protested I had none but the most courteous intentions. The cars now began their motion, and the wheels their rattling, and—my hearing returned. I proceeded at once to explain my conduct in having become afflicted with sudden deafness when I was asked so plain a question as, Have you any tobacco about you?

"I ought to have informed you, Sir," I said to my companion, "that I am slightly deaf—a little hard of hearing. You seem surprised. But the explanation is simple. When the cars are in motion I hear even better than those whose ears are not defective. The cars, in moving, make considerable noise. That noise you hear distinctly, while I hear it very slightly. You raise your voice above the racket; but that racket *does not exist* for me. I get the full benefit of your raised voice, while to you it does not seem greatly raised, because the act of speaking loud, amidst noise, is involuntary."

Owing to this simple fact being little known, I have been cruelly misjudged, and unjustly suspected of sound hearing, by a great many of the ignorant in the premises.

I was once traveling in a railroad car and heard a voice behind me say,

"This old codger what sets right afront of us is old Bykes, what keeps the store in —— Street, what we broke into a stretcher ago come next July; twig?"

"Is that so, Jim?" said another voice; "I never seed him afore. Ain't yer 'fraid he'll hear ye, though? Better cheese yer patter."

"No, he's safe," said the illustrious James; "he's deaf as a dead 'un; more'n that, couldn't nobody hear us when the cars make such a noise; more'n that, don't yer see he's fast asleep? J—s! wouldn't we cotch it, though, if he know'd as how the coves was a-settin' behind him what cracked his cellar-door with a jimmy and prigged such a jolly haul of swag?"

Mr. James M'Knuckler, the well-known cracksman, proceeded to recount his interesting exploit with considerable partially-suppressed hilarity, while I was judiciously nodding my satisfaction. At the next station I arose, stretched myself, and walked out; entering another car as the train moved off, and, through the conductor's aid, finding a brace of Metropolitan "shadows" on board, who took the astonished Jim and companion into their charge. They are now ruralizing at Sing Sing—all for

want of a knowledge of the fact I have here divulged.

III.

I was present at the truly elegant soirée of my newly-married young friend, Mrs. Beverley, in Fourteenth Street, on the evening of February 10th last. There was music and dancing on the occasion. My eldest daughter—a lovely maiden of seventeen—was leaning on my arm, as we stood surveying the gay scene, inhaling the aroma of a thousand bouquets, and listening to the magnificent strains of harmony evoked from instruments Dodsworthian. Presently I distinctly heard a piping voice near me observe,

"Chawlie! who's thet chawming creachaw leaning on thet old fellah's awm ovah theah? D'ye see, me deah fellah?"

"Whawt? thet gawl in th' bloo silk and black cuhls?"

"Ex-actly!"

"Aw!—thet's old Bykes and his dawtah—wegulah old boah—deaf as the vewy dooce—demd po'ty gawl, though. Sh'll ah intrawdooce yah?"

"Aw don't mind."

Presently, I saw approaching us a pair of peg-top trowsers and other traps that constituted the make-up of Mr. Charles Sappy—a young ass, with no brains, and "foreign airs" enough to put Mr. Barnum's "What-is-it" quite out of conceit. He led a wobegone-looking young fellow, who stroked a bit of yellow furze under his nose as he came.

"Aw!—good evening, Mistaw Bykes," said the overpowering youngster; "pawmit me to intrawdooce me friend, Mistaw Noodle."

Mr. Noodle bowed till I looked over his head down his spine. When he came up I said,

"How are you, Noodle? want an introduction to my daughter, ha? Clara, this is Mr. Noodle—Mr. Noodle, this is the daughter of a regular old bore—deaf as the very deuce—but don't mind me."

Mr. Noodle bowed, came up, and said: "Haw!"

Mr. Sappy was adjusting his cravat and surveying something in one of the chandeliers that made him very red in the face. He has ever since been an incorrigible disbeliever in my slight deafness. But I forgive *him*.

IV.

In 1856 I attended a mass-meeting in old Pelican Hall. There was a tremendous crowd and a good deal of noise. I have small taste for political hubbubs in general; but owing to my great anxiety that our Presidential candidate should be elected, I had permitted myself to mingle in politics a little during the campaign in question. This meeting was close on the eve of the election, and enthusiasm was at a high pitch. I joined in it myself to a great extent, and even went so far as to mount a chair and make an overwhelming speech. There being several other speakers "going" at the same time, and all sorts of shouts and cries from the rabble, the act of declaiming came very near that of trying to drown the roaring of ten thousand spindles in a cotton-mill. I got down from the chair after speaking, with a face like a conflagration, and feeling more or less intoxicated with the glory of "this great occasion, where the freemen of this vast city had gathered in their strength to maintain and uphold the rights dear to their hearts," and so forth, and so on. I suppose Chorœbus, the Olympian boxer, when he marched, crowned with olive leaves, through the gap in the walls of his native city, amidst the glory-peans that ever signaled the advent of the champion of Hellas, the fairest maidens strewing his way with smiles and flowers—I say, I suppose Chorœbus felt a similar enthusiastic glow to that which burned in my bosom as I stepped down from the chair amidst the cheers of my fellow-citizens. At that proud moment, when I could have grasped warmly the hand of my bitterest enemy (if he voted our ticket), I overheard a friend of mine named Moore make a remark. Moore was one whom I had always ranked among my most ardent admirers. Moore said, with his back to me:

"Bykes is always making an infernal mule of himself at public meetings, though he has no more speech-making ability than a bellows."

I turned upon him in indignation.

"Ah, Bykes," said he, grasping my hand cordially, "you did unusually well! Capital speech! But you always hit the nail square on the head. Wish some of these gas-bags had half your ability in the oratorical way."

"Thank you!" said I. "There's Van Brewin, for instance, who is speaking now; he is always making an infernal mule of himself at public meetings, though he has no more speech-making ability than a bellows."

Moore tried hard not to look discouraged; but he didn't have very cheering success. He has since believed my ears to be of the sharpest description, if not the longest.

I might fill every page of the Magazine with incidents like this, illustrating the kind of circumstances with which my friends make out a clear case against me. They don't know how unjust they are. To *be* slightly deaf, I submit, is bad enough; but people little know how much their impertinent incredulity aggravates my sufferings. I ask them to remember that wherever there is a loud hum of voices, a rattle of machinery, or similar continued noise, there the slightly deaf person can hear with greater ease than other people.

V.

There is a class of people who seem to think that, in addressing a slightly deaf person, they should raise their voice to a pitch sufficiently elevated to frighten panthers. I have noticed that such people are invariably of the most common-place mental calibre. I never knew a man of mind in addressing me to raise his voice in such a way as to cause me any embarrassment.

I remember when I was introduced to Daniel Webster at the Astor House, in 1845, the friend who did me the distinguished honor (named Smith) whispered to the great man that I was slightly deaf. Mr. Webster remarked, without raising his voice at all,

"I think I saw you in Washington last winter, Sir?"

Before I could reply the officious Smith good-naturedly shouted,

"Mr. Bykes can't hear you, Mr. Webster, unless you speak pretty loud."

Mr. Webster, in the same low but distinct tone, remarked,

"I think Mr. Bykes has no difficulty in hearing me, Mr. Smith."

"None at all," said I; "I assure you I hear with the greatest ease."

Now Smith couldn't understand this—men of his calibre never can. But there are, I think, very few slightly deaf persons to whom distinctness in utterance is not a far more important requisite than a loud tone of voice.

I have learned to gauge men's intellects with much accuracy on first acquaintance by this test. I never in my life was introduced to a booby that he did not so bellow his salutation into my poor ears that the tympanum rung again with the concussion.

Some otherwise excellent acquaintances of mine are in the sad habit of occasionally taking more wine than is good for them; and the effect of too much wine is to muddle the brain and lower the intellectual *status*, so that wise men in their cups are fools. Now, it is an invariable law that a drunken man is intensely conscious of my slight deafness.

There's my friend Walker—an artist of reputation—who has scarcely a fault besides this of indulging too freely now and then. When I call at his studio I can tell in a minute whether he has "had too much," for he is certain to put his mouth close to my shrinking ear and remark, in a voice loud enough to awaken the seven sleepers, "My dear Bykes, how are you?"

Only this morning I was sitting in my counting-room, when the distinguished Dr. Mixon, of the London *Diagnosis*, called to see me. Walker was with him, and "made us acquainted." He had previously informed the learned Doctor that I was slightly deaf. The Doctor remarked, in a moderate tone of voice, but with the distinctness of a metronome,

"I—am—told—you—are—hard—of—hearing,—Sir,—but—I—think—you—are—not."

Of course I heard this remark with the greatest ease.

And now *Walker* don't believe I am slightly deaf.

I am in despair.

THE MERCHANT'S LESSON.

"I KNOW it wasn't just right," said Mr. Ralph Kendig, speaking with himself; "but then such an opportunity to close out that lot of goods might never again occur. The temptation was too strong; I could not resist it. And for cash too!"

Not just right, Mr. Ralph Kendig? And you see and acknowledge, yet justify the act! Did you ever hear the old Spanish proverb, Mr. Kendig—"Curses, like chickens, come home to roost?" It has an apt significance in cases like yours. Wrong acts always come back, in some shape, to hurt the wrong-doer. The law works with inevitable precision.

And so you closed out that lot of goods to a young and inexperienced customer, who said to you, on introducing himself,

"It is my first season, Mr. Kendig, and I must rely mainly on your judgment as to the styles that are most in demand. You know the character of our market, as your house has supplied goods in our region of country for years."

Your bland, frank, honest manner pleased and assured him. He felt safe in your hands, and trusted in you without a shadow of suspicion. You saw this, and coolly cheated him.

Oh no! cheat is not the word. You reject that with a flush of indignation. You, Ralph Kendig, a cheat! Take care! That is slander. "It wasn't just right."

Oh! yes, we remember your mild judgment of the case—it was only not just right!

"Well, Sir," we hear you say, "who acts wholly right in all things? No man. Human nature is weak, and liable to error. As to strict honesty in merchandising, that is impossible. We must give and take. It is a system of sharp dealing all around. Every man goes in for himself."

We beg to demur to that sentiment about strict honesty being impossible in merchandising, Mr. Kendig. Don't believe a word of it. And you profess to be a Christian man!—own a pew; take your family to church every Sunday; teach your children the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Golden Rule. Ah, that Golden Rule, Mr. Kendig! What of that? "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

"Can't be lived up to in this day and generation. The thing's impossible."

Another mistake of yours, Mr. Kendig—another great mistake. It can be lived up to, and must be lived up to, if—

"If what?"

If you would go to heaven when you die, Mr. Kendig.

"You are not my judge, Sir!"

Don't look so indignant. No, we are not your judge. But as this is given to us as one of the laws of heavenly life, our inference is, that if we disregard the precept we can not enter heaven; or, to use better words, be in that state of heavenly-mindedness required to make us fit companions for the spirits of just men made perfect. This is our inference, Mr. Kendig. But we do not press the subject. Settle it with yourself.

You have no time to do that now. Your cus-

tomer has returned. Why does your heart give that sudden, fluttering spring? No, he has not discovered the—cheat! Pardon us, Mr. Kendig. We are so used to calling things by their right names that we can not help it in this case. We think you cheated your confiding young customer, and we must say so.

No, he has not discovered the cheat, but meets you with a trusting face. He wishes to look at other goods, and to make an additional purchase on time. You do not hesitate about selling him a few thousands on six months' credit, for while you were showing him goods this morning (not being certain as to whether he was a time or cash customer) one of your clerks was posting up in regard to his means, character, and standing at the Commercial Agency. The record was fair.

He does not trust in your judgment quite so implicitly as he did in the early part of the day. You are still tempted to crowd him a little with old stock; but he evidently understands the market better than he did, and buys far more judiciously. The time bill is nearly equal in amount to the cash bill.

You do not feel altogether satisfied in your mind about this transaction. The two lots of goods will not open well together. But that is his business, not yours. And you push the subject from your thoughts. It will come back, however, intrusively.

"It might have been better if I had sent the lot to auction."

There is no question on that score, Mr. Kendig, none in the world. It would have been a thousand times better than to sell them as fresh goods to an inexperienced buyer, who confided in your mercantile honor.

"The loss could not have been more than fifteen per cent. on cost. But the temptation to make a good profit was too strong to be resisted. It will all come out right, I guess."

Wrong never comes out right, Mr. Kendig—never! Never has from the beginning, and never will to the end.

Three months have passed. What is the matter now? Something not very agreeable in that letter, Mr. Kendig, if your face is a true indicator. May we know something of its contents? From that facile customer who bought out the lot of old goods in the spring under the impression that they were new styles? Ah! what does he say? Not very choice language this to an honorable Christian merchant, who teaches his children the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Golden Rule—

"It looks very much like a swindle—very much, Sir!"

That is a hard saying, Mr. Ralph Kendig; and we do not wonder that your face is red and indignant.

"I trusted you, Sir, as I would have trusted a brother, and you betrayed my confidence."

Very hard.

"You knew the goods I wanted, and had them in your store; but seeing that I was ignorant, foisted on me an old lot of stuff that is wholly unsalable in this market. I have only opened a single case; and that is on hand yet. Do you call this honest? If so, you have learned your morality out of some book never seen in these parts. It won't prosper. Trickery never does. No doubt you thought yourself wonderfully smart. But such smartness don't pay in the long-run."

He'll be sorry for this, will he? Better say, Mr. Kendig, that you are sorry. But what more does he write? We are not through yet.

"Of course I don't mean to pay for them."

Of course you *have* paid for them. We've got all that on the square. The goods are yours, and you will have to make the most of them. Next time post yourself up before you go into market as a buyer.

Don't be too well satisfied on that head, Mr. Kendig. Read on.

"You hold my note for three thousand dollars. It won't be taken up at maturity."

We'll see about that! Read on, Mr. Kendig.

"The cash I paid must stand against the second bill. I will return the first invoice of goods immediately; and if you'll take a fool's advice, you'll send them to auction. Don't, let me beg, for the credit of your city, try the game over that you played on me. You will find it bad policy. Pocket your own losses, when you buy too heavily. I will see you in the fall and settle this little matter face to face. You will not find me the easy customer you dealt with in the spring."

Didn't we say so, Mr. Kendig? Wrong always comes back in some shape to hurt the wrong-doer. What is to be done in this discreditable business?

You won't be bullied in that style by any body! Only a plea to get rid of paying a just debt. You understand the game.

Is the debt just, Mr. Kendig? Think a little more calmly.

If he had behaved decently about it!

He might have written in a different style, certainly, and made himself quite as well understood. But when men of a certain temperament discover that a cheat has been practiced on them, they are not very choice in their language. Being angry and indignant, they wish their indignation to be seen. Your customer is of the temperament indicated; and as you provoked his wrath, you must bear up under the "abuse" with all the Christian fortitude you have at command—not a very abundant stock we know, prefixing the word Christian—but all that can be summoned pray use. You have need of it.

You won't receive the goods.

Perhaps you will think better by the time they arrive. Take a night or two to sleep on the matter before you come to a final decision.

They won't bring half their cost now.

Then you should have sold them at auction early in the spring. Who is to blame but yourself?

It's an outrageous attempt to swindle.

On whose part, Mr. Ralph Kendig? Yours,

or your customer's? Are you willing to let the whole affair come to light in the face of your customers, South and West, and in the face of your family and Christian friends at home, and abide their judgment in the case? If so, contest the matter.

You don't like that view. The affair has rather a bad look. But such things are done every day.

We know they are; but that doesn't make them just or right. That won't save your honor in the eyes of honorable men. Yes, the affair has a bad look, and a bad quality into the bargain. The worst part is the bad quality; though we are sorry to see that you are least troubled on that account. Perhaps you had better not contest the matter, Mr. Kendig. Take our advice, and pocket the loss in the quietest possible way. It was little better than a gambling stake, and the cards have not turned up in your favor.

If I receive the goods back there is the end of it.

Not the end of it by any means, Mr. Kendig. You may be able to figure up the exact loss to a dollar on that unfortunate lot; but never the loss of fair profit from loss of custom growing out of this transaction. Don't imagine for a moment that it will be passed over and forgotten; that it will not be told against you in many a circle of country merchants. This is but a small loss, however, to the loss of integrity which the act involved. We wish you thought more of that loss.

On cooler reflection you think it best to receive back the goods, and pay the heavy return freight. It goes hard, but some things have been suggested which make you think it may be safest to do so.

Fall has come round, and the note for three thousand dollars is within a few weeks of maturity. It has not been sent on for collection. A second letter from the maker of this note has assured you that it will not be paid, and you have concluded to await the personal interview.

"Good-morning, Mr. Kendig." You know the voice right well; and the face is as familiar as if seen but yesterday.

"Good-morning." You try to smile a bland, welcoming, mercantile smile, but are not entirely successful. There is a steadiness in the man's eyes, and a firmness about his lips that make you feel uncomfortable. You extend your hand, and grasp his; but his fingers give no returning pressure.

"I am here, Mr. Kendig, to arrange that unpleasant matter which still lies open between us."

You bow, and move uneasily.

"You hold my note for three thousand dollars?"

"We do." You try to speak resolutely in order to impress him with the idea that you regard the note as valid.

"I wish to have it canceled."

"In what way?" you ask.

"As not representing value."

You shake your head. Your customer remains cool, but you see that his brows contract.

"I have not come to have a quarrel with you, Mr. Kendig. You know my opinion of the transaction that lies unsettled between us. It has not changed. Now I simply demand what is right; and if you look to your own interests you will do what is right promptly. You may as well give up the note, for I will never pay it; and if you dare to put it in hand for collection, I will expose the fraud you attempted against me in all the Southern country. I am a resolute man, Sir, as you will find to your cost if you drive me to retaliation."

This is, indeed, a bad business, Mr. Kendig! Better make a virtue of necessity, and close the matter at once. Accept the loss you have made without risking a heavier one. It goes hard, we know. Pride is strong, but pride must suffer.

"There is your note, Sir!" It cost you a struggle, but it is done. You have made restitution, but not willingly. So much the worse. You have been just in act, but not in heart, and so have lost all.

"So far so good, Mr. Kendig." How cutting are his tones! "Next time, when a stranger confides in your mercantile honor, don't try to swindle him as you did me! Good-morning, Sir."

How do you like the lesson, Mr. Ralph Kendig? We hope it may do you good.

WHEN I CAME BACK FROM SEA.

WHEN we set sail to chase the whale
From old Nantucket Bay,
Oh! a lighter, merrier heart than mine
Never yet sailed away.
While some were sad, and none were glad,
I was singing with glee;
For I was to marry sweet Maggie Gray
When I came back from sea.

Her hair was brown as the kelp that drifts
Where sea-currents come and go;
Like gentians peeping through snowy rifts,
Her blue eyes were set in snow.
And farther down the sea-pink grew,
Healthy, hardy, and free;
And all these treasures would be mine
When I came back from sea.

Wherever I went in the far, far South,
In strait or in calm lagoon,
My heart, like the cheerful heart it was,
Kept singing a merry tune.
It shortened the watch of the weary nights,
It lightened my work for me;
For it sang, "You'll marry sweet Maggie Gray
When you come back from sea."

My comrades too, though rude and rough—
  Ever ready to give and take—
Were gentle—for all of them knew my bird,
  And were kind to me for her sake.
And none ever dared, in our fok'sal games,
  To make ribald jests to me;
For I was to marry sweet Maggie Gray
  When I came back from sea.

For three long years we sailed and whaled,
  Until we had filled our hold;
Then homeward sped, while every head
  Was running on wages and gold.
But I did not care what might be my share,
  However large it may be;
My only thought was of Maggie Gray,
  As I came back from sea.

At last one day we saw the bay,
  And the old Nantucket shore;
I landed and ran, like an Indian man,
  To Maggie's cottage door.

But the door was barred, and there was not a soul
  To give word or welcome to me;
For Maggie Gray had gone away,
  And I—had come back from sea!

I ran like mad through the little town,
  And questioned all I met;
But I only got a shake of the head,
  Or a look of sad regret;
Until old Ben—a rough man too—
  Came kindly up to me,
Saying, "Lad, 'twere better a thousand times
  You'd never come back from sea."

Then I heard it all. How a gay gallant
  Had come from Boston down,
And robbed the nest of my little pet bird,
  And carried her off to town;
While I was left with a broken heart,
  And nothing to welcome me,
But a tale of shame and a ruined name
  When I came back from sea.

LOVEL THE WIDOWER.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER VI.

CECILIA'S SUCCESSOR.

MONSIEUR ET HONORE LECTEUR! I see, as perfectly as if you were sitting opposite to me, the scorn depicted on your noble countenance, when you read my confession that I, Charles Batchelor, Esquire, did burglariously enter the premises of Edward Drencher, Esquire, M.R.C.S.I. (phew! the odious pestle-grinder, I never could bear him!), and break open and read a certain letter, his property. I may have been wrong, but I am candid. I tell my misdeeds; some fellows hold their tongues. Besides, my good man, consider the temptation, and the horrid insight into the paper which Bedford's report had already given me. Would *you* like to be told that the girl of your heart was playing at fast and loose with it, had none of her own, or had given hers to another? I don't want to make a Mrs. Robin Gray of any woman, and merely because "her mither presses her sair" to marry her against her will. "If Miss Prior," thought I, "prefers this lint-scraper to me, ought I to balk her? He is younger and stronger, certainly, than myself. Some people may consider him handsome. (By-the-way, what a remarkable thing it is about many women, that, in affairs of the heart, they don't seem to care or understand whether a man is a gentleman or not.) It may be it is my superior fortune and social station which may induce Elizabeth to waver in her choice between me and my bleeding, bolusing, toothdrawing rival. If so, and I am only taken from mercenary considerations, what a pretty chance of subsequent happiness do either of us stand! Take the vaccinator, girl, if thou preferrest him! I know what it is to be crossed in love already. It's hard, but I can bear it! I ought to know, I must know, I *will* know what is in that paper!" So saying, as I pace round and round the table where the letter lies flickering white under the midnight taper, I stretch out my hand—I seize the paper—I—— well, I own it—there—yes—I took it, and I read it.

Or rather, I may say, I read that part of IT which the bleeder and blisterer had flung down. It was but a fragment of a letter—a fragment—oh! how bitter to swallow! A lump of Epsom salt could not have been more disgusting. It appeared (from Bedford's statement) that Æsculapius, on getting into his gig, had allowed this scrap of paper to whisk out of his pocket—the rest he read, no doubt, under the eyes of the writer. Very likely, during the perusal, he had taken and squeezed the false hand which wrote the lines. Very likely the first part of the *precious document* contained compliments to him—from the horrible context I judge so—compliments to that vendor of leeches and bandages, into whose heart I dare say I wished ten thousand lancets might be stuck, as I perused the FALSE ONE'S wheedling address to him! So ran the document. How well every word of it was engraven on my anguished heart! If page *three*, which I suppose was about the bit of the letter which I got, was as it was—what must pages *one* and *two* have been? The dreadful document began, then, thus:

"—— dear hair in the locket, which I shall *ever* wear for the sake of *him who gave it*"—(dear hair! indeed—disgusting carrots! She should have been ashamed to call it "dear hair")—"for the sake of him who gave it, and whose *bad temper* I shall pardon, because I think, in spite of his faults, he is a *little fond* of his poor Lizzie! Ah, Edward! how *could* you go on so the last time about poor Mr. B.! Can you imagine that I can ever have more than a filial regard for the kind old gentleman?" (*Il était question de moi, ma parole d'honneur. I* was the kind old gentleman!) "I have known him since my childhood. He was intimate in our family in earlier and happier days; made our house his home; and, I must say, was most kind to all of us children. If he has vanities, you naughty boy, is he the only one of his sex who is vain? Can you fancy that such an old creature (an *old muff*, as you call him, you wicked, satirical man!) could ever make an impression on my heart? No, Sir!" (Aha! So I was an old muff, was I?) "Though I don't wish to make *you* vain too, or that other people should laugh at you, as you do at poor dear Mr. B., I think, Sir, you need but look *in your glass* to see that you need not be afraid of such a rival as *that*. You fancy he is attentive to me? If you looked only a little angrily at him, he would fly back to London. To-day, when your *horrid little patient* did presume to offer to take my hand, when I boxed his little wicked ears and sent him *spinning* to the end of the room—poor Mr. Batch was so *frightened* that he did not *dare* to come into the room, and I saw him peeping behind a statue on the lawn, and he would not come in until the *servants arrived*. Poor man! We can not all of us have courage like *a certain Edward*, who I know is as *bold as a lion*. Now, Sir, you must not be quarreling with that wretched little Captain for being rude. I have shown him that I can very well *take care of myself*. I knew the *odious thing* the first moment I set eyes on him, though he had forgotten me. Years ago I met him, and I remember he was equally *rude and tips*—"

Here the letter was torn. Beyond "*tips*" it did not go. But that was enough, wasn't it? To this woman I had offered a gentle and manly, I may say a kind and tender heart—I had offered four hundred a year in funded property, besides my house in Devonshire Street, Bloomsbury—and she preferred *Edward*, forsooth, at the sign of the Gallipot: and may ten thousand pestles smash my brains!

You may fancy what a night I had after reading that scrap. I promise you I did not sleep much. I heard the hours toll as I kept vigil. I lay amidst shattered capitals, broken shafts of the tumbled palace which I had built in imagination—oh! how bright and stately! I sate among the ruins of my own happiness, surrounded by the murdered corpses of innocent-visioned domestic joys. Tick—tock! Moment after moment I heard on the clock the clinking footsteps of wakeful grief. I fell into a doze toward morning, and dreamed that I was dancing with Glorvina, when I woke with a start, finding Bedford arrived with my shaving-water, and opening the shutters. When he saw my haggard face he wagged his head.

"You *have* read it, I see, Sir," says he.

"Yes, Dick," groaned I, out of bed, "I have swallowed it." And I laughed, I may say, a fiendish laugh. "And now I have taken it, not poppy nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy sirups in his shop (hang him!), will be able to medicine me to sleep for some time to come!"

"She has no heart, Sir. I don't think she cares for t'other chap much," groans the gloomy butler. "She can't, after having known *us*"—and my companion in grief, laying down my hot-water jug, retreats.

I did not cut any part of myself with my razor. I shaved quite calmly. I went to the family at breakfast. My impression is, I was sarcastic and witty. I smiled most kindly at Miss Prior when she came in. Nobody could have seen from my outward behavior that any thing was wrong within. I was an apple. Could you inspect the worm at my core? No, no. Somebody—I think old Baker—complimented me on my good looks. I was a smiling lake. Could you see on my placid surface, among my sheeny water-lilies, that a corpse was lying under my cool depths? "A bit of deviled chicken?" "No, thank you. By-the-way, Lovel, I think I must go to town to-day." "You'll come back to dinner, of course?" "Well—no." "Oh, stuff! You promised me to-day and to-morrow. Robinson, Brown, and Jones are coming to-morrow, and you must be here to meet them." Thus we prattle on. I answer, I smile, I say, "Yes, if you please, another cup;" or, "Be so good as to hand the muffin," or what not. But I am dead. I feel as if I am under ground and buried. Life, and tea, and clatter, and muffins are going on, of course; and daisies spring, and the sun shines

on the grass while I am under it. Ah, dear me! it's very cruel: it's very, very lonely: it's very odd! I don't belong to the world any more. I have done with it. I am shelved away. But my spirit returns and flitters through the world, which it has no longer any thing to do with: and my ghost, as it were, comes and smiles at my own tombstone. Here lies Charles Batchelor, the Unloved One. Oh! alone, alone, alone! Why, Fate! didst ordain that I should be companionless? Tell me where the Wandering Jew is, that I may go and sit with him. Is there any place at a light-house vacant? Who knows where is the island of Juan Fernandez? Engage me a ship, and take me there at once. Mr. R. Crusoe, I think. My dear Robinson, have the kindness to hand me over your goat-skin cap, breeches, and umbrella. Go home, and leave *me* here. Would you know who is the solitariest man on earth? That man am I. Was that cutlet which I ate at breakfast anon—was that lamb which frisked on the mead last week (beyond yon wall where the unconscious cucumber lay basking which was to form his sauce)—I say, was that lamb made so tender that I might eat him? And my heart, then? Poor heart! wert thou so softly constituted only that women might stab thee? So I am a Muff, am I? And she will always wear a lock of his "dear hair," will she? Ha! ha! The men on the omnibus looked askance as they saw me laugh. They thought it was from Hanwell, not Putney, I was escaping. Escape? Who can escape? I went into London. I went to the Clubs. Jawkins, of course, was there; and my impression is that he talked as usual. I took another omnibus, and went back to Putney. "I will go back and revisit my grave," I thought. It is said that ghosts loiter about their former haunts a good deal when they are first dead; flit wistfully among their old friends and companions, and, I dare say, expect to hear a plenty of conversation and friendly, tearful remark about themselves. But suppose they return, and find nobody talking of them at all? Or suppose Hamlet (Père, and Royal Dane) comes back and finds Claudius and Gertrude very comfortable over a piece of cold meat, or what not? Is the late gentleman's present position as a ghost a very pleasant one? Crow, Cocks! Quick, Sun-dawn! Open, Trap-door! *Allons:* it's best to pop underground again. So I am a Muff, am I? What a curious thing that walk up the hill to the house was! What a different place Shrublands was yesterday to what it is to-day! Has the sun lost its light, and the flowers their bloom, and the joke its sparkle, and the dish its savor? Why, bless my soul! what is Lizzy herself—only an ordinary woman—freckled certainly—incorrigibly dull, and without a scintillation of humor: and you mean to say, Charles Batchelor, that your heart once beat about *that* woman? Under the intercepted letter of that cold assassin my heart had fallen down dead, irretrievably dead. I remember, *àpropos* of the occasion of my first death, that perpetrated by Glorvina—on my second visit to Dublin—with what a strange sensation I walked under some trees in the Phœnix Park, beneath which it had been my custom to meet my False One Number 1. There were the trees—there were the birds singing—there was the bench on which we used to sit—the same, but how different! The trees had a different foliage, exquisite amaranthine; the birds sang a song paradisiacal; the bench was a bank of roses and fresh flowers, which young Love twined in fragrant chaplets around the statue of Glorvina! Roses and fresh flowers? Rheumatisms and flannel-waistcoats, you silly old man! Foliage and Song? O namby-pamby driveler! A statue?—a doll, thou twaddling old dullard!—a doll with carmine cheeks, and a heart stuffed with bran—— I say, on the night preceding that ride to and from Putney, I had undergone death—in that omnibus I had been carried over to t'other side of the Stygian shore. I returned but as a passionless ghost, remembering my life-days, but not feeling any more. Love was dead, Elizabeth! Why, the Doctor came, and partook freely of lunch, and I was not angry. Yesterday I called him names, and hated him, and was jealous of him. To-day I felt no rivalship; and no envy at his success; and no desire to supplant him. No—I swear—not the slightest wish to make Elizabeth mine if she would. I might have cared for her yesterday—yesterday I had a heart. Pshaw! my good Sir or Madam. You sit by me at dinner. Perhaps you are handsome, and use your eyes. Ogle away. Don't balk yourself, pray. But if you fancy I care a threepenny-piece about you—or for your eyes—or for your bonny brown hair—or for your sentimental remarks, sidelong warbled—or for your praise to (not of) my face—or for your satire behind my back—ah me!—how mistaken you are! *Peine perdue, ma chère dame!* The digestive organs are still in good working order—but the heart? *Caret.*

I was perfectly civil to Mr. Drencher, and indeed, wonder to think how, in my irritation I had allowed myself to apply (mentally) any sort of disagreeable phrases to a most excellent and deserving and good-looking young man, who is beloved by the poor, and has won the just confidence of an extensive circle of patients. I made no sort of remark to Miss Prior, except about the weather and the flowers in the garden. I was bland, easy, rather pleasant, not too high-spirited, you understand. No: I vow you could not have seen a nerve wince, or the slightest alteration in my demeanor. I helped the two old dowagers; I listened to their twaddle; I gayly wiped up with my napkin three-quarters of a glass of sherry which Popham flung over my trowsers. I would defy you to know that I had gone through the ticklish operation of an excision of the heart a few hours previously. Heart—pooh! I saw Miss Prior's lip quiver. Without a word between us, she knew perfectly well that all was over as regarded her late humble servant. *She* winced once or twice. While Drencher was busy with his plate, the gray eyes cast toward

me interjectional looks of puzzled entreaty. *She*, I say, winced; and I give you my word I did not care a fig whether she was sorry, or pleased, or happy, or going to be hung. And I can't give a better proof of my utter indifference about the matter than the fact that I wrote two or three copies of verses descriptive of my despair. They appeared, you may perhaps remember, in one of the annuals of those days, and were generally attributed to one of the most sentimental of our young poets. I remember the reviews said they were "replete with emotion," "full of passionate and earnest feeling," and so forth. Feeling, indeed! ha! ha! "Passionate outbursts of a grief-stricken heart!"—Passionate scrapings of a fiddle-stick, my good friend. "Lonely," of course, rhymes with "only," and "gushes" with "blushes," and "despair" with "hair," and so on. Despair is perfectly compatible with a good dinner, I promise you. Hair is false: hearts are false. Grapes may be sour, but claret is good, my masters. Do you suppose I am going to cry my eyes out because Chloe's are turned upon Strephon? If you find any whimpering in mine, may they never wink at a bee's-wing again!

When the Doctor rose presently, saying he would go and see the gardener's child, who was ill, and casting longing looks at Miss Prior, I assure you I did not feel a tittle of jealousy, though Miss Bessy actually followed Mr. Drencher into the lawn under the pretext of calling back Miss Cissy, who had run thither without her bonnet.

"Now, Lady Baker, which was right? you or I?" asks bonny Mrs. Bonnington, wagging her head toward the lawn where this couple of innocents were disporting.

"You thought there was an affair between Miss Prior and the medical gentleman?" I say, smiling. "It was no secret, Mrs. Bonnington."

"Yes, but there were others who were a little smitten in that quarter, too," says Lady Baker, and she in turn wags *her* old head toward me.

"You mean me?" I answer, as innocent as a new-born babe. "I am a burned child, Lady Baker; I have been at the fire, and am already thoroughly done, thank you. One of your charming sex jilted me some years ago; and once is quite enough, I am much obliged to you."

This I said, not because it was true; in fact, it was the reverse of truth; but if I choose to lie about my own affairs, pray, why not? And though a strictly truth-telling man generally, when I do lie, I promise you I do it boldly and well.

"If, as I gather from Mrs. Bonnington, Mr. Drencher and Miss Prior like each other, I wish my old friend joy. I wish Mr. Drencher joy with all my heart. The match seems to me excellent. He is a deserving, a clever, and a handsome young fellow; and I am sure, ladies, you can bear witness to *her* goodness, after all you have known of her."

"My dear Batchelor," says Mrs. Bonnington, still smiling and winking, "I don't believe one single word you say—not one single word!" And she looks infinitely pleased as she speaks.

"Oh!" cries Lady Baker, "my good Mrs. Bonnington, you are always match-making—don't contradict me. You know you thought—"

"Oh, please don't," cries Mrs. B.

"I will. She thought, Mr. Batchelor, she actually thought that our son, that my Cecilia's husband, was smitten by the governess. I should like to have seen him dare!" and her flashing eyes turn toward the late Mrs. Lovel's portrait, with its faded simper leering over the harp. "The idea that any woman could succeed that angel indeed!"

"Indeed, I don't envy her," I said.

"You don't mean, Batchelor, that my Frederick would not make any woman happy?" cries the Bonnington. "He is only seven-and-thirty, very young for his age, and the most affectionate of creatures. I'm surprised, and it's most cruel, and most unkind of you, to say that you don't envy any woman that marries my boy!"

"My dear good Mrs. Bonnington, you quite misapprehend me," I remark.

"Why, when his late wife was alive," goes on Mrs. B., sobbing, "you know with what admirable sweetness and gentleness he bore her—her—bad temper—excuse me, Lady Baker!"

"Oh, pray, abuse my departed angel!" cries the Baker; "say that your son should marry and forget her—say that those darlings should be made to forget their mother. She was a woman of birth, and a woman of breeding, and a woman of family, and the Bakers came in with the Conqueror, Mrs. Bonnington—"

"I think I heard of one in the court of Pharaoh," I interposed.

"And to say that a Baker is not worthy of a Lovel is *pretty* news indeed! Do you hear *that*, Clarence?"

"Hear what, ma'am?" says Clarence, who enters at this juncture. "You're speakin' loud enough, though blesht if I hear two sh-shyllables."

"You wretched boy, you have been smoking!"

"Shmoking—haven't I?" says Clarence, with a laugh; "and I've been at the Five Bells, and I've been having a game of billiards with an old friend of mine," and he lurches toward a decanter.

"Ah! don't drink any more, my child!" cries the mother.

"I'm as sober as a judge, I tell you. You leave so precious little in the bottle at dinner that I must get it when I can, mustn't I, Batchelor, old boy? We had a row yesterday, hadn't we? No, it was sugar-baker. I'm not angry—you're not angry. Bear no malish. Here's your health, old boy!"

The unhappy gentleman drank his bumper of sherry, and, tossing his hair off his head, said, "Where's the governess—where's Bessy Bellenden? Who's that kickin' me under the table, I say?"

"Where is who?" asks his mother.

"Bessy Bellenden—the governess—that's her real name. Known her these ten years. Used to dansh at Prinsh's Theatre. Remember her in the corps de ballet. Ushed to go behind the shenes. Dooshid pretty girl!" maunders out the tipsy youth; and as the unconscious subject of his mischievous talk enters the room, again he cries out, "Come and sit by me, Bessy Bellenden, I say!"

The matrons rose with looks of horror in their faces. "A ballet dancer!" cries Mrs. Bonnington. "A ballet dancer!" echoes Lady Baker. "Young woman, is this true?"

"The Bulbul and the Roshe—hay?" laughs the Captain. "Don't you remember you and Fosbery in blue and shpangles? Always all right, though, Bellenden was. Fosbery washn't: but Bellenden was. Give you every credit for that, Bellenden. Boxsh my earsh. Bear no malish—no—no—malish! Get some more sherry, you—whatsh your name—Bedford, butler—and I'll pay you the money I owe you;" and he laughs his wild laugh, utterly unconscious of the effect he is producing. Bedford stands staring at him, as pale as death. Poor Miss Prior is as white as marble. Wrath, terror, and wonder are in the countenances of the dowagers. It is an awful scene!

"Mr. Batchelor knows that it was to help my family I did it," says the poor governess.

"Yes, by George! and nobody can say a word against her," bursts in Dick Bedford, with a sob; "and she is as honest as any woman here!"

"Pray, who told you to put your oar in?" cries the tipsy Captain.

"And you knew that this person was on the stage, and you introduced her into my son's family? Oh, Mr. Batchelor, Mr. Batchelor, I didn't think it of you! Don't speak to me, Miss!" cries the flurried Bonnington.

"You brought this woman to the children of my adored Cecilia?" calls out the other dowager. "Serpent, leave the room! Pack your trunks, viper! and quit the house this instant. Don't touch her, Cissy. Come to me, my blessing. Go away, you horrid wretch!"

"She ain't a horrid wretch; and when I was ill she was very good to us," breaks in Pop, with a roar of tears: "and you sha'n't go, Miss Prior—my dear, pretty Miss Prior. You sha'n't go!" and the child rushes up to the governess, and covers her neck with tears and kisses.

"Leave her, Popham, my darling blessing!—leave that woman!" cries Lady Baker.

"I won't, you old beast!—and she sha-a-ant go. And I wish you was dead; and, my dear, you sha'n't go, and Pa sha'n't let you!" shouts the boy.

"Oh, Popham, if Miss Prior has been naughty, Miss Prior must go!" says Cecilia, tossing up her head.

"Spoken like my daughter's child!" cries Lady Baker: and little Cissy, having flung her little stone, looks as if she had performed a very virtuous action.

"God bless you, Master Pop—you are a trump, you are!" says Mr. Bedford.

"Yes, that I am, Bedford; and she sha'n't go, shall she?" cries the boy.

But Bessy stooped down sadly and kissed him. "Yes, I must, dear," she said.

"Don't touch him! Come away, Sir! Come away from her this moment!" shrieked the two mothers.

"I nursed him through the scarlet fever, when his own mother would not come near him," says Elizabeth, gently.

"I'm blest if she didn't," sobs Bedford—"and—bub—bub—bless you, Master Pop!"

"That child is wicked enough, and headstrong enough, and rude enough already!" exclaims Lady Baker. "I desire, young woman, you will not pollute him farther!"

"That's a hard word to say to an honest woman, ma'am," says Bedford.

"Pray, miss, are you engaged to the butler, too?" hisses out the dowager.

"There's very little the matter with Maxwell's child—only teeth. What on earth has happened? My dear Lizzy—my dear Miss Prior—what is it?" cries the Doctor, who enters from the garden at this juncture.

"Nothing has happened, only this young woman has appeared in a new *character*," says Lady Baker. "My son has just informed us that Miss Prior danced upon the stage, Mr. Drencher; and if you think such a person is a fit companion for your mothers and sisters, who attend a place of Christian worship, I believe—I wish you joy."

"Is this—is this—true?" asks the Doctor, with a look of bewilderment.

"Yes, it is true," sighs the girl.

"And you never told me, Elizabeth?" groans the Doctor.

"She's as honest as any woman here," calls out Bedford. "She gave all the money to her family."

"It wasn't fair not to tell me. It wasn't fair," sobs the Doctor. And he gives her a ghastly parting look, and turns his back.

"I say, you—Hi! What-d'-you-call-'em? Sawbones!" shricks out Captain Clarence. "Come back, I say. She's all right, I say. Upon my honor, now, she's all right."

"Miss P. shouldn't have kept this from me. My mother and sisters are Dissenters, and very strict. I couldn't ask a party into my family who has been—who has been— I wish you good-morning," says the Doctor, and stalks away.

"And now, will you please to get your things ready and go, too?" continues Lady Baker. "My dear Mrs. Bonnington, you think—"

"Certainly, certainly, she must go!" cries Mrs. Bonnington.

"Don't go till Lovel comes home, Miss. *These* ain't your mistresses. Lady Baker don't pay your salary. If you go, I go too. There!" calls out Bedford, and mumbles something in her ear about the end of the world.

"You go too; and a good riddance, you insolent brute!" exclaims the dowager.

"Oh, Captain Clarence! you have made a pretty morning's work," I say.

"I don't know what the doose all the sherry—all the shinty's about," says the Captain, playing with the empty decanter. "Gal's a very good gal—pretty gal. If she choosesh dansh shport her family, why the doosh shouldn't she dansh shport a family?"

"That is exactly what I recommend this person to do," says Lady Baker, tossing up her head. "And now I will thank you to leave the room. Do you hear?"

As poor Elizabeth obeyed this order Bedford darted after her; and I know ere she had gone five steps he had offered her his savings and every thing he had. She might have had mine yesterday. But she had deceived me. She had played fast and loose with me. She had misled me about this Doctor. I could trust her no more. My love of yesterday was dead, I say. That vase was broke, which never could be mended. She knew all was over between us. She did not once look at me as she left the room.

The two dowagers—one of them, I think, a little alarmed at her victory—left the house, and for once went away in the same barouche. The young maniac who had been the cause of the mischief staggered away, I know not whither.

About four o'clock, poor little Pinhorn, the child's maid, came to me, well-nigh choking with tears, as she handed me a letter. "She's goin' away—and she saved both them children's lives; she did. And she've wrote to you, Sir. And Bedford's a-goin'. And I'll give warnin', I will, too!" And the weeping handmaiden retires, leaving me, perhaps somewhat frightened, with the letter in my hand.

"Dear Sir," she said—"I may write you a line of thanks and farewell. I shall go to my mother. I shall soon find another place. Poor Bedford, who has a generous heart, told me that he had given you a letter of mine to Mr. D. I saw this morning that you knew every thing. I can only say now that for all your long kindnesses and friendship to my family I am always your sincere and grateful—E. P."

Yes: that was all. I think she *was* grateful. But she had not been candid with me, nor with the poor surgeon. I had no anger: far from it: a great deal of regard and good-will, nay, admiration, for the intrepid girl who had played a long, hard part very cheerfully and bravely. But my foolish little flicker of love had blazed up and gone out in a day; I knew that she never could care for me. In that dismal, wakeful night, after reading the letter, I had thought her character and story over, and seen to what a life of artifice and dissimulation necessity had compelled her. I did not blame her. In such circumstances, with such a family, how could she be frank and open? Poor thing! poor thing! Do we know any body? Ah! dear me, we are most of us very lonely in the world. You who have any who love you, cling to them, and thank God. I went into the hall toward evening: her poor trunks and packages were there, and the little nurserymaid weeping over them. The sight unmanned me; and I believe I cried myself. Poor Elizabeth! And with these small chests you recommence your life's lonely voyage! I gave the girl a couple of sovereigns. She sobbed a God bless me! and burst out crying more desperately than ever. Thou hast a kind heart, little Pinhorn!

"'Miss Prior—to be called for.' Whose trunks are these?" says Lovel, coming from the city. The dowagers drove up at the same moment.

"Didn't you see us from the omnibus, Frederick?" cries her ladyship, coaxingly. "We followed behind you all the way."

"We were in the barouche, my dear," remarks Mrs. Bonnington, rather nervously.

"Whose trunks are these?—what's the matter?—and what's the girl crying for?" asks Lovel.

"Miss Prior is a-going away," sobs Pinhorn.

"Miss Prior going? Is this your doing, my Lady Baker?—or yours, mother?" the master of the house says, sternly.

"She is going, my love, because she can not stay in this family," says mamma.

"That woman is no fit companion for my angel's children, Frederick!" cries Lady B.

"That person has deceived us all, my love!" says mamma.

"Deceived?—how? Deceived whom?" continues Mr. Lovel, more and more hotly.

"Clarence, love! come down, dear! Tell Mr. Lovel every thing. Come down and tell him this moment," cries Lady Baker to her son, who at this moment appears on the corridor which was round the hall.

"What's the row now, pray?" And Captain Clarence descends, breaking his shins over poor Elizabeth's trunks, and calling down on them his usual maledictions.

"Tell Mr. Lovel where you saw that—that person, Clarence! Now, Sir, listen to my Cecilia's brother!"

"Saw her—saw her, in blue and spangles, in the *Rose and the Bulbul*, at the Prince's Theatre—and a doosed nice-looking girl she was, too!" says the Captain.

"There, Sir!"

"There, Frederick!" cry the matrons, in a breath.

"And what then?" asks Lovel.

"Mercy! you ask, What then, Frederick? Do you know what a theatre is? Tell Frederick what a theatre is, Mr. Batchelor, and that my grandchildren must not be educated by—"

"My grandchildren—my Cecilia's children," shrieks the other, "must not be poll-luted by—"

"Silence!" I say. "Have you a word against her—have you, pray, Baker?"

"No. 'Gad! I never said a word against her," says the Captain. "No, hang me, you know—but—"

LOVEL'S MOTHERS.

"But suppose I knew the fact the whole time?" asks Lovel, with rather a blush on his cheek. "Suppose I knew that she danced to give her family bread? Suppose I knew that she toiled and labored to support her parents, and brothers, and sisters? Suppose I know that out of her pittance she has continued to support them? Suppose I know that she watched my own children through fever and danger? For these reasons I must turn her out of doors, must I? No, by Heaven!—No!—Elizabeth! —Miss Prior!—Come down!—Come here, I beg you!"

The governess, arrayed as for departure, at this moment appeared on the corridor running round the hall. As Lovel continued to speak

very loud and resolute, she came down looking deadly pale.

Still much excited, the widower went up to her and took her hand. "Dear Miss Prior!" he said—"dear Elizabeth! you have been the best friend of me and mine. You tended my wife in illness, you took care of my children in fever and danger. You have been an admirable sister, daughter, in your own family—and for this, and for these benefits conferred upon us, my relatives—my mother-in-law—would drive you out of my doors! It shall not be!—by Heavens, it shall not be!"

You should have seen little Bedford, sitting on the governess's box, shaking his fist, and crying "Hurrah!" as his master spoke. By this time the loud voices and the altercation in the hall had brought half a dozen servants from their quarters into the hall. "Go away, all of you!" shouts Lovel; and the domestic *posse* retires, Bedford being the last to retreat, and nodding approval at his master as he backs out of the room.

"You are very good, and kind, and generous, Sir," says the pale Elizabeth, putting a handkerchief to her eyes. "But without the confidence of these ladies I must not stay, Mr. Lovel. God bless you for your goodness to me. I must, if you please, return to my mother."

The worthy gentleman looked fiercely round at the two elder women, and again seizing the governess's hand, said, "Elizabeth! dear Elizabeth! I implore you not to go! If you love the children—"

"Oh, Sir!" (A cambric vail covers Miss Prior's emotion, and the expression of her face, on this ejaculation.)

"If you love the children," gasps out the widower, "stay with them. If you have a regard for—for their father"—(Timanthes, where is thy pocket-handkerchief?)—"remain in this house, with such a title as none can question. Be the mistress of it."

"His mistress—and before me!" screams Lady Baker. "Mrs. Bonnington, this depravity is monstrous!"

"Be my wife, dear Elizabeth!" the widower continues. "Continue to watch over the children, who shall be motherless no more."

"Frederick! Frederick! haven't they got *us?*" shrieks one of the old ladies.

"Oh, my poor dear Lady Baker!" says Mrs. Bonnington.

"Oh, my poor dear Mrs. Bonnington!" says Lady Baker.

"Frederick, listen to your mother," implores Mrs. Bonnington.

"To your mothers!" sobs Lady Baker.

And they both go down on their knees, and I heard a boohoo of a guffaw behind the green-baized servants' door, where I have no doubt Mons. Bedford was posted.

"Ah! Batchelor, dear Batchelor, speak to him!" cries good Mrs. Bonny. "We are praying this child, Batchelor—this child whom you used to know at College, and when he was a good, gentle, obedient boy. You have influence with my poor Frederick. Exert it for his heart-broken mother's sake; and you shall have my bubble-uble-essings—you shall."

"My dear good lady," I exclaim—not liking to see the kind soul in grief.

"Send for Doctor Straightwaist! Order him to pause in his madness," cries Baker; "or it is I, Cecilia's mother, the mother of that murdered angel, that shall go mad!"

"Angel! *Allons*, I say. Since his widowhood you have never given the poor fellow any peace. You have been forever quarreling with him. You took possession of his house; bullied his servants, spoiled his children—you did, Lady Baker."

"Sir," cries her ladyship, "you are a low, presuming, vulgar man! Clarence, beat this rude man!"

"Nay," I say, "there must be no more quarreling to-day. And I am sure Captain Baker will not molest me. Miss Prior, I am delighted that my old friend should have found a woman of good sense, good conduct, good temper—a woman who has had many trials, and borne them with very great patience, to take charge of him, and make him happy. I congratulate you both. Miss Prior has borne poverty so well that I am certain she will bear good fortune, for it *is* good fortune to become the wife of such a loyal, honest, kindly gentleman as Frederick Lovel."

After such a speech as that I think I may say, *liberavi animam*. Not one word of complaint, you see, not a hint about "Edward," not a single sarcasm, though I might have launched some terrific shots out of my quiver, and have made Lovel and his bride-elect writhe before me. But what is the need of spoiling sport? Shall I growl out of my sulky manger because my comrade gets the meat? Eat it, happy dog! and be thankful. Would not that bone have choked me if I had tried it? Besides, I am accustomed to disappointment. Other fellows get the prizes which I try for. I am used to run second in the dreary race of love. Second? Pshaw! Third, fourth. *Que sçais-je?* There was the Bombay Captain in Bess's early days. There was Edward. Here is Frederick. Go to, Charles Batchelor; repine not at fortune, but be content to be Batchelor still. My sister has children. I will be an uncle, a parent to them. Isn't Edward of the scarlet whiskers distanced? Has not poor Dick Bedford lost the race—poor Dick! who never had a chance, and is the best of us all? Besides, what fun it is to see Lady Baker deposed: think of Mrs. Prior coming in and reigning over her! The purple-faced old fury of a Baker, never will she bully, and rage, and trample more. She must pack up her traps, and be off. I know she must. I *can* congratulate Lovel sincerely, and that's the fact.

And here, at this very moment, and as if to add to the comicality of the scene, who should appear but mother-in-law No. 2, Mrs. Prior, with her blue-coat boy and two or three of her chil-

dren, who had been invited, or had invited themselves, to drink tea with Lovel's young ones, as their custom was whenever they could procure an invitation. Master Prior had a fine "copy" under his arm, which he came to show to his patron Lovel. His mamma, entirely ignorant of what had happened, came fawning in with her old poke-bonnet, her old pocket, that vast depository of all sorts of stores, her old umbrella, and her usual dreary smirk. She made her obeisance to the matrons—she led up her blue-coat boy to Mr. Lovel, in whose office she hoped to find a clerk's place for her lad, on whose very coat and waistcoat she had designs while they were yet on his back: and she straightway began business with the dowagers:

"My lady, I hope your ladyship is quite well?" (a courtesy.) "Dear, kind Mrs. Bonnington! I came to pay my duty to you, mum. This is Louisa, my lady, the great girl for whom your ladyship so kindly promised the gown. And this is my little girl, Mrs. Bonnington, mum, please; and this is my big Blue. Go and speak to dear, kind Mr. Lovel, Gus, our dear good friend and protector—the son and son-in-law of these dear ladies. Look, Sir, he has brought his copy to show you; and it's creditable to a boy of his age, isn't it, Mr. Batchelor? You can say, who know so well what writing is, and my kind services to you, Sir—and—Elizabeth, Lizzie, my dear! where's your spectacles? You—you—"

Here she stopped, and looking alarmed at the group, at the boxes, at the blushing Lovel, at the pale countenance of the governess, "Gracious goodness!" she said, "what has happened? Tell me, Lizzy, what is it?"

"Is this collusion, pray?" says ruffled Mrs. Bonnington.

"Collusion, dear Mrs. Bonnington?"

"Or insolence?" bawls out my Lady Baker.

"Insolence, your ladyship? What—what is it? What are these boxes—Lizzy's boxes? Ah!" the mother broke out with a scream, "you've not sent the poor girl away? Oh! my poor child—my poor children!"

"The Prince's Theatre has come out, Mrs. Prior," here, said I.

The mother clasps her meagre hands. "It wasn't the darling's fault. It was to help her poor father in poverty. It was I who forced her to it. Oh, ladies! ladies!—don't take the bread out of the mouth of these poor orphans!"—and genuine tears rained down her yellow cheeks.

"Enough of this," says Mr. Lovel, haughtily. "Mrs. Prior, your daughter is not going away. Elizabeth has promised to stay with me, and never to leave me—as governess no longer, but as—" and here he takes Miss Prior's hand.

"His wife! Is this—is this true, Lizzy?" gasped the mother.

"Yes, mamma," meekly said Miss Elizabeth Prior.

At this the old woman flung down her umbrella, and uttering a fine scream, folds Elizabeth in her arms, and then runs up to Lovel: "My son! my son!" says she (Lovel's face was not bad, I promise you, at this salutation and salute). "Come here, children!—come, Augustus, Fanny, Louisa, kiss your dear brother, children! And where are yours, Lizzy? Where are Pop and Cissy? Go and look for your little nephew and niece, dears: Pop and Cissy in the school-room, or in the garden, dears. They will be your nephew and niece now. Go and fetch them, I say."

As the young Priors filed off, Mrs. Prior turned to the two other matrons, and spoke to them with much dignity: "Most hot weather, your ladyship, I'm sure! Mr. Bonnington must find it very hot for preaching, Mrs. Bonnington! Lor'! there's that little wretch beating my Johnny on the stairs. Have done, Pop, Sir! How ever shall we make those children agree, Elizabeth?"

Quick, come to me, some skillful delineator of the British dowager, and draw me the countenances of Lady Baker and Mrs. Bonnington!

"I call this a jolly game, don't you, Batchelor, old boy?" remarks the Captain to me. "Lady Baker, my dear, I guess your ladyship's nose is out of joint."

"O Cecilia—Cecilia! don't you shudder in your grave?" cries Lady B. "Call my people, Clarence—call Bulkeley—call my maid! Let me go, I say, from this house of horror!" and the old lady dashed into the drawing-room, where she uttered, I know not what, incoherent shrieks and appeals before that calm, glazed, simpering portrait of the departed Cecilia.

Now this is a truth, for which I call Lovel, his lady, Mrs. Bonnington, and Captain Clarence Baker, as witnesses. Well, then, while Lady B. was adjuring the portrait, it is a fact that a string of Cecilia's harp—which has always been standing in the corner of the room under its shroud of Cordovan leather—a string, I say, of Cecilia's harp cracked, and went off with a loud *bong*, which struck terror into all beholders. Lady Baker's agitation at the incident was awful; I do not like to describe it—not having any wish to say any thing tragic in this narrative—though that I *can* write tragedy, plays of mine (of which envious managers never could be got to see the merit) I think will prove, when they appear in my posthumous works.

Baker has always averred that at the moment when the harp-string broke her heart broke too. But as she lived for many years, and may be alive now for what I know; and as she borrowed money repeatedly from Lovel—he must be acquitted of the charge which she constantly brings against him of hastening her own death, and murdering his first wife Cecilia. "The harp that once in Tara's Halls" used to make such a piteous feeble thrumming, has been carted off I know not whither; and Cecilia's portrait, though it has been removed from the post of honor (where, you conceive, under present circumstances it would hardly be *àpropos*), occupies a very reputable position in the pink room up

stairs, which that poor young Clarence inhabited during my visit to Shrublands.

All the house has been altered. There's a fine organ in the hall, on which Elizabeth performs sacred music very finely. As for *my* old room, it would trouble you to smoke *there* under the present government. It is a library now, with many fine and authentic pictures of the Lovel family hanging up in it, the English branch of the house with the wolf crest, and *Gare à la louve* for the motto, and a grand posthumous portrait of a Portuguese officer (Gandish), Elizabeth's late father.

As for dear old Mrs. Bonnington, she, you may be sure, would be easily reconciled to any live mortal who was kind to her, and any plan which should make her son happy; and Elizabeth has quite won her over. Mrs. Prior, on the deposition of the other dowagers, no doubt expected to reign at Shrublands, but in this object I am not very sorry to say was disappointed. Indeed, I was not a little amused, upon the very first day of her intended reign—that eventful one of which we have been describing the incidents—to see how calmly and gracefully Bessy pulled the throne from under her, on which the old lady was clambering.

Mrs. P. knew the house very well, and every thing which it contained; and when Lady Baker drove off with her son and her suite of domestics, Prior dashed through the vacant apartments, gleaning what had been left in the flurry of departure—a scarlet feather out of the dowager's room, a shirt-stud, and a bottle of hair-oil, the Captain's property. "And now they are gone, and as you can't be alone with him, my dear, I must be with you," says she, coming down to her daughter.

"Of course, mamma, I must be with you," says obedient Elizabeth.

"And there is the pink room, and the blue room, and the yellow room for the boys—and the chintz boudoir for me—I can put them all away, oh, so comfortably!"

"I can come and share Louisa's room, mamma," says Bessy. "It will not be proper for me to stay here at all—until afterward, you know. Or I can go to my uncle at St. Boniface. Don't you think that will be best, eh, Frederick?"

"Whatever you wish, my dear Lizzy!" says Lovel.

"And I dare say there will be some little alterations made in the house. You talked, you know, of painting, Mr. Lovel; and the children can go to their grandmamma Bonnington. And on our return, when the alterations are made, we shall always be delighted to see *you*, Mr. Batchelor—our kindest old friend. Shall we not, a—Frederick?"

"Always, always," said Frederick.

"Come, children, come to your teas," calls out Mrs. P., in a resolute voice.

"Dear Pop, I'm not going away—that is, only for a few days, dear," says Bessy, kissing the boy; "and you will love me, won't you?"

"All right," says the boy. But Cissy said, when the same appeal was made to her: "I shall love my dear mamma!" and makes her new mother-in-law a very polite courtesy.

"I think you had better put off those men you expect to dinner to-morrow, Fred?" I say to Lovel.

"I think I had, Batch," says the gentleman.

"Or you can dine with them at the club, you know?" remarks Elizabeth.

"Yes, Bessy."

"And when the children have had their tea I will go with mamma. My boxes are ready, you know," says arch Bessy.

"And you will stay and dine with Mr. Lovel, won't you, Mr. Batchelor?" asks the lady.

It was the dreariest dinner I ever had in my life. No undertaker could be more gloomy than Bedford, as he served us. We tried to talk politics and literature. We drank too much, purposely. Nothing would do. "Hang me, if I can stand this, Lovel," I said, as we sat mum over our third bottle. "I will go back and sleep at my chambers. I was not a little soft upon her myself, that's the truth. Here's her health, and happiness to both of you, with all my heart." And we drained a great bumper apiece, and I left him. He was very happy I should go.

Bedford stood at the gate as the little pony-carriage came for me in the dusk. "God bless you, Sir!" says he. "I can't stand it; I shall go too." And he rubbed his hands over his eyes.

He married Mary Pinhorn, and they have emigrated to Melbourne; whence he sent me, three years ago, an affectionate letter and a smart gold pin from the diggings.

A month afterward a cab might have been seen driving from the Temple to Hanover Square; and a month and a day after that drive an advertisement might have been read in the *Post* and *Times:* "Married, on Thursday, 10th, at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Reverend the Master of St. Boniface College, Oxbridge, uncle of the bride, Frederick Lovel, Esquire, of Shrublands, Roehampton, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Captain Montagu Prior, K.S.F."

We may hear of Lovel Married some other day; but here is an end of Lovel the Widower. *Valete et plaudite*, you good people, who have witnessed the little comedy. Down with the curtain; cover up the boxes; pop out the gas-lights. Ho! cab. Take us home, and let us have some tea and go to bed. Good-night, my little players. We have been merry together, and we part with soft hearts and somewhat rueful countenances, don't we?

FOUND IN AN APRON POCKET.

"WHAT upon earth have we here?"

And Sylvia Butler drew a little faded bundle from an old trunk, where, in view of her approaching departure for the classic shades of Madame Lasalle's, I had directed her to seek for

a certain text-book I was anxious she should study.

As she spoke she unrolled the dingy brown linen, which hung, revealed, an apron, such as in *my* school-days bread-and-butter misses were wont to wear—a long apron, coquettishly ruffled at bottom, and with two *such* darling pockets (as we thought them then)—said inviting receptacles being to my surprise stuffed with documents rivaling in yellowness the cloth itself.

How the five years of married life went back into the dim realm of the Possible, not Real, where they lay perdu when last this apron encircled my waist! How soul and sense fled back into those days that were, as I sat down by the old trunk and unfolded these mutely speaking relics! Letters and notes, scraps of school-girl journal, from out whose faded pages glowed the life, the laughing, weeping school-girl life of the years to be years no more—of the girls to be girls never again.

"I can easily guess what makes you so utterly *distrait*, my dear Mrs. Kathie," said Sylvia, seeing my quiet absorption; "langsyne has charms that only bring them up strong enough, sink the present in temporary oblivion most complete. Show me some of the pictures memory draws, Mrs. Kathie dear; I confess I have an awful dread of the yet untried existence of Madame Lasalle's wondrous establishment. You see these things through the serene *daylight* of experience, while the *dawning* of my neophyte-hood seems even more than usually foggy. Is there aught more in boarding-school life than the assimilation of bread and butter at stated hours—'doing' certain amounts of French or German translation, sandwiched between the 'dear native tongue,' as set forth by the immortal Lindley M. and Webster, embellished perhaps by the genial but poky Blair. Tinking and tanking on the piano, talking small chat at intermissions, and retiring to dreamless, serenadeless pillows betimes?"

All, Sylvia, as the teachers would have it; but what of the eager, restless, outreaching girl natures, who at the very age a novelist seizes to present his heroine at her loveliest, are here "immured," as *they* think it, over tasks flat, stale, and unprofitable, as *they* term them?

Yes, what?

Ah, there hangs many a tale which has startled papas and mammas and prim preceptors, forgetful alike of certain elements in their own spring time, and which have shot up with no less exuberance in the youth before them.

Girls of eighteen and twenty, in all times of which I have heard, in all books which I have read, are represented as full of every impulse of true womanhood; with hearts full of questioning, unsatisfied depths; beings who have mighty capacity to suffer and enjoy; girls who, to a woman, have a great and boundless human love to go forth from out them, and which struggle till an object be found at whose feet it may lie down satisfied.

True, it may come back bleeding, drooping under bitter discouragement and repulse, or it may cry out all through life, seeking rest and finding none. What if only once in a hundred times it is granted this full and rare "satisfaction," still it is there, in the heart of every woman born—all the same.

So in the primmest and properest of boarding-schools imaginable, is it wonderful that, when the human material is such, there is a ceaseless undercurrent to which might even be applied the obnoxious word "romance"—an element which pa, nor ma, nor guardy wot of?

What though "Madame" knows to a pound the butter and cheese, et cetera, consumed in her well-guided ménage, is that any reason she should know of throbbing hearts and wakeful pillows; of billet-doux crushed in trembling hands; of glance that answers glance as the "correct" and "lady-like" procession files along the street in feeble search of "exercise?"

How those yellow fragments, filled with old, familiar names, bring back such thoughts and scenes!

You ask me to particularize. Well, then, let me usher you into the highly select (per circular) precincts of Madame Cutter's finishing school—"finishing," as Jocelynda Evarts, the wit and leader of our "set," had observed, "in every sense of the word." Madame's "little bill," notwithstanding its minuteness, having an alarming faculty to "finish" papa's bank checks; while her "airs" and afflictive requirements had the same effect on our *tempers*.

The quality of the short commons served up in the refectory finished all desire for overindulgence, and a creaking old mangle finished deplorably all those ruffles and laces, the delight of every feminine head.

The bell has just summoned the fair bevy to the dining hall, or "Mother Hubbardry," as it had long before been dubbed.

The party file in, in proper and solemn silence, and ceremoniously seat themselves around a praise-Heaven-barebones looking repast; gray, ghastly napkins are unfurled, grace pronounced, and the meal begins. Ended, as regards the actual eating, wonderfully soon—for when have girls been found to show any inordinate desire for corned beef, boiled cabbage, and potatoes?

The relics of these being conveyed from sight and the table brushed, "dessert" solemnly appears—some withered, consumptive pies, a wistful-looking yellow pudding—the choice little between these two: both you may not hope for.

All being done decently and in good order, the procession returns as it came, the commentary the feast leaves in each individual mind being,

"A very little meat, and a great deal of table-cloth."

The party breaks up in little knots by themselves. A close observer will notice that these coteries are invariably composed of the same persons in each. It is something of a problem this, why large companies of old or young *never* generally assimilate. In school, as in society, there are those who inevitably herd together, un-

less associated with others for some specific purpose.

The conversation, we opine, could not have been entirely on the coming recitations, since, when Madame's expansive cooperage trundled in the vicinity of any particular group, there was a general hush, or merely a demure and very general observation.

It is a melancholy truth that even the best and most trusted of "old folks" have as little idea of the tenor of juvenile converse among themselves as if it were carried on in the classic dialect of Borrioboola Gha.

There is reason it should be so. Girls have an instinctive dread of being termed "foolish," which experience has taught them they generally will be, if they give any thing like candid utterance to the "young ideas" which glow with a brightness long since extinguished, if it ever existed, in the elderly breast in which they seek to raise responsive thrill.

Not so among themselves. Here surmise, and theory, and light-winged fancy run riot; for none question or rebuke what they themselves so warmly feel.

Need I say among school-girls that element supposed to "make the world go round" receives a consideration few other subjects ever attain?

Much that is mawkish, silly, and contemptible is doubtless displayed; but there are few indeed at the basis of whose bright ideal of lover perfection does not lie *indispensably* the requisites of being tender, true, *undefiled*.

Heaven help her who clothes with these bright attributes one in whom they have not, and never will have, place!

But do not jump at the hasty conclusion that "bread-and-butter misses" are of necessity shallow and insipid. There never was a greater mistake. Out among life's great problems, where sages grope and wonder, the school-girl soul takes questioning journey.

And there were those among us who had already found life's one great issue — who had cast their crown of youth joyfully at the feet of beauty's bright epitome — our Lord and Christ.

Sylvia, dearest, it *is* the issue. We may open every door of denial—we may, with Humboldt, make our God in nature—we may explore every realm of "philosophy and vain deceit"—we may try to share with Germany her cloudy metaphysic fables—every where may we go to escape this "offense of the Cross," and at last we will come back humbled, unsatisfied, with the *truth* closing fast around us that there *is only* "*one name under heaven* whereby we may be *saved*."

A few of us felt these things as they are—not all. Is it wonderful, when they saw old heads and gray still eager for "the world and the things of the world," that they should turn away from the silent, unassisted pleading of an old, old book, to the flash and glitter, the laugh and carol of that same world whose "Oh, come hither!" is so passing sweet to the heart whose "natural enmity" for the other voice is still untaken away?

These things are clear enough in retrospect. They were far from being so in the hurry and bustle of the life we led at Madame's.

We were most of us great, grown girls, almost ready to emerge into the charmed life "beyond," of which we had such enchanting glimpses in an occasional party, to which the obliging auntie of some pupil gave her leave to invite her schoolmates—nothing loth, perhaps, to exhibit these fresh, new faces where those already a season or two "out" had begun to pale.

Madame Cutter (per courtesy) was always included in these invitations; and though consent for our attendance was generally given with some show of reluctance, I fancy there were few hearts there that throbbed more delightedly at prospect of triumphs to come than did that of the lady herself. Madame Cutter was a study. Never in all my life have I met one with such strong characteristics as were hers, and—I hope it is not altogether uncharitable to say—I trust I never shall.

Haughty, sensitive, ambitious, she was as unfit as possible for that vocation; calling, as it does, for such Job-like attributes. Yet this was, in a great measure, offset by her fine talents and acquirements, her knowledge of life, and a certain air of one "born to command," which seemed a portion of her very soul.

Jocelynda Evarts was wont to say, that "had Madame existed amidst court intrigue, Maintenon herself might have found a rival; and if fate had attached her to Victoria's train, there would have been at least trouble—for it was clearly not in Madame's nature to yield the palm of superiority to any one inhabiting a mutual globe."

Had Madame's wealth and leisure equaled her "family" pretensions and mental powers, she would doubtless have reigned supreme over the very *crème-de-la-crème* of our city's fashion and literature. As it was, her occasional appearance in the charmed circle invariably left the comment of a "splendid woman."

"Splendid" indeed! Not one flower of grace or wit that bloomed in the boarding-school pasture ever excelled "Madame" in mind or *physique*.

Her admirers compared her face to that of an engraving of Dante's "Beatrice," very much admired. In truth, the clear-defined features were much the same; but the rapt look, the true woman *tenderness*, Madame's face was never known to bear.

Did we love her?

We were afraid of Madame; and "perfect love," you know, "casteth out fear."

In the subordinate relation of pupils, easy intercourse with one so suspicious of dignity seemed out of the question. The boldest scholar felt more or less constrained with her. Her too quick temper often took affront where none was meant; then woe to the offender, who, however well disposed, was, by her position, deprived the liberty of "answering back."

It must not be supposed that an occasional entertainment was Madame's sole resource for shining. By no means. Every Saturday evening the enraptured pupils were allowed a grand "reception"—*i. e.*, liberty to invite parents, friends, whoever they chose, to a general réunion, where it is to be presumed the "feast of reason" and "flow of soul" was sufficient to atone for all deficiencies; for other refreshment there was none.

Those wonderful evenings! How many girls besides myself will carry their remembrance as long as that of any other earthly thing, past, present, or to come!

Ah! we *lived* on those Saturday nights. All through the tread-mill week the thought or hint of "Saturday night" would give our hearts a little thrill of cheer, no matter how far down in the valley of discouragement at some interminable algebra or translation, or, worse still, an uneasy consciousness of Madame's present or impending wrath at some drear default, real or implied.

There was one, however, whom these latter anxieties never disturbed.

Jocelynda Evarts feared not *even* Madame. Did Madame enact the *rôle* of De Stäel—so did Jocelynda; did Madame queen it outright—it were odds if Jocelynda's flashing eyes and wondrously carried head did not win the day.

Madame had never "stood so much" from any other pupil, that was certain. Scholars had been informed that their presence might be dispensed with for all time for much slighter errors than those of Jocelynda Evarts; why, then, was she not presented her "leave ticket," with that ineffable grace so peculiar to Madame?

Great was the mystery.

Miss Evarts's "family" was neither peculiarly rich nor influential, that any body could learn. Madame loved her "almost as well as arsenic," as the young lady herself averred.

But *the* reason the girl felt in her secret soul as keenly as Madame.

All Madame Cutter's pride was aroused by this girl. She had in a manner defied her—she, Madame, before whom all minds lived but to succumb.

She would *tame* her, humble her; she would not be balked of the darling secret idea that hers was a mind that could in no case fail of eventual ascendency over those with whom it came in contact.

School closed at three o'clock on Saturdays; and from that hour till dark all the agonies of complete toilet were undergone. There was "hurrying to and fro," and, as some one travestied,

> "Cheeks all rouged that but an hour ago
> Blushed at the blame of their own sallowness."

"*Do* see if I expand sufficiently," pleaded Milly Lanning, whose cooperage was the great trouble of her existence.

"Did you *ever* see such gaiter boots?" groaned Julia Benedict, whose soul, apparently, like that of those youth who lavish it upon neck-ties, lay in her feet. "Big enough for Daddy Lambert; and I always am showing my foot when I least dream of it, of course."

"Kathie, dear, what'll you take to 'do' my hair?"

This was a very common appeal to me. Somehow they had great ideas of my talents in the coiffure line; the most unlimited confidence was reposed in my judgment, and I verily believe if I had turned Celestia Kelly's yellow tresses straight up and ornamented them with a feather-duster she would have pronounced it "sweet."

Once Jocelynda Evarts's peerless locks were submitted to my skill. Hers was one of those rare approaches to Tennyson's divine "Godiva," whose hair, you know, "fell rippling to her knee." Not that Jocelynda's hair was *quite* so long as that, but still very wonderful. We often teased her to have it unbound in our *tableaux;* but she always refused, disclaiming any ambition to be "trotted out" in such wise.

Jocelynda Evarts was a "strange" girl—one of those who invariably "keep their own counsel." She seldom joined in any of the frequent discussions on the merits of the "flirting material" which frequented our soirées, or, if otherwise, it was with some pungent sarcasm that would probably have demolished the "subject" badly had he been so unfortunate as to be in that position where people are seldom prone to "hear any thing good of themselves."

I always thought she sneered, in her proud way, when she heard us communicate those little sentimentalities in which "maiden meditation" is apt to indulge.

If *she* had any such feelings they never went beyond the threshold of her own breast.

Many of the girls declared that, "next to Madame, they hated Jocelynda Evarts." We used to say she would make an excellent Lady Macbeth, *maugre* the weakness.

Fanny Hamelin, my room-mate, was Madame's niece, and an orphan. If you were to seek carefully all over the world for the purpose you could not have found a more complete antipodes to the Madame and Jocelynda type than Fanny.

Petite, rosy, pretty, with that nameless little birdish grace this sort of woman often has.

Just enough of *mind* to get herself along comfortably through life—mind of a quality that may be wholly absorbed in the comparative becomingness of divers dresses, bonnets, collars, etc., to the exclusion of all more vexing topics. A being brought upon the stage of existence apparently for the sole object of dressing and looking prettily—and consequently, being admired.

Fanny was the very type most men fall in love with. With beauty for a basis, and just enough intellect to preserve it from insipidity, what wonder that coquettish, dimpled Fanny had more adorers than any other girl in school, Jocelynda Evarts not excepted? Indeed, the awe with which *her* school-fellows regarded her seemed to have infected the greater part of our reception-evening gallants—"loves" of young men,

in such neck-ties and *such* patent-leathers, as Sett Kelly was wont to sum up their perfections.

A few sentences from Miss Evarts, calm, ladylike, but *edged*, quenched them in that quarter generally. But learned savans, men married and distinguished—with these the pupil seemed to share homage equally with the teacher.

I have seen Madame's eyes glare with anger in the midst of her most graceful *minauderie*, as this galling fact chanced to become more than usually apparent. At such times she usually tried those airs of patronizing superiority toward the pupil which generally sat so gracefully upon her; but here Jocelynda's provoking tact frequently made them almost ridiculous. Madame was blonde, much shorter than her scholar, and efforts to matronize the flashing, self-contained brunette were slightly abortive.

"Patronize Juno!" and young Hunter twirled his mustache contemptuously as a keen-eyed friend related a scene of the kind.

"I will go any thing you like that glittering gipsy has it all her own way here, though little Nelly Haynes does tell me the 'great green dragon' was a meek lamb compared with Madame."

"But how would you like to stand to the fair Jocelynda in the delightful relation of worser half?"

"Shades of Vesuvius! don't mention it; why that darling little nonentity, Fanny Hamelin, were a thousand times more preferable. But where the fair Jocelynda is to find her mate I am at a loss to see; there are certainly none here to-night, within a dozen miles of the Parnassus height of talent, intellect, and good looks, requisite for her ladyship's favorable regard."

"All a mistake, Conyngham. Don't you know that the rule is well-nigh invariable of these earthquake styles of woman marrying a mild summer-sea sort of man—a wise provision of Nature, my lad, who only brings her great guns together occasionally, for the sake of variety."

Now suppose Mademoiselle Evarts were to marry the same style of spirit as herself, the result would be that dovelike union visible between her and madame. I think I see it!

"Who is he?"

And a little flutter went round among the impressibles, as the Saturday succeeding this conversation a new guest appeared at our already well patronized levée.

I fancy that question was well wont to be asked when Lewis Severance for the first time crossed the line of feminine vision.

It wasn't dress. Even Sett Kelly was unable to descant upon that great *summum bonum* of nice young men. She had not noticed it; neither had we. It was the man himself that smiled in curling hair and dark blue eye in more than one dream that night, when the week's festivity was over, and the "night-cap bell" had tolled its last.

Madame was more than usually gracious to the graceful stranger, and I fancied her solicitude in directing his view so especially to Fanny Hamelin in a measure explained by a conversation, *sotto voce*, with which two of those blossoms, doomed, it would seem, forever to waste their sweetness against the unappreciative walls of all assemblies graced by their presence, solaced themselves.

"No better match in the city than young Severance. Wonder what brings him *here* among all this trundle-bed trash; but perhaps he knows that we ladies sometimes come in to put the poor things in countenance."

"*Is* Madame Cutter such a fool as to think he will waste two words on that little flat-faced doll of a niece? Mercy! he's coming this way. Am I all right? Look at me, Sallie, do."

"Bless my soul," whispered the young lady appealed to in tones of intense horror, "you've wiped *the red* all into your left eye! Up with your handkerchief—quick!"

Miss Nannie Walker, whose "coming out" was among the relics of a remote past, though nearly swooning, retained sufficient presence of mind to give the offending tint a savage sweep, giving her face a look of such picturesque disorder that Bell Maxwell and I nearly bit our pocket-handkerchiefs through in attempt to keep our own visages quiet.

The object of all this solicitude passed on quite unconscious of cause or effect. Fanny Hamelin leaned on his arm, and all his other organs seemed wholly given up to her service.

I thought Jocelynda Evarts had glanced a little more complacently than usual at the stranger: but probably his admiration of one she considered so infinitely insignificant as Fanny did not escape her; for when Hunter, with a deferent air, asked if he might be allowed to present "his friend Severance," she turned away with a cool,

"I thank you, *no*, Sir."

But that "reception evening," nor the next, nor the next, saw the last of the offending Severance. That was but the first of many nights when foolish little Fanny's cheek glowed "like a rose in the snow" upon the pillow beside me; nor the first in which her tongue ran, in the confidence girls like her find it impossible to withhold, upon all *he* had said and done, and, above all, *looked*.

I confess I was a wee bit surprised that a man, of whose mental powers I had formed so flattering an estimate as those of Lewis Severance, should be so entranced by my little nonentity of a room-mate. My estimate of his sex, formed through the medium of the high-flown romances we were wont to devour, was, as I have since found, laughably visionary. I did not know then, as I now know, that it is quite possible for a man of both talent and education, of correct notions of people and things, to fail utterly in bringing those ideas down to *practice*; quite possible for such men to be carried away wholly by a passing fancy, and to forget for the time all former philosophy and resolution.

There is a want of stability, energy, fixedness of purpose in many a man whose talents might

otherwise place him foremost in the ranks, which would shame the weakest Fanny Hamelin who ever existed.

I loved Fanny—what there was of her to love—and therefore felt it incumbent to suggest that the handsome "Louy," who was making such great strides toward her little heart, might, after all, be "only flirting," and begged her to be on guard, at least till things became a little clearer.

These doubts worried her—as far as it was possible for her to worry—extremely; and in pursuance of the *rôle* of "dignified indifference" she meant to assume, she wrote him a peremptory little note requesting him to "send her the daguerreotype of herself she learned he had obtained from the gallery where it had been placed without her knowledge, it being her rule not to give her daguerreotype to gentlemen acquaintance."

All day, after this tremendous missive was dispatched, she was in a perfect twitter of excitement. "If he was such a fool as to give it up," she said, "she should consider it a decisive proof that he didn't care a snap for it or her."

And so when the evening post brought a neat package, which proved to be the offending picture in an elegant case, her affliction knew no bounds.

She threw it upon the floor, then snatching it up jerked the miniature from the case, and throwing it down again, stamped upon it with her little high-heeled shoe till it was in fragments.

A rather singular performance for a young lady whose request had been politely gratified; but such is woman.

Some might have believed, as the angry little witch declared, that "Lew" Severance should flirt with her no more; but I knew her better. Therefore I was by no means surprised at her ready assent when, the very next evening, an invitation came to place herself once more under his escort to one of Thalberg's charming "matinées."

Madame had watched and encouraged the progress of affairs keenly. She clearly meant her niece should marry Severance if it could be compassed; not, perhaps, from any very intense affection for the little lady herself, but because her ambition would in many respects be delightfully gratified thereby.

Fanny understood it all very well.

"I declare," she would say to me, "if Louy Severance ever *should* propose (which I know he won't), I shall be tempted to refuse him just to plague old auntie."

For Fanny was no exception to those other girls, a prime article of whose creed it was to leave no means untried to "circumvent" Madame; and indeed I used to think she had rather more excuse than they, for Mrs. Cutter exercised her right of relationship with a vigor truly appalling. Fanny was scarcely allowed to consult her own taste in the selection of a dress or bonnet, an occupation, or any other of those little personal prerogatives so delightful to exercise.

Fanny of course stood in great awe of her aunt to submit to this, but her resolutions expressed to me in private overflowed with strong-minded *vim*.

"I should like to know if I ain't of age!" cried the young lady, who had attained that dignity a whole month before. "My money's my own, and I shall do what I like with it. I tell you what, Kathie, I can't stand this much longer. The moment I can make some arrangement I mean to have a grand final row with auntie, and leave this horrid old place for good and all."

Said "arrangement" soon seemed in a fair way of being made; and, after all Fanny's previous tribulation, I was heartily glad when, one night on her return from a ride, she laid her little peachy cheek against mine, and whispered,

"We're engaged, dear old Kathie."

It seemed queer, in the midst of all these wonderful doings, to pursue our daily tasks just as usual; for even after the important secret had dwelt with delightful unction on every tongue in the establishment, Fanny still found herself tied down to "that hateful French" and "that horrid old Dutch" by the simple mandate of the still omnipotent auntie, who had decreed that the wedding was not to take place for six months yet, five at least of which were to be spent in the school-room.

Fanny cried sadly, and Severance scowled at Madame's bland but inexorable figure whenever she chanced upon the scene.

In all the time prior to the "engagement" Jocelynda Evarts had never met Severance directly; there were of course many girls among us of whom the same could be said, but there was a rumor that Miss Evarts "scorned to be introduced to him."

This somehow came to Fanny's ears and fretted her terribly.

"She would like to know why Lynda Evarts wanted to act so hateful—she supposed, however, she thought him a fool for liking *her;* but she was determined Miss Evarts should see her mistake—she *should* know him."

Foolish, foolish Fanny!

I think Severance, however, had all along had a vague consciousness of Jocelynda's existence. She sang exquisitely, and once and once only, at one of the "receptions," she complied with the request of a gentleman high in her good graces to let herself be heard.

Severance was seated at the further end of the apartment examining some drawings of Fanny's he had begged me to show him. Jocelynda had chosen a German song, it was of the wondrous land of "Mignon."

"*Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen bluhn?*" and as her entrancing tones rolled through the room he started to his feet and cried out, involuntarily,

"Whose voice is that?"

At that instant Fanny, more than ever charming, tripped into the room, and his attention from the unknown songstress was perforce recalled; for Severance, like every other man in

love when *she* is present, had eyes and ears and faculties for only *her*.

Fanny was persistently determined that Jocelynda *should* be introduced to "Louy;" she was sure he could gain a victory over her dreaded haughtiness—only give him the opportunity.

This did not occur for some time—not until one day when Jocelynda chanced to be passing through the hall, deeply intent upon a book she held in her hand.

The parlor-door opened, and our party entered the hall. Jocelynda lifted her eyes for an instant, and, with a rapid movement, turned toward the staircase—too late, however, for her purpose.

Fanny, plucking up desperate courage, began: "Miss Evarts, allow me to present Mr. Severance—Mr. Sev—"

But with a quiet "Good-morning, Sir," Jocelynda was gone.

But as she flashed past Severance the heavy material of her dress caught on a sharp nail, and in the sudden check she would have lost her balance had not the gentleman caught her hand and prevented the catastrophe.

This *éclaircissement* was so ludicrous we could not suppress a smile, and Miss Evarts's quick sense made her aware that for once the "princess royal" *rôle* had failed.

Severance, with the pleasing tact he possessed so perfectly, addressed the "queen" before she could move away.

"Since destiny has so far debarred your upward progress this morning, may we not do so still further by soliciting your company for a walk? We were proposing to visit the Dusseldorf Gallery, which has just been enriched by some charming works brought by the *Arago*, will you not accompany us and pass your judgment?"

I was a little surprised to see Jocelynda accept; she did, however, and, ascending the stairs this time successfully, quickly returned equipped for the walk.

Soon she and Severance were in animated conversation, and that, too, on topics which Severance never broached with Fanny. She was one of that multitude in addressing whom a man always feels called upon to talk *down*, while in Jocelynda Evarts men seemed invariably to discover a "foeman" worthy of their brightest "steel."

Fanny was half-pleased, half-piqued. Pleased in *her* Louy's complete triumph over Jocelynda's "hateful hauteur" as she termed it.

Piqued, because this was the first time since their acquaintance that he had shown so much indifference to *her* sweet proximity.

The works of art seen and commented upon, we retraced our steps and stood once more in the hall.

The betrothed were about to withdraw for a brief conference in Madame's parlor; as Fanny made the movement, I fancied I saw a quick shadow sweep Jocelynda's face.

Severance seemed in no haste to leave us.

"Thank you, Miss Evarts, for the pleasure you have afforded us: yet this, I hope, is only the shadow of still better things; for if new friends are pleasant, how much better they must be when time has discovered their merits in full perfection?"

"Friends," cried she, with instant bitterness, "I don't believe in friendship. '*Aller Leute Freund—aller Leute Geck*,' you know. Once more, good-morning."

And she vanished up the stairway like a beautiful cloud.

The shadow of which—it may be—rested on Severance's face: there was surely one there.

"Well, Mr. Severance, as your faculties seem away from home I must bid you good-morning. I expect Madame's summons every minute"—and Fanny pouted.

He saw that she was vexed, and wherefore? "I did but philosophize," said he, with a smile.

"On what subject? Lynda Evarts, of course."

"Her quotation reminded me of another from the same language."

"And what, pray?"

"Beauty is looked at with admiration, but only *kindness enchants*."

The gratified flush that tinged her forehead showed that his peace was made.

"Will you make me happy with your presence half an hour longer?"

Fanny smilingly assented, yet I thought he seemed less eager than usual.

If I had imagined that after Jocelynda's parting sarcasm she closed the proposed "friendship" then and there I quite mistook.

She seemed unable to resist the evident delight Severance betrayed at her presence; yet she was more than ever bitter, and many a keen remark seemed wrung forth in defiance of some feeling which gnawed within.

I could not wonder that she took pleasure in the society of Severance; there was a tender fascination in his manner toward those he would please I had never met in any other man.

Even I, an impassible puss enough, often found myself almost *too much* interested in little Fanny's exquisite fiancée.

At any other juncture this latter lady might have been apprehensive of the power of Miss Evarts's attractions, which, though of a different class, she felt were of a higher order than her own.

But "Louy" was *hers* now, bound by his honorable word fast as "book and bell" could ever make him.

So, though often piqued, she was in nowise uneasy—more especially as she, forever on the surface, could detect no change in his manners toward her save that they were more than ever demonstrative.

Unconfessedly I was less at ease—an incident trifling in itself—yet which I did not think it best to relate to Fanny must have contributed to this.

Jocelynda, among other gifts, possessed a talent for sketching without any reference to "pattern." I have seen many capital carica-

tures, as well as efforts of a higher order, thrown off by her on the impulse of the moment.

One day the school-room was nearly deserted, only a few having voluntarily remained out of interest in the drawing lesson.

Jocelynda was one of these; yet the large figure upon which she had begun lay pushed carelessly aside, and she was intensely engaged upon some smaller work which she rapidly sketched.

Something in her expression arrested me, and as I looked her forehead sank upon the picture and a cold gray shadow swept over her face, whose expression I could not afterward forget. A step roused her.

Clara Winton tripped toward her as she raised her face with a sort of wan abstraction I had never seen there before.

Clara's eye caught the sketch, and was riveted on it with instant eagerness.

"Young Severance, as I live!—and how divine! Fanny will surely be jealous."

The lightning's flash were scarce quicker than that of Jocelynda's eye.

She coolly tore the paper in two. It had the effect she intended.

"Humph! wouldn't Severance be delighted if he knew the tender regard his friend Jocelynda has for his charming lineaments!"

And Clara moved away, her grand "discovery" quite quashed.

She had not, like me, seen the first of the play.

One day Fanny rushed into our room in a high state of excitement.

"I can't stand it any longer—my mind is made up!"

"Why, what has happened?"

"Why, the old story—that provoking Aunt Cutter! Oh she makes me so miserable I shall go crazy! What do you think, Kathie? She declares my wedding dress shall be *moire antique*, instead of that delightful white satin I had set my heart on! She has made the hatefulest plans for the wedding—you can't think. Oh, I can't have it so!" said she, with a fresh burst of tears. "Kathie, darling, *can't* we fix it some way so as to have a good time, and yet outwit her? Severance teased me dreadfully to have a clandestine affair of it at first; and if he hasn't pressed it so much lately, it's because he thinks it of no use. It would be delightfully romantic, I know; but I can't quite give up all the ceremonies and things so charming, you know!"

In fact, the "ceremonies and things" formed a very important part in her idea of a marriage; and, of late, she had indulged in delightful visions of sweeping up the broad aisle of St. Cassock's with a brilliant train of attendants, herself the cynosure, sublimed in tulle, orange flowers, and white satin.

She was not quite prepared to forego all this, and the brilliant festivities she expected would succeed. But still less was she reconciled to the prospect of waiting four long months more, and, after all, having her slightest preferences overruled by her aunt's imperious will.

Right gladly would she have withdrawn herself from that lady's protection at once, but she was unable to do so with any propriety, having no near friends here or elsewhere. So, unable to put her fine resolutions to any satisfactory issue, she pouted and cried through another week; till one memorable day the sluggish current of school-life was stirred to its lowest depths by the announcement that Milly Lanning's "coming-out" party, to prepare for which she had left school a month before, was on the direct *tapis*; all of Milly's "set," including ourselves, having been invited.

Oh what discussions arose on the awful solemnities of costume from the instant this was promulgated! Never, it seemed, had we meditated such entire splendor.

We were in our room together one day, when Fanny suddenly sprang from her seat, perfectly breathless with excitement.

"Kathie, Kathie! I have it, I have it!" And she danced up and down like one demented.

"The jerks, Fanny? I see you have them."

"No, the wedding, the ceremony and all, and auntie outwitted in the bargain!"

And she went on to show how that, under cover of the approaching party, the preparations might be made; and on the night of the affair itself the nuptials celebrated in full dress, at St. Cassock's, from thence to repair to Mrs. Lanning's, and astonish the *beau monde* by an event romantic as unexpected.

This idea struck me as utterly chimerical at first; but as she unfolded the details, and proved that, unless in event of some very untoward accident, it *could* be done successfully, and without Madame's knowledge, I no longer tried to dissuade.

A note was dispatched that day to Severance; and in the evening, as his well-known ring sounded in the hall, Fanny tripped down to astonish him with his approaching happiness.

"Well, what did he say?" inquired I, breathlessly, as she returned.

"Oh, not much, but he turned perfectly pale with delight, and wrung my hand—oh so hard! and was off like a flash."

This description, much as it pleased Fanny, troubled me exceedingly.

An incident occurred a day or two thereafter which cost me a sleepless night, and left behind it a nervous eagerness for the bridal night to arrive quite indescribable.

It was late on Saturday evening. The company had nearly or quite deserted the parlors. Fanny had dismissed her lover, and come up stairs. The window of our room was open, and as she entered the door, a draught rushing through the apartment, a drawing which lay by the window fluttered out into the yard below. It was one I had just finished, and was more than usually elaborate. I feared if I left it out all night it would be spoiled. I thought I discerned it resting upon a bush; so slipping quietly down I secured it, and was returning up the steps which

led to the piazza when the sound of voices arrested me.

"Jocelynda!"

The voice pierced me like a knife. "Sir, you forget Fanny."

"Poor, poor Fanny!" said the voice, remorsefully.

"Poor Fanny, indeed!"

I could hear no more; sick and faint I went wearily into the house.

Then it was as I had unspokenly feared. The love Fanny's beauty had briefly chained was hers no longer. Might I not have mistaken?—no, that could not be. What could I do? Nothing, but be silent.

The hope that what I dreaded might be all imagination might have been furthered by the fact that Severance saw little or nothing of Miss Evarts this last week, and seldom made his usual inquiries into her absence. Still it was with a heart by no means wholly light I helped the unconscious Fanny in her gleeful preparations.

How much was to be done in the week that remained before the party—secretly done at that! Every day, the instant our tasks were over, we were on our way to Madame Pourpon's, where we reveled in important details till the gathering dusk warned us to return.

Who ever heard of a bride's trousseau made in a week? Months are generally requisite to the mighty undertaking; yet so it was. Fanny's husband proposed taking her at once to his home in a distant city, and Fanny was frantic lest she should "disgrace his friends" by any lack of necessary wardrobe.

Madame Pourpon's establishment were prevailed upon to "lay themselves out," body and soul, upon the necessary costumes.

Silks, barèges, poplins, brocades were furnished forth in abundance from an ample check Fanny for the first time exercised the rights of her majority in privately drawing. Every thing was bearing, unknown to every body—and Madame least of all—toward the grand result.

Somewhat to my surprise, Fanny announced her intention of selecting Jocelynda Evarts to share with me the office of bridemaid.

"Louy likes her—pretty well, at least," pleaded she; "and then she is so *distingué*—she has such perfect self-possession—that, you know, will be so invaluable when we appear at the party. Oh, won't it be dreadful? And auntie there too!" And she clasped her hands in a perfect flutter of delight and apprehension.

"Oh, won't it make a sensation! The papers will have it all over the city the next day. Besides, I mean to have a full account of it sent to the *Home Journal*—dwelling particularly on the 'exquisite grace of the bridemaids'—hey, Kathie dear!"

Preferring the important request to Jocelynda was quite an affair for Fanny, inasmuch as they had never been in the least degree "intimate."

Fanny sought her room, however, and begged that she would, "for Louy's sake, particularly," officiate as their bridemaid; being now, for the first time, made aware of the near occasion for such service.

The old gray pallor that tinged her face once before came back as she listened.

"Your bridemaid—never!"

Vexed and frightened, Fanny turned away; her room was scarce reached before a knock sounded upon the door.

It was Jocelynda.

"I did but jest, dear Fanny," said she, for an instant taking her hand; "nothing will give me greater pleasure than to officiate."

Fanny was delighted; she kissed the speaker affectionately.

She shuddered under the salute.

"You are cold, Lynda—it *is* chilly—here, take my shawl; let us sit down and have a cozy chat on the all-important subject."

"I can not now: I will return." And she left us.

After this Miss Evarts entered into all the preparations quietly and efficiently. I often thought the thing could never have been carried through were it not for her energetic foresight.

Through fear of some *éclaircissement*, the invitations were not to be given to those schoolmates Fanny proposed to distinguish until the very day—their party toilets would of course leave nothing to be cared for in that direction. Severance was in like manner to notify a number of his especial friends. These were to call for various of the ladies, as if merely for the purpose of escorting them to the party. If Madame happened to set out simultaneously with us, it was to be contrived that her carriage should take the lead until we came to the crossing which led to the church, down which we were to turn, leaving her to pursue her way to Mrs. Lanning's in happy unconsciousness of the loss of her train.

The fateful day came at last. At any other time the unusual number of parcels would have aroused suspicion; but finery was being sent in repeatedly for the party-goers, and no one chanced to remark the unusual quantity which entered a particular room.

Fanny's trunks were secretly packed ready to be sent for on the morrow.

Of course we were in the highest state of excitement all day. I had forgotten my fears in the nearness of the great event.

I scarcely saw Jocelynda all that day. When the bell rung to assemble the scholars she did not come; and it was not till Madame sent an emphatic command that she made her appearance.

She came in with a fierce glow on either cheek which never left her all that day.

Madame was in a peculiarly bad humor with her pupil; probably her more than ever striking appearance reminded her disagreeably of what might be expected in the evening.

The term was drawing rapidly to a close, yet Madame and her pupil still stood on equal ground. She seemed no whit nearer the ascendency she had resolved to gain.

Perhaps she thought of this as she looked

frowningly at the queenly girl as she stood demonstrating her Geometry at the black-board.

School over and the girls departing, Madame coldly requested Jocelynda to remain. "Miss Evarts," she began, "your conduct for the past week has been such that I can not feel justified in allowing you to attend the party this evening with myself and pupils."

"I shall go, nevertheless."

Madame was utterly aghast. Never before had she been so openly braved.

Jocelynda quietly sought her room ere Madame regained speech.

A few moments afterward I heard a step in the hall outside, a key turned sharply in the lock. I looked out; Madame walked calmly away, but Jocelynda was a prisoner.

Here was a dilemma. Fanny was in great distress; she stole crying to the door.

"Oh, Lynda, what *shall* we do?"

"Do not distress yourself; go quietly about your preparations. I will join you in good time."

"But how will you get out?"

"I shall find means."

The calm, quiet voice reassured her, and she once more took comfort.

The night came. We filed as usual into the bare "Mother Hubbardry" for the last time, as Fanny whispered, in mingled terror and delight.

The farce of supper over, we at last reached our room and began to dress.

Fanny trembled violently as I arranged her graceful attire.

"What if aunt *should* come up?"

"Oh, she will not, I am sure; you forget how utterly engrossed she is with the more momentous subject of her own adornment at such times. You will not go down until the carriage comes, and then I will turn the satin dress up under your long cloak, and she will never dream it is not the old pink silk she meant for you to wear."

All was ready at length. Most of those in the secret were already in the parlor waiting for the carriages to drive up.

They were heard at last, and we descended, but paused in mute dismay at Jocelynda's door.

"It is all right," said a voice within; "I shall soon be down."

A gay party welcomed us in the parlor, Severance, of course, among them. No one noticed but myself how deadly pale he was, not even Fanny.

The unconscious Madame soon joined us, her blonde beauty set off to fine advantage by a pale blue *moire antique*. She was in high spirits. Possibly the recollection of the vanquished one up stairs may have contributed to her blandness.

All being ready, there was a momentary pause. Then, and not till then, the door swung open and in came Jocelynda! A murmur of astonishment from the girls and admiration from the gentlemen greeted her.

I have seen beautiful women many times, before and since. Diamonds have flashed, bright eyes have sparkled; but never, no, never, have I seen another stand as Jocelynda stood that night—queen crowned in her own peerless loveliness. I sought Severance's eye instinctively. The glow, more than ever intense upon *her* cheeks, scarce rivaled that upon his own.

Madame was *pale* with rage and chagrin. She saw her lost position at a glance. She could not order the girl back to her room—she knew she would not be obeyed. A scene must not be created before all these spectators: so she moved without a word to her carriage. But it was *bitter*—we all felt it.

This was the signal for a general movement. As we were passing out I saw the eyes of Severance and Jocelynda meet. It thrilled me through and through—that silent, wordless glance. A sort of horror fell upon me, and I was too thankful when the dusk of the carriage prevented my companion from observing my face.

The feeling had scarcely left me when we paused before the splendid church. The sexton ushered us to the vestry to arrange ourselves.

There was service in the church that night; the rumor of a wedding—whose, it was not known—had drawn a full audience. The organ was pealing through the building as we stood together.

Trembling far more than Fanny, I arranged the beautiful vail which fell in soft folds around her pretty figure. Very lovely and bridelike Fanny looked that night, but I saw with a nameless dread that the eye which should have caressed her fairness scarce glanced toward her.

All was ready at last.

We had arranged, as was customary then, that the groom should lead in the first bridemaid, while the bride followed upon the arm of the chief groomsman, who presented her to her future husband at the altar.

Jocelynda took the arm of Severance, Fanny that of Hunter. I and my companion came next, while our brilliant party brought up the rear.

Many a young heart swelled proudly as a murmur of surprised admiration greeted the beautiful cortége.

The clergyman was already stationed at the communion rail, holding the open book.

As we reached the space before him Fanny released her arm from Hunter's, ready to take that other she had chosen to support her so long as life's journey might last.

But straightforward, as urged by some mighty, resistless impulse, looking neither to the right nor the left, the foremost couple moved.

They did not for an instant part, but stood up *together* before the man of God!

She with a proud, calm look of unquestionable right, he with the mighty consciousness that to relinquish that dear hand must part him forever from the only woman he loved on earth.

The minister began his office—every one knows how soon the words are spoken whereby two are joined in bonds that only death can part.

More quickly than I can relate it it was over,

and Lewis Severance and Jocelynda Evarts turned from the altar man and wife.

Silently they passed the speechless party and were gone.

Ages seemed to have passed since we had stood there.

The spell was broken by Hunter springing forward as Fanny Hamelin fell heavily to the floor.

We carried her tenderly to the vestry she had quitted with such high heart.

I almost tore the hateful vail away. I could not bear that she should see it when she came back to life.

Slowly she did this as we chafed her little cold hands and kissed the peachy cheeks white enough at last.

A low and bitter cry told that life and sorrow had returned hand in hand. Burying her face in my bosom she wept piteously. There were no dry eyes among us. Tear after tear rolled down Bob Hunter's manly cheek; I loved him for it.

Fanny arose at length, and with a great effort choking back her sobs, whispered, "We must go away from here; but oh, Kathie, not to aunt's. I can not go back—I can not, I can not!"

"You never shall, darling."

But what was to be done? Neither of us had friends in the city, a hotel was out of the question. I thought a moment, and my resolve was taken.

It was now nine o'clock, the Eastern train would come in at ten, and six hours afterward be rousing the echoes at my own dear home. Fanny should go there with me.

"Can I be of any service?" said Mr. Hunter, coming forward. "It will not probably be pleasant to return to Madame Cutter's. If you decide on going elsewhere, I must insist on being your escort."

I was most grateful to accept.

"Dear girls," said Fanny, turning to the silent company about us, her voice faltering a little—"I must say farewell. Pray do not let me prevent you from going to Milly Lanning's. I hope you'll have a pleasant time."

With one accord they disclaimed all idea of going to Mrs. Lanning's.

"Darling Fanny, we're going to see you off," said they, smothering her with kisses.

"But mercy! we must be off lest 'the dragon' return before we have secured your trunks." This was a very obvious fact, and we once more set off, our ranks undiminished, with two exceptions.

Our trunks were hastily brought down and put upon the racks. It was well we were so expeditious, for as our carriages rolled away that of Madame drove furiously up where they had stood shortly before. She had not seen us, luckily.

At the dépôt Fanny was fairly overpowered with kisses and hugs and promises to write; while, had she been a fairy princess, the adieus of the gentlemen could not have been more tenderly respectful. I was surprised to see people I had mentally classed as shallow-hearted fops show so much *real* creditable feeling. After all, it is "an honest world at heart."

I will not attempt to depict the utter amazement of our household as, somewhere about the wee small hours, Bob Hunter's energetic knocks and rings aroused them.

The sight that met their gaze *was* slightly unusual—their daughter returned at midnight from boarding-school accompanied by a gentleman in white gloves and vest, and one of her own sex in snowy satin!

However, they made us most heartily welcome. Fanny's "affair" did indeed reach the papers, but not as she expected; the city rung with it, and for a week we could not take up a newspaper without being greeted by the refreshing details.

We learned to our surprise that Jocelynda and Severance had made their *début* at Mrs. Lanning's, few present being then aware of the recency of their connection or the circumstances attending it.

What were Madame Cutter's sensations when, on hearing them announced, she found in Mrs. Severance the hated Jocelynda I can not presume to say. She had escaped her room, Julia Benedict's letter told us, by taking off the lock, using a pair of blunt scissors to drive the screws. Her trunks were packed and ready for removal. But whether she had deliberately planned the issue I am unprepared to say.

Fanny cried constantly for a few days; but hers was not a nature to be weighed down by disappointment for any length of time. Therefore it did not surprise me to find her laughing and chatting gayly as ever in a month after an event that would have fallen upon some hearts with a weight nothing in life might ever lift. This happy result may have been owing, in some measure, to the gentleman who assaulted our door that memorable midnight in white kid gloves.

Gentle pity, how often hast thou followed on to herald love!

Do not accuse my little girl of fickleness, for hearts are caught, you know, "at the rebound."

Fanny did not go back to Madame's, but when she left us it was for a charming little *ornée* just out of the city, where, I am happy to say, she still officiates in the capacity of "Mrs. Bob Hunter."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

A COMPLETE record of the proceedings in Congress for the last month would, as heretofore, consist mainly of political speeches. Foremost among these, in the Senate, are an elaborate restatement and defense by Mr. Douglas of his theory of Popular Sovereignty; a brilliant reply by Senator Benjamin, of Louisiana; and an elaborate defense of Mr. Douglas by Senator Pugh, of Ohio; the passage of Mr. Davis's "Senatorial Platform," an abstract of which appears in our Record for May; a bitter speech on the Slavery question by Mr. Sumner—the first which he has delivered since he was assaulted by Mr. Brooks, four years ago; and a short and contemptuous reply from Mr. Chestnut, of South Carolina.——In the House, there has been somewhat less than the usual amount of discreditable conduct. The main incident of this kind occurred on the 1st of June, when Mr. Train, of Massachusetts, was interrupted by Mr. Houston, of Alabama, who persisted in speaking, notwithstanding a general call of "order." Mr. Train said that he should consider himself guilty of gross impropriety were he to continue speaking when he had no right to the floor. Mr. Houston asked whether the remark was intended to apply to him; and upon Mr. Train intimating that it was, Mr. Houston pronounced Mr. Train to be a disgraceful liar and scoundrel. A scene of great disorder ensued, in the midst of which Mr. Sherman proposed a resolution censuring Mr. Houston. This was temporarily withdrawn to give Mr. Houston an opportunity of apologizing to the House. He did so, and the matter was dropped.——Of actual business transacted, the principal items are these: The Homestead Bill, having passed the House, received important amendments in the Senate, and passed, by a majority of 44 to 8. The House, by a vote of 104 to 39, adhered to its own bill, which was returned to the Senate; this body refused to concur, and so the question rests for the present.—The treaty with Mexico has been rejected by the Senate.—In the House, the inquiries of the Covode Investigating Committee have brought to light gross abuses connected with the Public Printing, showing that large sums beyond the value of the work have been paid, and that immense sums have been given to the partisan press and for political purposes. A bill thereupon passed the House, by a vote of 120 to 56, establishing a Department of Public Printing, and reducing the rates of payment.

The "Constitutional Union Convention" for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President, met at Baltimore on the 10th of May. Hon. Washington Hunt, of New York, was chosen chairman. In lieu of a formal platform, the following preamble and resolution were adopted by acclamation:

"*Whereas*, experience has demonstrated that all platforms adopted by political parties have the effect to mislead and to cause political divisions by encouraging geographical and sectional parties; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That both patriotism and duty require that we should recognize no policy or principles but those resting on the broad foundation of the Constitution of the United States and the enforcement of the laws; and that as representatives of the Constitutional Union Party and of the country, we pledge ourselves to maintain, protect, and defend these principles, thus affording security at home and abroad, and securing the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity."

Upon the first ballot for a candidate for President the vote was: For Mr. Bell, 68½; Mr. Houston, 57; Mr. Crittenden, 28; Mr. Everett, 25; Mr. M'Lean, 22; Mr. Graham, 22; Mr. Rives, 13; for other candidates 18½ votes were cast. Upon the second ballot nearly all the votes were given to Mr. Bell, and his nomination was made unanimous. For Vice-President the only name proposed was that of Mr. Everett, and his nomination was made by acclamation, without a formal vote. Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, and Hon. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, are thus the nominees of the "Union Party."

The Republican National Convention met at Chicago on the 16th of May. Hon. George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, was chosen chairman. The "Platform," which was unanimously adopted, consists of seventeen resolutions. We give an abstract of this, quoting the distinctive resolutions in full:

1. Affirms the necessity for the formation and perpetuity of the Republican Party; and reasserts the propositions of the Preamble to Declaration of Independence.—2. Declares that the principles of the Declaration and of the Constitution are essential to the preservation of the Republic, and that the Union must be preserved.—3. Affirms that the nation owes its prosperity to the Union; denounces all schemes of disunion; and congratulates the country that no Republican member of Congress has uttered or countenanced any of the threats of disunion which have been made by Democratic members.

4. "That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions, according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political faith depends, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes."

5. Censures the present Administration for "its subserviency to the exaction of a sectional interest," especially as manifested in its efforts to force the Lecompton Constitution upon Kansas, and otherwise.—6. Denounces the extravagance of the Federal Government, and urges a return to a rigid economy and strict accountability of Federal officers.

7. "That the new dogma that the Constitution, of its own force, carries slavery into any or all the Territories of the United States, is a dangerous political heresy, at variance with the explicit provisions of that instrument itself, with contemporaneous exposition, and with legislative and judicial precedent, is revolutionary in its tendency, and subversive of the peace and harmony of the country."

8. "That the normal condition of all the territory of the United States is that of freedom; that as our republican fathers, when they had abolished slavery in all our national territory, ordained that no person should be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, it becomes our duty, by legislation, whenever such legislation is necessary, to maintain this provision of the Constitution against all attempts to violate it; and we deny the authority of Congress, of a Territorial Legislature, or of any individuals, to give legal existence to slavery in any Territory of the United States."

9. Denounces the opening of the African slave-trade, and urges Congress to "take prompt and efficient measures for the total and final suppression of that infamous traffic."—10. Censures the recent vetoes by the Governors of Kansas and Nebraska of the Acts of the Legislatures prohibiting slavery in those Territories.—11. Asserts that Kansas should at once be admitted as a State, under the Constitution recently formed.

12. "That while providing revenue for the support of the General Government by duties upon imposts, sound policy requires such an adjustment of these imposts as to encourage the development of the industrial interest of the whole country; and we commend that policy of national exchanges which secures to the working men liberal wages, to agriculture remunerating prices, to mechanics and manufacturers an adequate reward for their skill, labor, and enterprise, and to the nation commercial prosperity and independence."

13. "That we protest against any sale or alienation to others of the public lands held by actual settlers, and against any view of the free Homestead policy which regards the settlers as paupers or suppliants for public bounty, and we demand the passage by Congress of the

complete and satisfactory Homestead measure which has already passed the House."

14. "That the National Republican party is opposed to any change in our Naturalization laws, or any State legislation by which the rights of citizenship hitherto accorded to immigrants from foreign lands shall be abridged or impaired; and in favor of giving a full and efficient protection to the rights of all classes of citizens, whether native or naturalized, both at home and abroad."

15. Advocates appropriations by Congress for River and Harbor Improvements of a national character.—16. Affirms that the Federal Government should render immediate and efficient aid to the construction of a railroad to the Pacific; and as a preliminary thereto should establish a daily overland mail.—17. Invites the co-operation of all citizens, however much they may differ on other questions, who agree in the support of the foregoing principles.

On the 18th the Convention proceeded to ballot for President and Vice-President, with the following result, 230 votes, a majority of the delegates, being required for a choice:

FIRST BALLOT.

Mr. Seward (N. Y.)	173½	Mr. M'Lean (Ohio)	12
Mr. Lincoln (Ill.)	102	Mr. Collamer (Vt.)	10
Mr. Cameron (Penn.)	50½	Mr. Wade (Ohio)	3
Mr. Chase (Ohio)	49	Mr. Sumner (Mass.)	1
Mr. Bates (Missouri)	48	Mr. Read (Penn.)	1
Mr. Dayton (N. J.)	14	Mr. Frémont (Cal.)	1

SECOND BALLOT.

Mr. Seward	184½	Mr. Dayton	10
Mr. Lincoln	181	Mr. M'Lean	8
Mr. Chase	42½	Mr. Cameron	2
Mr. Bates	35	Mr. Clay	2

THIRD BALLOT.

Mr. Lincoln	354	Mr. Dayton	1
Mr. Seward	110½	Mr. M'Lean	½

For Vice-President, the following was the

FIRST BALLOT.

Mr. Hamlin (Maine)	194	Mr. Davis (Mass.)	8
Mr. Clay (Ky.)	101½	Mr. Houston (Texas)	6
Mr. Hickman (Penn.)	58	Mr. Dayton (N. J.)	3
Mr. Reeder (Penn.)	51	Mr. Read (Penn.)	1
Mr. Banks (Mass.)	38½		

SECOND BALLOT.

Mr. Hamlin	367	Mr. Hickman	13
Mr. Clay	86		

Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, is, therefore, the Republican candidate for President, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, for Vice-President, at the coming election.

The Japanese Embassadors arrived at the port of New York on the 9th of May, on board the United States steamer *Roanoke*. The vessel proceeded at once to Washington, without stopping at New York. The strangers were received with great distinction, as guests of the nation, and the treaty which they bore was formally ratified. At the time when we write they are on the point of proceeding to New York.——A destructive tornado passed over a portion of Illinois and Iowa on the 3d of June, occasioning great loss of life. The killed will exceed 150. The tornado traveled ninety miles in Iowa and seventy in Illinois, causing an immense destruction of property.——A severe conflict with Indians occurred on the 12th of May in California, in the vicinity of the new Washoe mines. A party of 105 volunteers, commanded by Major Ormsby, went in pursuit of a body of savages who were supposed to have committed several murders. Coming up with Indians who lay in ambush in a narrow pass, they were fired upon, and a desultory skirmish ensued, which lasted until the ammunition of the volunteers was expended. The Indians then rushed in, pouring volleys upon the whites, who fled in every direction, hotly pursued by the savages. Of the 105 volunteers only 41 had returned alive, and 21 were known to have been killed; leaving the fate of 43 unknown at the latest dates. The Indians were supposed to number about 500 men, well armed, and having an abundance of ammunition.—— The United States steamers *Mohawk* and *Wyandot*, cruising off the coast of Cuba, have recently captured several slavers, and brought their cargoes to Key West. One of these slavers, the *Wildfire*, lately owned in New York, had on board 510 native Africans, brought from the Congo River; another, the *William*, late of Baltimore, had 560, who had been purchased at Whydah, of the King of Dahomey. In all, there were lately 1700 captured slaves gathered at Key West, among whom great mortality was occurring. Provision has been made by Congress for sending these Africans to Liberia.

The Methodist General Conference adjourned on Monday, June 4, after a session of nearly five weeks. The most important subjects acted upon were "slavery" and "lay representation" in the Conference. An effort was made to change the *General Rule* upon slavery, so as to make it prohibit "the buying, selling, or *holding* of men, women, or children, with an intention to enslave them." This amendment, not obtaining the requisite vote of two-thirds of the delegates, failed. Efforts were then directed to the alteration of the "Chapter on Slavery," the provisions of which are not considered by the Methodists to have the force of terms of communion. The old "chapter," which forbids the holding of slaves by ministers and lay officers of the Church, and requires all slaveholding members to give their slaves certain privileges, was struck out, and the following substituted:

"QUESTION: What shall be done for the extirpation of the evil of slavery?

"ANSWER: We declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery. We believe that the buying, selling, or holding of human beings, to be used as chattels, is inconsistent with the Golden Rule, and with that Rule in our Discipline which requires all who desire to continue among us to 'do no harm, and to avoid evil of every kind.' We therefore affectionately admonish all our preachers and people to keep themselves pure from this great evil, and to seek its extirpation by all lawful and Christian means."

A subsequent resolution declared the new chapter to be not "statutory" but merely "advisory." The subject of "lay delegation" was received with more favor by this than by any preceding General Conference. A report embodying a plan of lay representation was offered, but was not adopted. Resolutions were finally passed expressing the approval by the Conference of lay delegation, if desired by the people, and directing

"All the preachers in charge in the United States and Territories to submit the subject of lay delegation in the General Conference to all the male members of the Church over twenty-one years of age, in full connection, at meetings, of which due notice shall be given—to be held during the interim between the meetings of the annual Conferences of 1861 and 1862—the results to be certified to the annual Conferences; further, that the Bishops submit the question to the annual Conferences in 1862, and that they inform the next General Conference of the result."

MEXICO.

The latest advices from *Mexico* place the "Liberals" once more in the ascendent. According to these Uraga, one of the Constitutional commanders, after gaining considerable successes, was marching upon the capital at the head of a considerable force. In the meanwhile, Zuloaga, who some time since gave up his nominal Presidency to Miramon, with the title of "President Substitute," had issued a decree removing the latter. Miramon arrested Zuloaga, and having raised money by a forced loan, marched out from the capital on the 10th of May,

carrying Zuloaga with him, to meet Uraga. A decisive conflict between these two commanders was daily anticipated.

EUROPE.

The revolt in Sicily against the Government of the King of Naples has assumed a formidable aspect. The first reports had represented it as a merely local rising, which was speedily suppressed. It now appears to be a part of an extended plan for the creation of a "United Italy," at the head of which is to be the King of Sardinia. Mazzini, the ultra-republican agitator, has issued a proclamation urging the Sicilians to rise in arms, overthrow their Bourbon monarch, and annex themselves to Sardinia. On the 5th of May Garibaldi sailed from Genoa for Sicily, at the head of a force of 2200 men. The expedition was clearly made with the tacit consent of the Sardinian Government. He landed at Marsala, and, according to the most reliable accounts, after gaining important advantages over the royal troops, had gained a position which insured him the possession of Palermo, the chief city of the island.

Literary Notices.

The Life of Jacob Gruber, by W. P. Strickland. (Published by Carlton and Porter.) In this volume is described the career of one of the original geniuses who are not unfrequently met with in the Ministry of the Methodist Church in the United States. Without the advantages of early education, reared in a humble condition of society, and possessing a native eccentricity of character, his downright simplicity of purpose, transparent honesty of disposition, and glowing zeal in the discharge of his duty, raised him to a conspicuous position in the itinerancy of the Church, and have furnished materials for an uncommonly interesting piece of biography. He was of a family of Pennsylvania Germans, and brought up in the faith of the great leader of the Reformation; but, while still young, was deeply impressed by the eloquent earnestness of certain circuit preachers, and, together with his parents, joined the followers of John Wesley, who at that time formed a comparatively obscure and unimportant sect in this country. He was soon convinced that it was his duty to enter the ministry, and in the year 1800, at the age of twenty-two, received his first appointment at the hands of the "intrepid Asbury." Engaging in his work with apostolic self-devotion, he rapidly became master of a wide influence, and distinguished for the energy and zeal with which he encountered difficulties and perils in the fulfillment of his mission. The narrative of his labors, which are vividly described by Dr. Strickland, exhibits a man of genuine courage and daring enterprise, never quailing at the prospect of danger, overcoming obstacles with iron persistency and unfailing good humor; of sturdy good sense in the accomplishment of his purposes, though addicted to a peculiar quaintness of expression and illustration; fond of joke and repartee, and well skilled in their use, but always employing every gift for the promotion of the cause to which he was heart and soul devoted. The volume also possesses not a little historical interest, as illustrative of the early condition of the Methodist Church in America.

The West Indies and the Spanish Main, by Anthony Trollope. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The present social, political, and industrial condition of the West India islands and a portion of Central America suggests the principal topics of this lively volume. In a brief visit to the above-named localities, a little more than a year ago—for purposes, we believe, connected with governmental business—he jots down his daily impressions, forming an off-hand, free-and-easy record, with great vivacity of style, and an evident aim at fairness and accuracy of statement. On arriving at Kingston, Jamaica, he was struck with the marks of stagnation and decay that were visible on every side. The town was more completely destitute of every point of attraction than any other which he ever visited. On the map it indeed presents a fine appearance. The streets all run in parallels. There is an extensive square, numerous public buildings, and more than a plenty of places of worship. Every thing makes a fair show; but on further observation it proves to be an illusion. More than half the streets are not filled with houses. But whether filled or not they have a ragged, disorderly, and forlorn aspect. The houses are mostly of wood, without paint, and in a ruinous condition. The streets are destitute of side-walks, and are neither paved nor macadamized. Hence, in dry weather they form merely a bed of sand, and in wet weather a driving water-course. The unfortunate pedestrian has to wade down the middle of this, with a tropical sun on his head, and the heat more intense than in almost any other town in the West Indies. It is no wonder that walking should not be a fashionable amusement. There are neither street lamps nor gas. Scarcely any Europeans, or even white Creoles, live in the town; but they have country seats, called pens, at some little distance. But though the chief town of Jamaica found little favor in the eyes of the not over-fastidious traveler, he makes amends by his admiration of the island in general. The scenery is almost equal to that of Switzerland and the Tyrol, and the temperature among the mountains agreeable and salubrious. The ancient hospitality, when the planters were rolling in wealth, has, it is true, to a great extent, passed away; but no respectable stranger fails of a generous welcome. Country life in Jamaica certainly has numerous attractions. The day commences at six o'clock, when a cup of coffee, with a small portion of dry toast, is taken in bed. After that the toilet is made, with great deliberation, so that it is nearly eight o'clock before you leave your room. At ten, or half past ten, the whole island sits down to substantial breakfast, consisting of fish, beef-steaks—probably with the favorite condiment of onions—potatoes, yams, plantains, eggs, and half a dozen varieties of preserved meats, sent from England in tin cans. Tea and chocolate are on the table; and beer, wine, rum, and brandy on the sideboard. The inspection of the estate, or of the sugar-works in the season, soon wears through the day, and at five preparations commence for the six o'clock dinner. The process of dressing is not to be trifled with, but must be performed with due deliberation, or else you get heated quicker than you have cooled down. Full dress is the order of the day, because black clothing is the thing in England. After dinner no wine is taken, or, at the utmost, one glass with the ladies, and—if you choose—one

after they are gone. In addition to the piquant sketches of tropical society with which the volume abounds, it contains much practical information in regard to the effects of emancipation, the commercial relations of the West Indies, and their prospects for the future.

History of Provençal Poetry, by C. C. Fauriel, translated from the French by G. J. Adler, A.M. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) In this volume the portion of M. Fauriel's great work on Provençal literature containing the preliminary dissertations and the history of the lyrical poetry of the Troubadours is presented to the public in an English address. It is an abundant mine of rich and curious information, of inestimable value to the student of literary history, full of singular details illustrative of manners and opinions in the Middle Ages, and not without attractions to the general reader. It is certainly to be hoped that it will meet with such a hospitable reception as to encourage the erudite translator to execute his purpose of completing the work.

Right at Last, and other Tales, by Mrs. Gaskell. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In addition to her more elaborate efforts as a novel-writer, Mrs. Gaskell has been singularly successful in various lighter contributions to English periodicals, especially in the domestic stories furnished to Dickens's *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. These latter are here collected in a handsome volume from the London edition, and will prove a welcome offering to the numerous readers who have learned to prize the exquisite felicity of delineation, the sagacious judgment of character, and the high moral tone which distinguish the productions of the authoress.

A Mother's Trials, by the author of "My Lady." (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The original trial, which casts its shade of sadness over the diversified scenes of the present novel, was the compulsory desertion of an infant by its doting, almost idolatrous mother, on account of the troubles incurred by her husband through ill-luck at the gaming-table at a fashionable watering-place in Germany. In spite of its general air of improbability, and the rather awkward introduction of certain commonplace incidents, the plot is managed with a considerable degree of skill, and in the progress of its development makes a decisive appeal to the interest and curiosity of the reader. The strongly-marked specimens of English character in several of the more prominent personages of the story are among the most effective elements of the work, and show equal acuteness of insight and aptness of representation on the part of the writer. In the movement of the dialogue there is a frequent display of dramatic power; and although the characters on the scene are not remarkable for winning or attractive qualities, the reader becomes deeply interested in their fortunes, and can not but follow their history with persevering attention.

Danesbury House, by Mrs. Henry Wood. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A forcible representation of "the injurious effects of intoxicating drinks, the advantages of personal abstinence, and the demoralizing operations of the liquor traffic" is given in this graphic narrative, which was written for the prize of £100 offered by the Scottish Temperance League, and published under the auspices of that society.

The Three Clerks, a Novel, by Anthony Trollope. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The materials for this novel have been suggested by the mania for speculation which prevails in different classes of English society, and the consequent frauds and defalcations that, within a few years past, have been brought to light. Rather an unpromising field, it would seem, for fictitious embellishment; but the author has clothed it with a tragic interest, evincing rare dramatic power in numerous scenes, and a vigorous grasp of character throughout the volume. His style is remarkably fresh and salient; his descriptions are pervaded by an air of intense reality, presenting a vivid illustration of some of the more noticeable features of English life.

How to Enjoy Life; or Physical and Mental Hygiene, by William M. Cornell, M.D. (Published by James Challen and Son.) A collection of excellent precepts for the preservation of health and the attainment of "a sound mind in a sound body," with special reference to the clerical profession, but abounding in valuable suggestions for all classes of readers. The volume is less remarkable for originality than for the racy illustrations and forcible arguments with which it urges its wholesome teachings on the attention of the public.

A Smaller History of Greece, by William Smith, LL.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The history of Greece, from the earliest times to the Roman conquest, is here related, in a form adapted to the younger classes of pupils in the public schools of this country. Dr. William Smith is no less distinguished by his skill in the condensation of the fruits of wide and learned research than by his own highly respectable attainments in classical literature. Few living scholars have had such an extensive practical experience in the duties of a popular editor, and none have attained more eminent success in presenting the results of erudite inquiry in a form adapted to interest and instruct the common mind. In this agreeable volume the leading events of Grecian history are set forth in a clear and lively narrative, which is equally adapted for study in classes or for family reading. As an aid to instructors, the table of contents has been so arranged as to suggest a series of questions for the examination of the pupil.

History of Genghis Khan, by Jacob Abbott. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In preparing this volume for the benefit of his youthful readers, Mr. Abbott has not attempted to go behind the current traditions concerning the great Asiatic conqueror, but has aimed only to reproduce them, in an attractive shape, from the most authentic sources of information now at the command of the scholar. The little work abounds in description and anecdote, which are presented in a highly graphic style.

The new volume of Harper's *Classical Library* contains a translation of Cicero's dialogues, "De Oratore," founded on the ancient version by George Barnes, published in 1762. This translation was originally executed with great care and intelligence; its merits are of a superior order; and in the present edition it has been subjected to a thorough revision, every page of it has been carefully corrected, and many pages entirely rewritten. The volume also contains Cicero's "Brutus," or "Remarks on Eminent Orators," reprinted, with but little variation, from the translation by E. Jones, published in 1776, which has long been esteemed as a faithful and elegant rendering of the original. The whole has been edited by Mr. J. S. Watson, who has revised the text from the best authorities, and added many illustrative notes.

Editor's Table.

OUR AMERICAN MANNERS.—Before a youth is at all aware of it, he acquires a manner altogether his own, and his gait and speech are so characteristic, that from a distant glimpse of him as he walks, or from a single tone of his voice in the next room, an acquaintance may at once detect his personality. Very little may have been done to form his manner, yet he none the less has one that becomes, moreover, not only the most persistent, but perhaps also the most decisive fact in his education and influence—the fact that may most of all fix his social position, give him his business associations, and settle his domestic lot. A nation may have something of the same experience; and while its statesmen are discussing parties and policies, and theologians are arguing questions of faith and morals, the people are insensibly forming the manners that are more powerful than laws, and sometimes no feeble match for the guardians of morality and religion. So gradual is the development of national manners that strangers are apt to be better observers of it than the people in question themselves; and no book upon America has ever exhibited our social traits and habits so well as that of the candid and philosophical Frenchman, De Tocqueville, who gave such ample proof that he could see our failings without being blind to our better side. We ought by this time to have our own eyes open to the subject; and not only from the perverse dispositions of portions of American society, but from the aggressions of foreign vices and follies, we are called to think quite seriously what school of manners we are virtually setting up for the education of our sons and daughters.

It is very easy to say that the subject is of very little consequence, and that because we are a free people, and at liberty to do as we please, it is of no importance what ideas of society are advocated, so long as we can each form our manners for ourselves, and bring up our families in our own way. Precisely here is the great mistake of most sticklers for our democratic liberty—the mistake of confounding political with social liberty, or of supposing that because every man may vote as he chooses he is free from the pressure of public opinion; so that he and his family can readily live as he chooses. The disposition is often quite in the other direction, and the natural force of habit, combined with the gregarious instinct of the multitude, tends to make up for the loss of the ancient civil distinctions by insisting upon social precedent; and probably nowhere in the world are the mass of people so sensitive to social opinion as here. We see at once that at the ballot-box we are all alike, and we are not very much under the power of the short-lived dignity which public office creates. It is in society that our thrones are built up and our honors are distributed. It is society which, in the main, directs the spending of our money, the style and furnishing of our houses, the rule of our dress and speech and amusements—to say nothing of our morality and religion. Different sections of our country, indeed, have very different habits and manners, and it may seem to a casual observer that away from the old settlements there is a forswearing of all social dictation; and that, for example, in the Western borders individualism has its perfect work in the free and easy mien that seems to snap its fingers in the face of all grave precedent. But a more careful scrutiny may show that the free and easy mien has a school of its own, quite as dictatorial as the old conventionalism, and that any man who chooses to carry old-fashioned notions of dignity into the new territory may find himself arraigned by a master of ceremonies as emphatic, if not as formal, as any that ever wore the wig or held the official rod under the shadow of royal courts. We doubt if there is any country in Christendom where more tyranny is exercised over social opinion than here; and we are quite sure that under the most grinding monarchies of the Old World the mass of people are as free to live as they please, while keeping within the limits of civil authority, as here. An Austrian or a Russian may eat and drink and dress as he chooses, so long as he does not break the laws; but with us many a good republican finds curious eyes not only scanning his wardrobe, but estimating the number of pounds in the sirloin ordered for his table, and questioning his grocer whether he has had more wine or brandy sent home than can be wanted for feeble stomachs or for mince-pies. How far this spirit of dictation is to go it is hard to say, for it does not come so much from any set will as from general tendencies, and is thus more like an atmosphere that encompasses us than a breeze that is raised by a bonfire or a wind-mill. We are certainly very frequently surprised, both in town and country, to find how many important questions at once settle themselves by social precedent; and it is no exaggeration to say that the enactments of our legislatures, and the decisions of our courts, do not begin to compare, in the extent and force of their jurisdiction, with the influence of our social manners and customs. For instance, in all questions affecting domestic life, society applies at once its own law, and many a time casts an offender out of the pale of its mercy whom Congress may retain among its honorables, and high courts may exempt from their ban. The power of social manners in their sphere is very much like that of business enterprise in its sphere. As the great forces of business are, in a large measure, independent of statute law, so the great forces of society are, in a great measure, independent of legislation, and our nation is making its society and doing its work without asking any favor from its rulers, except the great favor of being let alone. Our prevalent *let alone* policy, instead of fettering society or business by legislation, makes it over to other authority; and to our homes and our markets we are to look for the powers that are shaping our destiny.

We know very well that the Church and the School are great powers in America; yet even these we regard more as social than as merely intellectual or theoretic forces. Education rules more by social sympathy than by abstract ideas; and our best academies are sought as much for the formation of manners as for the training of thought. The Church, too, is pre-eminently a social institution, gathering to itself the best social elements, and winning the easy acquiescence of thousands who crave friendly fellowship without being zealots for theological system or priestly rule. Just now it seems to be more the aim of the leaders of Churches to develop kindly affinities, and to mould social manners, than to insist upon controverted doctrines; while it is very evident that those who know how to move and manage the social elements often carry the day against rivals far more affluent in learning, and more adroit in theological argumentation. In fact, the field in which social forces move to their

aims in one respect resembles the field in which business works out its chances. Business is done mainly in that realm of contingencies that lies between the certainty and the impossibility of gain; so that he is the best business man who can move most wisely in that middle ground where gain is neither a certain fact nor a certain impossibility. In like manner, society moves in the middle ground between the certainty and the impossibility of personal honor, and distributes its prizes of reputation there without usurping the province of law which decides the guilt of criminals, or the province of religion which pleads the virtues of saints. In other words, society does not aim to adjudicate crime that is below, or to canonize holiness that is above, its jurisdiction, but to settle manners and reputations. It has as wide a field of contingencies in the play of human characters, affections, and scenes as business has in the play of financial chances; or we might, perhaps, say that society transacts the business of the heart and taste, as the exchange transacts the business of the purse, and that manners are the current coin of society.

The function of manners, which are the approved habits of society, is not in the highest courts of character, nor in the lower courts of civil law, but in the broad region between. Whether before the throne of monarchs, or in the drawing-room of a democratic president, it is taken for granted that all people present are not criminals, and it is not asked whether any of them are saints. Much of the charm of good manners comes from the breadth of the region in which they move, apart from the grave business of the world and the solemn restraint of the Church. Within the limits of decorum, the movement tends to the graceful curves that combine the play of individual liberty and social fellowship; and in true society, no longer either surrendered to self-will, nor bound by rigid authority, the well-bred man circulates easily and loyally in the orbit to which he belongs. The charm ceases the moment he is put under constraint, as by a pain of body that subjects him at once to his own private selfhood; or by any external authority, as by a command to shoulder his musket for a march, or to put his hand to the pump to keep the house from burning down. The motion of manners is not in the straight line of self-will nor of official dictation, but in the curve of beauty that harmonizes self-will with social allegiance. In other words, we might say that the line of good manners shuns at once the extremes of egotism and servility, and he who moves well in good society is neither swallowed up by its centripetal authority nor shot off in his own centrifugal caprice, but moves in an orbit which combines just individuality with just deference. Accordingly, egotism and servility in opposite ways offend the rule of good manners.

Egotism may have different degrees of elevation without by any means changing its characteristic ground as it rises, but in every stage of elevation it is the same unmannerly spirit in different degrees of altitude. There is, first of all, the egotistic animalism that plants itself upon its own physical instincts, and belches, and smokes, and spits, and lounges, and yawns, and snuffles, and gormandizes with almost savage grossness, without the least regard for others' tastes or for others' convenience. We have not yet dealt with this detestable habit as we should; and even in communities where, on some subjects, society is very strait-laced the most atrocious obtrusion of the animal man is allowed. It is very difficult to travel by rail without being disgusted, if not befouled, by the odors and expectorations of tobacco; and the sounds and movements that mark some of the guests at hotel-tables are not such as to prove that civilization has yet achieved her perfect work. It might be well to have it understood by our proud sticklers for democratic liberty that the surrender of the will to animal instincts, instead of being rational freedom, is an approach to idiocy; and the idiot is the poor creature who, instead of rising into truly human fellowship, lives merely in subjection to his private appetites, without thinking or caring for other persons' tastes or convenience.

Egotism sometimes appears in a higher and more human level, and shows itself in the constant obtrusion of individual opinions and purposes, forgetful or negligent of social opinion and habit. It infests society with a horde of Ishmaelites, in finer or coarser speech or raiment, who insist upon doing what is pleasing in their own eyes, as if there were no common law nor common standard. The dress, the gestures, tones, and posture may all express this unmannerly spirit, and help to set off with due accompaniment a style of conversation that is an offense against the first principles of good-breeding. Its style is not always magisterial, but may sometimes be lackadaisical; and the sentimentalist who insists on surfeiting the whole company with his honey and sugar is as offensive as the braggart who insists upon throwing his pepper and mustard over the whole table. Sometimes this egotism has the cant of a creed or school; and we have known both bigots and radicals who seemed to make a principle of denying every other man's right of opinion and action by the persistent obtrusion of their own. We have known men who, in stages, and rail-cars, and hotels, and steamboats, insist upon thinking and speaking for the whole company, and regarding silence or dissent on the part of others as virtual ungodliness; as if any person had a right to obtrude his habits or opinions upon casual associates, or be their chaplain or lecturer without their request or assent. A certain school of radicalism rivals, if it does not surpass, this dogmatic egotism; and we have known zealots of the transcendental type who insist upon the supremacy of individual impulse over any social law or fellowship, and who claim the liberty to be civil or uncivil, to speak to a friend or not to speak, just as the mood takes them. Some of the champions of this school take very high ground for their leading principle, and call that the highest style of character which plants itself upon its individual instincts, and virtually ignores society as the school and home of true life; as if it were the individual that made society, and society did nothing to form the individual. The great prophets of this school have, with all their culture and talent, given us the most monstrous specimens of bad manners; and in listening to certain of our platform orators of the radical stamp, who insult the first principles of social and civil fellowship, we have thought ourselves in presence of a higher and more cultivated grade of Short Boys and Dead Rabbits, who have preserved the same ruffianly individualism, and armed themselves with weapons as unmannerly, but not as disgusting, as the slung-shot and unsavory missiles that sometimes make our streets impassable.

We need a truer idea of manly dignity to save us from egotism in all its forms; and we must regard him as the true man who not only claims to be such himself, but who recognizes the same dignity in oth-

ers. To be truly human is to live above animal and material nature, in fellowship with men, and under the law and grace of God. The egotist is not thus human, but, as he varies in pretension, he insists either in making a beast or a god of himself; or if he prides himself upon being human, it is by acting, not as a man among men, but as if he comprised the sum total of humanity within himself. We have too much of this egotism, in all its forms, among us; and, as a trait of American character, it may be no unfair match for the servility so prevalent in the Old World, and not wholly a stranger to this continent and people. Servility may appear in the grosser form of toadyism, which degrades the man into a creeping thing, and insults with its reptile presence the very dignity that it aims to honor; or it may show itself as a facile sycophancy that fawns upon the favorites and copies the modes of the hour, without any independent thought or personal conscience. That American society may have its toadies and sycophants we need not waste words in showing. They abound in high and low places, like frogs in the marshes and mosquitoes in the woods. Wherever an office is to be given, or a saloon of fashion is to be opened, they are sure to swarm like the frogs and insects that beset Pharaoh of old, and to hang on even more persistently than they. Servility, however, is not a general trait of our people, but rather a vice of certain cliques and classes. The American, as such, is a somewhat dignified person, and the self-respect that characterizes the great body of our population is one of the most promising elements in the future of American manners. We are probably more in danger of being egotistic than servile, or claiming too much than too little for our own dignity; and while in all matters that have been decided upon by social opinion we may be sufficiently deferential, we have yet to learn the worth of that high amenity and gentle fellowship that values society as a good in itself, and prizes courteous manners as the precious coin that regulates the social exchange, and secures and promotes the pleasant and wholesome circulation of thought and feeling.

We ought to expect and cultivate, in this republican country, a style of manners at once affable and dignified—that alike asserts a personal worth in itself and ascribes it to others, and so shuns servility and egotism. Our best men and women have surely formed themselves upon this standard; and from the days when Franklin wore his Quaker coat into the French court to these later times, when we are receiving lords and baronets in our houses and at our public feasts, there has been something in our true American manner that seems to say that we can be polite as well as independent; and while we are willing to recognize distinctions of office, rank, and birth, we can not set them above character or intellect, nor forget that, whatever may be the stamp of circumstance, the man himself must be the gold. We confess that we do not make this honorable acknowledgment without some grave misgivings as we note some alarming tendencies in American society, such as the disposition, in some quarters, to build distinction wholly upon property, and, in other quarters, to imitate servilely the fashions of the Old World, and import certain foreign morals with foreign titles into our homes. In fact, our people are so various in blood and breeding as to present specimens of almost all the manners and customs on the globe; and our New York is said to rank third or fourth among the cities of the world in the number of her German population, and can not rank very low in the scale among the cities of Ireland, France, and Italy, from the number of natives of those countries within her borders. At the same time we are one nation, and are developing our national manners; so that it is an interesting question what is to be the influence of our natural, social, political, and religious position upon this development. The most obvious element in the formation of manners is physical climate, with the temperament and constitution that it tends to cherish. Thus, the Englishman is said to be, like his home, an island, as insulated in manner as in his dwelling-place, and his robust constitution and generous habits have close connections with his atmosphere and soil. The American is not an island, but more, a continent; and sometimes his manner is as sweeping and aggressive as his territorial policy, and his approach to strangers indicates his determination to leave no name unknown and no secret unexplored. His is emphatically a *spreading* manner, and the ease of communication, the frequency of travel, and the constant intercourse between different sections of the country give an affability—especially out of the limits of the older and more conservative towns—that is probably quite a marked characteristic. The level lines of the country, the size and navigableness of our great rivers, the magnitude of our railways, and the close connection of the financial and political interests of different parts of the country do much to remove the local idiosyncracies which so mark manners and speech in the Old World, and which make neighboring counties, even in England, as unlike as separate nations. In spite of the vast difference between the domestic habits of the North and the South, and between the position and pursuits of the old Atlantic cities and the new Western domain, there is nothing as yet that looks like a difference of nationality; and the fact that the whole country has not only one centre of government, but one centre of trade and publication, indicates alike an ease and desire of intercommunication that must set a powerful limit to sectionalism in thought and provincialism in speech and manner.

Our climate differs of course in different latitudes and longitudes, and comprises tropical heat with almost polar cold; and while our Atlantic cities are chilled by bleak east winds that strike fatally upon weak lungs, the West abounds in damps and miasmata that carry agues and fevers with the opening of the furrow and the founding of the house upon the freshly excavated earth. We suppose that, with all differences of locality, our American climate, on the whole, is somewhat stimulating to the nerves, and with us, generally, the nervous system prevails over the alimentary. Our nervous sensibility would make us probably as genial and affable a people as any on the globe, if it were not for the constant anxiety which our new and changing position and intense individuality of necessity bring upon us. We differ very much from European nations, except from the English, in the amount of demonstrativeness in our manner, and we can hardly help laughing at the gesticulations and tones of a chattering Frenchman or Italian. Yet, as we leave the cold North and tend Southward, we find a far warmer manner; and in proportion as people breathe a milder air and feel less the necessity of struggling for bread and shelter, speech softens and the pulse beats more genially. Not only change of climate, but of occupation, explains the difference between the manners of the North and the South. At the North, where all classes work in some way, comparatively little of

the business of life is transacted in society, and the great work of existence is done in the workshop, the farm, or the counting-house. Such a people, therefore, bring into society, not the whole, but only the portion of their interest and fervor that has not been expended in the day's care. But where labor is left mainly to servants, or where wealth or other circumstances leaves a large class with much leisure on their hands, sociality becomes more a business; and certainly in Europe there are large numbers of cultivated persons whose main business it is to shine in society, and who readily put into their tones, gestures, and entertainments the animal spirits, intellect, and enterprise that our plodding citizens exhaust in trade or the professions. The rise of a class of affluent men of leisure is already doing something to quicken the sluggish social pulse of our cities, although it is often to be regretted that their leisure is not directed to worthier objects. A better check to our social reserve would be found in more just ideas of recreation; and we are ready to forgive our German fellow-citizens for a portion of their beer-drinking and Sunday walking if they give us a hint of a better philosophy of relaxation, and teach us to stir our blood and muscles, and breathe the fresh air with kindred and companions, without sacrificing either our industry, our sobriety, or our religion. When the American does lay aside his care and yield himself to kind nature and good companionship, his sensitive organization and earnest heart will make him the most genial and companionable, and why not the most courteous, of men?

Our form of government is one of the most important influences in the formation of manners, yet its characteristic doctrine of political equality has no such social power as a foreign observer might expect. That all naturalized citizens go alike to the ballot-box does not bring them an inch nearer social equality; and it is no secret that there are voters innumerable that no decent candidate for office would number among his acquaintance or entertain in his house, except, perhaps, during the brief and cruel necessity of some stringent political emergency. A certain degree of affability is shown by party leaders to their constituents, but it ends with the caucus or the party head-quarters; and the women of our country, who have jurisdiction over social distinctions, seldom graduate their list of visiting acquaintances by the registry that records the names of the voters at the next election. Undoubtedly the principle of universal suffrage does favor a certain affability on the part of the higher classes, and give a certain independence to inferiors; but thus far it has not invaded the right of our people to associate according to their elective affinities; and even in the White House, which every American feels that he in part owns, our Chief Magistrate, while courteous to all visitors, is left at liberty to invite such guests as he prefers, and to entertain them as he chooses. We wish that we could treat as lightly the influence of electioneering tactics and rhetoric on speech and morals as we treat the influence of universal suffrage upon domestic liberty. We can not but regard our electioneering campaigns as in many respects very demoralizing, alike from the bribery, more or less open, that prevails, and from the gross and malign speech that is too often countenanced. The evil may be no greater than might have been anticipated in view of the great change inaugurated by us in self-government, and the immense issues at stake, especially in our Presidential elections. It is none the less true, however, that every four years we have a political deluge that unsettles the best habitudes of the nation, invading the press, the school, the home, and church with its turbid waters, and leaving behind it a foul sediment, whose fertilizing power does not seem to be at all in proportion to its filth. Sometimes, indeed, there are exceptions to the disheartening rule, and political discussions are conducted by rival candidates and rival presses in a manner compatible with self-respect and comity, and averse to the monstrous policy of saying every thing bad about an opponent, and affirming every thing good of an ally. Some of our first statesmen have kept their dignity; and, if the truth were known, it might appear that the influence of a few firm and judicious men of clear heads and mild speech have saved our nation from feuds and disasters that we can not even think of without horror. The good sense of the people at large, moreover, is doing much to correct the rancor and grossness of partisans, as shown in the speeches most in demand by the great middling class that controls our elections. Our people are wiser than some of their would-be leaders think, and in spite of many disheartening signs of the times we are inclined to believe that the majority of the nation are determined to keep the national integrity sound, and rebuke the worst scandals in high places as in low places. We could wish a far better standard of manners, as well as of morals, in our highest legislative body—our national Congress; and we suppose that the speech and manner prevalent in a portion of the members of the Lower House is more disgraceful to us than any thing in the land. There is comfort in the conviction that such is the general opinion, in Congress as well as out of it, and we may not despair of the people whose school-boys, when they would illustrate the ribaldry and ruffianism that common decency ought to shun, draw their examples of warning from our national representatives, and so make the post of public honor the pillory of public shame.

We can conceive of a Congress so dignified and accomplished as to give to Washington city, in connection with its embassadors from foreign countries, something of the prestige of a national court, such as might at once refine the manners and enlarge the culture of the people. But no such influence prevails at the seat of government, and judicious parents do not regard a winter in the capital city as any very certain means of polishing the manners or fixing the principles of their sons and daughters. The more powerful court of the nation is probably to be found in the best society of our great cities; and any observer of our social ways, while he will confess himself puzzled to analyze the elements that are forming a ruling style of American fashion, will not deny that the formation is in process, and a power is at work among us that is doing much to modify the grosser influences of wealth and circumstance, and set up its throne within the charmed circle of exclusives. Money, indeed, is always a power, but it can not buy its way into the best society without some concessions and compromises; and our new rich men are obliged to submit their sons and daughters to the training of hands far less favored with gold than their own before they have the entrée to the circles most desired. Preposterous as it may seem in this republican country, birth is a powerful element of social favor, and any descendant of the old Revolutionary magnates or colonial patricians may, with tolerable culture and moderate means, hold a position and achieve a marriage that it would take years of study and enterprise for any new aspirant

for name and fortune to attain. Talent, of course, will always make its mark, yet a great deal of our acknowledged American talent has no social career; and we have orators, philosophers, and poets, and savans who are as much strangers to our gay saloons as they are familiars to our newspapers.

The reason, or the main reason, of the enigma of American society, in its exclusive circles, lies in the fact that it is the work of woman, who is an enigma to herself as well as to man. We can readily see the elements of character that give men position among men; and our leading merchants and professional men are well known, and an open estimate is put upon their prevailing qualities. Yet the moment we enter the dominant social circles we find wholly new traits most conspicuous; and it is not easy to say why a man may be a leader in the street and a cipher in the drawing-room. In small villages and towns, where men and women have little leisure and are busy with their cares, men mainly control society, and husbands give position to their wives; but in great cities, where women of fortune abound, and are at leisure to enjoy society, a wholly new dynasty arises, and sometimes is powerful enough, not only to make matches, but to control administrations and to shake thrones. What it is that gives precedence to the queen of fashion is sometimes as difficult to know as it is to define the prerogative and settle the legitimacy of the queen in a bee-hive; but the queenship exists, and some mysterious instinct in women seems to lead them to bow the knee to their predestined mistress. Sometimes we find a woman of wealth, and beauty, and culture, and elegance, and geniality, in comparative obscurity; and, on the other hand, one without fortune, or beauty, or birth, but with a certain style in her movement, and speech, and dress, becomes the centre of society, and every new claimant to notice must pay court to her before winning entrance to the magic circle in which she is queen. The secret probably is, that manner is a gift as well as a habit, and, like all other gifts, may have the nature and wield the charm of genius. Perhaps it is in revenge for the capricious and unaccountable rule of female society that men in our great cities are declaring independence of the feminine sceptre, and forming clubs in which masculine merit is judged by its own standard, and may chat and read, play at logic or at billiards, without the espionage of fair eyes, the irksomeness of full dress, the costly habits, arbitrary hours, frivolous amusements, and sometimes sharp rebuffs, incident to fashionable visiting under the prevailing feminine auspices.

Women have so much power in the social sphere that we hope to see some exhibition of it in America that shall be worthy the country and worthy themselves. Thus far we have hardly had any characteristic American society except in our plain domestic life, which, springing directly from the position and habits of our people, must be, in some respects, native. We might, perhaps, include in the exception our flashy form of gay society, which absurdly thinks of securing quality of life by quantity of expense, and spends money on dress, upholstery, and confectionery in the most preposterous manner. The most refined society among us has not yet fully developed its American quality, but depends upon the Old World for its ideas and manners, as for its fabrics and fashions. Our best New York society might be as well in London or Paris as here; yet the whole country abounds in social elements, that are longing for some leader to embody them in manners and habits worthy a republican people, in their union of frugality with refinement, simplicity with good taste, and dignity with geniality. We have no dislike to a gay saloon, brilliant with rich costumes, sparkling gems, beautiful arts, and beautiful graces and accomplishments, the centre of the elegance, and wealth, and fashion of the great city. But we are impressed far more, whether in the town or country, by some unpretending réunion of sensible and well-bred men and women, who converse without frivolity and without pedantry; are deferential without prudishness and without levity; who dance, or sing, or sup together right heartily and discreetly; and who draw more upon the treasury of the mind and heart for the evening's entertainment than upon prodigal purse-strings, or bulky court-journals, or titled visiting-lists. We are having something of this better style of society, and must have more of it, or our sensible men will leave women to dress and dance in their own way, while they take shelter in clubs or in bed from the intolerable bore of the stereotype fashionable visiting.

The American Church is doing something to form manners and mould society, and in this respect it was never so powerful as now. Our clergy are nearer the hearts of the people, especially of our mothers and daughters, than our politicians; and while we are losing something of the old pulpit tone of dictation, we are receiving the advantage of a larger ecclesiastical policy, and a freer congregational co-operation. The ritual churches are directly controlling the social habits of their people, and, in fact, doing not a little to incorporate their great fast days and feast days, and certain portions of their social customs, into general usage; and their Christmas and Lent seasons tell upon popular amusements, and even upon dress and business. The more Puritanical sects are aiming to do their part to offset the alleged austerity of their ways by encouraging more genial life among the young; and a somewhat new, and by no means unattractive, form of sociality has thus sprung up in the rural festivals, charitable circles, and parish parties, under the auspices of their clergy. The sects claiming the name of being especially liberal have not been willing to be distanced in social enterprise, and have been earnest in enlisting flowers, music, and all the beautiful arts, in the work of giving genial life to Christian fellowship. In these various ways much good has been done, and religion, in America, has taken a strong foothold in the social affections and manners of the people. Its work will be well done when it fixes and popularizes a higher style of Christian humanity, and gives us more specimens of faith without bigotry, and charity without cant; more exemplars of that religion which finds the true manliness in the true godliness. So we shall have a new school of gentlemen, after the pattern of the old Beatitude, "Blessed are the meek;" or as Wiclif translates it, "Blessed be mild men, for they shall inherit the earth." The mild men are thus the strong men, and must rule in God's name. Such gentlemen are the highest style of men, and princes and kings go up, and not down, into their fellowship. America has always had some such nobles, of both sexes, to send to the high court of humanity; and we are ready to believe that if that court were to be opened now, any where on earth, we might be entitled to our full representation, even if the gentle blood of Europe were to furnish the umpires, to give all of their peers and peeresses, from whatever land, due place.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN the late spring and early summer the time of the talking of politicians came, and the voice of conventions was heard in the land. But the Academy doors opened quietly upon the loud tumult, and the tranquil pictures hung like palms of peace upon the walls in the Tenth Street rooms. But it seems to matter little how harmonious and peaceful a profession may be: it will still afford occasion for trouble and quarrel. How furiously the musicians differ! How the painters wrangle! How the authors sneer! Was not the great artist Masaccio supposed to have been poisoned out of the way? And what painter was it who stabbed his fellow? Then what lover of Beethoven but feels called upon to pity Rossini and smile loftily upon the Italian school? In Walpole's Letters and Beckford's Journals what stories of bitter feuds among the singers! But why go beyond our own sons and daughters of harmony? why, if we are seeking for birds that hiss and scratch, forget our nest of nightingales in Irving Place?

An Easy Chair, from whatever part of the country he may be, which enters that very inconvenient and shapeless building in which the new pictures are annually hung, upon the principle, doubtless, that the rougher the shell the sweeter the nut—an Easy Chair which wishes to yield to the magic wand of art and dream under Italian skies, or follow the course of Swiss mountain brooks, to stand upon our own silver-gray, level, melancholy coast, look upon our hills and woods or float along our rivers, is rudely surprised by the sudden invasion of the repose of the gallery by loud and angry voices and a violent movement toward one of the pictures. Have the manners of Congress and of conventions, the Easy Chair ruefully asks itself, penetrated these abodes of silence and golden tranquillity?

For it is notorious that Mr. Elliott, one of the best and the most famed of our portrait-painters, displeased with the position assigned one of his works by the Hanging Committee, did (with loud alarums, enter an artist) indignantly cut the picture from its frame, sharply denouncing the luckless wights who had hung it where it was instead of some other spot. Of course a round volley of small shot of notes was immediately fired off in the papers. The combat, in a very limited space, became general, "What ho! N. A.'s to the rescue!" was the cry that brought the indignant friends of the due order of exhibitions to their pens, while "Elliott and the line, the line, and nothing but the line!" was the answering shout that sharpened many an opposing point of steel.

To such an encounter there can be but one issue—the protesting artist will withdraw and exhibit at the Academy no more. For the hanging and general disposition of pictures for the Exhibition are confided to a committee. It is tacitly understood that all exhibitors will abide by their decision. If they have reason to suppose it will be unfair, the painters can retain their works; but if, after having accepted the condition, every painter who felt himself aggrieved should cut his work away, how much exhibition would remain? For of one thing we may be sure: that only those who are hung upon the line are satisfied; all the rest would like to have the hanging of the Hanging Committee. If, however, any artist is so sorely displeased that he chooses to emphasize his opinion of what he considers unfair treatment, as Mr. Elliott did, he has the same right to do it that our old friend Solomon Gunnybags had to walk out of church when he did not like the sermon. Perhaps you may not have heard the story; so while we stand gossiping here in the long hall of the Academy, just at the head of the stairs, in front of Barry's portrait of Whittier and Hanley's head of Longfellow, the Easy Chair will tell it to you, as it is fortunately very short.

Our highly prosperous friend, Solomon Gunnybags, Esquire, is a parishioner of the Reverend Doctor Balmley, who preaches in one of the most Gothic cathedrals of the ten-by-fifteen kind that you ever saw. Occasionally the good Doctor feels it to be his duty to vary his condemnation of the wickedness of Lot's wife in looking behind her and his entire approbation of the pillar of salt which ensued, to turn a glance at sin and sinners in New York, with their possible prospective consequences. That, of course, is very dangerous ground. For who of us wants to have the sermon alight in his own pew? It is much more comfortable to toss it into neighbor Smith's. Who had not rather hear about another man's theft than his own lie? 'Tis human nature, and it is not surprising that Solomon Gunnybags was much more disturbed in his nap when Doctor Balmley told a little truth about the city of New York than when he drew upon his imagination to describe Jericho or Gomorrah.

It happened one Sunday morning that the Doctor preached his since famous sermon, founded upon the text of the camel going through the eye of a needle. It is a text which can hardly be too much or too often improved in a great commercial town. The Doctor justly and naturally said a good deal about merchant princes, and of the extension of Christianity by commerce, and of those who were called to the great responsibility of being almoners of God's bounty among their fellow-men. But the good Doctor is both honest and logical; and he did not forget to speak of the temptations which assail rich men, and which are the more difficult to withstand because they are so respectable and conventional. "If a dirty beggar comes to your door," said he, "it is easy enough to turn him away, and shut the door in his face—although it is not a Christian proceeding. But when a well-dressed, refined, educated swindler confronts you in your parlor or your library, it is very much harder to be rid of him, because he looks neither like a beggar nor a knave. Now temptations come to rich men in respectable clothes and with a refined air. The most downright dishonesty is made by self-interest to appear to be only the necessity of trade; a lie becomes a mere conventional phrase 'which every body understands;' and so the very substance of moral character is eaten away by insidious wickedness, as the strongest stone crumbles in the breath of a speciously soft sea-air. This is the meaning of the phrase that money is the root of all evil. Do you call this a Christian city? Do you tell me that Christ is worshiped here? I tell you nay—rather Belial and Mammon. It is not by building fine churches—it is not by a scrupulous observance of ceremonies—it is not by crying Lord! Lord! that we come into the kingdom. Mammon is our God, and we will have none but he. At this moment, in this church, how many of us are really heeding eternal things? how many of us are not propitiating Mammon?"

At this point Mr. Gunnybags rose deliberately in his pew, in view of the whole congregation, set his face to an expression of virtuous indignation, took his cane, beckoned to his family, and marching at their head, with loud-squeaking shoes, passed down the broad aisle. Those shoes squeaked a protest,

which Mr. Gunnybags afterward put into words, by saying that he would not sit quietly and hear his fellow-citizens accused of worshiping Mammon. For his part, he thought the people he knew were about as good as other people; and if Doctor Balmley did not take great care of such personalities in his sermons he would soon be no better than a political parson.

Now Mr. Gunnybags had a perfect right to arise and leave the church. It was only a question of taste and ultimate results. He might have asked himself whether he were more likely to produce a change in the tenor of his pastor's preaching by such conduct, or whether he were not making it probable that the pastor would be hurt and indignant at such an interruption.

—However, here we are before this exquisite portrait by Staigg (271), and as the Easy Chair has another word to say, let us step into another paragraph and say it.

The word is this: that you can tell very little about a really fine picture, if its excellence be of a delicate nature, in such a mass of crude, glaring color as strikes and oppresses the eye in an Exhibition. For instance, what chance has a cool, silvery-hued picture against such an overwhelming blaze of bright pigment as Mignot's "Lamona" (552)? Here is "Strait's Pond" (559), by Gay. Nothing can surpass the delicate fidelity of this picture to the sad gray aspect of our northern sea-coast, but it is utterly overslaughed by the other. It hangs below the line, which puts it at still greater disadvantage; but the man who does not feel its fidelity has either never seen our northern coast, or he has never felt it. I do not mean to disparage Mignot's work. There is something sumptuous, luxuriant, and positive in all he does. He has an unquestionable poetic feeling; but it is merely the unfortunate conjunction of two such pictures of which we are now speaking, and that conjunction is inevitable in any great Exhibition.

Now there is a way of reducing this vast distracting mass of brightness upon the walls, and of pleasing every exhibitor as much as he can be pleased. That is by having but one line, and hanging all pictures upon it. Of course that plan would exclude a great many artists; but there might be a series of exhibitions. And even if it did exclude many, would the spectator or the interests of art suffer? There would still be the tyrannical contrast of neighboring works, it is true, but it would be sensibly ameliorated. And this would be gained, that the visitor would not be wearied and stupefied by looking at hundreds of pictures. Moreover, however indignant an artist might be with the superior brightness of a neighboring work, he would not, for that reason, care to cut his own from its frame. Every body would hang upon the line, and every body be happy.

It is merely a suggestion which the Easy Chair makes to you as we stand before this beautiful portrait by Staigg, and move gently through the other rooms. By no remote possibility could it ever be adopted, nor will the Easy Chair complain; for it is sure that both Mignot and Gay would be hung any where upon the line, and in any neighborhood, rather than that, by seriously limiting the number of pictures, the humblest fellow-artist of theirs should be excluded from the walls. And perhaps it is wiser that all should be admitted—that every work should make way against every disadvantage both of multitude, position, and paralyzing color. For only the poor ones will appear utterly poor; and upon them, however bad they are, never forget how much hope and life have been lavished.

There is an artist who annually exhibits, and at whose works the Easy Chair can never look without profound sympathy and sadness. They are so full of honest endeavor—and they are so hopelessly bad. Year after year they are hung upon the walls, but few visitors ever look at them, and those who do generally laugh or utter some flippant sarcasm. The papers never notice them: they are, in fact, never mentioned. When the doors are closed and the pictures are removed they disappear, not only from the walls but even from the memory of the very few who have remarked them at all. I can not help following them in fancy home to that lonely studio. I see them ranged by the side of the other works of many past years; and it seems to me like the opening of a family tomb to receive a new tenant. What lonely hours of harrowing doubt, of weary effort, of slow gathering despair that artist knows in his solitary studio! And yet he, too, when he felt the first impulse of ambition in his art, dreamed of Raphael and the Masters, and believed in his secret soul that he should paint pictures no less immortal than theirs. The dream is gone now, poor boy! and if he could be sure of a dinner by selling his pictures he would be happy.

Do you know that artist? What! is there more than one? Let the thought, then, be kept fresh in our heart as we look at the pictures, and we shall find that it somehow so softens the eye that even the poorest work is seen in the light of its promise and aim; and if our criticism upon it should not be sharply flippant enough to bring a smile into the face of a newspaper reader, it may be generous and sympathetic enough to bring a tear into the eye of the painter.

Suppose now we move on further, and talk a little about the pictures. And if the galleries are closed while we are speaking, we can still make ourselves intelligible even to a hearer who has never been in New York.

The stroller in the woods in early spring finds himself busily turning over the leaves of the great trees, the mighty memorials of past summers, to see if he can detect any where the delicate blush of the *Epigæa*, the trailing arbutus, dear not only to schoolboys and girls, but to poets and philosophers. It is almost our earliest flower upon the northern sea-coast, but no blossom of all the woods and of all the year is more exquisite and beautiful. Its scent is of a full penetrating sweetness, of a richness so honeyed that it is not unlike the cloying flavor of a pure tropical fruit; but it has through all the sweet a keen, vital, invigorating, and pungent quality, which is found only in the flavor of the fruits of the Northern zone. It hides under the wet leaves, that fold it and guard it as tenderly as the old wolf nursed the twins of Rome; and its hardy, woody stem, trailing and catching along the ground, shows the tough fibre by which it has clung to life through early snows and heavy wet concealment.

In like manner the visitor to the Academy, as he annually returns, passes with respect and gratitude by the well-known names—not as forgetting them, but only postponing his homage—looking, as it were, under their protecting shade to discern the signs of fresh genius, of new flowers of art, of spring blossoms of beauty. This has been especially pleasant

this year, when several of the most famous names of the studios are missing from the walls. Yet, despite their absence, the collection has been very satisfactory; and the very lack of three or four striking pictures, commanding from their size or manifest superiority of power, has brought into closer and more careful observation pictures and painters whose excellence might otherwise have been slighted.

Shall the Easy Chair say at once what picture of all pleased him most? "It's of no importance," Mr. Toots; but still he has the floor just now, and is saying what he thinks and likes and dislikes. Very well, that chief picture to him was Eastman Johnson's "Margaret." Johnson was rather the hero of the last year's Gallery, with his "Old Kentucky Home"—that characteristic, dilapidated, humorous, and pathetic yard scene with the negroes—a picture which had all the brogue, the sadness, and the grace of a plantation minor melody. No one could study that picture and not perceive the poetic insight of the painter. In execution it had the fine, sympathetic mastery of details, the absolute respect for every point of the series of points that makes up the effect of the whole, which is the excellence of Teniers, and in which the evidence of his artistic genius is to be found rather than in his subjects or mere manipulation.

This year Mr. Johnson has a similar work in his "Interior of the Kitchen at Mount Vernon." The same dilapidation—the peculiar dinginess of the walls derived from long years of smoke and stain—the individuality of broken plaster and brick—the ill-hung, rickety doors through whose cracks the full daylight streams—the hospitable chimney—the indescribable confusion, and gradual decay—and the unconscious mammy and bright-eyed ebony child in the midst of it all—compose a picture which, perceived by the sympathetic eye and touched by the cunning hand, becomes a poem as truly as Tam O'Shanter or a tavern song of Burns.

The "Margaret" is the Gretchen of Goethe's Faust. She sits at her wheel, and has just been singing the spinning song, perhaps:

> "Verse sweetens toil however sad the sound,
> The village maiden at her spinning sings,
> And as she turns the busy wheel around,
> Revolves the sad vicissitude of things."

But in this case the song is sadder than the singer. Her head is turned full toward the spectator as to a window. It is the purest, most loving, most sensitive, and exquisite beauty that you feel in it. What faith the eyes express and inspire! How you lose your breath to know that such faith can be betrayed, that such virginal innocence is not necessarily triumphant! The peculiar expression of the figure passing from the girl into the woman, with a kind of shrinking, appealing pathos in the gathering of the shoulders is quite indescribable, but it is there, and evident enough. There is a blithe palpitating fullness of youth and beauty in the whole figure that can only be symbolized by perfect blush roses half opened and tenderly moist with dew.

Through the window toward which she turns the sunlight streams past her upon the wall behind, surrounding her head with light, and upon the edge of the sunlight on the wall, explaining at once the attitude of the woman and what particular woman it is, you see the nodding cock's feather and half-profile of Mephistophiles. The discordant shadow is slight, doubtless imperceptible to many who merely glance at the picture, but it is the terrible point of the whole—that little spot of significant shade lying upon all that youth, simplicity, and innocent loveliness, as on the creamy cheek and beneath the clustering golden curls of the most beautiful woman the little, half-seen, hectic flush taints all the splendor with foreshadowed death. It is, perhaps, impossible to praise this little picture more highly than in saying that, if Goethe, with all his fastidious fine taste, had seen it, he would have been satisfied. For it is not a sentimental Margaret like Ary Scheffer's—lovely as that is—but the frank, open-hearted, deep-souled, and passionate woman which Goethe depicted.

The same delicacy of poetic insight which seizes the unconscious symbol and does not obtrude it, is apparent in the little picture of Johnson's called "Mating." A stalwart youth, returning from the field to the farm-house, lays his rake negligently upon the roof of the low shed while he talks with the buxom, but not coarse, girl who braces herself against the house, and with head half turned in bashful consciousness of his admiration, her own beauty, and her preference for him, amusingly affects to resist him with an indifference she can not command. But meanwhile the whole side of the upper part of the house roof is a pigeon-house, and innumerable pigeons standing upon ledges and shelves unite their bills and coo, until the whole scene is soft with downy plumage and murmurous with the delicate voice of doves. Upon the old tub by the pump also, and on the boughs of trees, and in the nearer distance, you hear the lovely music as you watch the scene, until you feel that all nature consents to love.

> "The fountains mingle with the river,
> And the rivers with the ocean;
> The winds of heaven mix for ever
> With a sweet emotion:
> Nothing in the world is single,
> All things, by a law divine,
> In one another's being mingle—
> Why not I with thine?
>
> "See the mountains kiss high heaven,
> And the waves clasp one another;
> No sister flower would be forgiven
> If it disdained its brother:
> And the sunlight clasps the earth,
> And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
> What are all these kissings worth
> If thou kiss not me?"

Such was the sweet moral that Shelley sang and that Johnson paints. His pictures imply an ease and opulence of imagination from which we may securely look for even richer results. Deluded by names and distance, it is hard to believe that an artist comparatively little known two or three years ago has suddenly and quietly hung upon the accustomed walls of the Academy his credentials to a very high name and position in art. But that he has done: and his pictures this year, small in size as they are, illustrate the forward movement of our æsthetic cultivation. For fine pictures are not painted by the individual only: but all individual genius shares the spirit of its time and the circumstances that surround it, and therefore illustrate not only a personal power, but the æsthetic condition of the society in which they are produced.

The same kind of poetic quality which Eastman Johnson reveals in creation Allan Gay shows in the perception of nature. His is a new name upon our New York catalogue—a picture of his in last year's collection being the first, I believe, that he has publicly exhibited here. He has several pictures—landscapes—none of them very large, but all of a singularly uniform excellence. They are so very quiet in tone that they have probably been passed over by

the casual observer, but the artists have recognized a new, strong hand, and the eyes peculiarly sensitive to the most faithful rendering of a most characteristic aspect of our scenery have surely not failed to linger in delight over these songs by the sea.

Gay's contributions this year are chiefly coast-scenes upon Massachusetts Bay. But they are not beaches only and the sea-line. They are rather the broad salt-meadows, leveling away to the horizon, through which wind creeks, with low perpendicular banks of thick coarse sod; meadows upon which a sharp, dry, glistening grass grows erect and stiff, among which lie no stones or sticks, and through which, therefore, in the early summer mornings, when the world glitters with dew, the cheerful mowers swing and sweep with singing scythe, finding no better mowing in any field of timothy or clover; meadows over which the twilight gathers a vast, melancholy shade, whose solitude and silence are broken only by the whirring beat of the plover as he calls at the edge of night, making the solitary reaches more mysterious: meadows that are broad, and bare, and sad, which the sea drowns and the sun parches, upon which no kindly tree springs for defense, but which, like the fens and wolds of England, have a peculiar and pathetic charm.

The cool, crisp, tender, silver-gray complexion of the coast, with its modest and not startling effects, its melancholy, monotonous sand-mounds, its tufted knolls, its deep-eyed tranquil pools looking up to heaven and full of its peace and purity, with curving reaches of beach and shore, and lichened rocks deep imbedded in the earth, not like shells and masks laid upon the surface of the ground; and the luminous, shifting-hued swell of waves and crested, sparkling fall of low surf, with the distant white sails of ships, the gleaming of the wave that brings all the glories of the East and the tropics in fruits and spices to these cold gray shores; all these, and all the innumerable things unnamed that belong to that New England coast scenery as large-leaved aloes and the shimmering silver of olive groves belong to Italy, are not only seen and felt by this artist, but are so rendered by him that you and I, and all who might never have known them, feel and see them too.

Those who are very familiar with Tennyson's poetry will have observed how great, open, solitary plains impress his imagination, and how dexterously he reproduces them in some of his most striking verses. It is the poetry of solitude, of space, unrelieved by the forms which are poetically associated; without ruins or monuments of any kind, or gorgeous foliage, or historic prestige, or variety of animated life. That is precisely the charm of the unfenced, unhedged salt-meadows, near which Gay was born, which have, consciously or unconsciously, become part of his life, and which he has, therefore, now that he has returned to them, reproduced with such affectionate fidelity.

Of course he is not a painter of salt-meadows only; but this year he is to be measured by his pictures of them, because they have lately engaged and interested him. The calm, penetrating eye, the conscientious study, the sweet, rich, grave sense of color, the patient industry, and the masterly handling revealed by the works he now exhibits would not fail of their effect in the treatment of other scenes and effects of nature, while the pervading imagination and poetic grace would secure that character in the pictures, without which they are not properly pictures. Indeed this result has been sufficiently established by Mr. Gay already in the minds of those who have been somewhat familiar with his studies and progress. A pupil of Troyon's in Paris, and a most faithful student of the French excellence and method in landscape, his earlier works were as true to the different aspects of nature they depicted as these of this year's Exhibition are to the gray Cohasset shore. Since his return from Europe he has lived in retirement near Boston, where his name is chief among the landscapists, and his pictures have disappeared into private collections so rapidly that they have had no fair chance of enhancing his general public reputation. It is very likely that hundreds of visitors have passed them by in Tenth Street with only a casual glance or remark; and this by reason of one of their chief charms, that they are in no sense "sensation" pictures, in the technical meaning of that word.

It is in works like Gay's and Johnson's, and Staigg's and Stone's portraits of this year, that the attentive observer studies the condition of our art. Some of the more familiar names are absent, but that a collection of the year's pictures should be so admirable, with nothing of Kensett's or Church's among the landscapists, or of Hicks and Gray, of the portrait painters, is a significant sign. If you remember the old, old days in Clinton Hall at the head of Beekman Street, or the old days in the Appleton Building, or the more modern shows opposite Bond Street, the life and vigor and general reality of art in America are made very conspicuous by this Exhibition.

Among the works by artists whose names are long and honorably known, a half-length portrait of a lady (448) by Huntington is one of the most interesting. As a friend truly said to the Easy Chair as we stood before it, "That is a portrait to make grandchildren quarrel." For it is precisely the kind of painting which makes the mere fact of ancestry poetic. What man or woman would not delight to look upon so fair a face and form, and feel that he was of that lineage. Hanging in an ancestral gallery of some old castle, the picture would not be passed by, but would gradually creep into the guide-books as one of the treasures of the house. Attitude, expression, costume, and accessories are all most pleasing and harmonious.

So with Mr. Stone (649). Here is a head purely poetic, and treated with a sympathetic tenderness which has secured to the latest generation of descendants the knowledge of the soft grace of loveliness from which they sprang. The faint lights and flashes which glimmer through the whole hold the musing spectator until he hears songs in his mind, and sees other pictures than those around him.

If there could only be fewer pictures the enjoyment of a morning in the Academy would be infinitely greater. But the distraction and confusion of a mass of incongruous colors and subjects are overwhelming. The visitor goes home with his impressions sadly muddled—but gradually they settle; the dross sinks out of remembrance, and only the clear conviction of excellence remains.

Will the painters allow the Easy Chair a word before we leave the Academy?

Why is it that so many clever artists decline the offer of having their pictures engraved upon wood, and published in illustrated papers that circulate by tens of thousands, and consequently carry the names of painters and a general idea of their works into every corner of the land? You know how constantly this is done in other countries—how the London

Art Journal has engraved whole galleries—and how all the famous collections in the world are more or less reproduced in outline even, or with a merely sketchy effect. The Easy Chair, for instance, is the lucky possessor of Zanotto's "Pictures in the Academy at Venice." They are not very well done; they are not colored at all; the collection, though large and rare, was not costly; but it is easy and delightful to study them; to meditate the composition, and become perfectly familiar with the details of great pictures.

There seems to be some feeling of apprehension among our artists that the wood-cut representation will do their pictures great injustice. But it does not pretend to copy the work; and, while the text speaks of it, the drawing presents its outline and general effect. For example, again, there is Mr. Church's "Heart of the Andes." No wood-cut, of course, could represent the color of that picture—no engraving of any kind could do it; but its general form and distribution would be made familiar every where in the country. Whoever could see the original would hasten all the more eagerly, and with eyes and mind prepared to enjoy and understand; while those who could not see the work itself would be able to follow every account of it, and to share the general intelligence. Thus the knowledge of the work, the curiosity to see it, and the fame of the painter, are all indefinitely multiplied. Is any body less curious and interested to see the Koh-i-noor diamond because the papers have engraved it, and even of the same size? Every body knows that the lustre of the picture, as of the stone, can not be engraved.

Indeed, so desirable is it for the reputation of the artist that his picture should have the mere prestige of engraving—to say nothing more—that he ought certainly to be willing to take a share of the trouble by preparing it for the cutter himself, or at least superintending its preparation. By so doing the Exhibition of the Academy would become an event not only for the city but for the whole land. Upon the opening of the London galleries every spring—the Royal Academy, the Water Color, and all the rest—all England is invited, and studies the best pictures in the pages of the illustrated papers. Of course a thousand delicacies of detail are lost; of course a picture which depends entirely for its effect upon some subtle treatment of color will not do well in plain black and white; but the court may be supposed to know something, the editor of such a journal may be fairly assumed to understand his business as well as the painter his.

There is no harm in saying this as we stroll out of the rooms, looking as we go at so many admirable pictures; so many more with admirable parts; and smiling a little, perhaps, to see how every foreign painter of mark, whatever his specialty, whenever he is once introduced to us, immediately reappears in pictures of a similar style. Couturier, Frere, and others, have made their mark among us.

A Constant Reader sends to the Chair, from San Francisco, an extract from a paper respecting an article upon "Charles Lamb's Notes to Thomas Allsop," in the December number of this Magazine. In that article there was a quotation from Moore's Diary, in which he speaks of Lamb, and mentions one of his witticisms: "On Robinson's receiving his first brief he called upon Lamb to tell him of it. 'I suppose,' said Lamb, 'you addressed that line of Milton to it,

"Thou first, best cause, least understood?"

The critic in the paper believes that Milton never wrote such a line, and that what Lamb quoted was the beginning of the second stanza in Pope's Universal Prayer:

'Thou first great cause, least understood.'"

Undoubtedly it was; and undoubtedly Lamb, intent upon the joke, merely gave his impression as to the author. Moore, in the same spirit, entered it in his Diary. Lord John Russell edited it, and the author of the article in question quoted it—all, after Lamb, evidently assuming that he had named the right poet, and none of them so familiar with the origin of the line as to correct the error instinctively. It is, however, under the circumstances, rather hard to make them all suffer as principals in a case of misquotation.

If Kate Carol will send the MSS. of which she speaks they will be candidly considered. The Easy Chair individually thanks her for her very kind words.

M. H. O. "Spinning Street Yarn" has been handed to the Drawer.

Kali asks the Easy Chair if it thinks he is in danger of becoming a poet? Certainly not, from any thing that appears.

Idyl de Vere. The Easy Chair can not advise you to continue writing, although he sympathizes fully with the pious and generous impulse that actuates you.

But what a wag is here:

"Columbus, Georgia.

"Friend Easy Chair,—Seeing in your March number, as an epitaph (motto, may I not call it?), a sentence of great beauty said to be inscribed on a grave-stone in a cemetery at Chicago, induces me to state what I saw in a grave-yard at Opalachicola, Florida.

"Painted on a tomb-board there, there is represented the inner part of the shell of an oyster, the two pieces separated, denoting a double emblem—the soul parted from the body; the spirit fled, the body remains. The unhinged shell also indicates a dissolution. Learning that an oysterman was buried there, the emblem was appropriate.

"The *oyster* gone, the *shell* left; odd in its conceit, yet tending to the beautiful I deemed it, and so relate.

"Yours, Fay."

The Easy Chair has talked nothing but pictures this month, and it gives the last word to a friend who has seen Colonel T. B. Thorpe's "Niagara." "The painting," he says, "has justly created an excitement in the art-world, calling forth from the press a unanimous indorsement regarding its merits such as we have never before witnessed. The primary object of the artist, to produce a literal view of the Falls, has been entirely successful; and for the first time we have this great natural spectacle of our continent, and an acknowledged wonder of the world, in all its varied details, produced in glowing colors upon the canvas. The picture has been termed—and not without a seeming appropriateness—'A History of Niagara,' and 'An Encyclopædia of the Falls,' expressions suggested by its marvelous details. Our space will not permit a critical analysis. With unimportant exceptions, however, it is masterly in drawing and color; the atmospheric effects, the rising column of mist, and the transparency and action of the falling water, are all wonderfully

rendered—in some respects have never been surpassed. Brought before the public in the form of an engraving it must have a wide-spread popularity, and prove a source of profit both to publishers and the accomplished artist."

Our Foreign Bureau.

IF we go to Bologna in the month of May—May of this good year 1860—it is not to see the spring bursting into flowers, purple heathers, and delicate blue campaniles all down the northern slope of the Apennines; it is not to loiter under the arcades of the University buildings, reading inscriptions on the walls that remind of rare men and rare times which are buried in mouldering parchments; it is not even to stroll in the great gallery where Guido is so great, and the Caracci contend for honors, and Dominichino's sweet faces shine on you: but it is to see the incoming of a King whom at length the people love and welcome. Victor Emanuel has paid his visit to the Bolognese. The Austrian soldiery we saw there in times past are gone out. LIBERTAS is written again over the doors of the houses. Always the foremost among the dependents upon Papal favor, and always most riotously insistant upon its old republican inheritance of freedom, it has most boldly of all the Roman towns shaken away the bonds of priest-rule and declared for the new Italian King.

There have been great sovereigns in Bologna before, of whom Charles V. was one, and was crowned there. Once upon a time, too, a certain Sardinian King, Hensius by name, was prisoner in Bologna for twenty-two years. But the Sardinian King of our day comes in triumph. All along the Apennines, over which he passes on the way from Florence, the villagers come crowding. The winter's snow upon the heights is not fairly melted, but the torrents are swollen, and roar under the bridges; yet the new subjects of the King bring spring flowers to fling before him for greeting. The proud municipality goes out to meet him; the amphitheatre before the gate of San Stefano is a parterre of the fairest ladies of the old republican city.

The King is on horseback, and leads a brilliant cortége. The arcaded streets, which seemed so dismal when the joint blight of Austria and Rome lay on them, have grown cheerful with joyous voices and flowers. There are flowers upon the overhanging balconies, and flowers in garlands across the doors, and flowers in chains from roof to roof. Every window full of faces, and flowers, and voices. And the happy Victor Emanuel goes on to the Church of San Petronius, where the priests wait his coming with holy-water and incense upon the same pavement where Charles V. received the Imperial crown, and where Leo the Tenth and Francis the First signed their *concordat* of 1515, since which times Despotism and Freedom have chased each other over the slanted towers of the town, like cloud and sunshine over swaying woods: and now liberty revives, and calls for the plaudits of the world, not in the old form of republicanism, but in cordial acceptation of a constitutional King. The Italian idea of republic comes from an age when republic did not mean liberty. The great Middle-Age republics, which flung their banners out with Bentivoglio and Medici written on them, are pretty things enough to poetize about; but they were not the sort of republic which counted a weaver's shuttle as good as a sword, or a rich man rich except he had iron bars to his windows.

There is no better token that the Italians are in earnest just now than their cordial acceptation and welcome of a monarch who, without flattering any special pride of city or reviving dreamy reminiscences of republican splendor and power, has dared to strike a blow at a tyrannous master and to rally a great people, by his drum-beat, to the assertion of their nationality.

God speed him and them! They tell us that Cavour, the master diplomatist of Italy, is a poor friend of Garibaldi, who has just now risked himself upon the chance of making Sicily free. It is unfortunate, perhaps—but what then? Acid can not touch alkali but there is effervescence. Garibaldi, with his wild, bold blood, can not brook the delay of court intrigue; and Cavour, with his scholarly moderation and quietude, is shocked by the trenchant unrest of the General.

So Cavour has winked at Garibaldi's expedition to Sicily—fitted in a Sardinian port, and sailing with the privity of the Sardinian officers.

And why has Garibaldi sailed for Sicily with his two thousand men and muskets? Have the British prize-fight and the Presidential nominations engrossed Americans to that degree that they have no ear for the plaint of this island people making a bold, almost mad stroke for liberty? As we write the blaze of insurrection in Sicily is higher than the blaze of Etna. The news of it does not indeed come through legitimate channels. The *Journal des Deux-Siciles* tells us that all is quiet; that perfect tranquillity reigns; that the interior trade of the island and the foreign have all their usual noiselessness and order; that there is no occasion for anxiety, etc.

But a rumor that floats on swifter wings than the slow official journal of Naples assures us that all is not quiet; that the inhabitants of the interior are all in arms; that the hirelings of the new King are guilty of every sort of atrocity; and that, by God's help, the suffering people will endure no longer. Yet unless Garibaldi succeed, almost past hope, they must endure. It is the old Sicilian story of an excited and suffering populace, with whom arms are rare, against an infuriated army which has been promised booty, and which is pretty sure to cut its way toward a fulfillment of the promise.

There is a contrast between this heroism of Garibaldi and that of Sayers, which just now all England talked about; but Sayers would collect more guineas for his venture.

Naples has an effective little fleet of steamers, and we fear lest they may succeed in preventing the landing of Garibaldi.

But while we look hopefully for the result, it is a source of mortification that another accomplished General (Lamoricière), who was at one time identified with the Republican cause in France, is now rallying the Papist troops, increased by Austrian and Irish recruits, for a descent upon the Romagna. The troubles of Naples will, without doubt, forbid the addition of any Neapolitan auxiliaries at present; and it is greatly to be hoped that in the mean time the Pope will become too sensible of his weakness to make an effort for the recovery of his provinces.

It is not a little singular that Lamoricière, once a St. Simonian, and a Free Thinker, and a Secretary of War under Cavaignac, and an exile by reason of his Republican opinions, should now represent and defend the most odious despotism of Europe.

We linger upon these concerns of Italy: and why not? What more curious, wonderful, and hopeful

spectacle than the changes that have passed, this twelvemonth gone, and are passing now, over the fortunes of the peninsula! Villafranca seemed to settle it: but Villafranca is forgotten. Zurich and its conferences seemed to offer stand-point for history: but Zurich is passed out of mind utterly. The little monarchs and the little nations are gone. Only three sovereigns—of Sardinia, Rome, and Naples—claim the country (if we except the vulture hold of Austria upon Venetia). The march is steadily toward Union. The destiny of Italy is in its own hands. Every day the chance that mercenary troops can re-establish an authority (under whatsoever name) which Italians do not love is lessening. The tactics of Lamoricière and Antonelli are not so strong as the growth of hope and of conscious power in the people.

And amidst all this—broken treaties and insurrectionary towns—imported armies and flowery welcomes of Emanuel—the study and the love of art gains and grows, as flowers lift their heads beside the roads where artillery wagons rumble by: a world within a world; the little conflicts about color and reputations beginning, and thriving, and dying—as much when Lamoricière is drawing Irish Papists to his ranks as when the Transteveri shouted blessings on Pope Pio Nono. Never so fairly do the rainbow colors glitter as on days when a great storm is passing. And the artists work, and the canvas glows, and the tourists read the marbles. Mr. Page, who made the Venus which the Western world knows as an effective imprint, with color of an old, shadowy, and classic reminiscence, has sent a new proof of his power to the London gallery, in the shape of Moses on the Mount, "miraculously arresting the course of time by the suspension of his arms" (whatever that means)—"a duty which is deputed to Aaron and his youthful coadjutor; while the Israelites are seen in mortal strife in the valley behind, where it is doubtful that they should be seen at all."

We are not responsible for the critical opinion involved, but take the mention from a Roman letter-writer, who goes on thus:

"Mr. Page claims to be the founder of a new school; and if not the inventor of his mode of painting, at least the discoverer of the means adopted by Titian, his school, and time. His painting—whether the sole method, or one of many—whether original or not—whether superior to others or not—is certainly capable of effect. As far as I understand, it consists chiefly in first laying on the entire canvas, already prepared in white, a dark-gray universal glazing, which forms the foundation of his shadows and modeling. The picture is then completed by a series of transparent glazings, which are applied separately, no two colors being ever mixed. When the picture is thus brought to its first stage, it is then carefully and liberally covered all over with a rich layer of cold boiled oil. Such, it is held, was the method old Titian employed; and this it is that enables the artist that adopts it to display masses of glowing light, and that glassy transparent richness so admirable in the Venetian school. Mr. Page appealed last year to the Parisian public, but his Venus was refused on prudish grounds—which might not have been expected in the atmosphere of Paris! He afterward traveled through the length and breadth of the United States, exhibiting his picture, and, strange to say, the Americans were less tight-laced than the Parisian public."

Americans are reported as chiefest among the purchasers of modern art in Italy just now. We see strange stories of the luxuriousness of the homes they furnish, and the paintings they decorate them with; we hear of them as the most royal among paymasters; we hear of them as measuring art excellence by the price demanded; but we wish well even to a blind extravagance that is diverted from upholstery.

And while we talk of art incidentally, let us note the amazing increase of value which, within a few years past, has been accredited to a thousand trifles in porcelain, in *bijouterie*, in bronze, which date back only a century or two. The virtuoso is fast becoming a man of fortune. A bit of pottery which, at the Hôtel Druot, only ten years since, would have lagged of sale at a bid of a few francs, will now command its hundreds or its thousands. As an instance in point we may mention the collection of M. Sauvageot, lately deceased.

Sauvageot was Balzac's type of the Cousin Pons.

Let the curious turn to Balzac, and revive their memory of Cousin Pons, and then weigh our mention of the death of Sauvageot. For sixty years, a simple violoncello player for one of the Paris theatres upon only most moderate weekly stipend, he yet, by dint of his love and zeal and determination, succeeded in gathering together a collection of curiosities—pictures, old porcelain, rare bits of carving, bronzes, medallions, etc., etc.—which have been valued by a sworn appraiser at the sum of 600,000 francs, or something like $120,000. To be sure, they had never cost him a tithe of this sum: the most valued portions, indeed, he had brought together at a time when such articles of *virtu* bore little value; but within ten years old porcelain has appreciated strangely; for a few years past it has been deposited in a hall of the Louvre, but open only to private exhibition. Now that the old man is dead, every body may see the wonders he gathered out of a salary of $300 a year.

The matter is an encouragement to those who have taste and discernment without overflow of means. The wine-tasters have their price, and a large one; why not the art-tasters?

Every body has heard of Mr. Mechi, the eminent farmer of Tiptree Hall in England, an eminent shopman on the Strand, London, before he diverted his wealth to the recovery of waste land. For a long time his example has been conjured at all the agricultural festivals as proving the expediency, and profit, and economy, and large and judicious expenditure in the way of farming.

But lo! now a perverse Mr. Bond, himself interested in rural matters, challenges Mr. Mechi to an exhibition of his books. He engages to give one hundred pounds to the Agricultural Benevolent College Fund if it shall appear, upon due examination of the accounts of Mr. Mechi from the time of his land purchase by two competent persons, that the eminent agriculturist has ever made one penny by his extraordinary expenditure.

Mr. Mechi writes to the *Times* that he has long since ceased to hope to convince people against their will, and that he can afford to pass by without anger the petty nibblings of fractional or prejudiced objectors. But he does not show his books.

If the experiments do not pay Mr. Mechi, they pay British agriculture.

From agriculture to geology the change is easy; and we make it for the sake of bringing to notice a

remarkable series of "Geological Representations" which are just now on exhibition in Paris (Salle Barthélemy), and which can hardly fail to inaugurate a new epoch in popularizing a knowledge of the great geological changes. What physical geography has done to make actual and vivid a knowledge of the earth's surface, this new scheme of "dissolving views" must do toward extending an acquaintance with the great truths of geological science. We actually see, most clearly and truthfully represented, the globe in its elementary gaseous state, slowly assuming a more substantial form, one crust being gradually laid upon another, until a terrific convulsion, caused by a force proceeding from the centre, breaks them up, shaping the fragments into hills and mountains. The action of the waters, kept in a boiling state by the central heat of the globe, and thereby shrouding the earth in a thick mist of steam; the formation of the coal deposits and subsequent strata are all faithfully depicted, together with the primeval forests and singular vegetation of the earlier periods, and not less singular fauna of the later ones, until the spectator is gradually brought to the time when man first appeared on the earth. While the eye is thus made practically acquainted with the transformations of our planet, the exhibitor explains, in a clear and lucid manner, the whole progress of geological events as they appear. This is a step in the right direction for the diffusion of knowledge, and which might advantageously be applied to other branches of science.

It seems a harsh change from geology to Baron Bruck of Austria, who has latterly committed suicide. But the death of Baron Bruck is a token of the decay of the great power of Hapsburg—of the vast moral change that is overtaking an empire. An iguanodon the less.

And yet the Baron Bruck was not by birth-right a representative of that lumbering mass of privilege which weighs on Hungary and Austria and Bohemia with only brute immensity. For a wonder the late minister of the Emperor Francis had humble beginnings. His father was a bookbinder's apprentice in Paris, and his name was Miol. He had several children, and on the 13th of February, 1820, when the Duke of Berry was assassinated on his way to the Opera, he became implicated in this crime to such an extent that he fled with his family, and settled down near Eberfeld (Germany), where he was supported by his brother Freemasons. He bought there a little property (Bruckhof), and changed the name "Miol" into Bruck. In the passport with which his son, the late Baron Bruck, arrived in Trieste he appeared "Miol, named Bruck." The Prussian embassador (unfortunately for Austria) dissuaded him from going as a volunteer to the Greek wars of independence. The Consul of Trieste introduced the late Minister to the house of Reyer, where he began his mercantile life with a salary of £20 a year. Shortly afterward he made the acquaintance of the great merchant Brucker, of the same town, and succeeded in insinuating himself into the favor of his family.

He afterward married the daughter of a rich merchant of Trieste, became eminent for his commercial sagacity, was President of the great company of the Austrian Lloyds; was needed by the Imperial Government; enjoyed his brief hour of imperial favor—bringing the sagacity of a merchant to aid the failing resources of the Government—all the world knows how he failed and fell.

Sir Joseph Paxton, one time head-gardener to the late Duke of Devonshire, and a man of taste and cultivation, who has edited ably various botanical works, and who was the contriver of the famous Crystal Palace of the World's Exhibition, has latterly appeared in a new character; and in one which does not add to his reputation for delicacy or refinement of feeling.

It appears that he had a niece, to whom he stood in relation of guardian; and in her name he has latterly appeared as prosecutor of a certain Rev. Mr. Robinson in a case of breach of promise. The clerical gentleman was a man of excellent reputation, who had reason to hope preferment through the influence of Sir Joseph; but who, failing of this, and in view of his small means, thought it prudent to forego his marriage engagement with Miss Paxton, niece of Sir Joseph.

The plaintiff was of opinion that the defendant should pay in person (that is, by jail confinement) if not in purse; which gave rather a saucy look to the character of the amiable Miss Paxton.

Mr. Metcalfe, counsel for defendant, asked Sir Joseph Paxton a few questions in cross-examination, and in his address to the jury said the defendant wished it to be distinctly stated that he had broken his promise to the plaintiff, not from any change of feeling toward her, not because other prospects had opened upon him, not because there was the slightest ground of imputation or reflection upon the plaintiff, who was not only respectable and well connected, but an educated and accomplished young lady, but because, situated as he was—a widower with two children, a sister to support, and the position and dignity he had to maintain as a chaplain in the army, his whole means being his pay of £300 a year—he had on consideration arrived at the calm conclusion that it would not be a prudent step for him to take. He had been grievously disappointed in his hope of preferment, and his promise was almost conditional on his obtaining advancement before the 1st of November; after then he considered the plaintiff free from her engagement to him, as he really was not in a position to marry her with that hope of mutual happiness which it was his desire should be the result of their union. It was a case for damages, but surely not vindictive damages, such as was suggested. The defendant must pay in person in jail if he could not pay out of his purse. The defendant admitted his promise; he admitted the breach of it; and he had only to say, in extenuation, that, having formed a sincere attachment for the plaintiff, he had, on mature reflection, considered it his duty to her and to himself, without casting the least aspersion upon her fair fame and character, but with due regard to his own circumstances, to break off the engagement as the best course he could take.

The Under-Sheriff having summed up,

The jury, after a few minutes' consideration, assessed the damages at £300.

Whereupon the *Examiner* says, very justly as we think: "A clergyman, having an income of about £300, forms an engagement. He does so with the expectation that his affianced's friends can obtain for him preferment. In this he is disappointed, and further, he is involved in debt. Is he to drag his wife, and probably a family, into poverty? He thinks not, and breaks off the engagement, but distinctly alleging as his reason his circumstances, and breathing not a word against the lady. If this was cruel, it certainly was cruel to be kind. An action is however brought, with damages laid at £3000.

The plaintiff's counsel holds the hard argument, that if the defendant can not pay in purse he must in person; the Judge finds the sanction of Lord Ellenborough and Lord Tenterden for that revolting proposition, which sounds strange in these days of improved humanity in law, and the jury award £300 damages. Miss Paxton has £300 for a breach of promise delivering her from a life of poverty and trouble; and the Rev. H. Robinson, already in difficulties, has to pay the penalty of £300 for not having committed an imprudence which might not only have committed his wife and himself, but a family of children, to the pains and shame of poverty. But we shall be told a man should know what he is about before he makes an engagement; but better late than never, and whenever he finds out that what he is about is a step toward ruin, it is surely time to retract, not so much in consideration of what is due to himself as to the woman who would suffer most by his persistence in imprudence."

From a rather far-off stand-point, it is true, we are of opinion that the nieces of Sir Joseph Paxton will not be eagerly sought after, or the glass architect add any great laurels to his fame, by this action.

The prize-fight and its exciting commentaries is not so far gone by but that our readers may relish a little record of an old prize-fight, dating some three centuries before Christ, in which the pugilists were Pollux and Amycus. The "mill" is described in the 22d Idyll of Theocritus, and is worth contrasting with Mr. Punch's story of Sayerius and Heenanus.

The Idyll in question describes the arrival of the Argonauts in Jason's ship at the shores of the Bebrycians, and their landing. Castor and Pollux, going in quest of water, meet the gigantic Amycus, and a quarrel ensues. We quote Bank's (not the Governor's) literal translation of Theocritus:

"And here a man of overwhelming size would sit and take the air, terrible to look upon, having his ears bruised with hard thumps, and his huge chest and broad back were arched and rounded with iron flesh like a forged colossus. And on his strong arms the muscles stood out at the surface of the shoulder, like round stones which the river torrent has polished by rolling in its vast eddies; but over his back and neck was hung a lion's skin, fastened on by the paws, and him the prize-man Pollux first bespoke:

"Pollux. 'Save you stranger, whoever you are; who are the mortals to whom this country belongs?'

"And they quickly gathered together to the shade of the plane-trees, at the blast of the trumpet, the always long-haired Bebrycians. In like manner, too, Castor, pre-eminent in fight, went and summoned from the Magnesian ship all the heroes. Now they, when in fact they had fortified their hands with coils of ox-hide, and had rolled great thongs around their arms, proceeded to engage in the midst, breathing slaughter one against the other. Hereupon a great struggle arose to them, as they were urgent which of the two should get the glare of the sun at his back. But by skill you overreached a great hero, O Pollux, and all the countenance of Amycus was being struck with rays. Then he, in sooth, enraged at heart, was advancing forward, taking aim with his hands; when the son of Tyndarus hit the tip of his chin as he came on, and he was roused more than before, and dealt his blows at random, and kept rushing on with great force, bending over the earth, and the Bebrycians began to shout; but on the other side the heroes were cheering on strong Pollux, though fearful lest haply, in a narrow spot, a man resembling Tityus should bear down and subdue him. But, in truth, the son of Jove, on his part, coming up with in one place and another, kept wounding him with both hands in turn, and was checking from his onslaught the son of Neptune, overbearing though he was; and he stood reeling with blows, and spat out gory blood, and then all the chiefs raised a shout together when they saw grievous wounds about his mouth and jaws, and his eyes were straitened for room on his swollen visage. Him, indeed, the Prince Pollux disturbed by making feints with his fists on every side; but when, at length, he perceived that he was distressed, he drove his fist above the middle of his nose right down his brow, and stripped off all his forehead to the bone. But he, having been stricken, measured his length on his back among the green grass. Hereupon a fierce fight arose again when he had righted himself, and they were hurting one another by blows with the hard cæstus. But the ruler of the Bebrycians, for his part, was directing his fists against the chest and outside the neck of his foe; while Pollux, the invincible, was disfiguring all the other's visage with unseemly blows, and his flesh (*i. e.*, that of Amycus) was sinking through sweat, and, from being huge, he had become on a sudden a little man; but the other, as he tasted toil, was bearing limbs ever stronger, and still improving in healthy color. Now, how at last the son of Jove overthrew the athlete, declare, thou goddess, for thou knowest, and I, the interpreter of others, will speak as much as thou desirest, and is agreeable to thyself. In truth, Amycus, on his part, being desirous to do some great deed, seized with his left hand the left hand of Pollux, bending slantwise with a lunge, and, with the other hand making his assault, raised his broad fist from his right side, and he would have hit and injured the King of the Amyclæans, but he, in turn, came up secretly from under with his head, and then, with his strong hand, struck him under the left temple and fell on his shoulder. Then the dark blood poured out rapidly from his gaping temple; and with his left hand he struck his mouth, and the thick-set teeth rattled; while he kept maiming his face with ever sharper blows, until he had smashed his cheeks; but then all on the ground he fell senseless, and lifted up both hands at once, as renouncing the victory, for he was nigh unto death. To him, then, thou wast victor, O boxer Pollux! thou didst nothing madly violent."

The last Shakspearian Festival at Stratford-on-Avon was celebrated with the usual dinner; and it happened that the chair was taken by the Rev. Julian C. Young, a rector, and a son of the somewhat distinguished tragedian of the same name.

The Rev. Chairman proposed as a toast, the "Immortal Memory of William Shakspeare," and remarked somewhat as follows:

"That there was much in the present condition of the drama which could not be justified in the eyes of religion was a melancholy truth. The mock representation of so solemn a thing as death, with all its awful details — the lax introduction of things unclean—the levity with which the sanctity of the marriage tie is often treated—are not only offenses to public decorum, but are evils which ought to be discountenanced. Much, no doubt, has been done by Mr. Macready and Mr. C. Kean. What remains to be done can only be effected by a strong expression of public opinion on the subject. But to con-

damn the drama as a legitimate amusement for the people because such pieces as 'Jack Sheppard,' and the 'Beggar's Opera,' or 'Traviata' are likely to poison the popular mind with bad principles, is erroneous. Although in all grades of the profession—as in every other—there have been, and are, exceptional characters, the notion that the habit of representing the loftier creations of the stage is necessarily noxious to personal morality, is at once refuted by the lives of Garrick, all the Kemble family, Charles Kean, Macready, Young, and others. I have heard some of the proudest members of the aristocracy declare that they have felt proud of the infusion of such new blood into their ranks as that supplied by Lady Craven, Lady Derby, Lady Thurlow, Lady Essex, and Lady Beecher. At all events, I hope I am indulging in no Utopian dream if I image to myself the dawn of a day when a deputy-chamberlain shall refuse his sanction to the production of any piece which shall militate against good morals—when the Sovereign, and the aristocracy, and the Commons shall encourage, by their special patronage, those who, resisting the temptations to which they may be exposed, present in their own persons instances of domestic purity and simplicity of life—when dramatic poets and authors shall be invited to write for the theatre by the certainty of liberal encouragement—and when the stage itself shall be so purged of its taints that it may be safely resorted to as an innocent and imposing recreation, not only by the idle and the pleasure-seeking, but by those who now keep almost from it—by the grave as well as the gay—the clergy as well as the laity."

And in further evidence of the growth of a certain liberalism (which may possibly border on license) in England, we excerpt this bit of doctrine from a late editorial of the *Saturday Review*, which is at once the most dogmatic, and prejudiced, and brilliant, and clever weekly journal of England.

The writer talks of sermons and preachers in this style:

"Assuming a man to think, as most religious men do think, that it is a general duty to go to church, as soon as the service is over he is entirely at the clergyman's mercy to undergo whatever amount of intellectual torture his tormentor may think fit to inflict. Whether the sermon be long or short, eloquent or execrable, he must sit it out. At quarter sessions, in vestry, in the House of Commons, at a scientific lecture, the victims of a misplaced oratorical ambition may cure their sufferings by getting up and walking out. But from the preacher there is no appeal. The victim must sit bolt upright on his wooden bench, with the square edge of a wooden bar under his shoulder-blades, while page after page is sleepily recited of that cento of Hebraized phraseology which is the literary staple of modern sermons. For under the system of protection the sermon-manufacture has flourished as most protected manufactures flourish. Workmen are employed who are unfit for their trades, the supply is capricious, and the quality is bad. It is more easy for a man to say his say in fifty minutes—as it is for many—than to compress it into thirty, and there is nothing to compel him to the unnecessary trouble. However much he may choose to spin out his congregation must wait till it is done. They have no means of saving themselves. It is not decent to scrape or cough, and, unless they can induce their noses to bleed, it would give mortal offense to go. This artificially-secured market, this certainty of an audience compelled to be submissive, has had a still more pernicious effect on the selection of the persons by whom sermons are produced. In England, as soon as a youth of twenty-three has passed the easy ordeal of a chaplain's examination in Bishop Pearson and the Greek Testament, he is at once a preacher. He forthwith undertakes to furnish, one hundred and four times every year, something like an octavo sheet of matter on a subject on which nothing new remains to be said, and which, therefore, can only be rescued from the monotony of mere repetition by a considerable gift of eloquence. The only remedy for careless and inferior production lies in the stimulus of free trade. Let the demand cease to be artificially upheld, and the quality of the supply will soon improve. Let the sermon be separated from the service, so that no one shall be obliged to hear it unless he wishes, and the number of bad sermons will speedily diminish. Careless preachers will improve themselves, that they may succeed in attracting an audience; and irreclaimable preachers will soon give up spouting to empty benches. If a preacher could only once be 'counted out,' the benefit to the whole diocese would be incalculable."

Editor's Drawer.

In these *heated terms* of weather and politics the Drawer maintains its cheerful equilibrium; no North, no South, disturbs its temper or controls its opinions; and so, in the most enviable of temperatures, it is a cool retreat into which the vexed and wearied may fly and be sure to find a genial welcome.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

Fair, shadowy hills, that from afar seem like a land of dreams,
As o'er your blue and misty forms the western sunlight streams;
Whose name comes o'er me with a thrill of awe and of delight,
Suggesting thoughts of haunted rill and spirit-girdled height;
In sight of your grand azure wall, that springs from off the plain,
My eyes first opened to this life of mingled joy and pain.

How oft, in childhood's happy hours, my loving eyes would rest
Upon your graceful forms that rise against the burning West;
And oft I fancied Fairy-land, if such a place there were,
Must lurk among the purple cliffs that hang so high in air.

Now childhood's years have passed away, and childhood's fancies too,
But still as full of love, fair hills, again you meet my view;
I stand upon your verdant sides, I cross your haunted streams,
No longer purple are your cliffs, nor blue your outline seems—
I gaze upon ye as ye *are*, not as in infant hours,
When peopled were your nooks with fays and with enchanted bowers.

And are ye now less lovely? No—as far beyond my thought
As is above a child's desire what God himself hath wrought;
Tears spring unbidden to my eyes while gazing on your might,
And when I hear the thunder roll and echo from your height,

Or on your cliffs I sit alone, at eventide, and gaze
Upon the landscape at my feet, mellowed by distance's haze,
Great thoughts come o'er me—ay, as great as to a mortal can—
I see that "Mountain high exceeding"—see the Son of Man,
And all the kingdoms of the earth beneath his feet they lie;'
I hear his calm and stern rebuke—I see the Tempter fly.

And when I think 'twas He, our God, our Sovereign Lord, that made
These fair and stately mountains, each rugged hill and glade,
I sleep by night without a fear high on their rocky nest,
For their Creator is our own, and guards our helpless rest;
I sleep, though round my humble head the midnight tempest wails,
And lightnings flash and thunders roll o'er wave and cliff and vale.

Farewell, old hills! beloved so well; yet must I haste away—
And ere I climb your steeps again full many a weary day
Of pain and toil perchance will leave their impress on my brow,
Yet will I ever feel to you as I am feeling now;
And never can my heart forget, though far away I roam,
The misty hills that rose so proud above my childhood's home.

ANNA SWINSTON.

THE story below has been told of a score of drunken fellows, and has been printed a hundred times; but never has it been better *carried out* than in the following version just received by the Drawer:

"Some years since there lived near a small village in the State of Ohio a man who was termed 'a first-rate fellow,' excepting his fondness for the 'ardent;' and his friends—for he had many—determined to break him of this habit if possible. It was his habit to visit the aforesaid village now and then, and get on 'a burst,' and would always get too drunk to go home the same day, and would keep up his 'spree' all night. On a certain occasion the young men of the village fell upon the following expedient to frighten him from his course: When they found him too drunk to know what was going on, they took his measure, and going to an undertaker, they got a coffin, placed him in it without fastening the lid on so that he could not remove it, and took him out to the village burying-ground just before daylight, and placed him among the tombs and gravestones, and hid themselves near by to see what effect it would have upon him when he awoke. About daylight he awoke from his slumbers, and pushing off the top of his coffin he raised up, and looking around him, exclaimed: 'Well, by Gosh! I'm the first that's riz, anyhow!'"

"DEAR DRAWER,—I was engaged in painting portraits in the city of K——, Iowa, and had my studio in a room with a daguerreian artist. Sitting one afternoon enjoying a quiet smoke, my reveries were interrupted by the entrance of a genuine specimen of the Hoosier species, who, to my utter astonishment, announced himself to be 'a artist,' and further that he 'drawed likenesses up to B——.' He walked around the room looking at the photographs and ambrotypes, and finally 'brought up' in front of a half-finished portrait on my easel. He examined it minutely, putting his face close to it as if to find out how it smelled, looked at the back of the canvas, and finally, stepping back a few paces, he pointed his lean forefinger at the picture, and slowly drawled out, 'I say, stranger, did yeou drawr that, or was it tuk with a brush?' It was more than human nature could stand, and I *roared*. The *artist* gazed at me a moment in silent indignation, then turned upon his heel and departed, muttering some not very complimentary remarks about 'city chaps' in general, and 'city artists' in particular."

IN one of the border counties of Nova Scotia, in a recent general election, a candidate, whose name may have been either Smith, Brown, Jones, or Robinson, but whom we will call Jones, was up for legislative honors. Jones was a whole-souled fellow, had "gone in and won" before without much trouble; but a strong opposition was now on foot, and Greek had to meet Greek in the coming tug of war. The county was large, nomination-day was drawing near, and a large portion of the free and enlightened people had yet to be "smoothed down." Jones addressed himself to the task like an old campaigner, determined that neither tact nor tactics should be wanting to carry him triumphantly through. After a week's hard labor—talking politics, shaking hands with the farmers, chatting blandly with the good wives, patting the children on the head, and looking "unutterable things" at the young ladies (Jones is a bachelor, and a good-looking fellow)—Saturday night found him in a district of the county thickly settled with Methodists. What was to be done? Time was precious, and Jones could not afford to lose an hour. "Shall I go to 'chapel' in the morning, or shall I canvass the district and see some of the principal Methodists?" Such was the evening meditation of Jones. Sabbath morning found him cogitating and framing a programme for the day, and endeavoring to solve the moral problem—What is to be done with a Methodist village on Sunday (Jones is not a Methodist)? Viewing the matter all round, he concluded to canvass in a quiet manner, and if he found it "wouldn't take," to be guided by circumstances. He accordingly directed his steps to the principal person in the village, and putting a bold face on the matter (Jones is a lawyer), reached the door, and announced himself by a subdued knock suitable for the day and the occasion. No responsive movement inside fell on the listening ear of Jones—an oppressive stillness reigned over everything. But Jones was not to give it up so; and opening the door, determined to see the influential proprietor. Passing along the hall he heard a low conversation ahead, and, following the line of sound, came to a room where a number of men and women were devoutly listening to some remarks being made by the man whom Jones was most anxious to see. He glided quietly to a seat by one of the younger "sisters" (for he saw some form of worship was going on), and soon looked as devoutly as any of them. The speaker brought his remarks to a close, and then called on the persons present in succession to relate their "experience." Jones saw at a glance that he was in a "Methodist class-meeting;" and as the "leader" was drawing nearer and nearer to him as he came round the circle, he felt as if he was soon to be put through "a course of sprouts." But we will let Jones tell the story:

"I took in the peculiarity of my position, and saw at once that my success would turn on the impression I made on the leader and the auditors there assembled. I endeavored to recollect some passages of Scripture suitable for the occasion, and by the time the old man got round to me I was ready for him. To his interrogatory relative to my Christian experience I replied with becoming gravity, for I

must confess I felt pretty solemn—regretted the many opportunities I had let pass unimproved—that the great concerns of another world had not engaged my attention as they should—that the busy scenes of time, more particularly the turmoils of political life, had engrossed too much of my thoughts, but I had endeavored to bear in mind the great future that lies beyond all sublunary things, and my accountability for the deeds done in the body. Here I got in my passages of Scripture and two lines of a Methodist hymn, about 'the stormy banks of Jordan.' I got through by hoping the solemn form of worship in which I had joined with them would strengthen my resolution to war against 'the world, the flesh, and the devil,' and requested an interest in their prayers to sustain me in the approaching political struggle. I put it strong on the last topic. The leader was much pleased with my 'experience,' and giving me some religious counsel, concluded the meeting by singing a hymn, and a fervent prayer, in which he put in strongly for me, that my mind might be kept in peace during the contest in which I would be engaged. A loud Amen! responded to this petition, in which I heartily joined. Before leaving I managed to get the leader to understand how I was pressed for time—that I would like to wait till to-morrow, but that nomination-day was too near, and other parts of the county had to be looked after—that I had too much respect for the Sabbath to spend its sacred hours in political canvassing, etc. Thinks I, if he can take that all in without winking, I am all right.

"'My dear brother,' replied the old man, 'give yourself no uneasiness about this neighborhood, I'll see to it myself. All will be right. Go on your way.'

"I at once saw I had managed the affair capitally, and soon bid the old man good-morning."

The result was that Jones was returned by the largest vote ever polled in the county.

"An anecdote in the April number of the Magazine, about the little Wisconsin boy, reminds me of a three-year old nephew of one of my friends. He had finished his usual prayer at his mother's knee, when she said, 'Now, Willie, pray for your grandfather and grandmother.' He did as directed. 'Now, for your aunts and uncles.' 'And now for all your cousins.' His petitions went up singly for each class. 'And now, Willie, pray for all the world,' said his mother. Wearied out, perhaps, by the length of his exercises, he immediately exclaimed, 'Ma, it's just as much as I can do to pray for *my own* 'lations; if other folks wants *they* 'lations to get to heaven, they must pray for them *theyselves!*'

"This is a literal copy of his words.

"Here is another child-saying. The little fellow was in his third year. If the good things he *has* said had been sent to the Drawer, your readers would have had a treat which has been enjoyed only by his friends and neighbors. He is a great pet, and *not* accustomed 'to speak when he was spoken to' only. One day at dinner his brother asked to be helped to cabbage. 'Willie,' said the little one, '*cabbage* is *worms*, *water* is *bugs*, and *you* are *dirt!*' which sage conclusion pretty much startled those at table. He had probably seen worms on the cabbage when growing, and his father remembered having spoken of the animalculæ in water in his presence. That man was made of the dust of the earth I suppose he had often heard; but we thought he was too young to take notice of such things, till he astonished us by the *extent of his information.*"

Every country town has its fool, who is the author of all the town jokes, either actually or so attributed. The town of Wiscasset, in Maine, in the early part of the present century, possessed such an one in the person of David Bennett, a half-idiot. David was a frequenter of the kitchen of General W——, a prominent citizen. He one day learned that a great gentleman from Boston, who was in town, would dine with the General, and as the hour approached for his arrival, David loitered about the front gate-way to get a sight of the stranger. Now it happened that the latter was gifted with an immense nose; and as he descended from the carriage, in company with his host, David perceived this characteristic of the gentleman's countenance, and immediately shouted,

"What a nose! Oh L-o-r-d-y! what a nose! what a nose!"

General W—— sharply rebuked the idiot, and bade him go away, as he had offended his guest. David being much alarmed at having given offense, determined to apologize in the only way he knew how. Accordingly he watched for the departure of the gentleman, and when he saw him come to the door, shouted as loudly as before,

"No nose at all! no nose at all!"

Jake Skaggins was a genius, and could always devise means to "make a rise" when his pockets were empty. Joe Dobbins was the administrator of old Lem Roberson, deceased. Skaggins one day, being in want of the needful—having lost all he had, except a fifty-dollar bill on a "busted" bank, at a game of poker, on the night previous, with Rush Hooker—said to Dobbins, "Joe, I owed old Lem a note for six dollars, which I have never settled, and I now want to pay it." Dobbins said he had no recollection of such a note, and that none such had come to his possession as administrator; but that if Skaggins wanted to pay it he would receive the money. "But," said Skaggins, "you must first make an affidavit that I owe the note, and that it has been lost or mislaid, so that I may not have it to pay again." Thereupon Dobbins made the affidavit, and Skaggins handed him the fifty-dollar bill, receiving at the hands of Dobbins forty-four dollars' change in good money. Some two or three days after, Dobbins, on attempting to use the bill, ascertained its true character, and without the loss of any time went with it to Skaggins, and said, "Jake, that bill you let me have the other day is worthless." "Yes; but," said Skaggins, "I reckon it is worth as much as the affidavit you made!"

"My dear Drawer,—I love you with my whole heart. You are the embodiment of

'Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.'

Many a pleasant moment have I passed in your company. You dispel ennui; you exorcise blue devils. You have become decidedly one of the institutions of the country, and are as necessary to the wants of the people (I say the people, because every body reads *Harper's Magazine*) as dessert after meats and a cigar after dessert. May you live a thousand years, and may your shadow never grow less! All lovers of fun are particularly interested in the maintenance of the Drawer; and it is the duty, therefore,

of every one who is able to contribute to the general fund. I offer my quota in the following:

"Josiah D——, who lives near Burksville, in this State, is a most estimable gentleman—a little odd, perhaps, as the ensuing anecdotes will prove, but a good man in the main—upright, strictly pious, and withal a stanch, thorough-going Democrat. During the Mexican war he was called upon at a regular church meeting to pray, and he closed with this addition: 'Be with our army in Mexico; whether it be right or whether it be wrong, bless it! We of the Democratic party are charged with making a war of conquest, but we believe it to be a war of defense. But we would not enter into argument of the subject, and for further particulars would refer to the President's Message!'

"The same brother before an Association, a few years since, made the following speech:

"'I would urge upon you, bretheren, the taking of the *Western Recorder*.' Turning to the delegation from a church in Tennessee: 'And you, bretheren, ought to take it too, as the interests of the Church in Kentucky and Tennessee are very closely allied, and will become much more so upon the completion of the Danville and M'Minnville Railroad, which I pray may not be long, as I have about fifteen thousand dollars involved in that enterprise!'"

Hon. J. F. H. Claiborne, of Mississippi, sends us an account of the celebration of Mr. Jefferson's inauguration by the officers of the United States Army stationed at Pittsburgh, 2d March, 1801.

Extract from a Letter from Colonel John F. Hamtramck to the late General Ferdinand Leigh Claiborne, then a Captain in the 1st Regiment United States Infantry, at Detroit:

"The news is, that Mr. Jefferson is President; Mr. Madison will be the Secretary of State; Samuel Smith of the Navy; Gallatin of the Treasury; and one Colonel Dearborn to be the Secretary of War. Our Lewis is appointed Secretary to Mr. Jefferson, and to hold his rank in the army—*not a bad thing for Lewis!*

"General Wilkinson, who has been here the whole of the winter, is gone to the City of Washington; and it is also reported that he will be the Secretary of War, and keep his commission. That part of your company which is at Presque Isle will join you in a short time. My lawsuit with M'Intosh prevents my going down the river. It is uncertain when I shall go. . . . .

"P.S. You will see by the inclosed what we have done at Pittsburgh."

BRIGADE ORDERS.

Pittsburgh, *March* 2, 1801.

The 4th inst. being the day on which the new President of the United States will be installed, Colonel Hamtramck requests the company of the gentlemen of the army who may be present to dine with him on that day at the garrison. Captain Read, of the Artillery, will make the necessary arrangements for a salute, etc.; and Major Craig will have the fire-works ready for the evening. It is the duty of every gentleman in commission to show on that day, by public demonstration, that he knows how to value and respect the sense of the nation, and to evince that, whatever may be the change in our political affairs, while he continues in service he considers himself bound to support, at the hazard of his life, the Government which is established by constitutional authority.

In consequence of the above order, the officers assembled at the garrison at 4 o'clock P.M., where the following toasts were drank, under a discharge of artillery, with the band:

1. The President of the United States.—*Hail Columbia.*

2. The Vice-President of the United States.—*Grand March.*

3. John Adams, Esq. May his retirement be as happy as his public life has been useful.—*Adams and Liberty.*

4. The memory of our regretted Washington.—*Dirge.*

5. Both Houses of Congress. May the laws they enact be founded on justice, be administered with impartiality, and give an everlasting security to the liberty and happiness of our citizens.—*Symphony.*

6. The memory of those patriots who lost their lives in defense of our country.—*March.*

7. Our commander-in-chief. May his journey to the seat of government be pleasant, and his reception satisfactory.—*General Wilkinson's March.*

8. The Society of Cincinnati.—*Yankee Doodle.*

9. Gratitude. May the war-worn soldier find support in the liberality of our country when his infirmities render him incapable of serving it.—*Où peut-on etre mieux qu'au sien de sa famille.*

10. May patriotism, valor, and morality forever characterize the sons of Columbia.—*Symphony.*

11. The town of Pittsburgh. May its inhabitants be even with the foremost in support of our country's laws and national honor.—*Overture.*

12. Lasting peace to the United States. The wish of the soldier ought always to succumb to the welfare of the citizen.—*Concerto.*

13. The Army and Navy. Obedience—no deliberation.—*Allegro.*

14. Arts, agriculture, and commerce. The sources of national opulence.—*Andante.*

15. The American fair. He who knows not how to appreciate virtue is a bad soldier and a worse citizen.—*Lively Allemana.*

16. May it be the first duty of every officer and soldier to support the Government and constituted authorities.—*Waltz.*

Colonel Hamtramck was a Prussian officer of distinction, who came over with Baron Steuben during the Revolutionary War, and served as second in command of Wayne's legion in the campaign against the Indians. For his gallantry and skill in the great battle which secured peace to the West he received, in public orders, the thanks of his General. He remained in command of the United States troops in the West until his death. His widow intermarried with the late Judge Thomas, United States Senator from Illinois. His son commanded the Virginia regiment in the late war with Mexico.

The following is an extract from a letter to Captain Claiborne from Merriwether Lewis, then a Captain in Wayne's legion, afterward associated with Clarke in the famous expedition to the Rocky Mountains. It is dated Pittsburgh, March 7, 1810:

"I can not withhold from you, my friend, the agreeable intelligence I received on my arrival at this place, by way of a very polite note from Thomas Jefferson, the newly-elected President of the United States, signifying his wish that I should accept the office of his private secretary. This unbounded as well as unexpected confidence, conferred on me by a man whose talents and virtues I have ever adored, and always conceived second to none, I must confess did not fail to raise me somewhat in my own estimation, insomuch that I have almost prevailed on myself to believe that my abilities are equal to the task. However, be that as it may, I am resolved to accept it; and shall therefore set forward to the City of Washington in a few days. I deemed the prospect too flattering to be neglected by a man of my prospects and standing in life. By accepting this appointment I do not sacrifice my rank in the army, but only suspend my pay and rations, in lieu of which my salary will be $500 annually, and, by becoming one of the President's family, shall be at no expense of boarding, lodging, etc., etc."

When Captain Lewis was returning from the Rocky Mountain expedition, or, rather, from Mexico, where he had been carried by the Spaniards, he

committed suicide in the Chickasaw Nation, while on his way from Natchez to his native place, Charlottesville, Virginia.

In the time of the Revolutionary War there were block-houses at intervals along the Mohawk River, constructed of logs, to which the inhabitants resorted for safety from the attacks of Indians and Tories. On one occasion all of the men excepting one were absent from the block-house, near the present village of Fort Plain, having gone on a Tory-hunting expedition. In their absence there suddenly appeared a party of Tories and Indians, who proceeded to attack the garrison of the block-house, which consisted of women and children and one man. After a short time the man was shot through a port-hole, leaving the defense wholly to the women. The attacking party now proceeded to dig under the logs, and thus gain admittance. What to do the women did not know. At last one of them thought of a swarm of bees which were kept in the block-house. They were carefully brought to an opening in the side of the house, and suddenly thrown out upon the party who were digging. Maddened by such rough usage, the little insects fell upon the Tories and Indians, and stung them so badly that they were obliged to raise the siege. So much for woman's presence of mind.

SPRING IN THE COUNTRY.

BY HENRY CATLEY, U.S.A.

Spring in the country!—fresh, joyous time!
After the winter's drear and gloom;
Chasing away the winter's rime
With singing birds and early bloom.

The humming-birds have come again,
The willow-trees are white with plumes;
Across the fields of springing grain
The breeze comes laden with perfumes.

Reflected in the silent stream
The bosky shores half-leafed lie;
Beneath the sun a misty gleam
Is trembling upward to the sky.

Upon the crimsoned maple-trees
The blue-birds and the robins sing;
Anon the music and the breeze
Seem hushed—and Nature listening.

Then slower glides the stream along—
A ripplelcss and tranquil stream—
Then comes again the wind and song,
And Nature wakens from her dream.

The dog-wood pins her white rosette
Among her budding, virgin leaves;
The mandrake opes its umbrellet,
And sheds the dew-drops from its caves.

Like little stars the dandelions
And butter-cups bedeck the plain;
Upon the berries' straw-like vines
Are promises of fruit again.

Along the lakelet's marshy bank
The calamus a border weaves;
And o'er the débris, cold and dank,
Victorious waves his sword-like leaves.

Close by the roots of moss-grown stumps—
The sweetest and the first to blow—
The blue-eyed violets, in clumps,
Kiss one another as they grow.

And, kissing one another, blend
Their dewy tears upon the earth;
And purest fragrance upward send,
Unconscious types of modest worth!

Along some fallen forest king
The timid squirrel swiftly runs;
Or halting, joyous, chirruping—
Pluming his tail—himself he suns.

The kine pass by with sauntering swing,
Or rest them on the sunny hills;
The flock, with lambkins trembling,
Like snow the distant valley fills.

The ducks their glistening plumage show,
As gracefully they swim the lake;
Their downy goslings seem to flow
Like creamy foam upon their wake.

Yonder, across the rolling field,
The yeoman steady guides the plow—
Now thinking of the future yield,
And cheering on his horses now.

Beyond, the mountains blue and dun
Outstretch the eager, straining sight—
Dissolving on the horizon
As day dissolveth into night.

Spring in the country!—warm, balmy days!
When one first feels the house is gloom,
And all out-doors a joyous place
Of sunshine, music, and perfume.

Spring in the country!—oh, pleasant time!
Ye fragrant flowers teach me to praise;
Ye warbling birds inspire my rhyme,
And heavenward my rejoicings raise!

"In 1857 I attended, as a delegate, the Southern Commercial Convention at Knoxville, Tennessee. I learned on the way that the town was overcrowded, and that there was but little chance for accommodation. The first familiar face I met in Knoxville was that of my old chum, F——l, who had started some days in advance of me. He hastened to say that he had slept the night before in a magnificent apartment, the furniture of which was worth fifty thousand dollars. Supposing him to be quartered upon some millionaire, I enviously ventured to ask whether there was room for one more. 'Oh yes,' he replied, 'plenty of room; *I slept in the railroad storehouse, among several thousand bags of wheat!*'

"F——l is in his grave now, poor fellow! I saw him for the last time about two years since. He stood upon the levee at New Orleans—'stood like a tower,' though surrounded by clamorous cabmen. 'Hack, Sir?' 'Cab, Sir?' 'Take you any where you want to go!' resounded in every direction. Selecting a tall Hibernian as his victim, F——l approached him.

"'My friend, are you the owner of a carriage?'

"'Yes, Sir! Cab, Sir? Take you any where you want to go!'

"'But I have a large trunk with me.'

"'All right, Sir! take your trunk, Sir.'

"'Well, this is indeed charitable. I have traveled a long distance; I am weary, and unable to walk; and now you kindly offer to carry both me and my trunk. I have no money for you; but your virtue will be its own reward!'

"There was a sudden disappearance of a cabman among the crowd; and F——l, who had no trunk (pardon him for the fib), shouldered his carpet-sack and made tracks for an omnibus.

"When Ex-Governor Fish, of New York, was a Senator of the United States he kept house in Washington, and entertained in a very splendid manner. One day a party of friends called to inspect the new-

ly-painted portraits of his children. Sol G. Haven, of Buffalo, was among the visitors. As they stood looking at the pictures a guest whispered, '*Sardines.*' 'Yes,' retorted Haven; '*little fish done up in oil!*'"

"A Mr. K——, of this county, needing a carriage for his family before carriages were made in the county-town, gave an order to a Delaware maker, whose custom was to bring down the carriages ordered, leaving them one after another at their several owners until all were delivered.

"At the usual time the carriage-vender came down with Mr. K——'s curricle, and after dinner the parties went out to examine the new purchase. Mr. K——, while looking over the carriage carefully, observed a sunken spot in the wood-work, and asked the seller, 'What is that?'

"'Oh,' said the merchant, 'that is putty. It is so much the better for that.'

"'Ah!' said Mr. K——; and pursuing his examination discovered several of the same suspicious places; to all of his remarks on which he got the same answer—'That it was only putty, and the carriage so much the better.' At length Mr. K—— turned to the seller and said: 'I would rather, my friend, that you would take the carriage back, and make me one *all putty!*'

"The merchant left, but I never heard of his bringing one all putty."

"A cousin of mine, a 'regular habits' man, who would as soon have the plague as see a chair, table, or book out of its exact place, is very particular about his newspapers—the great resource of country politicians—keeping them carefully in order for reference. His wife is a little negligent of these matters, and sometimes the papers get strangely mixed up—new and old together.

"Some months ago he was observed deeply engaged, late in the afternoon, reading one of his favorites. Hour after hour passed by unnoticed, and just as candles were about to be introduced my cousin was observed to rise up suddenly, paper in hand, and approach the window, still looking at the top of the page, when, with an expression of the utmost disgust, he threw down the paper, saying, '*Old paper!* To think I've been reading an *old paper* for two hours!' He didn't get in a good-humor again for I don't know how many days."

A Southwestern lawyer writes:

"Among the many well-told stories of brother M'D——, one of the brightest ornaments of our bar, he relates as follows:

"A Virginian, visiting Texas for the purpose of purchasing lands, fell into the company of one Smith, in Western Texas, who had a quantity of (very poor) land for sale. Knowing that his customer would not buy the land if he examined it, he hit upon a plan to sell both the Virginian and the land at once without sight.

"A heavy rain occurring soon after the arrival of the Virginian to look at the land, causes the streams to be so swollen that they can not cross. Mr. Smith goes to his neighbor Jones, explains the circumstances and his necessities. Next day, by a *singular circumstance*, Smith and the Virginian, on their way to look at the land, find the streams so swollen that it would be dangerous to attempt a passage. While hesitating, neighbor Jones comes up (by accident, of course), whereupon the following dialogue ensues:

"Smith. 'Glad to see you, Jones. Came with this gentleman to show him my land. Wants to buy, but we can't get across the creek.'

"Jones. 'Wa'al, no use goin' to look at the land *pertickiler*.'

"Smith. 'You've seen the land, neighbor. Tell this gentleman what you know of it.'

"Jones. 'Wa'al, in the first place, it's nice level land. In the northeast corner there's a nice nock of timber, the best timber hereabouts. Then all through the tract you'll find nice streams; land's very rich; grape-vines and paw-paws growin' all around; and, in fact, neighbor Smith, the poorest thing you can find on the tract is buffalo chips.'

"Smith (*drawing a long breath*). 'Neighbor Jones, let's take a drink; and *you say that agin, and say it slow!*'

"It is unnecessary to say that the Virginian purchased the land.

"A wicked wag at our bar, one Sam S——, while in the trial of a case at our last term, having the above fresh in his memory, perpetrated a joke on a brother lawyer associated in the case, as follows:

"On the examination in chief Dan drew some evidence which he deemed important from a witness. Sam, leaning over to Dan (who had never heard the story), says, 'Dan, tell him to *say it agin, and say it slow.*' Whereupon Dan, in his earnest manner, says, 'Dr. Kob, say that again, and say it slow.'

"The laugh that afterward followed, at Dan's expense, may be imagined."

"In one of our stores there is a mischievous young fellow by the name of George, who now and then acts as salesman. If his humorous friends ever 'make game' of his *short legs*, they at least never deny him the possession of a *long head.*

"The other day there came into the store a roving son of the sea, inquiring for rope. George immediately offered his services, and led him back to where the rope, in snaky folds, lay coiled. The sailor soon found the right size, and asked the price. The selling price was *twelve cents* the pound; but George, with an eye to the principles of merchandising in general, and the custom of Israelites in particular, put it to him at *fifteen cents.*

"To this the tar made no objection, and said he would take sixty fathoms; but as it was pretty well buried beneath a lot of old and somewhat heavy truck, he very naturally inquired, 'How'll you get it out?'

"Just then a bright idea shot through the aforesaid long head of our friend George, and sparkled for a moment in his eyes, while he drawled out, most innocently: 'Well, if you'll pull it all out yourself, you may have it at *twelve cents.*'

"Whereat the sailor, economically inclined, commenced a half hour's tugging and hauling on the buried rope; while George, more humorously inclined, enjoyed a good half hour's quiet fun."

"Itinerant circuses and menageries were much in vogue last summer. The quiet village of Dikeville, metropolis of the beautiful and fertile Sequatchee Valley, is so surrounded by impassable mountain barriers that heretofore it had never been honored by a 'show.'

"Isaac Brumbly (commonly called Ike) is a denizen of this same valley, or, rather, of one of those wild ravines or 'hollows' that open into the valley. Ike is a character of Nimrod notoriety. The farthest range of his travels extends only to the village of

Dikeville aforesaid—to which place he makes semi-occasional trips, with a few coon-skins or a couple of venison hams, which he barters for coffee, tobacco, and, I am sorry to say, an occasional dram.

"On one of these visits what was Ike's astonishment and admiration to see the fences, shops, and every available perpendicular space blazing with gorgeous show-bills: men and monkeys, lions and tigers, elephants and horses, in such endless variety and brilliant coloring, wrought wonderfully on Ike's imagination. He was forthwith seized and possessed of an irresistible desire to see 'the show,' and could hardly wait the due course of time for it to come.

"Full twenty-four hours before the time Ike was at hand, and, to the astonishment of his acquaintances, had the requisite half dollar *in specie*. Ike found many of his boon companions there likewise; and, being a generous soul, to beguile the impatient hours, he, in an unthoughtful moment, broached his half and 'treated' the company. One dime gone and one dram drank, he was oblivious of consequences. The night as well as Ike's 'change' was merrily spent.

"Next morning our hero waked up sober, and alas! to the sad consciousness that he was *minus* the wherewith to get into the show. Happily, however, his temperament was not of the despairing kind, and, fertile in expedient, he set to solving the problem of chances. While yet in this brown study, the van wagons of the show, laden with the equipment, the beams, ropes, and canvas for spreading the pavilion, came up and began to unload on the green. Ike went boldly up to one of the drivers and accosted him: 'Hello, friend, are you the *boss* of this show?'

"The driver, with a shrug and a side glance at his companions, answered that 'he was the manager and proprietor.'

"'I rekin,' continued Ike, 'you'll need some help 'bout diggin' your ring and raisin' your house.'

"'Guess we will.'

"'I'm a fust-rate hand, and kin help you, providin' you'll let me in *free*.'

"'Very well,' said the driver, 'that's a bargain.'

"Ike forthwith 'shed his linen,' and faithfully performed his part of the contract. Especially efficient was he in wielding a heavy wooden maul, used to drive the stakes for the ropes and rigging.

"The pavilion was soon spread, and Ike awaited calmly and confidently for the time. The door was at length opened, and our friend was among the first applicants for admission.

"'Where's your ticket?'

"'Ticket! I hain't got no ticket. I worked my way in.'

"'You can't come in,' said the door-keeper.

"In vain Ike remonstrated, and urged his contract with 'the boss.' His eloquence fell on heedless ears.

"Although naturally of a peaceful disposition, Ike was just then in a fit mood to commit a felony. Stung with a sense of the injustice done him, furious with rage and disappointment, he strode round to the back of the pavilion, where his eyes chanced to fall on the maul aforesaid. He seized the maul, and would perhaps have pounded out his own brains had not another object on which to wreak his vengeance presented itself.

"Hannibal, the elephant, happened to be secured just inside the canvas, opposite to where the enraged Ike stood outside. Hannibal stood with his head toward the centre, and his rear pressing against the canvas made a very visible protuberance on the outside. Ike let drive a furious blow at this hump. Hannibal stepped forward, but, forgetting, soon got back against the canvas. Ike stood ready, and, with redoubled force, struck the elephant such a blow as made even his ponderous proportions tremble. The elephant became restive under such pounding, and in surging to and fro went against the canvas and tore it loose from its fastenings at the ground.

"At this time 'a showman' (the same that had hired Ike), ignorant of the cause of Hannibal's unusual movements, saw the rent in the canvas, and hastened to repair the damage. Finding the canvas torn loose from its fastenings to the ground, he *stooped* to set the stakes and tie the ropes. In so doing, he unfortunately got against the canvas, when Ike, seeing the protuberance, concentrated all his strength into a blow which sent the showman, turning summersaults, to the far side of the ring.

"These repeated accidents led to inquiry, and Ike was found and duly escorted into the centre of the 'show,' a distinction he had fairly earned."

"A YOUNG lady residing in the mountain region of East Tennessee, is very anxious to keep up with the fashions (as, Mr. Drawer, you know young ladies generally are). Being remote from the fashionable world, she has recourse to correspondence with a married sister living in a more cultivated part to keep her posted as to the *ton* style. In her last, among numerous other queries, she desired especially to know how a *laundress* is made!"

WE never *make* sport of serious things; but when others make themselves ridiculous, we shall only do them good and help to make them better by laughing at their folly. We take the following obituary notice from a prominent daily newspaper, suppressing the name of the "distinguished jurist" whose death and virtues are here commemorated:

PASSED TO A BETTER WORLD.

Monday last was a mournful but interesting day to many people. The remains of a very distinguished jurist, of a man of faith, hope, and charity, were to be buried. His life was blameless—his transition very peaceful. H—— F. J—— died alone, in his own woods, beneath the green trees. The moment was one of calm and gladness. A smiling patience dwelt in the prophetic shadows which death cast upon his countenance; for he heard the summoning angel, and saw the everlasting door opened for a willing spirit to enter.

His beloved brother, the Rev. Mr. ——, talked of him valiantly. His discourse came from the head and the heart. He said the departure of his heavenly brother was like a translation; for he had walked with God in the silent mystery of the forest, clothed in the freshness of beauty and the emblems of immortality, and was not, for God took him.

Many tears of the deepest feeling flowed down the cheeks of men, women, and little children. The heavens wept heavily over a still and quiet town; but about the time the great doctrine of the resurrection was being beautifully announced, as from one stepping upon the hills, the sun, at mid-day, shone forth, and the gleams of heaven were seen in delighted tears. There was one good hour which was soothing to the earth; and in the light many thought that they saw an arisen friend whose pure life was an acceptable offering for the life of love in heaven. His soul walked through no snow to eternity. His nephew, a little boy twelve years old, said, "When my dear uncle died, even in his last struggle, my dear mother stood at his head, sister was about his heart, and cousin at his feet. They led him through the balmy air, but his soul stopped not until it had gone very far away."

Mr. J—— died all alone. He was fond of hunting—

killed a young deer; the balls from his gun went directly to the heart of the animal; the blood flowed freely. He walked to the deer, and fell over a bleeding side, and made a cross.

The utmost respect has been given to his memory, as a feeble tribute of a grateful people. The High Court adjourned; the City Council proclaimed silence; business ceased; all were clad in mournful thoughts; poor widows were bowed down with weeping; little Sunday-school girls, arrayed in white, did love to love him; and servants in large numbers followed him sadly to his resting-place. The church, where worshiped the God of a merciful redemption, was made to mourn also; it was draped with crape, and it was said the ladies tried to find his pew to clothe it. They said every pew was his, but did select a pew, and it was one which was occupied once by those whom he loved very dearly.

The military companies all tried to do him honor. The pall-bearers were —— ——, —— ——, —— ——, —— ——, and Judge H——. The muffled drum sounded no funeral note, but he was buried with great signs of distress.

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN THE DRAWER FOR MAY.

THE weary songstress of "the shirt"
Till dawn her *needle* plies alert;
Yet to its friendly aid she owes
Defense against misfortune's blows.
The gentle maid with *threaded steel*,
Regardful of her lover's weal,
To velvet slipper doth impart
Each soft device of Cupid's art.
The young wife's taper fingers wield
The crochet-*needle*, which shall yield
A downy fleece to guard the rest
Of birdling in her new-made nest.
On Alexandria's burning sands
Egypt's Regina's *needle* stands,
Recalling, in each age of time,
Octavia's wrongs and Antony's crime.
The *magnet* leads the sailor forth—
Forever pointing to the north—
While gleam, mid dreams, in lands afar
The lights of home, love's polar star.
Nor only practical its use:
This little tool may teach us truths
Of sterling value—still to be
In our own state content, if free;
Nor present use and beauty mar
By pillaging from any "star"—
For if to *needles* you add *s*,
Lo! all your *needles* are *needless*.

THE HON. WILLIAM B. TURLEY, for many years one of the ablest members of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, and who died several years since, in Shelby County, from an accidental wound in the side, received by falling from a door-step upon his walking-cane, was distinguished no less as a wit than as a jurist.

Some twelve years ago, while he occupied the bench of the Memphis Chancery and Common Law Courts, a suit was brought before him by Josiah Thorne, Esq.—a well-known citizen, genial gentleman, and at present the impartial magistrate of the Fifth Civil District in the city of Memphis—against a Jewish cemetery, which had been located near his residence, in the suburbs. The Squire wished this city of the dead abated as a nuisance, and removed to a more distant spot. The merits of the case were argued before Judge T. when he happened to be in one of his jovial moods. Although his bearing upon the bench was supremely dignified, and never failed to command respect, he could not restrain, at times, the habit of perpetrating jokes, and illumining his opinions upon serious matters with brilliant flashes of wit, which "were wont to set" the members of the bar "in a roar." At the conclusion of the arguments in the case alluded to, the Judge rose from his chair, and steadying himself by the railings in front of him, proceeded to deliver his decision. With that singular clearness for which he was so justly distinguished he reviewed the facts of the case, and dismissed the matter in the following characteristic language:

"In the private opinion of the Court all *graves are nuisances*, and should be *abated*; but finding no precedent where the power was claimed by any of the Tennessee Courts, I feel myself bound to sustain the defendant."

"Two young ladies of this city [Philadelphia is the home of the writer] were lately spending the summer in northeastern New York. During their visit they took several long rides with the daughter of their host about the country. On one of these occasions—as they had been traveling some distance, and the day was warm, and as a trough of running-water stood invitingly by the road-side—they concluded to give their pony a drink. One of the city ladies agreed to get out and arrange matters for this purpose. The others remaining in the carriage, and deeply engaged in conversation, for some time paid no attention to the proceedings of their companion. When, at last, surprised at the long delay, they turned to ascertain its cause, they discovered her endeavoring to unbuckle the *crupper* (this being the name, I believe, of the strap which passes around the horse's caudal appendage). In amazement, they inquired, 'What in the world are you doing that for?' she naïvely replied, '*Why, I'm unbuckling this strap to let the horse's head down so he can drink!*'

"IN one of our Western colleges (my own beloved *alma mater*) is a very worthy, very popular, and very eccentric Professor, a genuine native of the Green Isle. Full of humor himself, he is often the cause of wit in others. He was on one occasion hearing a class in geology, and in the course of the recitation proposed to a very innocent and matter-of-fact student the question, 'What is a *boulder*, Mr. A——?' 'A boulder,' said A——, hesitatingly, 'a boulder is—*a foreigner!*'

"AT another college (in Northern New York) there was a student whose talents were of a very moderate order, and who, being both unable and disinclined to study, depended on one or two of his fellow-students to help him with his lessons. Sometimes they were greatly annoyed by his incessant questionings. One of his friends, Irvine, was the wag of the class; and to him he came one morning with the question, 'Mr. Irvine, if the Professor asks me to describe the moon, what shall I tell him?' 'Oh,' said his friend, unwilling to waste his precious time in astronomical details, 'just tell him it's like a great pewter platter.' Our simple friend went away quite delighted with this very striking and comprehensive illustration. When the time of recitation arrived he could scarcely sit still, so anxious was he for an opportunity to astonish the Professor and the class with his ingenious description. The coveted opportunity was afforded him. The question was proposed, 'Mr. D——, what can you tell us about the moon?' Eagerly and confidently was the answer returned, '*Why, Sir, it's just like a great pewter platter!*' There was a sensation, but not of the kind expected. Astounded, mortified, and indignant at the peals of laughter that broke forth on every side, he pointed to his

friend, and cried, '*Why, Mr. Irvine told me so!*' It may well be supposed that the sensation did not subside any the sooner in consequence of this reference to his authority."

"MANY years ago there was organized in Lowell, Massachusetts, and now is, one of the best and most popular military companies in the State, known as the '*Mechanic Phalanx.*'

"Captain James D—— was its first commander. He could neither write nor speak so well as he could *fight*, as was *not* said of 'Old Hickory,' of patriotic memory. But he had his perils to encounter. On a great occasion a military company from Salem, the whilom City of Witches, was to visit the 'Spindle City,' and a grand military and civic reception was voted.

"Captain D——, for the reason already hinted at, as he was to be the prominent man of the occasion on '*our side*,' went to a *subaltern* and pleaded for a '*toast*—short, and to the point'—that he might commit to memory for the memorable occasion. After understanding his wishes, it was duly prepared, as follows: '*The Salem Light Infantry! Let the enemies of our country* look on such troops and tremble!'

"'Capital!' said the Captain; 'that'll do finely.'

"At length the time arrived, and thousands were in attendance. The festive board was crowned and crowded. Captain D—— was in his glory. When called on to give the compliment of welcome, he rose majestically, and a hush was on the multitude. He broke the silence by roaring, in a stentorian voice, 'Fellow-soldiers and fellow-citizens! I give you our distinguished guests, the *Salem Light Infantry!* Let OUR COUNTRY look on *sitch* troops and tremble!'

"There was no need of cannon to respond to *that* sentiment. The roar of the multitude, in which our 'distinguished guests' most heartily joined, well-nigh 'cracked the welkin.'"

A QUARREL occurred between two of the residents of "Logan's Row," a notorious rendezvous of our Irish citizens. During the melée the wife of one of them appeared on the ground, armed with a hoe, and quietly knocked down her husband's antagonist. The fellow yelled with all his might, which brought his friends to his aid.

"What is the matter, Mike?" asked his friend.

"Arrah, Pat, they have kilt me intirely; but I know the *man* jist that knocked me down. It was John Carroll's *wife!*"

It is needless to add that the man recovered, after being kilt intirely.

"I CAN not resist the temptation to relate a 'speech' which was 'delivered' in my native county, Old Otsego—good, grand, staid, motherly Old Otsego. I have it from an car-witness—a young witch, full of fun, and always ready to catch at the slightest 'misfortune of utterance.' For fear of giving offense, and because I have been told that I must never say a word about it, I shall change the name of the 'speaker;' and *you*, Mr. Drawer, are commanded to keep your drawer shut, and never 'let on' about my whereabouts or my identity, on pain of the usual penalty, *and* the utter withdrawal of Sister G——'s patronage from your 'chist.'

"Sister G——, then, is an enlightened member of the Methodist Church, sees to cleaning the meeting-house, looks after the donation parties, prepares the weekly dish of Sunday afternoon gossip, whips the neighboring children, scolds the trustees, has an eye out for the extravagance of the minister, and makes herself generally luminous and useful.

"A female acquaintance died, as women sometimes do, suddenly. Sister G—— was mournfully exercised on the subject; described the symptoms, and told the manner of her death; concluding the painful narrative with the announcement of this new difficulty, which will put to the test the talents of the 'faculty.' 'She had the dropsy, the doctor said; *but all to once her vitals struck to her heart, and she died right off!*'"

"CHARLEY BROWN was not only a very successful advocate at the Seneca County bar, but was what our boys term 'sharp.' Charley was one of those 'good fellows' whose honor never allowed him to dodge a treat; and his clients were often known to complain of his dividing his attentions between the bar of Bacchus and that of Justice. Charley was never more devoted to the interests of his client than when under the influence of what he termed a 'nip of the spirituous.'

"Common Pleas was in session at Tiffin, and Judge Hall, since M.C. from the ninth District of Ohio, occupied the bench. A case of some importance was reached in the order of the docket, and the parties and witnesses were on hand, 'all eager for the fray.' The counsel for the plaintiff, Charley, was absent. His client, however, soon succeeded in procuring him, and Charley 'opened fresh.'

"He submitted motion after motion, and supported them by arguments that were ludicrously laughable. Even the Court was impelled to volunteer an occasional grin. The truth is, *Charley was tight!* The Court did not see fit to grant the extravagant demands of Charley, which served to increase rather than diminish the quantity of Charley's motions. The Court at last waxed impatient, and decided Charley's motion with laconic brevity, at the same time deeming it economy to say: 'It is the opinion of this Court that the counsel for the plaintiff is at present peculiarly disqualified for conducting the case now before the Court.'

"Charley arose with an awkward and affected calmness, and said: 'It is the—hic—opinion of the counsel for the plaintiff that the—hic—counsel for the—hic—plaintiff is obliged to confess that he can not—hic—comprehend the insinuations of this Court. The—hic—Court will therefore please—hic—repeat the same insinuations.' With which Charley came down to his seat with an involuntary firmness that plainly showed that he found a perpendicular position not altogether adapted to his present 'frame of mind.'

"The Court *did* repeat: 'It is the opinion of this Court that Charles Brown, the counsel for the plaintiff, is altogether too *drunk* to proceed further with this case.'

"Charley arose with an awkward firmness, and raising his fist to a parallel with his head, brought it down upon the desk with a shivering emphasis that jarred the whole court-room, accompanying it with: '*That's the first correct decision given this session!*'

"The emphasis he gave the closing exclamation entirely overcame Charley, and he came down to his seat with an emphasis equaled only by that with which he 'indorsed' the decision of the Court."

A FEW CUTS BY A SHARP MAN.
Cross Cuts.
Cold Cuts.
Cut Out
Davenport

HOGARTHS
LINES OF
BEAUTY.
The Thief's
The Curve
His Pursuers.
Steamship Line to Australia
TELEGRAPH OFFICE
Epicures
—Line of Beauty—
The Boy's
TENDER LINE
THE LOVERS
THE Young Lady's
THE
POINTS.
Hogarth's
Pay to the bearer the sum of £50
Line of Beauty
His Last
Straight from the Shoulder

Fashions for July.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*

Figure 1.—Home Toilet.

FIGURE 2.—TRAVELING DRESS.

THE HOME TOILET which we illustrate is not only becoming in itself, but is adapted to almost any material. The corsage is half-high, but in cut approaches the surplice fashion, with a round waist. There are two skirts, the upper one being tunic-shaped. The sleeves are in three puffs. Dresses with but one or two puffs are, however, much worn; these have the portion from the elbow slashed, and falling open in handkerchief style, as illustrated by us some months since.—Flounces are worn in any number to suit individual taste, from the double-jupe to such a number that they become mere frills; these, in summer stuffs, are usually *à disposition*.

In our last number we gave a Turkish pardessus; we illustrate above a TRAVELING DRESS adapted to any appropriate material. The collar and wristbands are of plain linen, the material least liable to discoloration from the dust and smoke of travel; the general simplicity of this dress will recommend it to the favor of experienced travelers.

DRESS CAP.—A pale-blue ribbon, lozenged with white bugles, with a pearl at the crossings, is edged in front with a lace frill. At the other side are three rosettes, alternately of black and white lace, with small *nœuds* of taffeta, one in each. A fall of white lace over one of black forms the cap. The ribbon is continued for strings. It is ornamented with white jonquils—flowers and buds—and wheat ears.

FIGURE 3.—DRESS CAP.

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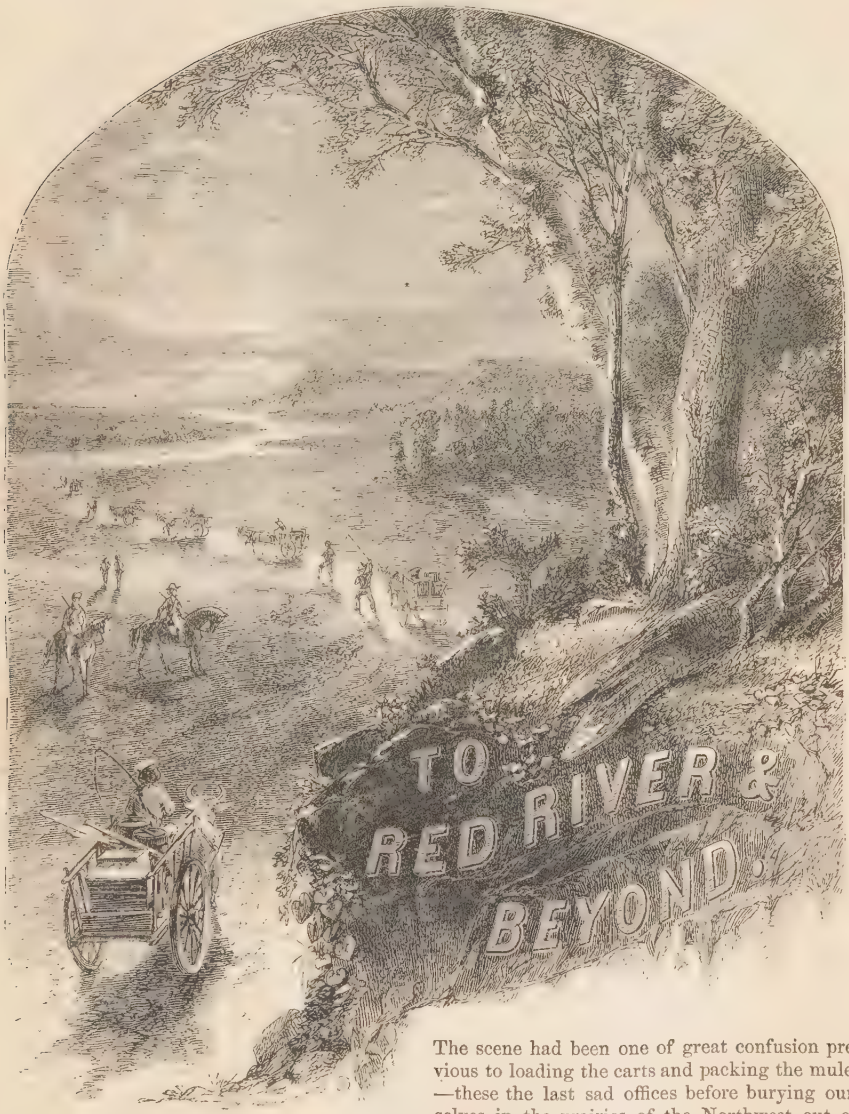

OUR expedition, on the afternoon of the 10th of June, left the hill back of the apostolic capital of Minnesota, where the tents had been pitched and the messes made up the night before. The scene had been one of great confusion previous to loading the carts and packing the mules —these the last sad offices before burying ourselves in the prairies of the Northwest out of sight of civilization. Crowds of citizens from St. Paul and vicinity were present during the ceremony. All about the camp-ground were scattered our provisions, sacks of flour and sugar

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CASCADE NEAR ST. PAUL.

and beans, barrels of pork and bags of dried beef, bags of dried apples and sacks of coffee, canisters of tea and kegs of powder, bags of shot and chunks of lead, rifles, shot-guns, and pistols, blankets—blue, red, white, and green; fishing-rods, pack-saddles, cart-harness, tents and tent-poles, tin kettles, iron saucepans, tin plates, carpet-bags, valises, soap-boxes, axes, and buffalo-robes, butcher-knives and spy-glasses, and a hundred things besides—some useful and some useless—relics of civilization which now lie scattered along the valley of the Red River of the North and the prairies of the Saskatchewan, one by one thrown away as their owners drew the line between luxuries and necessities, in passing from citizens to nomads.

At length the carts were loaded, horses harnessed, mules packed, and horsemen mounted. "The Colonel" led the train, driving a light sulky carrying the odometer and other scientific instruments. Balky horses were spurred up, refractory mules flogged, and amidst hundreds of "Good-byes," "Write me from Frazer River," "My compliments to the Saskatchewan," "Send back the biggest nuggets you find," "Let me give you a pass over the Rocky Mountains," one after another wheeled into line, and the expedition was fairly started on its long journey.

Three-fourths of our twenty were bound to Frazer River to dig for gold; the rest were in search of treasures of another sort—health, knowledge, a summer's recreation, science, personal inspection of the Northwestern areas and the great rivers by which they are linked to our own Northwestern States.

We outfitted at St. Paul, and spent a fortnight of fine summer weather, when we ought to have been traveling, in making our purchases, beginning with horses. [Eulogy of Western horse-jockeys is here omitted for want of room. The sentiments of the writer will be intelligibly conveyed by the picture on the next page, containing portraits of animals offered for our purchase by members of that virtuous and enlightened profession.]

My friend Joseph bought a mare whom he conceived to be profoundly penetrated with a grave consciousness of the part she was performing in opening an international highway across the continent. "Observe," said he, "the pensile head, the meditative, lacklustre eye, the impressive solemnity of her slowly measured tread. See how she restrains the natural levity of her disposition, and represses that exuberance of animal spirits which one might expect from a horse in the very blush and dew of equine adolescence—for the man I bought her of swore she was only six years old. Let her be called Lady Mary." For my own part, I bought a horse of Indian origin and aboriginal habits—lazy, tough, balky, jocose, sagacious, and of a conservative habit—afterward called "Dan Rice." Together we bought a mule to draw our kit and cargo in a cart of the Red River pattern. Each of us had an India-rubber blanket, two pair of heavy woolen blankets, arms and ammunition, fishing-tackle, besides the cooking utensils, compass, hammer and nails, pail, water-keg, axe, scythe, shovel, rope, string, and jack-knife, which we owned in common. For wearing apparel the best average was: a soft felt hat, three or four blue flannel shirts, with three or four pockets in each. A full suit of Canada blue or stout doeskin, with an extra pair of trowsers. One pair of duck cloth overalls. Boots or high shoes, with projecting soles to keep the prairie-grass from cutting through the uppers.

Whoever goes to Frazer River hereafter by the northern overland route will please listen to two

HORSE-JOCKEYING.

items of advice, or skip to the next paragraph. Item first—the same which *Punch* gave to a young couple about marrying—"Don't!" But if he insists upon going—item second—let him not travel five hundred miles north with loaded carts before beginning on his half-continent of westing. Messrs. Burbank and Blakely, of St. Paul, have had a line of stages this summer from that city to the head of navigation on the Red River of the North; and the steamboat *Anson Northup*, owned by them in shares with the Hudson's Bay Company, now connects that terminus with the Selkirk Settlement. Let the emigrant outfit at St. Paul, send his provisions to Fort Garry by the route named, and there buy carts and fresh horses and make an early start.

It was a motley crowd. There was the man of monstrous egotism, who passed his life in the contemplation and exposition of his own achievements and virtues, and men of no virtue at all; the enthusiast, and the man who ridiculed all enthusiasm; the man who believed every thing, and the man who believed nothing; men of good principle, men of bad principle, and men of no principle; scholars and ignoramuses; industrious men and lazy men; sick men, who could be floored with a rush, and well men that a bull would hesitate before trying to butt over; water drinkers and whisky drinkers; men that were boys, and boys that were men; Nova Scotians and Indian half-breeds, Scotchmen and Canadians, English, American, and Irish; and but three tents-ful in all.

There were with us two doctors, to look after our healths, and an accomplished scientific gentleman, a geologist and botanist, who afterward descended the Assiniboine River from Fort Ellice, in a canoe, with only a single Indian guide, ascertaining the navigability of the stream in the spring of the year to small boats, and in nearly all seasons to batteaux—one of the few results accomplished by the expedition.

Our first day's journey was a very short one. Horses and mules had to be weaned from the quotidian oats of civilization, and taught to reconcile themselves to grass and water. The fatigues of the journey had to be begun *adagio*, and then *crescendo*. A *sforzando* movement at the start would have knocked them up in a week.

We, too, had to be weaned. We found this out at the first camping-ground. Instead of ringing for coals and ordering a chop, we had to chop our wood and build our fires and fry our own pork. The streams, which are the Crotons and Cochituates of the prairies, had to make connection with our temporary houses by wooden pails instead of iron pipes, and we to learn how much easier it is to reach a bell-rope and turn a faucet than to be hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Riding in the sun and the labor and excitement of starting had given us the appetites of Brobdignagians. Visions of savory messes, clouds of fragrant steam, in which Soyer the immortal seemed enjoying perpetual apotheosis, floated through our minds as we pitched the tents and drove their stakes, stacked the guns and spread our blankets for the night, and then waited and listened for the call to supper. Presently it came, and in the one word "*Grub!*" and grub it was. The tea, virgin as when gathered in the gardens of the celestials, had impart-

RED RIVER GUIDE.

ed none of its virtue to the ravishing hot water, and the decoction which we poured into our tin cups from the new tin tea-pot deserved no better name than hot slops. We asked for bread and received a stone, or at least something so compact, solid, and yet springy, that if it could be produced in sufficient quantities it might supersede the pavements of New York, with danger to horses, profit to the contractor, and addition to the general filth—the three essentials. Fried salt pork was the *pièce de resistance*.

These were our bad beginnings, however. We had not then got into the region of game. Subsequently we had bread as light and good as could be desired, and banqueted on flesh, fish, and fowl of an infinite variety. Even Delmonico denies you the pleasure which we had—of shooting your own bird, picking, dressing, and salting it, and impaling the cadaver upon a sharp stick, there to broil over the coals of the campfire into exquisite yellows and browns. And a venison steak with the costliest accompaniments, in a four-walled restaurant, is not to be preferred to a buffalo steak at supper, bought by a four-mile chase. Nor did bread and pork and tea comprise all our bill of fare. Some of the nomads whom civilization was sloughing off still clung to the fare to which they had been accustomed; and visitors came, bringing in secret pockets mysterious black bottles, containing, if all we have heard is true, chalk, marble dust, opium, tobacco, henbane, oil of vitriol, copperas, alum, strychnine, and other exhilarating beverages.

THE TRAVELER'S HOME.

Stages and teams continually passed us, and our camp-life as yet lacked the seclusion which gives it its charm. Some of us were even weak enough to prefer the white sheets and linen pillow-cases of civilization to the blankets of barbarians, and generally found our way at sundown to some inn.

Still, along this crowded thoroughfare, and with these dilutions of camp-life, we met with some sharp contrasts. My sketch-book contains, upon consecutive pages, a picture of the Astor-like "Fuller House," at St. Paul, where I slept one night, and the "Traveler's Home," where I asked for "something to eat" on the next day.

FERRY OVER RUM RIVER.

Our road passed over two tributaries of the Mississippi—Elk River and Rum River. Spring freshets had carried away their bridges, and we crossed by means of temporary rope ferries. Over Rum River ferry, near Anoka, we were carried free. Enterprising citizens reasoned with the owner of the boat, whether patriotically or numismatically I know not, and brought him to a sense of his condition as one of the pioneers of the great Northwest Exploring Expedition. That body, when it had crossed, organ-

ONE OF OUR DOCTORS.

ized itself into a convention and passed the following resolutions:

"*Whereas*, by the kindness of the citizens of Anoka we have been ferried over Rum River free,

"*Resolved*, That we tender them our heartfelt thanks;

"*Resolved*, That we are deeply sensible of the able and skillful manner in which the ferryman managed his pole, and his assistant the rudder, in the trying transit of Rum River;

"*Resolved*, That we are devoutly grateful that the rope did not break and leave us to the mercy of winds and waves;

"*Resolved*, That we cordially unite in recommending to Charon, the proprietor of the Styx ferry-boat, to refrain from demanding the usual two oboli from the citizens of Anoka and the ferryman of Rum River."

These resolutions were adopted *nem. con.* The chairman was about to put the motion to adjourn to a quarter where the rum was not so liberally diluted as in the stream just crossed, when the gentleman who had offered the resolutions stepped on top of a pile of flour-sacks in his cart and exclaimed,

"Mr. Chairman, before we adjourn allow me to make a few brief remarks on a subject in which we are all deeply interested. Need I say that I allude to the great Northwest Exploring Expedition?" [Hear! hear! Go on! go on! Three cheers for the Saskatchewan!]

The exigencies of space compel the omission of the speaker's apology for a want of preparation for the occasion and his brilliant exordium. The following extracts are taken from the manuscript which he drew from his pocket a few moments later. I have endeavored to relieve the dryness of his discourse by interpolating a few sketches of the members of our party, as they appeared at various points of the journey.

"The discovery of gold in Frazer River and its tributaries depopulated many of the small towns of California in a few short weeks. Tracts of land, once thickly settled and well tilled, were emptied of inhabitants and left as free of the plow as they were before gold was discovered in that El Dorado. Emigrants came from the East too, but passed on by the Golden Gate and entered the Straits of Juan de Fuca on their way to the newer and more northern El Dorado. Shall we wonder, then, that the Californians have said Frazer River is a humbug? Nay, rather let us rejoice. Shall any croaker say we count our eggs before they are hatched? Perhaps we do; but it is because the eggs are golden ones, and we are sure of our goose. . . . .

"But the emigration is already sufficient to make the question of routes all important. Some may like to go around the Horn, but not a Western man; that is not his way of treating horns. Who wants to be huddled like cattle between the decks of a rickety old steamer for weeks and months? Who wants to go from London to Paris by the way of Jericho? The best gold fields are in the head waters of Frazer River, close to the Rocky Mountains, just over the way. We take the short cut. . . . .

"To use the words of a distinguished writer: 'Various causes have been approaching their crisis of consequence with a remarkably synchronous movement.' The license of the Hudson Bay Company has just expired. The land which they have shut out the world from is open to capital and labor. British Columbia has been organized. People are hearing of the northward deflection of the isothermals west of the great lakes. Bulwer's prophecy, of a cordon of free States all along our northern boundary, may yet be realized. Ten years ago who knew that northwest of Chicago lies an inhabitable area bigger than the whole United States east of the Mississippi, included between the same lines of latitude which box the great grain-growing districts of Central Europe? Japan is opening, and the Amoor gapes to receive her coming thousands. Oregon and Washington Territories are swelling into magnificence, and the eyes of wide-awake philosophers already see in the Northern Pacific the Mediterranean of the future. . . . .

"And what a magnificent river system is that of the Northwestern areas—a system by itself! Think me not stupid because I am statistical.

The Red River of the North hooks its head waters in among the head waters of the Mississippi. Then it sends its waters hundreds of miles north to Lake Winnipeg, the centre of the system. That lake is two hundred miles long, navigable for any class of vessels. Its main tributary is the Saskatchewan [cheers], navigable to the very shadows of the Rocky Mountains. Of this country, big enough to make half a dozen first-class States, Red River is the syphon, and Minnesota is the reservoir that its wealth will always flow into. Minnesota, too, gentlemen, as my friend Lieutenant Maury says, is the centre of the Northern thermal band—the temperate zone, the zone of commerce, manufactures, industrial activity, and the wealth and power of the globe. England, France, Russia, Germany, the New England, Middle, and Northwestern States lie in it; the whole valley of the St. Lawrence and the great basin of the Saskatchewan lie in it. The climatic associations of this belt, upon the eastern side of the basin of the great lakes, have formed the elements of the popular delusions regarding the climate of the region to the west and northwest of us. But how absurd is the deduction! The same argument proves that the vine-clad hills of France are no better than the banks of Newfoundland, and Central Europe as bleak and cold as our stormy Labrador. Science and observation tell us that the western coasts of continents are warmer than the eastern in the same latitude, and the northwestern areas of our continent will yet be settled with a population such as it deserves."

The orator, dismounting from his throne, was saluted with three cheers. The wit of the party called for "Hail Columbia" from the thermal band, and the twenty mounted their horses and carts and drove on.

The day's programme soon settled down into this routine: The morning watch called the cooks of the three messes at sunrise, and the cooks called their messes half an hour later. After ablutions, which were performed in proximate tin basins or distant brooks, breakfast was laid upon the ground and eaten. The interval, till seven or eight o'clock, was generally given to miscellaneous matters, horses needing to be shod, harness to be mended, tents to be struck, journals to be written up, etc. At half past seven the animals which had been unpicketed at sunrise by the morning watch were brought up, harnessed and saddled, and at about eight the expedition started on its day's journey. We rested an hour or half-hour at noon, and went into camp at four. The variations upon this plan became numerous as we journeyed on. Sometimes a deep stream was to be crossed, which occupied half the day, during which the horses rested, and could, therefore, travel later. Sometimes the greater part of a day's journey was through marshes, or the road was bad and full of sloughs, which wearied the horses: in this case we went into camp earlier. But the principal cause of variation came to be the nearness of wood and water. These words gradually changed their original signification into a much broader one, in our minds. Wood once meant the stuff floors and doors and desks are made of, and water was merely one of a great variety of fluids. Now wood and water became essentials to us. We must have them or go supper-

OUR NATURALIST STUDYING GRASSES.

MY FIRST WATCH.

less to bed, and start breakfastless in the morning. They stood instead of a hundred things, and were, to use the phrase of a philosopher, the fundamental data of life. By them we lived, and moved, and had our being.

On coming to the camp-ground the horses were at once unsaddled and the mules unharnessed, all watered and turned out to graze till twilight, when they were picketed for the night. The tents were pitched, wood cut, and water brought for the cooks, who set forth their tins, built the fires, and proceeded to business. After supper, the watch, who was on duty from sunset till midnight, built smudges for the animals, saw they were properly picketed, and began his rounds. The blankets were spread in the tents, the tents smudged or mosquito nets hung, and at dark nearly all were asleep. A few lingered around the camp-fire telling stories of home, singing songs and choruses, and smoking their pipes: but soon they, too, joined the sleepers.

My first watch happened to fall while we were camped on the east bank of the Mississippi. It was the morning watch, from midnight to sunrise. A cool wind, inexpressibly refreshing after the heat of the day, blew the blanket from my shoulders as I stepped out of the tent at the call of the first watch. Over the whole sky clouds were flying to the south, in thick billows, through the upper air, and in whiter flecks of foam below.

In the west the full moon was going down, now completely hidden from the sight, and now bursting through the rifts with a sudden light. In these moments the white tents gleamed, and the thick darkness which hung over the river, the forests of trees upon its western bank, and upon the islands between, suddenly passed away, revealing their sharp outline against the sky, the rounded graceful masses of foliage, broken by here and there a giant trunk leafless, the memorial of some storm and its swift lightning stroke. Long, deep shadows stretched across the river almost to the hither shore, and where the moonlight shone fair and clear, the rapid current of the river, whose waters the north wind seemed hurrying on to their southern gulf, was transformed to bridges of light, and the illusion hardly passed away until a raft came floating down the stream out of the darkness, a single form visible upon its wrinkled surface, his hand upon the huge paddle guiding its course through the windings of the channel as it swayed from shore to shore.

St. Cloud, seventy-five miles north of St. Paul, the northern limit of the second stretch of continuous navigation on the Mississippi, was our first station. Six or seven years ago there was nothing there but the forest primeval and a cabin or two. Now there is a capital hotel, the Stearns House, two or three churches, a hospital of the Sisters of Mercy, and houses for a thousand people. The west bluff of the river, where St. Cloud stands, is high and steep, the prairie stretching back of it level. From various points on this bluff the river views are beautiful, especially the one looking north to Sauk Rapids, two or three miles above.

The greatest institution, the peculiar one of St. Cloud, I have failed to mention—the St. Cloud newspaper. Joseph and I called upon its editor, the well-known Mrs. Swisshelm, and were permitted to see the most northwestern printing office of the cis-montane States. We found the reputed ogre a large-eyed, lively little woman, with a masculine and unhandsome breadth and height of forehead, wearing a plain brown Quakerish dress, and occupied in sewing together a carpet for the principal room in her new house, just finishing and adjoining the old one. She was very busy, and therefore kept her position on the floor and went on with her work, telling us, however, that she was glad we came, begging us to go on and talk, but launching her bark in the current of conversation before we had knocked away the shores of our own. She was absorbent and capacious of information, uniting the professional inquisitiveness of the reporter with the friendly curiosity of her sex. Her comments were shrewd and her talk often witty. Presently she left her work and took us into the printing-office and sanctum. The latter was a small apartment partitioned off from the main room, long and narrow. In one corner stood the editorial desk, with a pile of exchanges surmounted by the professional scissors and paste-pot. She had been compelled to use the sanctum as a living room also. At the right stood a table with the dishes laid for tea, and close at the left a cooking stove loaded with tea-pot, frying-pan, and kettles. Every thing appeared in confusion in this sanctum; for it was not large enough to swing a cat comfortably in, and yet was crowded with the miscellaneous contents of an editorial office, a kitchen, and dining-room, and served. besides, as the passage-way to the larger room beyond. In this room were the hand-press and stands of type, one or two half-made-up forms and half a dozen galleys rested on the table, while the walls were adorned with posters announcing horse sales, houses to rent, etc. A window was broken, and the floor littered. Leaning against the form-table in this dingy room, the brave woman told us how she had learned to set type herself, and then taught boys to; how she made up the forms; how she had got along with a stiff-necked and rebellious people; how she had enjoyed her persecutions and mild martyrdom; how she had endured the *res angustæ domi*, and, like all the rest of us workies, had nearly died in getting a living.

We had a supper that night—not but what, in the ordinary conditions of the exchequer, most of us were sure of three meals a day; but this was a particular and public supper. For my part, I remember nothing of it except that the presiding officer was C. C. Andrews, immortalized in "The Red River Trail," a lawyer who is making his mark in the northwest, and that, after his sensible brief speech, somebody got up and told who built the first wagon in Minnesota, and somebody else expressed the opinion that the head of navigation on the Mississippi was not St. Paul, nor S'n'anthony, nor St. Cloud, but Fort Edmonton on the Saskatchewan.

On Monday, June 20, the train struck its tents and left St. Cloud: here beginning its experiences of camp-life with a back-ground. So far we had been treading the warp and woof of civilization—now we began to slip off the fringes of its outermost skirts. Our direction was northwest, by the valley of Sauk River, through the lake district of Middle Minnesota to the head of navigation on Red River. Such articles as were needed had been added to our outfit, including a boat to cross streams in, which served for a wagon box on dry land. The second day out all our horses and mules ran away before breakfast. Half the camp scoured the country in every direction in search for the runaways. They were caught four miles away, making steady tracks for St. Cloud and its possible oats, led on in their desertion by two of the handsomest, smallest, and meekest-looking mules in the train. The road rewarded them with retributive justice that day. The sloughs were innumerable, and indeed innumerable they continued to be for weeks and weeks, only approaching the limits of mathematical calculation as we neared Pembina. This may seem strange when it is considered that we crossed the divide between the tributaries of the Minnesota and Mississippi; but, as Joseph said, "with a general

GETTING OUT OF A SLOUGH.

convexity of outline there was great concavity of detail." The convex "divide," like a rounded cheek, had a small-pox of lakes, bogs, ponds, sloughs, and morasses.

To give in detail the particulars of this part of our experience would be cruel to writer and reader, though it might gain the former a seat in the Chinese Paradise of Fuh, where the purgatorial price of admission is to wade for seven years in mud up to the chin. So let me give the spirit of it all, in a lump.

The only external indication of some kinds of sloughs is a ranker growth of grass, perhaps of a different color, in the low ground between two hills of a rolling prairie. Again, on a level prairie, where the road seems the same as that you have been traveling dry shod, your horse's hoofs splash in wet grass. This goes on, worse and worse, till you get nervous and begin to draw up your heels out of the water; and so, perhaps, for a mile, whether in the water or out of it you can not tell, horses up to their bellies trudging through the water and grass, carts sinking deeper than the hubs, you travel at the rate of one mile in 2.40. Very often, however, sloughs put on no such plausible appearance, but confess themselves at once unmistakably bad and ruinous to horses and carts.

It is the wagon-master's business to ride ahead of the train a few hundred yards, and, on coming to a slough, to force his horse carefully back and forth through it till he finds the best place for crossing. I have fished for trout in Berkshire streams so small that, to an observer a hundred yards distant, I must have seemed to be bobbing for grasshoppers in a green meadow; but the appearance is not more novel than to see a strong horse plunging and pitching in a sea of green grass that seems to have as solid a foundation as that your own horse's hoofs are printing. Some sloughs have no better or worse spot. It is mud from one side to the other—mud bottomless and infinite, and backing up in some infernal Symmes's hole. The foremost cart approaches, and, at the first step, the mule sinks to his knees. Some mules lie down at this point; but most of ours were sufficiently well broken to make one more spasmodic leap, and, though the water or mud went no higher than their fetlocks, then and there they laid them down. This is the moment for human intervention, and, on the part of profane mule-drivers, for an imprecation of divine intervention. The men get off their horses and carts, and hurry to the shafts and wheels, tugging and straining, while one or two yell at and belabor the discouraged and mulish mule.

The census man would have no difficulty at this juncture in ascertaining the persuasion to which profane mule-drivers belong, or, at least, in which they have been reared. Some of their oaths derive their flavor from camp-meeting reminiscences. Another man excels as a close-communion swearer, and, after damning his mule, superfluously damns the man who would not damn him. Other oaths have a tropical luxuriance of irreverent verbiage that shows them to have been drawn from the grand and reverent phrases of the Prayer-book, and still others are of that sort which proves their users godless wretches, with whom, for very ignorance, oaths stand in the stead of adjectives.

Belabored by oaths, kicks, whip-lashes, and ropes-ends, the mule may rise and plunge and lie down, and rise again and plunge, until the cart is on solid ground; but it was generally the quicker way to unload the cart or wagon at once,

or to lighten it until the mule could get through easily. If this was inconvenient for any reason, a rope was fastened to the axle, and twenty men pulling one way would generally succeed in beating the planet pulling the other. Our Indian ponies got through mud splendidly. Joseph was heard to recommend a stud of them for the hither side of Bunyan's Slough of Despond.

They were too lazy to be other than deliberate in getting out of a hole. They put their feet down carefully, and, like oxen, waddled along, one step or one jump at a time. So they never strained themselves as a high-spirited horse would, and yet were not so mulish as to be willing to stay stuck in the mud for centuries, until the branches of future trees should lift them up for fruit like Sir John Mandeville's sheep.

Three times we crossed the tortuous Sauk, first by a ferry like the one at Rum River. The next time, four days afterward, we had to make our own ferry. One stout fellow swam across with a rope in his teeth, which was tied firmly to stout trees opposite each other. Then the wagon box was taken off the wheels, two or three hours spent in calking it, launched, and a man in the bow, holding on to the rope which sagged down to within a yard of the water, by bending his body and keeping stiff legs, could head the bow up stream against the swift current, and pull himself and the load across. A Cree half-breed did this canoeing as dexterously from the first as if he had spent his life on the river. Horses, mules, and oxen were then pushed into the stream, one by one, their lariats tied around their noses, and held by another person in the boat, so as to guide them at once to the only place where they could get ashore. Finally, the empty carts and wagons were floated across, and pulled up the bank by a rope around the axle.

Crossing other streams where the current was not swift enough to overturn the carts, and the water only deep enough to flow over the boxes, we cut saplings, made a floor on top of the frames, lifted the goods top of that, and crossed without unharnessing a mule.

The conclusion of all which is, that people on railroad cars don't realize what they have to be thankful for.

This valley of the Sauk up which we were traveling is one of the garden spots of Minnesota. The new settlers of the last two or three years have many of them taken that direction. Claim-stakes and claim-shanties speck the road from one end of the river to the other. Some of the claim-shanties were built in good faith, had been lived in, and land was tilled around them. Not a few, however, were of the other sort, built to keep the letter of the law; four walls merely, no windows, door, or roof. We often found it convenient to camp near these edifices, and saved ourselves the trouble of going half a mile for wood when we found it cut so near at hand.

CLAIM-STAKE.

A terrific thunder-storm came on one afternoon in this Sauk valley to which the average thunder-storms of lat. 40° 42′ long. 74° 41′ are two-penny and theatrical. We were drenched, of course, with the lowest cloudful, in a moment; but the thunder was so near, prolonged, and hurtling, that it was enough to make a brave man shiver to remember that his trowsers had a steel buckle. All day and all night the tempest continued, rain pouring, lightning flashing round the whole circuit of the heavens, and the thunder unintermitted. But the next morning rose as clear-skied as if the preceding had been a June day of old tradition, and not written down in the calendar of the battle-month as the anniversary of Montebello.

Our last day's travel in sylvan Sauk Valley took us to Osakis Lake. Here we camped for Sunday, in an opening in a fine forest which surrounded the lake. Sunday was a perfect day. With patient sight one might trace here and there the graceful scarf-like shadowy white of the highest and rarest clouds against the pure blue. No lower or coarser forms were visible any where from horizon to horizon, and even these would sweep into such evanescent folds, and ripple away into such ethereal faintness, that the eye passed them and looked through the blue ether itself. To breathe the pure air was indeed an inspiration. The wind came fresh and clear over the lake.

CLAIM-SHANTY.

There it lies, surrounded by forests on every side, with only here and there vistas of open prairie. From the level of the roots of the nearest trees, and from the shadows that rest among their huge trunks, the shining beach slopes down, its white sand the floor where the waves endlessly run up, visible far out and then fused with the surface blue. I gave myself a baptism in this beautiful cold lake, and then finding an old gnarled oak whose spreading limbs made a comfortable couch overlooking the water, whiled the still hours away till the shadows of the distant trees lengthened over the lake and touched the hither shore.

Osakis Lake is twelve miles long and two or three wide; its waters are quite cold, and abound with the largest and finest kind of fresh-water fish—wall-eyed pike, bass, perch, and other. The Doctor, our one skillful fisherman, brought in a boat-load, caught in an hour or two's drifting. The rest of the camp spent the day in reading, writing, sewing, fishing, washing, cooking, and mending wagons.

Ten or twelve miles over the very worst road yet, brought us to a place which, when it gets to be a place, is to be called Alexandria. Half of the distance and more was through woods. Look up, and there was gorgeous sunlight flooding the fresh young leaves, lighting up old oak trunks, and glorifying the brilliant birch and maple, pigeons flying or alit, robins and thrushes, and what other mellow-throated songsters I know not, making the vistas and aisles of shadow alive with sound; but look down, and your horse was balking at a labyrinth of stumps, where there was no place to put his foot: this extending for ten rods, and there terminating in a slough aggravated by the floating débris of a corduroy bridge, and this ending in a mud-hole, the blackness of darkness, with one stump upright to prevent your wading comfortably through it, to transfix your horse or upset the cart.

The carts and their drivers could not get through by daylight, but were compelled to stay in the woods and fight mosquitoes all night, reaching Alexandria about noon the next day. Joseph and I, on our ponies, "thridded the sombre boskage of the wood," and got to Alexandria before dark. It was slow traveling, but, on sure-footed Indian ponies, not very disagreeable. The mosquitoes were our worst torment; we avoided their terebrations by "taking the vail."

TAKING THE VAIL.

MAJOR PATTEN'S CROSSING.

About the middle of the afternoon we caught glimpses through the leaves of a lake at the right of us, and soon came to the short branch road which led to it. Leading our horses down to the water's edge, we observed a blazed tree just at the margin, and an inscription neatly written on the white wood, with date and name of the company by whom it had been cut.

Coming out on the beautiful prairie which is the site of Alexandria, we were surprised to see the wagons and tents of Messrs. Burbank and Blakely's first two stage loads, showing that their road-makers were not far enough ahead for them to follow on. Is it possible that I have forgotten to tell the romance of that stage load? Two Scotch girls, sisters, journeying without any protector save their good looks and good sense, from Scotland to Lake Athabasca, where one of them was to redeem her plighted faith and marry a Hudson Bay Company's officer. Ocean voyage alone, two or three thousand miles' travel through a strange country to St. Paul alone, then this journey by stage to Fort Abercrombie, camping out and cooking their own food, and voyaging down Red River in a batteau, near a thousand miles more, and fired at by Red Lake Indians on the way, then journeying with a Company's brigade to Athabasca, going north all the while and winter coming on too, and the mercury traveling down to the bulb; but her courage sinking never a bit. Hold her fast when you get her, Athabascan! She is a heroine, and should be the mother of heroes.

And the brave bridesmaid sister! Where are "the chivalry?" Letters take about a year to get to Athabasca, gentlemen.

Three English sportsmen and their guns, tents, and dogs filled another stage. They had hunted in Canada and Florida, shot crocodiles in the valley of the Nile, fished for salmon in Norway, and were now on their way to the buffalo-plains of the Saskatchewan to enjoy the finest sport of all. Purdy rifles, Lancaster rifles, Wesley Richards's shot-guns, and Manton's shot-guns, single-barreled and double-barreled: these were their odds against brute strength and cunning. One of them was a baronet, the others Oxford men, and all might have passed a life of ease in London with society, libraries, establishments; but this wild life, with all its discomforts and privations and actual hardships and hard work, had more attractions for them in its freedom, its romance, its adventure. Their stories were of beleaguered proctors and bear fights, Hyde

Park and deer-stalking, Rotten Row rides and moose hunts. Next year we may hear of them up the Orinoco or in South Africa. Better there than wasting away manliness in "society," or the "hells," or in bribing electors; but is there not something else in all England worth living and working for?

One of the three was a splendid rifle-shot. With my Maynard rifle, breach-loading and weighing only six pounds, unlike any thing he had ever handled, he plumped a sardine-box at distances of 100, 150, 200, and 300 yards, and hit the small tree, in a cleft of which it was fastened, almost every time in twenty.

Our tented field was a fair beginning for a town. In fact, we far outnumbered the actual population of Alexandria. Joseph and I were glad enough to be permitted to enjoy more than municipal privileges under the roof of Judge G——. If pioneers were all of the kind that have founded Alexandria, civilization and refinement would travel west as fast as settlements, instead of being about a decade behind. The house was built of hewn logs, of course; but inside grace and beauty struggled with the roughness of such raw materials and came off victorious, and yet nothing was out of place. There was an air about the main room that made you remember that the grandest queen walked on rush-strewn floors not half so fine as these spotless planks—and what wall-paper had such delicate hues as the pealed bark revealed on the timber beneath?—and there was a woman's trick in the fall of the window-curtains and the hanging of the net over the spotless counterpane in the corner, and the disposition of things on the bureau, crowned by its vaseful of beautiful prairie flowers. Here we enjoyed such dinner-table chat and such long evening talks, W. and I, with Judge G—— and his wife, as made us wish we had known them in London Terrace ten years ago, though we could regret the absence of none of the luxuries which they were daily proving a well-ordered life could be lived without.

Alexandria is environed by beautiful lakes—lakes which I obstinately refuse to rhapsodize over, simply because they are so many and all deserve it. To a promontory jutting out into one of these I took a seven-mile walk early one drizzly morning, with one of our party, accompanied by a hound, for which he had returned, to follow up the scent of a deer which he said he had shot and wounded badly two hours before. We found the place—the leaves were splashed with blood—gave the dog the scent, and followed his wild running for two or three miles, but saw no deer, and walked home in the rain. Now there are three hypotheses, together exhaustive, which may explain this unfortunate occurrence. Either the deer was not badly wounded, and went further on, "making no sign," or the dog was not a good dog, or, if a good dog, had had his nose spoiled in killing skunks, which is possible. I never will believe that a chipmonk has as much blood in his veins as was scattered over those leaves, or that any sane man could mistake a squirrel for a deer.

First day's travel from Alexandria train made 2½ miles. Best four-wheel wagon had all its spokes crushed out falling into some rut in a wood-road. Next day we got on a dozen miles farther to Chippewa crossing. A party of fifty Chippewas were hunting and fishing in the vicinity. Two dusky boys watched us crossing from their canoe and laughed, I fancy, at white paddling. A shower came up, but before the shallow lake had put on its goose-flesh to meet the rain-drops, their paddles were out, and they

"NOW I LAY ME—"

skimming the water, straight as a crow flies, through the rushes to the shelter of trees which overhung the water, and there the canoe rested motionless again, and they watched us in silence. They had speared half a dozen buffalo-fish (of a rather coarse meat), and a plug of tobacco bought all we wanted for supper.

PELICAN LAKE.

I beg to be excused from mentioning the fact that, at this crossing, my pony in four-feet water, and with only two rods to dry land, disgracefully neighed a

"Now I lay me—"

and squatted, yes! *squatted* down in the water, positively refusing to obey whip or spur till I had got off his back and walked to dry land, leading him. It is also needless to mention that my saddle, saddle-bags, Shakspeare, and sketch-book, together with all of me that is fishy in mermen, became, to use a mild term, damp.

The prairie from Alexandria to Otter Tail River was a very beautiful one, the hills moderately high but of gentle slopes, their green grassy sides flecked with wild flowers of a thousand brilliant or quiet hues, and then every mile or two a high swell of land from which we could look over these smaller undulations to the great green wave rising to its height again. As we passed over these successive heights, about noon we caught sight in the distance of a beautiful lake, which, on approaching nearer, appeared to have a line of "white caps" running through it. Little wind was blowing, but the illusion was perfect. As we approached nearer, however, and saw that the white wave remained in the same place, it occurred to us that we were looking at an island of pelican; and this became evident when we saw small portions of it disintegrating about the edges, and drifting away in white clouds, relieved against the blue sky or the deeper blue of the lake, or as they floated past the tree-covered islands and promontories which pushed their gray sandy beaches out into the water from either shore.

I have never seen a lake which, for variety and grace of outline, appeared to me so beautiful as this, though, to be sure, its beauty was far from being of a striking sort. As Joseph and I mounted to ride on after the train we observed a large flock of the same birds circling high in air overhead. The sight was worth going far to see. There were hundreds of them sweeping around in slow and stately flight—the distance transforming all their ungainliness into grace, and the bright sunlight clothing them in white splendor.

To the right and left of us, from Osakis Lake, the head of the Sauk Valley, to Otter Tail or Upper Red River, lakes of every variety of outline were visible as we journeyed on. Some were near at hand—our trail at times leading over their sandy or pebbled beaches, or upon others we looked down from the summit of a hill of rolling prairie, and again from the loftier ridges of the undulating land sea, the eye, sweeping the horizon, could trace the outlines of a dozen within the limits of its vision, near or remote—bluer than the stainless heavens, or blending in the hazy distance with the long waving

FIRST VIEW OF THE RED RIVER OF THE NORTH.

grass which sloped to the water's edge, or the black and brown rushes which, like timorous swimmers, did not venture far from shore, or with the deeper green of wooded capes and islands, which caught the fierce sunlight and shaded its fall upon the gentle waters, casting themselves away upon the beaches. Joseph rhapsodized and I applauded.

"These little lakes are my private passion—deep-set, dark-shadowed lakes, cozy nooks of sunshine that one may own within the compass of a farm—pocket-editions of poetry in velvet and gold—little lakes that, from under their wooded fringes, gleam with an under-soul, and flash back the introverted glances of the stars from depths as pure as the heights of the down-gazing heavens, such a lake as you can take into your confidence, and talk to in quiet hours as a lover talks to the image in a golden locket, and sees the cold crystal all aglow and shadowy with passion like a woman's eye."

It was our habit to ride ahead of the train a mile or two, or behind it, if we staid to hunt or sketch or for sight-seeing. So riding the next morning, our eyes were the first to get sight of the waters which run to the frozen seas of the north. For four or five miles, at every elevation, we had seen ahead of us a line of timber, and beyond level prairie, which we knew must be the trees skirting the Otter Tail or Upper Red River, where, a young and wayward stream, it flows to the south and west, hither and thither, before gaining breadth and volume and gathering tributary waters, it turns to its final direction, and thenceforward flows with steady currents toward the northern star. The prairie within this bend, and toward which we were traveling, moreover, we knew to be level instead of rolling like that to the east; so on we spurred, and, surmounting a summit, on the hither side of which it seemed that the nearest curve of the river must still be miles away, there the river ran at our very feet, bursting suddenly upon us in its full loveliness like a goddess disrobing.

The day was the fourth of the month July, and this was our unexpected celebration of the Nation's gala-day. Taking the saddles from our horses, and leaving them to their independence, we sat down upon the brow of a high hill overlooking the river for miles of its wayward windings. Pen and pencil are both inadequate; but the pencil is better than the pen. And as I sketched, Joseph made the oration.

We remained here for the rest of the day. The place is called Dayton, after a gentleman who, like millions of his fellow-freemen, was *not* elected Vice-President. The present population numbers one. They live alone by himself in a breezy log-house, with a little off-shoot containing bunks and a cooking-stove, and whose walls are hung with dried sturgeons and catfishes, caught in the river.

Breckinridge is about twenty miles below Dayton, in a southwest direction, and is situated precisely at the point where the river begins its general northwardly course, at the junction of the Bois de Sioux. Fort Abercrombie is about the same distance northwest of Breckinridge; so that our trail toward the fort from Dayton was the hypothenuse of the river's angle.

When the gulfs of wood that marked the course of Red River had faded into dimness, and sunk below the horizon behind us, nothing was visible but the sky and this level grass stretching away in every direction. There were lines of lighter and deeper shade in the green and yellow herbage, flecks of brilliant flowers, cool blue skies, and a clearly defined horizon at the east; and under the setting sun a yellower hue in the sky, and hazier lines upon the distant and wavering bands of shade and light where earth and sky met. At night we camped beside a marsh; and when the last red streak had faded out of the sky, the full sublimity of the scene burst upon the mind. A night upon the prairie is worth a day at Niagara. As far as the eye can reach on every side sweep the level lines, slowly darkening as they approach the horizon. Nothing obstructs or limits the view of the sky. A whole hemisphere of stars looks down upon you, and all the earth occupying the least possible angle of vision.

Just as we were camping for the night a company of Red River carts appeared upon the horizon. At first we could hardly imagine what they were—for a moment widening out into battalions, and then shrinking to the width of a single company, as the trail came directly toward or was at right angles to us, so that it seemed as if we were gazing at the evolutions of a grand army. As they came nearer the illusion was dispelled, and the train began to look like what it was—a huge land caravan. Presently we saw galloping ahead of the train a young man, well mounted, who in a few moments drew rein under the Stars and Stripes, which we had patriotically hoisted when we first saw their white flag of march fluttering in the distance. The rider, a young M'Kay, who was captain of the train, was well mounted, and sat his horse finely. His clear, bronzed face was set off by a jaunty cap. He wore a checked flannel shirt, and each shoulder bore its fancy wampum bead belt, that suspended the powder-horn and shot-pouch. He had upon his feet moccasins worked with beads and quills, and carried in his hand a short-handled riding-whip, with a long thick lash of buffalo hide. Meanwhile, as we exchanged the news and friendly questionings, the train had approached, one cart after another wheeling by in long procession—scores upon scores, each wheel in every cart having its own individual creak or shriek, and each cart drawn by an ox harnessed in rawhide, one driver to three carts. The drivers were all half-breeds, dressed in every variety of costume, but nearly all showing some flash of gaudy color in the invariable belt or sash, or in the moccasins, and politely touching the cap with a "Bon jour!" to such of us as stood near enough to return the salutation.

The next morning, as we were eating breakfast, a new party appeared, which soon turned out to be Sir George Simpson, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company in America, and

FORT ABERCROMBIE.

CANTONMENTS, FORT ABERCROMBIE.

his attendants. He was just returning from his annual visit to Norway House, and was only seven days from Fort Garry. He was accompanied by relays of horses, and himself rode in an old buggy at a spanking gait. The voice, which is said to make chief factors and chief traders and chief clerks tremble, and which makes and mars fortunes in Rupert's Land, was to us strangers very pleasant in its tones. Our eyes followed the white round-topped hat and white capote, as long as they were visible, with great interest, until we learned, too late, that one of the men in his party was Dr. Rae, the Arctic explorer.

A few hours' ride the next morning brought us to the Red River of the North again, where it flowed northwardly six miles above (*i. e.*, south of) Fort Abercrombie. We crossed at a convenient fording-place, where the water was little higher than the horses' flanks, and galloped on to the fort.

North of Graham's Point, as we rounded a turn of the river, whose wooded margin had concealed it from us hitherto, we came in sight of Fort Abercrombie—that is, of the one building erected for the commander's quarters, and the canvas store-houses, which are built upon the prairie near the river bank. The log-houses, which officers and privates at present occupy, are all built in a quadrangle upon a pear-shaped promontory, surrounded by water, and a trifle lower than the level of the prairie. The view on the preceding page is taken from the neck of this pear-shaped promontory, looking west toward the prairie. The view above is taken from the same spot, back to back, looking east toward the interior of the cantonment.

Here were our old stage-coach friends, the Englishmen, quartered in their tents, and the Scotch lasses, by the kindness of Captain Davis, quartered in one of the completed rooms of the building shown in the first sketch, where they were awaiting the construction of their batteau.

Joseph found an old friend in the sutler of the fort, and by him we were introduced to the commander and principal officers. We enjoyed their hearty hospitality for the remainder of the day and night. As we sat in the Captain's quarters at the close of the afternoon, smoking out the mosquitoes with Manilla cheroots, and listening to his entertaining accounts of life on the border, an orderly brought news of another train wishing to cross the river at this point. Presently they came along, the cattle bearing new armies of mosquitoes over the neck, and through the cantonment to the place where the *Anson Northup* was moored.

Wheeling their loaded carts on the boat, they swung it back and forth, from shore to shore, till all were ferried over, then drove their oxen into the water, swimming them across, and camped in the woods on the opposite side of the river.

The Captain gave Joseph and myself a whole house to ourselves that night, with straw beds, which were a luxury after the cold ground; and the delicious coolness of the room, with not a mosquito to sting or sing, soon sent us to sleep, the last sounds that fell upon our ears being the songs of the half-breeds over the river—songs of their own nation, and of Sioux and Chippewa braves—rising and falling in monotonous cadences till all were alike unheard.

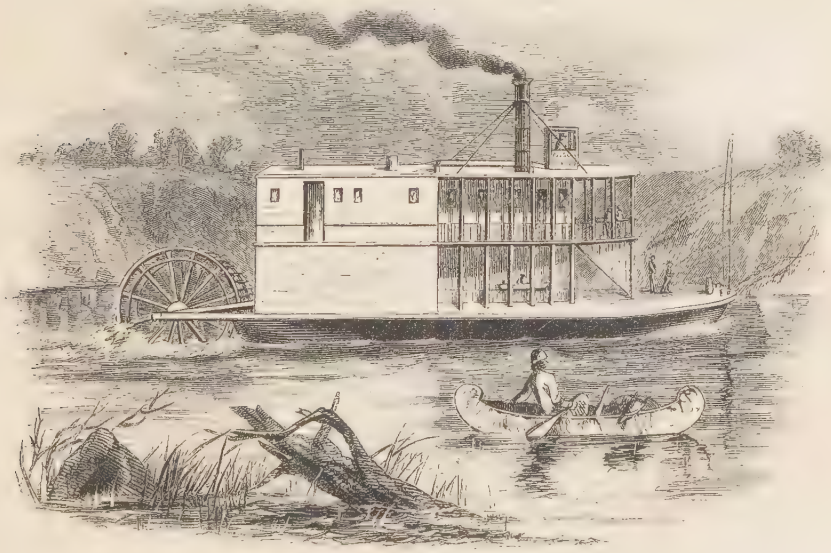
The steamboat *Anson Northup* deserves an epic. Here is the argument, to which I hope some one will yet gird himself to write a poem.

Late in the winter of 1858–'9, Mr. Anson Northup, having run his boat up the Crow Wing River, a tributary of the Mississippi, the previous fall, took it to pieces, packed the cabin, machinery, and timber for building the hull, on sleighs, which, with great difficulty, were drawn by horses and oxen across to Otter Tail Lake, and thence westward to the mouth of the Cheyenne on the Red River. Assisted by the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce, but mainly depending on his own private resources, and by hard work and perseverance, the boat was rebuilt on the banks of Red River, and launched successfully on the 19th of May, and, as the breaking bottle drenched the planks, was christened the *Anson Northup*. In the high-water of early spring she made her trial-trip down to Fort Garry and back. She had to lie by every night, of course, and must have been greatly delayed by the necessity of stopping to cut timber for the fire. In spite of these delays, she made the return trip in eight days; and what must the quiet Selkirkers have thought of the American steamboat? The Albany burgomasters were not more amazed by the sound of the *Chancellor Livingston's* paddles.

And now about the navigation of Red River. Such navigation is undoubtedly feasible. The boat's two trips to Fort Garry have demonstrated it. In the latter part of the fall, and in the winter of course, it is impracticable. After the ice breaks up, which usually happens about the 1st of May, the water is very high, and the river is navigable to as large steamboats as can make all the turns in the winding river, from Fort Abercrombie to the mouth at Lake Winnipeg—nearly five hundred miles. After the 1st of August the water has fallen sufficiently to reveal serious obstructions in the channel from the fort to the mouth of the Cheyenne River, its largest tributary but one, entering Red River fifty or sixty miles below the fort. But from this point to its mouth it is easily navigable in the lowest stages of water, until the ice forms in early November. The success of the boat works a revolution in the Company's business. Hereafter the annual outfit and returns will pass through the United States, instead of by the difficult and circuitous passage of Hudson's Bay, to York and Moose Factories.

The train did not cross the river above the fort as we did, but continued on for about fifty miles down the east side of the river to the Cheyenne Crossing, near the mouth of the Cheyenne River. Joseph and I, who had remained behind, crossed the river on the *Anson Northup*, swimming our horses. We therefore had to ride thirty-four miles on the trail of the train, doing their two days' travel in one day, and that the hottest of the season. The air was really furnace-like, reminding one of the accounts from India of the scorching heats of mid-day in that more tropical climate.

But when we got to camp, two hours after sunset, there was still no rest for us. Mosquitoes abounded, biting our hands, and necks, and faces, as we cooked our suppers, and flying into our eyes and mouths whenever we dared to open either. At this season of the year mosquitoes are the intolerable curse of travelers, the little black fly the tolerable curse, and wood-ticks the curse. As for the rest of the entomological creation, they bear no comparison with these in their power of inflicting annoyance and petty misery upon the human race; and one soon gets the habit, I found, of brushing a spider from his face, an ant from his neck, or taking any creeping, crawling thing from the inside of his near-



THE "ANSON NORTHUP."

THE SMUDGE.

est piece of clothing, with the same indifference with which he brushes away a house-fly in Christian lands. But inasmuch as wood-ticks burrow into and under the skin, and stick fast and swell, and whereas these buffalo-gnats swarm in millions, and of a hot, sultry afternoon, when little wind is stirring, will fly into the eyes, ears, and nostrils by scores; and whereas mosquitoes buzz, and pierce, and suck, and sing by the thousand and tens of thousands, biting the hands, and face, and ears, and neck, when we ride through timber, and stinging us into wakefulness before sunrise, cheating us of the delicious "last nap," and stinging us into a passion long after sunset, barricading with their filmy wings our way to the water, and, when both hands are occupied, perforating our tenderest cuticles, and making of our level skin a rolling prairie of blotches and pimples for disturbing their ancient and solitary reign, it becomes necessary to sleep, comfort, and happiness that traveling mankind should resort to the smudge.

A few brands of rotten wood from the campfire, covered with dried grass and green grass, make a smudge about equally unendurable, whether inhaled by men or mosquitoes; though of the two evils, mosquito or smudge, men prefer to endure that which is not quite interminable, though it may be almost intolerable. Horses and mules, when the smoke begins to roll up in good volume, will stand over it, and in it, till the tears run down their long noses in streams, rather than endure the torments of mosquito-bites outside its protection. Every night we closed the tent soon after dark, and smudged it out thoroughly, before going to blanket; so that when we crawled in under the tent-flap, we felt rather than saw our way, and had to keep our mouths close to the ground to get enough fresh air to live on. During the night the smoke settles, fresh air filtrates through the canvas, and we slept as comfortably as on Howe's spring mattresses.

We crossed the Red River into Dakotah Territory near the mouth of the Cheyenne River. At its mouth it is about one hundred and twenty feet wide—a deep stream, of nearly two-thirds the volume of Red River. From here to Pembina our route was through a dangerous Indian country, inhabited by hostile Sioux.

The watch was doubled, and added precautions taken against surprise or attack. It was a novel sensation to a peaceable man who had known no greater danger at night than the remote chance of being garroted on Broadway, or of being struck by lightning while sitting at his

window in Ninth Street, to bethink himself, at every sunset, of the prospect of an attack from hostile Indians, or a stampede of the horses and mules gotten up by thievish ones, and to prepare for such probabilities by keeping his rifle and pistols in perfect order—loaded and capped, and at half-cock, and to take his turn at the watch.

Joseph had a theory, however, that the Sioux were off in some remote portion of their territory, making treaties, and when his watch came around generally kicked the brands of the camp-fire, which his predecessor had carefully put out, into a blaze again, and sat down, with his pipe, in the light of it—the best possible mark for prowling Indians. He lives to tell the tale and show the hat with a bullet-hole through the crown.

On Saturday, the second day after crossing at Dakotah City, as the one log-house at the crossing of Red River is called, we had a long day's travel over prairie where there was no wood or water, and with the exception of an hour's rest at noon by the side of a slough where the horses could manage to drink a little, the train was kept in motion from eight in the morning till seven at night.

About five o'clock the sharpest-sighted of us horsemen, riding ahead of the train, on ascending a ridge of the prairie which overlooked the valley of the Elm River, saw, clear away on the edge of the horizon, where the heat of the sun made the level lines of the prairie tremulous, and seemed to fuse earth and sky, two black spots, motionless, and looking like nothing that we had been accustomed to see. They were buffaloes, of course, we all agreed; or, as Joseph frantically exclaimed, "Viands for a regiment of hungry gods, brought to us in the pockets of Jupiter's old coat!" A bull's hide, you remember, with a bull inside of it. For half an hour we all trotted along in their direction, keeping together, and still wondering whether they were in reality a couple of stray buffalo bulls, or some huge boulders outraging geological orthodoxy. The space between the spots grew wider — they were buffalo, browsing along on the prairie, and still unconscious of our approach. Two of our horsemen tightened their reins for a brisk canter, and led off at a rate of speed which would have been ruinous to Joseph's pony, or to mine, so early in the chase. We kept on at a steady jog. The wind was in our faces, and the two riders ahead got within a quarter of a mile of the game before they were discovered. Then we saw their dark frames turned broadside for an instant, and the next moment the chase had begun. We, too, joined with a wild hurrah, spurring our horses to their best gallop; ahead of us the two monsters, flouting their shaggy

DAKOTAH CITY.

manes, and thundering along at a wonderful rate, and the two riders after them at full speed, with great good sense heading them and turning their flight toward us, who were coming up as fast as our second-rate horse-flesh would permit. I was riding Dan Rice, now as ever, tough and lazy; but by plying whip and spur, and shrieking to him like any wild Indian, I got him into speed, and soon neared the boys, who were now alongside the first of the shaggy monsters, firing and wheeling away as the stately old fellows plunged on, heedless of the galling bullets. The thrilling excitement of that chase! The buffaloes galloping in their heavy, headlong way, as if they knew their lives were in the chase; C——, with one or two shots more in his revolver, and determined they should be fatal, close alongside the flanks of the one into which they had emptied their barrels; and L——, wild with excitement, begging for another pistol or a rifle. My pony could barely get alongside, but at last he did. C—— drew back; and I saw for an instant the red spots on his great side bleeding; then leveled my light rifle like a pistol, with one hand, and fired, the muzzle almost against his shoulder. He staggered into a quicker flight, and in another direction, away from the larger bull, still untouched, who was thundering on ahead. He, too, turned. I saw my chance; left the first one to those who had earned the right to dispatch him, and rode in such a way as to separate the pair, marking the foremost one for a chase. I reloaded as soon as possible, all the while at full gallop, but not gaining an inch on the buffalo, though close upon his heels, not half a dozen rods away, and he every moment turning that black, shaggy head to the one side or the other to see his pursuer. A stern chase is a long one. Every pore was streaming, and I threw off my coat, tied it behind me, threw away the stirrups, clapped heels to pony, and yelled him into a faster gait.

I never knew what physical excitement was before, and thought the oddest things while in that exciting race. The tones of my own voice amazed my mind. I wondered if I should ever ask any woman to love me, in the voice with which I besought Dan to fly faster. All passion and pathos were in the tone; and yet, somehow, though the blood was boiling, and I was so light that it seemed as if the wind blew through me, my mind sat apart and wondered how it could be that its highest functions were for an instant usurped, and my heart trembled at such living semblance of its noblest moods.

A mile or two of those tremendous strides began to tell upon the heavy creature, and his gait grew sensibly slacker. Dan gradually gained upon him, and as I got alongside I pulled trigger. For the only time in all my use of the rifle the cap snapped, but the cartridge failed to catch the fire. Buffalo-bull turned with a terrible snort, head and horns down, and made for pony and me. He was not the bull to be insulted by snapping caps. Pony wouldn't fight, shame upon him! but gathered up his heels quicker than lightning, and leaped a great leap ahead of him, and around to the other side. If he had turned, two horns would have disemboweled him. Luckily for me my feet were out of the stirrups and my seat was firm, or I might have been sent kiting into the air and down by bull's feet, instead of enjoying that spinal thrill from Dan's tightening loins. Buffalo-bull did not follow us far, but turned and made off at a small angle, using his best legs—four of them. I brought pony to a stand, toes down, drew a bead for the vital spot just behind the fore-shoulder, and fired. Buffalo-bull, that had galloped on four legs, hobbled on three. I had fired a little too far forward, and broken the shoulder-blade. I had no more cartridges, but walked my horse along as fast as the bull could hobble, till another came and dispatched him later in the day.

One of our party, the son of a rich Boston merchant—a clever scape-grace, who had traveled the world over, and, among other things, had bought up and killed beef for California miners in '49—superintended the cutting-up of the buffalo. Axes and butcher-knives soon dissected the huge carcass, and two carts were loaded with the meat from the two bulls, and wheeled into camp late that evening. Rousing fires had been built, and "Bony," the scientific cook of the Agony Hall mess, gave us all steaks and fries and "bouillons" that night, and as long as the fresh meat lasted. The next day (Sunday) was spent in jerking the meat—*i. e.*, cutting it in thin slices, and drying it in the sun or over a slow fire, the smoke keeping off flies and gnats.

My only coat—a corduroy, with the pockets full of papers—had tumbled off in the buffalo chase. Monday morning, an hour before sunrise, Joseph and I went to search for it. We took along a half-breed bred to prairie life, with keen eyes, and the promise of reward as an eye-opener. We had for a base of operations an imaginary line drawn from the head of the first buffalo killed, directly west half a mile. I knew that my coat was within a hundred yards of that line. We searched for miles and miles around; it was less than five miles from the camp to where the carcass lay, but not a hair of it could we see. The wolves could not have eaten it, and it certainly stood up two feet from the ground, a black, hairy mass, the most conspicuous kind of a way-mark. But we might as well have looked for the track of Columbus's ship, left, in the fall of 1492, east of San Salvador, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. The sea is not more pathless than a level prairie.

The next Monday afternoon we reached Pembina. During that week one day's travel was very much like another. Joseph compared our daily topography to successive pancakes which we seemed to be turning off the immense griddle of the horizon, smoking hot from the fiery oven of the sun. On the right of us, with our glasses we could see the distant line of timber marking the northward course of Red River; about every day we crossed some one of its west-

ern tributaries—first a line of blue on the northern horizon, resolving itself into trees which we gradually neared, plunged into, fording the stream which ran through them, and emerging on the other side to another stretch of open prairie, terminated at the distance of twenty or thirty miles by another timbered stream. Sometimes we had no water but swamp water, and no wood but the *bois de vache*, or "buffalo chips," which gave an unpleasant flavoring to our cook's savory pancakes; and once we got stuck, late in the afternoon, in the middle of a huge marsh, where with great difficulty we found a bit of dry ground big enough to spread our blankets on, going supperless to bed, and waiting for daylight to extricate ourselves from the wilderness of sloughs and marshes that environed us. Elm River, Goose River, Turtle River, Little Salt River, Park River, and their numberless tributaries, were those which we crossed. On the banks of Park River we found a little orchard of blueberries, and in less than ten minutes from the first alarm every body was on his hands and knees among the bushes, renewing the joys of youth. Strawberries, too, grew thicker as we advanced. They were near bringing one of our party to grief—one whom we all liked. He had a habit of walking ahead of the train for a mile or two, picking strawberries and wool-gathering, and besides, was very near-sighted. The train stopped to send after fresh meat—a young and fat bull, killed by L—— after a four-mile chase—and the philosopher trudged on. When we were in motion again somebody asked, "Where's T——?" He was nowhere to be seen. Something must be done. One officious personage, who at that time commanded the commander of the train, said, "Of course he is ahead," and objected to delaying the train till search was made.

Joseph had no idea of leaving his friend alone on the prairie, and rebuked this volunteered inhumanity with the information that he (brute) might go on as soon as he chose, and as far as he chose; but as for him (Joseph), the train might travel till sundown before he would stir another step till the missing man was found. So he took the sharp-eyed Cree half-breed along with him, mounted on my horse, and started off in the direction where, during the afternoon, a spot had been seen, which the man with the spy-glass had pronounced an Indian, and the man with a field-glass had pronounced an elk, and we without glasses had pronounced buffalo; and which it was thought might be T——. The train kept on slowly till it came to the first wood and water, and there camped. About sundown Joseph and the Cree half-breed came into camp with the philosopher between them. The rest of the story Joseph shall tell in his own words:

"The last authentic recollection of the philosopher was during the buffalo-hunting news, when he was seen, like

"'Great Orion, sloping slowly to the West,'

hunting for strawberries in labyrinths of reflection. The savant, it was known, had lost his spectacles; and now it began to be feared that he had lost himself in the bewildering mazes of his strawberry search. We had not galloped a mile before the half-breed's quick eye caught the figure—which had been buffalo, elk, Indian, and what not, an hour before—standing, apparently motionless, on the summit of a distant ridge, some five miles off, visible to me through a glass only as a vague black line against the sky. A very anxious interval of doubt was passed at the swiftest pace of our horses before we were at all sure that the dim object was my best friend. Speculation gradually dawned into recognition; and as we approached him, the geographer of the Northwest descended from his eminence, and saluted us with a bland and quiet courtesy, as if he felt quite at home, and was going to ask us to take something. The geographer was utterly lost on his own ground, and had not the least idea where he was. Picking strawberries he wandered outside of the trail, forgot on which side of it he was, and took, of course, the exactly wrong direction in trying to find his way back; and so, after wandering for a while among blueberries and eagles' nests and buffalo tracks, he concluded that he was lost, and deliberately made up his mind to camp there, in sight for miles around, till he was sent for."

JOHN BULL IN JAPAN.*

JAPANESE ARTIST.—FROM A NATIVE DRAWING.

WHATEVER may be the ultimate result of Lord Elgin's Mission to the East, it has been fortunate in the choice of a historian. Mr. Oliphant, who accompanied it as private secretary to the embassador, is an experienced traveler, a careful observer, and a graphic narrator. He knows what to see, how to see it, and in what manner to set forth the results of his observations. We may have occasion in some future number to give the results of his observations in China, embracing the quarrel with Yeh, the capture of Canton, the demolition of the forts on the Peiho, the compulsory treaty of Tientsin, and various expeditions into the interior of the Celestial Empire. For the present,

* *Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan*, in the year 1857, '58, '59. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Esq. Harper and Brothers.

we limit ourselves to an abstract of his observations upon Japan.

The treaty of Tientsin having been framed, the English embassador and his suite, on the last day of July, 1858, embarked on board a steamer for Japan, having in tow the yacht *Emperor*, a present from the Queen of England to the Japanese sovereign. This yacht was a somewhat important article, for the assumed necessity of presenting it in person was the means upon which reliance was placed for making their way to the capital. The distance from Shanghai to Nagasaki is only 450 miles, but for all intercourse between the natives, the Atlantic and Pacific might as well have rolled between. No Japanese vessel, unless driven by storms, had ever visited Chinese waters. Ten Chinese junks, and no more, were allowed to come to Japan. The moment one of these arrived the Japanese authorities took possession of it, hauled it high and dry upon shore, unloaded it, and placed on board the return cargo, the crew being kept in close confinement upon shore.

The expedition steamed smoothly over the narrow sea, so rarely furrowed by a keel, and on the morning of the fifth day caught sight of the volcanic mountains of Japan. The first object clearly made out was an evidence of civilization unknown to the Celestial Empire: a tall flagstaff on the highest point of a small island telegraphed their approach to the main land; and although they did not then know it, the booming a series of cannon, placed within ear-shot of each other all the way to Jedo, seven hundred miles away, conveyed the tidings that the strangers were at the moment passing up the harbor of Nagasaki. They steamed up the bay, along heights crowned with batteries, and indented with bays, from which deep-wooded valleys ran far inland, their sides enlivened with green slopes and rice-fields, rising terrace above terrace, while wreaths of blue smoke curling up from the groves gave token of quiet hamlets. Quaint native craft, with high pointed bows and sails striped black and white, were moored in secluded coves, or lay with folded sails while their crews were fishing, or shot across the quiet waters. They passed the rocky islet of Pappenberg, down whose precipitous cliffs hundreds of Christians were flung in the old days of persecution. Beyond this no foreign vessels were formerly suffered to pass. The island bristled with batteries—some real, armed with guns of enormous calibre; others the shams known among sailors as "Dungaree forts"—walls of canvas painted to resemble batteries.

The formidable cordon of vessels which once closed the harbor were now represented by a single boat, upon whose deck sat an official quietly reading and fanning himself. As the steamer approached he looked up from his book and benignly waved his fan, by way of intimation that the strangers could not pass, and then settled himself back with the air of a public servant who had done his duty regardless of consequences.

The steamer paddled quietly on, and coming to anchor, was boarded by a party of officials in gauzy overcoats and wide calico trowsers, their feet encased in slippers, or rather "foot-mittens," for the great toe was honored with a special compartment. They crowded the deck, smiling and bowing, while the two swords which they wore, in evidence of their rank, projected behind, giving them the aspect of some undescribed bird with two tails. They talked away volubly in what appeared to be good Low-Dutch, which nobody on board understood; so the purport of their discourse remains an unsolved mystery.

They found that the Dutch Chief Superintend-

ISLAND OF PAPPENBERG.

JAPANESE LADIES AND CHILDREN.—FROM A NATIVE DRAWING.

and describe the appearances, that the inconvenience attending a surfeit of sensations of this sort makes itself felt." This was written after having "enjoyed the hospitalities" of Nagasaki, Simoda, and Jedo. Let us hope, even against hope, that the Japanese embassadors may have as pleasant reminiscences after they have visited Washington, Cincinnati, and New York.

Instead of an infinite congeries of houses, as in a Chinese city, built upon no definite plan, the first view of Nagasaki presented a wide street, flanked by neat two-story houses, with tiled or wooden roofs, and broad eaves projecting over the lower story. A *pavé* ran down the centre, carefully graveled to the gutters on each side. The houses were open; the light paper sliding screens, which by night separate them into apartments, are pushed back by day, throwing the interior into one spacious room. No foul odors assailed the nostrils; no deformed beggars, hideous with cutaneous diseases, pained the eye; but the broad streets, unencumbered with vehicles or beasts of burden, were enlivened with foot-passengers, and the open doors of the houses gave glimpses of men, women, and children lounging upon clean, soft mats within. As they passed along the streets they were followed by no noisy groups, as in a Chinese city, but were every where treated with quiet, unostentatious politeness.

On the second day Lord Elgin and his secretary came upon a sort of riding-school, where the young "bloods" of Nagasaki were amusing

ent, Mr. Donker Curtius, was absent; he was now on his way from the capital where, in company with the American Minister, Mr. Townsend Harris, he had been vainly attempting to negotiate a treaty. Mr. Harris had returned to Simoda, while Mr. Curtius set out for Nagasaki. Little did the sober Dutchman suspect that, while he was prosecuting the long overland journey, his shrewd Yankee friend had learned of the signing of the Chinese treaty of Tientsin; had retraced his steps to Jedo, and had actually negotiated that treaty, which, on the day before we write these pages, was solemnly taken from its scarlet receptacle and presented to the President at Washington, by the first Japanese embassadors ever sent to a civilized nation.

The old restrictions are done away, and the strangers were at full liberty to explore Nagasaki and its environs. Mr. Oliphant paints his Japanese pictures in rose-color; and if we could accept them as a fair representation, we should almost suspect that Japan was the true terrestrial paradise, and be inclined to exchange our Mayor and Common Council, if not our President and Congress, for a Mikado and Tycoon. "There exists not," he says, "a single disagreeable association to cloud our reminiscence of that delightful country. Each day gave us fresh proofs of the amiable and generous character of the people among whom we were. Each moment of the day furnished us with some new fact worthy of notice.....At the time it was delicious; it is only afterward, when you try to arrange the facts

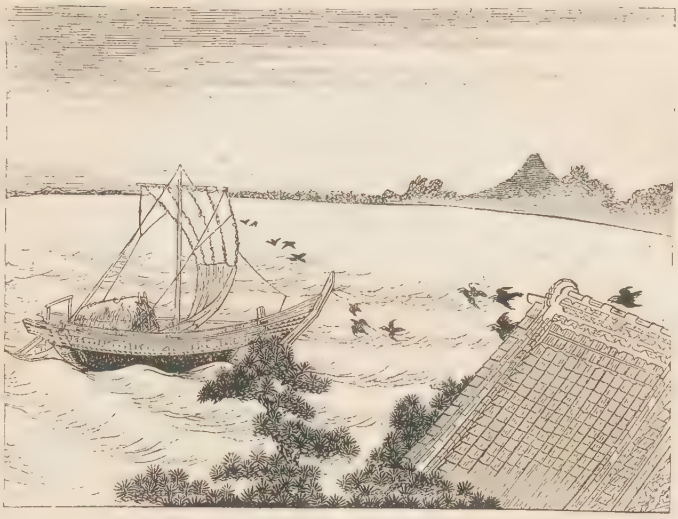
GROUP OF HORSES.—FROM A NATIVE DRAWING.

themselves, riding fiery little steeds. The most remarkable part of the costume of Young Nagasaki was their hats, which were of lacker, as flat as a shield, and fastened to their heads by a complicated series of lashings. Two strings crossed each other at the back of the head, two passed under the chin, while another pair crossed under the nose. It is as much trouble to tie on a Japanese hat as it is to secure a pair of skates; and when it is done the wearer appears as though his face had sustained some serious injury, which required a great amount of ligatures and bandages. These youths were vastly polite to the strangers, and by signs offered to treat them to a gallop.

Nagasaki is nestled at the foot of a range of hills, whose summits and slopes are crowned with temples and tea-gardens. Sixty-two of the former, and seven hundred and fifty of the latter, would seem to afford abundant means of recreation for a city of 60,000 inhabitants. The shops contained a profusion of the lacker and porcelain ware for which Japan is famous; but the strangers could make no purchases, for it is strictly forbidden that any money except Japanese coin

JAPANESE TEA-GARDEN.

should pass current. Foreigners are therefore obliged to exchange their money for the currency of the country, and this can only be done at the government office, at which the Englishmen had not yet been introduced. No shop-keeper, with however itching a palm he was endowed, dared violate this law; for he was morally sure that the eye of some spy was upon him, and that his dereliction would certainly be reported. The universal existence of this system of espionage may fairly be set down as one of the shadows which must darken the roseate picture which Mr. Oliphant paints of life in Japan. There are not wanting foreshadowings that the strenuous industry of the West will find a home in Japan. Thus, at Nagasaki, the Government has recently established a machine-shop and foundery, with all the appurtenances necessary for the construction and repair of steamers; and the diving-bell and Nasmyth's steam-hammer are in daily use in the construction of a new pier. In these works several Japanese princes have, like Peter the Great, entered themselves as workmen, and are busy at lathe and vice and forge. The success with which their studies have been prosecuted is shown by the fact that they have already engineers capable of navigating a steamer from port to port, and even across the ocean.



IN THE BAY OF JEDO.—FROM A NATIVE DRAWING.

After spending two or three days at Nagasaki the expedition steamed away for Simoda and Jedo. Narrowly escaping wreck in a sudden storm, they skirted the high, volcanic shores of Kiusu. In this island alone are no less than five active volcanoes. Of these, Wuzen-take, "The High Mountain of the Hot Springs," is the chief. In one of its eruptions it destroyed the city of Sima Barra, when 35,000 persons lost their lives. Later, in 1793, the summit of the mountain sank entirely down, torrents of boiling water poured from the cavity, and the vapor rose like thick smoke. The volcanic nature of the country has given shape to the popular ideas of the Infernal regions, some of the punishments of which have a Dantean appositeness. Thus confectioners and pastry-cooks who, in their lives, were guilty of adulteration, are plunged into a boiling spring whose surface seethes up in a cream-like scum; while deceitful distillers and brewers are boiled in fountains whose waters are as thick and muddy as the vile compounds with which they poisoned their too-confiding customers—a pleasant prospect for the members of these crafts, if their nefarious skill is equal to that of their European and American brethren.

JAPANESE SCENERY.—FROM A NATIVE DRAWING.

On the fifth day they caught sight of the lofty peak of Fusiyama, which figures so conspicuously in Japanese pictures, rearing its snow-streaked cone 12,000 feet above the sea, and forming a landmark worthy of the great city of Jedo, which lies near its base. Passing bold headlands and rocky islets, they opened the quiet-looking bay of Simoda, and glided into its peaceful waters.

between shores feathered with foliage down to the water's edge.

About a mile from the town they could see a pleasant grove, among whose trees gleamed the walls of a picturesque old temple. While scanning it through a glass, and speculating to what mysterious rites the temple was devoted, they caught sight of a familiar bit of bunting fluttering among the leaves of the sacred Bo-tree. It was the blue and white and red—the stars and stripes of the Yankee land. This sequestered temple was the abode of Mr. Harris, the American consul, whose secretary, Mr. Hewsken, came off to welcome the new-comers before they had time to land. Well might the Americans welcome them, for they had passed two years in almost entire isolation from civilized society. Except on the rare occasions when a foreign vessel touched at Simoda, they had scarcely seen a human being with whom they could interchange congenial ideas. "They had been," says Mr. Oliphant, summing up their privations in an odd collocation, "for eighteen months without receiving a letter or a newspaper, and two years without tasting mutton." The loss of the *Times* and of "Southdown," however, had not disgusted our Consul with Japan. He was profuse in his praises of the country and the people, and related many instances of the kindness and attention which he had received. Once, when severely ill, the Emperor had insisted on sending to him his own medical attendant, while the Empress delighted in preparing with her own royal hand delicacies to tempt his feeble appetite.

The next day they were visited by the Governor of Simoda—a jolly individual, who seemed to think every thing in life a capital joke, not even excepting Lord Elgin's positive refusal to hand over to him the yacht, and forego his purpose of proceeding to Jedo with his fleet. The consequences of such an unwarranted step, the Governor said, with a chuckle, would be terrible to him, and still more terrible to them. He laughed when his representations were set at naught; laughed as he partook of Champagne and ham, the foreign delicacies most in favor in Japan; and laughed still more heartily as he paid his hosts the Japanese compliment of carrying away in his pocket-like sleeves the fragments of the repast.

Simoda appears to be but a poor place, and is now no longer a port open to foreign commerce, Kanagawa, some miles up the bay, being substituted for it under the new treaty. There was, however, a bazar in which foreigners were allowed to trade. The embassy did not fail to avail themselves of this convenience, and purchased sundry articles of Japanese manufacture, among which were a kind of overcoats made of waxed paper, and as thoroughly water-proof as the best productions of Day or Goodyear. Of course they are not very durable; but this is of little consequence, as they cost only one-and-six-pence sterling. The main part of their "shopping," however, was reserved for Jedo.

Leaving Simoda, after a delay of a couple of days, the expedition steamed rapidly up the bay toward Jedo through the waters traversed for the first time by a foreign vessel by Commodore Perry's fleet. At Kanagawa, eighteen miles from Jedo, they passed the Russian fleet, which had been lying there for a fortnight, while Count Putiatine had been endeavoring to make arrangements for reception at the capital. Without even stopping Lord Elgin steamed past the Russian vessels, passing at full speed the point beyond which no European vessel had gone, and in a couple of hours dropped anchor in front of the famous capital of Japan.

Up the sides of these vessels came tumbling the two-sworded officials. They are astonished, but smiling and polite, questioning the strangers in Japanese and Dutch, with now and then a word of English. Luckily Mr. Harris has "lent" them his secretary, Mr. Hewsken, by whose interpretation the parties could understand each other. "Who are you?" they ask. "How many guns have you? how many men? Why have you come?" One thing was certain. Be they and their objects who and what they might, the strangers must take their vessels back to Kanagawa. With equal politeness, but with perfect assurance, the officials were told that the idea could not be entertained for a moment. "Elgin and Kincardine" was on board, though not then to be seen, and his subordinates did not dare to hint to him a proposition to turn back.

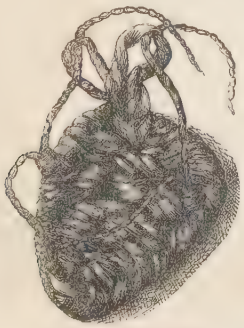
TRAVELERS IN A SNOW-STORM.—FROM A NATIVE DRAWING.

The famous yacht, to bring which they had come so far, must be officially delivered; and the embassador wished that a suitable residence should be provided for him on shore.

These subordinate officials were on the next day followed by others of superior rank. Their object was the same — to find out the character and designs of the strangers, and, above all, to induce them to remove their vessels from before the capital. If "Elgin and Kincardine" — whom they supposed to be two embassadors, one sent to act as a spy upon the other after the Japanese fashion—would return to Kanagawa, arrangements could be much more easily made for his reception at Jedo. Lord Elgin could not understand how going eighteen miles away could facilitate his coming to the capital. They represented that the anchorage at Jedo was dangerous. Then they ought, said the embassador, to remove their own fleet. It would be impossible to send supplies to the ships. That was quite unnecessary, for they had an abundant supply on board. Each official in turn exhausted his eloquence; but all to no purpose. Lord Elgin could not think of leaving until he had handed the yacht over to the Imperial Government. Finding all their representations of no avail, the Japanese smilingly promised to report to their superiors, and in the mean while devoted themselves to the barbarian luxuries of *paté de fois gras* and Champagne.

THE LANDING-PLACE AT JEDO.

For one reason or another the landing was postponed for three days, during which the strange vessels were a subject of curious investigation to the people. Boats full of ladies, with powdered cheeks, blackened teeth, and lips as red as vermilion could make them, thronged around, peering curiously in at the port-holes. One gentleman, mistaking Lord Elgin's chair of state for a shrine, prostrated himself before the unknown deity within with a most laudable catholic spirit.



JAPANESE HORSE-SHOE.

At length five commissioners came off to complete arrangements for the landing. Accompanying them was a man named Moriyama, who spoke Dutch perfectly. He interpreted the Japanese into Dutch, which Mr. Hewsken in turn rendered into English. All communications between the Japanese and the English passed through this double translation. The embassador was informed that a choice of two houses was at his disposal for himself and suite, but the illness of the Emperor would prevent him from giving Lord Elgin a personal reception. It was not until after he had left Japan that he learned what this illness really was.

The landing-place at Jedo is about the centre of the city, which is here protected by long green batteries, whose grassy slopes, dotted with handsome trees, seemed rather the approach to a park than to a densely crowded city. There was no crowd at the landing, the batteries not being open to the public. Horses and *norimons*, or palanquins, were in readiness to convey the strangers. These palanquins, unlike those of India, are square instead of oblong, so that the occupant must sit bolt upright. They are borne by four men, and are far from a comfortable vehicle. The horses have their tails carefully tied up in a long bag reaching almost to the ground. Instead of iron shoes they have a kind of slipper made of twisted straw, of which each bears an abundant supply. When one is worn out it is replaced in a moment by another: hence arises the custom of measuring the distance from one place to another by the number of horse-shoes worn out in reaching it, much as in Holland they are measured by the number of pipes smoked

JAPANESE SADDLE.

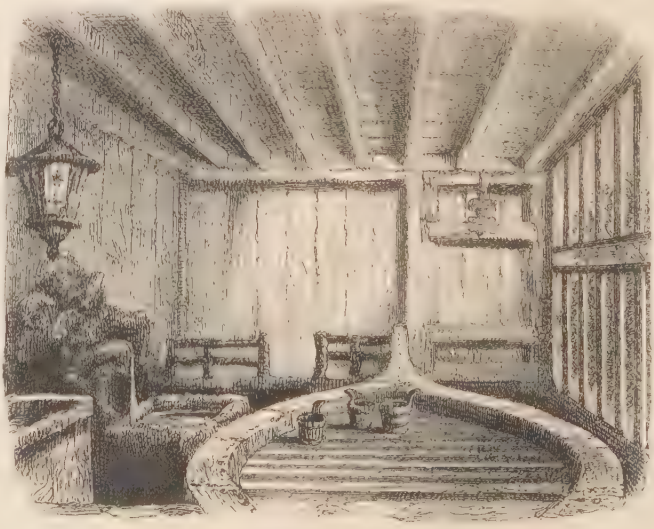
in the transit. The saddle is a hard and rather cumbrous affair, with slipper-like stirrups, almost large enough for a boat. Each horse was led by two grooms, it being a great point that the steed should be supposed to be so spirited that one man at the bridle is quite inadequate to restrain his ardor.

The procession was led by a pompous official bearing a spear. Then came a crowd of attendants, some bearing umbrellas and others lackered portmanteaus, slung from poles over their shoulders; these were by courtesy supposed to contain the baggage of the strangers. Then came the members of the expedition, some in norimons, others on horseback, followed by other umbrella-bearers. The crowd was wild with excitement, pouring out of every cross street and lane. There were mothers with their infants upon their shoulders, children dodging between the legs of their elders, and old people tottering after their children. The door-ways were crowded with men and women, who had left their baths in such haste that their only attire was a suit of soap-suds. There was not, however, the least disorder. The spectators ran along parallel with the procession, until stopped by a barrier; for at every two hundred yards the streets are crossed by a wooden gate, with a keeper seated in a little house. The moment the procession passed one of these barriers the gate was closed, and the crowd behind were left craning their necks through the bars. Thus for two miles the procession made its way between two walls of human beings, at least eight deep; then turning down a short lane and passing between two heavy wooden gates, they entered the building which had been fitted up for their residence.

This building was connected with a temple in which religious services were constantly going on. Their rooms fronted upon a pleasant garden, in the centre of which was a pond where large gold-fish floated lazily about under the broad lotus-leaves. In the centre was a little island approached by a rustic bridge. This quiet retreat was shut in by a high bank covered with shrubbery and pines. The lower apartments were divided by screens made of paper, running in slides, so that they could be thrown into one or subdivided at pleasure. The floors were covered with mats made of plaited straw four inches thick, so white and clean that at first the occupants, to avoid soiling them, walked about in their stocking feet or in Japanese sandals. The

JAPANESE SANDAL.

furniture had a decidedly European aspect. Previous to Mr. Harrison's visit to Jedo, the Government had sent privately to Simoda, and had exact copies of all his furniture made, so that on his arrival he found his apartments furnished with chairs, tables, and beds. So also the English visitors found themselves provided with beds, matresses, and dressing-gowns. Servants in abundance filled the ante-room, and were



JAPANESE BATH.

sometimes inconveniently ready to meet all their real or imaginary wants. The process by which the Europeans prepared themselves for going to bed was a matter of unfailing interest to their attendants, in which some of their neighbors also shared. Some of the rooms were separated from an adjoining house only by a paper screen. One morning, while dressing, their attention was arrested by a scratching upon the paper and a suppressed tittering. Looking in that direction, they saw a pair of bright eyes peering through a couple of peep-holes; and were aware that the young ladies next door were intently studying the anatomy of the strangers and the arrangement of their under-garments.

No impediment was offered to the strangers visiting any part of the city and neighborhood. In the busy streets occupied by the lower orders they were attended by a band of policemen, but when they turned into the spacious streets inhabited by the nobles these guards left them. Here the streets are some twenty or thirty yards wide, with a stream of water running down the centre. The lower part of the houses is of rough

JEDO FORTS.

FIRE-LADDER.—FROM A NATIVE DRAWING.

stone, above which they are raised to the height of twenty feet, constructed of masonry, whitewashed, with raised groinings. There is a gateway in the centre, painted red or some other bright color, with pent roof and lacker ornaments. The architecture even of these palaces of the great nobles is singularly plain, though the great size of some of the buildings renders them not unimposing. The walls of one residence extended two or three hundred yards, perforated only here and there with grated windows. The strangers had no opportunity of examining the interior of these residences, as they belong to a class who look with distrust upon foreigners. The citadel is eight miles in circuit, and affords a shelter to 40,000 souls. This is the residence of the Tycoon, and his world also, for he is never allowed, except *incognito*, to pass its precincts. Under such circumstances it looked almost like mockery to present him with a yacht.

With the exception of the houses of the nobles, Jedo is built almost entirely of wood. Here and there is a building of unburned brick, with iron shutters. This is a fire-proof store, in which property can be stored away in case of a fire in the neighborhood. At nearly all the barriers a tall ladder is erected, with a bell at the top, to be rung in case of fire. The population of the city can only be conjectured. Golownin gravely puts it down at eight millions; Mr. Oliphant thinks it exceeds two millions. It is not improbable, therefore, that next after London the capital of Japan is the most populous city on the globe. Its municipal organization appears to be admirable. At its head is a Mayor or Governor, who is assisted by a number of deputies, and by a class of officials who stand as intermediaries between the people and the authorities, whose business it is to receive and forward petitions and complaints to the Governor, and to advocate the cause of the complainants. Every street has its magistrate, elected by the inhabitants, who is expected to be acquainted with the character and conduct of every person within his jurisdiction, and to settle all disputes; he is responsible for the good order of his street. The householders are also divided into small companies of four or five, the head of which is responsible to the magistrates for the good conduct of every member. Besides the regular police, the streets are patrolled by night by the inhabitants themselves, in parties of two or three. Although Mr. Oliphant passed through the most densely crowded streets he never saw any disturbance; did not encounter a single drunken person, unless a little over-exhilaration on the part of the Commissioners, when the Champagne of their visitors was too plentiful, may be considered an exception; with the exception of one or two religious mendicants, never met a beggar; never saw a child maltreated or struck; and, *mirabile dictu*, never heard a scolding woman.

The first official interview between the two Chief Ministers of State and Lord Elgin was held a couple of days after his arrival at Jedo. Entering the citadel, the embassador and his suite passed through a series of ante-chambers partitioned off by paper screens, and were ushered into an oblong apartment, at the farther end of which the ministers were standing behind two low tables, opposite which were similar ones for Lord Elgin and suite. Between the two rows of tables crouched Moriyama, the interpreter,

BUILDERS.—FROM A NATIVE DRAWING.

who touched the ground reverentially with his forehead whenever called upon to exercise his functions. Compliments duly made, refreshments were served. These consisted of tea, then a kind of tea-syllabub, which Mr. Oliphant thought on the whole preferable to senna and rhubarb, followed by sweetmeats.

The next day the six Japanese Commissioners appeared at the residence of the embassador, to exchange credentials, and enter upon the preliminaries of the treaty. The Japanese official costume is remarkably simple—straw-color, blue, and black being the predominant colors. The cut of the trowsers which are worn in audiences with the Tycoon is the most noticeable feature in the state costume. On such occasions every one is supposed to come into the imperial presence upon his knees; but as this would be practically inconvenient, a compromise is effected by making the legs of the trowsers a half yard longer than the limbs which they encase. This extra length trailing behind, gives a tolerable repre-

INTERVIEW BETWEEN LORD ELGIN AND THE PRIME MINISTERS OF JAPAN.

sentation of a man shuffling along upon his knees. The commissioners took occasion to announce that the Tycoon, being childless, had adopted a son, who would be his successor. This was a part of a system of elaborate mystification, as will appear in the sequel, the object of which is unexplained. A goodly amount of ham and Champagne having been disposed of, credentials were formally exchanged, and every body lighting a pipe or cigar, the provisions of the treaty were rapidly agreed upon. The Japanese Commissioners proved themselves astute diplomatists, never agreeing to any stipulation until they had mastered it in all its bearings. Once indeed a difference occurred so serious that a special supply of wine had to be introduced to wash it away. The principal provisions of the treaty relate to commerce, the right of consular representation, and the tribunals before which offenses by people of one nation against those of the other shall be tried. In general, British subjects are to be tried by the consul in accordance with British laws, Japanese, by their own magistrates and laws. By a special article, the

STREET SCENE IN JEDO.—A JAPANESE FUNERAL.

JAPANESE VILLAGE.—FROM A NATIVE DRAWING.

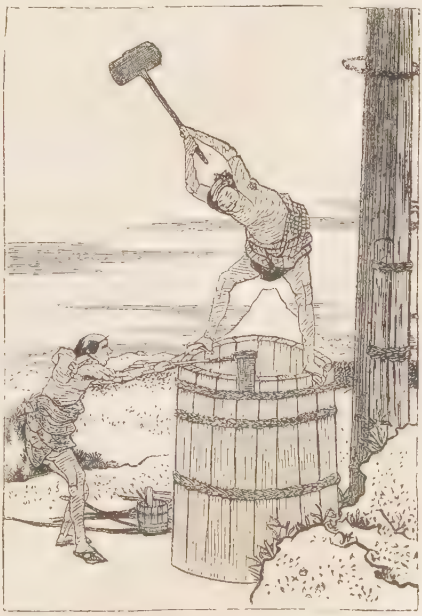
British diplomatic agent and consul-general, with their suites, are to be at liberty to travel in any part of Japan. We may hope that this provision will at no very distant day be the means of furnishing us with reliable accounts of the interior of Japan; for it must be borne in mind that our direct knowledge of the empire is as yet limited mainly to three or four ports. Even the old Jesuits and the Dutch missions could tell of nothing which lay off from the main route between Jedo and Nagasaki. If we can form any judgment from the illustrations which Japanese artists give, the interior must abound with natural scenery of the most magnificent character.

The Japanese seem to be almost the only uncivilized people who have any appreciation of the picturesque in natural scenery, or any faculty of representing it pictorially. Captain Yule, in his work on Birmah, notes that the Burmese seem to have no power of understanding a picture; they will be as apt to consider a drawing of a ship intended to represent an elephant as any thing else. There are no Chinese drawings in which natural objects are truly rendered. But Japanese books abound in illustrations of natural scenery. Waterfalls and precipices, picturesque villages, and mountain heights are favorite subjects; while the copies of drawings of character furnished by Mr. Oliphant, many of which are embodied in this paper, taken from popular books, manifest no inconsiderable artistic skill, and are by no means deficient in humor. The tea-gardens, which abound in the outskirts of Jedo, present some of the most charming specimens of the art of landscape gardening in the world.

While the treaty was in process of negotiation the English subordinates entered into the business of shopping with a zest worthy of the gentler sex. Porcelain shops, lacker establishments, and silk warehouses were special objects of attraction. The process of shopping was this: The customers being seated upon a low divan were treated to tea, *eau sucre*, and pipes, before commencing their selections. These having been made, the purchaser gave his name, which was written down by the shop-keeper, and the tickets were sent to the Government office, to be paid for in Japanese coin. So accurately were the accounts kept that not a single error was detected.

The treaty was formally signed on the 26th of August. While it was being negotiated a formal message was sent in behalf of the Tycoon, expressing his sorrow that serious illness prevented him from receiving the British Embassador; and again, after its conclusion, a splendid banquet was provided, upon which occasion a message was sent from the Tycoon, regretting that he was unable to see Lord Elgin, and wishing him all manner of happiness. What was, then, the surprise of the recipient of all these gracious messages when he learned, two months later, after he had returned to China, that there was no Tycoon at all during the whole of his stay in Japan! His Majesty had died—just when, and by what means, nobody knows to this day. His successor had not been appointed; and the story of his having adopted an heir was a pure fabrication, as well as were all the polite messages sent in his name.

Mr. Oliphant devotes some pages to an account of the system of government of Japan. These accounts are gathered partly from the information of foreigners resident in the country,



COOPERS.—FROM A NATIVE DRAWING.

and partly from communications of Moriyama, the interpreter.

The Mikado, or Spiritual Emperor, is a mere puppet, with no influence in political matters. The Tycoon, or Administrator, is, in fact, little more. The government is an oligarchy; the real acting power residing in a council chosen by the Tycoon from among the princes of the empire. This council appoints all the governors of provinces, and receives the reports of the official spies. Still the Tycoon acts as a check upon the council. If they differ from him upon any weighty matter, it is referred to another body, composed of the princes of the blood. If they decide against the Tycoon, he is obliged at once to abdicate; if the decision is adverse to the council, every member is bound to avail himself of *hara-kiri*, or "happy release;" that is, they must disembowel themselves, or rather, as the practice now is, must pretend to make the attempt to do so at the moment when their heads are struck off by the executioner.

Such, in brief, is the account gleaned by Mr. Oliphant, from the best sources within his reach, of the Japanese Government. We are inclined to take it with many grains of allowance; as well as to make no inconsiderable deductions from his rose-colored accounts of the amiability and virtue of the Japanese people. But making all reasonable deductions from the glowing pictures of Mr. Oliphant, there can be no doubt that the Japanese are far in advance of any other Asiatic people; and they manifest an aptitude for acquiring the civilization of the West to which no other Oriental race can lay claim. But the problem is still to be solved whether they can maintain themselves against the pressure from Europe and America which must soon be brought upon them. By the various treaties five ports are, or shortly will be, open to commerce and the residence of foreigners. It will be vain long to attempt to restrict intercourse within these limits. What contests are to take place, and with what results, in the opening of Japan as well as China to foreigners, is the great political and moral problem of the present age.

Those who anticipate a speedy increased commerce from the opening of Japan to foreign trade will undoubtedly be disappointed. Isolated from time immemorial from intercourse with other nations, the Japanese have few articles adapted for exportation, while they produce almost every thing necessary for their own wants. Their habits are singularly unostentatious; their architecture is simple, their furniture inexpensive, their clothing cheap; their diet is composed mainly of vegetables, rice, and fish. They pride themselves upon this simplicity. Every ceremonious note is accompanied by a bit of salted fish, wrapped in a scrap of paper. This means, when interpreted, "Remember we were originally a nation of fishermen; let us not now become effeminate and luxurious, but recognize, in the inclosed slice of fish, the emblem of our former occupation, and let it recall to us the necessity of abstinence and frugality." This sentiment is the embodiment of the leading principle of Japanese life. A Spartan simplicity runs through it. The wants which we can supply are few; and they produce little which we shall need. If for years our woolens and heavy cottons supersede the wadded garments which form their winter attire, it is all that we can hope.

The treaty with Great Britain, following that with the United States, and succeeded by those with Russia and France, having been successfully negotiated, Lord Elgin delivered the famous yacht to the Government, and steamed back to Shanghai, which he had left hardly a month before. Less than a fortnight had been passed upon the soil of Japan, of which nine days only were spent in the capital. It is certainly highly creditable that in so short a time the historian of the expedition should have been able to gather material for altogether the most graphic and reliable account yet published of that singular country. We trust that in due time we shall have from our own representative, Mr. Townsend Harris, who undoubtedly knows the Japanese better than any other foreigner who has ever lived, a full and accurate account of Japan and the Japanese.

GYMNASTICS.—FROM A NATIVE DRAWING.

THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.—August 16, 1777.

I SEE that August morning now before me as I tell
The story of the stirring scenes which I remember well—
The battle-day of Bennington, and what thereon befell—
Yes! we were in the stubble where the hands had gone at dawn,
When riding swiftly down the road, his dappled gray upon,
Whose flanks were marked with blood and foam, I saw my brother, John.
His face was bright, his eyes alight, his bearing proud and high—
"Ho! whither do you speed so fast? Why do you hurry by,
While friends are eager for the news, John Manchester?" said I.

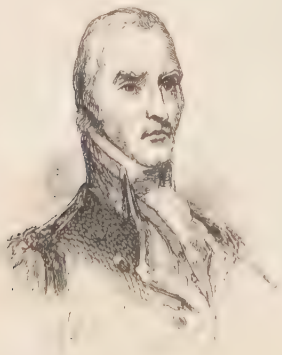
"To fight!" he cried; "who stays at home upon this August day,
Now Stark has come to Bennington, to lead us in the fray,
Where we may smite these Hessian wolves who babes and women slay?
Let baser men remain at toil, as such have done before,
Let women spin and children play before the farm-house door;
But till these knaves are driven hence, I till the ground no more.
Come you, and join me in the strife that Lexington began;
And as the foe comes down on us, and dares us man to man,
Let you and I acquit ourselves as stout Vermonters can."

The words he uttered on our heart fell fast in fiery rain;
The blood in wilder current coursed through artery and vein;
An impulse there to do and dare went swiftly through each brain.
Our sight and hearing keener grew before his voice's tone—
We saw the cottage roof aflame, the corn-crib overthrown;
We heard the widow's woeful wail, the famished orphan's moan.
We thrilled from heart to finger-tip; the very air grew red;
And casting by the tools of toil, off to the house we sped,
To wipe the chambers of our guns, and mould the deadly lead.

My mother met me at the door—"James, stay at home!" said she;
"If you, my youngest born, should fall, what would become of me?
And then, a boy in such a fight of little use can be—"
With that she raised her hand to brush away an oozing tear,
And added—"It was but in June you reached your sixteenth year;
So, while your brother is away, remain to guard us here.
These Hessians whom the King has sent, a hireling war to wage,
On children as on bearded men, are ruthless in their rage;
Then go not hence to fall in fight, child of your mother's age."

"Fear not for me," I answered her; "the Hessians I defy;
In years a boy, I know, but then a man in heart am I;
My country needs me in the fight—I can not more than die.
I come of Abner Manchester, who never knew a fear;
And though as much as any one I hold my mother dear,
I may not on this day of days remain a laggard here.
To herd with women while the fight for freedom is unwon,
While he has sight to mark a foe and strength to bear a gun,
Suits not a stout Green Mountain Boy, nor yet my father's son."

"If you will leave me here alone, so be it!" she replied;
"But take yon firelock from the hooks—it was your father's pride—
He bore it well against the French, nine years before he died—"
As thus she spoke my mother's voice grew tremulous in tone—
"And when you use it, lest your foe in lingering anguish moan,
Sight at a point two fingers' length beneath the collar-bone.
Now, go! my heart, as thus we part, thrills with a mother's pain;
To save you from a single pang, its latest drop I'd drain;
But—show the courage of your sire, or come not here again!"



John Stark

We started, six of us in all; we made to camp our way,
And found the forces drawn in line, at two o'clock that day,
In front of where on Walloomscoick, intrenched the foemen lay,
Bold Stark rode slowly down the ranks, with proud, uncovered head—
So quiet we that on the turf we heard his horse's tread—
And at the centre drew his rein, and these the words he said—
"Boys! yonder are the red-coat troops, and, mark me every one,
We win this fight for truth and right, before the day be done,
Or Molly Stark's a widow at the setting of the sun!"

Loud rang the cheering in reply, but through the ranks there ran
A murmur, for they felt it long until the fight began,
Although they knew the tardiness was from a well-formed plan.
For in their hurried council there our leaders planned the fight,
That Herrick with three hundred men should march upon their right,
And Nichols on the left with more spared from our scanty might,
To join their forces in the rear, and there assault begin,
While we upon their front advanced at signal of the din;
And then let those who dealt their blows with fiercest vigor win.

Our forces stood without a stir, in silence grim and dark,
While like a statue on his steed so motionless sat Stark,
When suddenly, with finger raised, the General whispered—"Hark!"
We stood as silent as the grave, and as we bent to hear,
Above the silence far away there came a lusty cheer;
Some shots were fired—we knew our friends had joined upon their rear—
"Now, hearts so warm move like the storm!" said Stark, and led the way;
"Green Mountain Boys, acquit yourselves like mettled men to-day!
Take careful aim, and waste no lead! the wolves are brought to bay!"

Then came the crash of musketry, loud pealing on my ear;
I heard a whizzing sound go past—down fell a comrade near—
There was a throbbing in my breast that seemed almost like fear—
A shock, to see a stout young man, in all his youth and pride,
One who had left the day before a fond and blooming bride,
Thus done to death, the scarlet blood slow trickling from his side;
And doubly strange that fearful sight to one who ne'er before,
Amid the shouting of the hosts, and the cannon's deadly roar,
Had seen a fellow-mortal lie thus lifeless in his gore.

But rage supplanted this at once—my heart grew strong again;
Uprose grim wrath and bitter hate, and bitterer disdain.
I longed to add a leaden drop unto that whizzing rain—
The tenderness of youth I found forevermore had gone.
My cheek was leaned upon my gun, the sight was finely drawn
Upon a gold-laced officer who cheered the Hessians on;
And, trembling in my eagerness to strike for home a blow,
I sent the lead, as mother said, two finger-lengths below
The ridge that marked the collar-bone, and laughed when fell the foe.

There comes a pause within the fight—we see some horsemen group,
And on the breast-work ridge take line, a dark and threatening troop–
Compact they form, with sabres drawn, upon our force to swoop.
Oh, now we smile a grimly smile, and wrath our bosom stirs;

BATTLE GROUND, BENNINGTON.

We newly load and careful prime our firelocks for the curs—
For well we know their uniform, those Brunswicker chasseurs!
They come at last whose doom was past, long, weary months before—
They come to meet the death that we to deal upon them swore,
When first the bearded robbers came for plunder to our shore.

They come, the mercenary dogs, assassins of the crown;
Right gracefully and gallantly they set their horses brown,
Then rowel-deep they drive their spurs, and thunder madly down.
But as the ground is shaking round before their horses' tread,
A sheet of fire their sabres lights, high waving overhead,
And of the hundred men who charge full forty-eight lie dead.
Those who survive in vain they strive; they may not fight nor run—
We pass them quickly to the rear, our captives every one.
And so we serve the Brunswicker that day at Bennington.

Then where their remnant lay at bay, our angry torrent rolled—
As when a dam gives way and leaves the waters uncontrolled—
Sweeping to break the square of steel in centre of their hold.
No peal of trump nor tap of drum our eager footsteps timed;
With firelocks clubbed or knife in hand, our faces powder-grimed,
Fatigue unfelt and fear unknown, the ridge of earth we climbed;
Down from its crest we fearless plunged amid the smoke clouds dun,
But struck no blow upon the foe—resistance there was none—
Down fell their arms, uprose the white, and Bennington was won.

Then greeted we surviving friends, and mourned for those who fell,
And, leaning on our firelocks, heard the tales that soldiers tell
How comrades whom they little knew had done their duty well,
And how amid the hosts in fight no coward had been found;
Then gazed upon the foemen slain that lay in heaps around,
And said in bitter hate and scorn they well became the ground—
So evermore by sea and shore might those invaders be,
Who came with chains for limbs of men who by their birth were free—
A pang shot sharply through my brain
—my brother! where was he?

VAN SCHAIK'S MILL.

(Where the Fight at Bennington ended.)

I sought and found him with the blood
slow oozing from his brain;
His feet were pointed to the ridge, his
back was to the plain,
And round him in a curving row a
dozen Hessians slain.
How well his sword had mown was
shown in gazing at the heap—
Strown like a swathe of grass before
some lusty mower's sweep—
Of those whose souls had fled their forms
through bloody wounds and deep.
I placed his corse upon his horse, and
gently homeward led
The wearied steed that ne'er before was
ridden by the dead;
And we buried the corse in the meadow
with a white stone at its head.

BEFORE BREAKFAST.

MISS ANNA TRACY was a belle by some diviner right than that of beauty; but she was sufficiently handsome to give an excuse for her popularity among the men of her acquaintance to all the women of that same set, though it was far from being the right excuse. Who ever described beauty so that the reader knew what filled the writer's eye? Who would recognize Juliet, touch his hat to Desdemona, or ask Miranda how Ferdinand turned out as a husband, should they all walk into Mrs. Pinchbeck's next reception, *en costume?* And as I don't intend to excel Shakspeare at present, I shall not hope to present Miss Tracy's aspect to the public, except so far as to indicate her style, and leave every one to settle it for himself which of his dark-haired friends she most resembles, for Miss Tracy was a brunette, tall, elegant, conscious enough of her good points to dress accordingly, graceful, and a lady ingrain. But none of these things made her fascination, they were but adjuncts; what bewildered men and charmed women in Anna Tracy was her perfect, fearless naturalness; not the unconscious simplicity of childhood that amounts to folly in a woman of twenty-five, and is either silliness or affectation; for no woman at that age, unless she has been brought up like Caspar Hauser, can have failed to attain enough knowledge of the world to explode any unconsciousness of childhood, and change simplicity into its fire-tried counterpart, directness. There had been a time in Miss Tracy's life when her secluded education and earnest nature had preserved this simpleness and childlike nature farther into her girlhood than one often sees it kept; and in that fair and unsuspecting stage of her life she had fallen into the common fate of girls, uncommon as she was, and given her heart out of her own possession into very bad hands.

Mr. Alfred Seton was considered a flirt. I can not say that this judgment was altogether wrong, since he produced the effects of a flirt in society; yet it was not right, in so far that he sinned innocently, as far as any man can; and never deliberately sat down to breaking any woman's heart, or would allow to himself the possibility of any one's falling in love with him, since that would be the height of self-conceit—and his favorite sin, as well as somebody else's, was "the pride that apes humility." But for all that, Mr. Seton enjoyed a lady's society so much that no possibilities deterred him from that mode of enjoyment. I say "a lady's society," deliberately, for it was always to one "bright particular star" that he moved; some one in some way marked and separated from the crowd, and still more isolated by his devout attentions.

He was naturally attracted by Anna Tracy's beauty and freshness; and when her character unfolded before him, still more beautiful and fresh than her face, he worshiped more ardently than ever. She believed him. She received his incessant attentions and implied praises as a flower receives sunshine, with a pure and careless delight that he could not interpret. He had been taught, and thoroughly believed, the conventional idea of love, and held in slight honor an emotion so simple in its demonstration, so open in its divine candor. He thought her innocent and girlish—all love in nature, but with no deep capacity of passion; and having adored her at first as a lover, dwindled daily into common esteem and what he called friendship, and at length made love to and married a woman who dealt with him in true Parthian fashion—fled from his attentions, treated him with capricious coolness, insulted him in a thousand well-bred ways, and piqued him from hour to hour, till "out of the eater there came meat," and Delilah shore Samson. So have I seen a bee toil, hour-long, at the twisted azure fringes of a gentian cup, closed from sunshine and sight, till he effected an entrance into the sapphire chalice to find there neither perfume nor sweetness, while close at hand a red rose spread its golden heart of odor and honey, brave with the delight of life and love. But the roses console themselves, and endure but through a summer's space.

All at once, from the heaven of her high thoughts, Anna Tracy fell, to find she had been walking on the earth. She had followed the old proverb that tells us actions are to be believed rather than words: "simple service of the antique world!"—most decidedly "not for the fashion of these times"—whose proverbial philosophy runs, "Actions are butterflies, words are bees." Now she remembered that no words had passed, Alfred Seton's lips that meant any thing so vital as matrimony: she had accepted his attentions and permitted his caresses as stronger proof of deep emotion than any words. She felt that he had loved her, and had given him back a hundred fold, and now!—

For five years she endured life, broken in health and wretched in spirit: her heart never broke, never could break for such a man as she knew Mr. Seton to be. Contempt—most godless of all human passions—held a suttee for her dead love and her living agony, and after the fire there remained only ashes. Our everyday life is full of tragic spectacles; but we call them by such inane names, look at them with such used and wonted eyes, that they wear the style and shape of common life, and become trite enough to all but the actors. Who that saw Anna Tracy go the round of society, and fulfill punctiliously every duty that fell in her path, carrying a cheerful face and a steady voice through all, knew that she was but the waste relic of God's best work, the sad and fearful wreck of a rich life; a woman who should have been some good man's wife, happy in her own house, sweet ruler and steady guider, mother of children, satisfying in that tenderest office all that God and Nature ask of a woman, and illuminating a whole household life as only such a wife and mother can; a woman who should have been all this, but who was—what? a desolate, hopeless, helpless, aimless creature; one who had no heart

left for any better fate, one whose arms should never fold a child of her own, whose destiny lay stretched before her, a gaunt and solitary track across a desert, lit only from beyond its final grave!

Not that all this pressure lay all the time on Anna Tracy's heart. The trivialities that men despise are God's angels; and to the daily irritations and habits of dress, decoration, meals, visits, conventions of ten thousand sorts, the world owes its moderate proportion of insane hospitals, and the few old men that adorn its streets and conclaves. Life in a city is full of such trivialities; and in pursuing them Miss Tracy was spared the aching solitudes and crazing monotonies of a country life, that would have been worse enemies to battle, far more impossible to overcome, than even the inner pangs that now she kept down by the strong hand; for a character that one love can so shatter is no weak character: its strength is its most fatal enemy.

So year after year rolled on—not in pure misery or abject depression: society had claims that must be answered; and time, most slow but sure of mortal healers, if it does not extract the weapon from the wound, at least makes the wound callous. Miss Tracy went into the gay world with neither fear nor respect for its powers, and consequently its powers bent before her. Fearless and careless, brilliant, animated; sarcastic enough to amuse, but not bitter; the social triumphs that others envied afar off clustered at her feet, and there she let them lie. Men admired her, women adored her, but neither moved her soul more than on its rippling surface. Only a child had power to shake her with passionate emotion; and for that reason she never noticed a child!

So she became twenty-five; and in the summer after that quarter of a century had notched itself against her name she went to Saratoga for the season. Nor here, despite of her age and her long reign, did Anna Tracy lose her bellehood—surest sign that her power was not the result of mere beauty or fashion. Other women wearied in the routine of society; their beauty faded in the summer sun, or was extinguished by the summer costume, that most of all demands a picturesque wearer to render it becoming; their conversation exhausted itself; their manner became mannerism; their songs were all sung out. But from her intense and passionate nature, her high culture, her perfect fearlessness of opinion and frank expression, Miss Tracy never wearied, never palled on her dearest and best friends, and was as much a belle after her fifth season as in her first.

One attendant after another followed the young lady's steps, and fell off after a time as if by some natural process; and still she remained all untouched. The longest lesson that a woman ever learns is to cease to love. Admiration, esteem, respect may all vanish; contempt may kindle its bitter fires, and flicker its lurid beacon above what was once a living and adored idol; time may convince us that God knew best in the ordering of our past, and make us thankful for a result that was like death in its first aspect; but it takes half a lifetime to destroy the dreadful vitality of a real passion, to make the heart coldest in its centre, and exterminate the thousand pertinacious fibres that have crept into every crevice of our lives, and there defied tempest and stormy wind to scatter or shake them. Thank God, however, that such a time can come, for it is worth half a lifetime of endeavor—a time when a look that could shake us is but the glare of a stone, when the voice that thrilled us is no more than the dropping of a burned brand into its ashes, and the shape that wore an angelic guise passes unobserved before the abstracted eye and the unconscious sense. But such a time had not yet come to Anna Tracy; when she dared to stop and think memory still stung her, even in sleep. One after another of her friends were married, and she remained alone; she would have been more or less than a woman not to feel her solitude; and hour after hour, in the silence of her chamber, she sat meditating over the past and the future, asking with vain cry what she had done to be shut out from life—to be denied her place in nature—to be deprived of all that makes life dear to a woman, and condemned to a desolation from which she recoiled far more than from death. Other women might have clung to their religious faith and found comfort; but to Miss Tracy religion was only one of the higher æsthetics. She went to church because it was proper and beautiful for the finite to adore the Infinite; she read her prayers out fervently, giving the beauty of intonation to the attractive form of words; she heard the polished and elegant sermon, itself a miracle of high art in its refined philosophy and poetic illustrations; she gazed unweariedly at the exquisite adornments of the temple which she called a church; she lent her deep, sweet voice to the operatic psalm; and went home satisfied with herself and with the Lord. But now all these things failed her; the waters of this pool were troubled, but it was the crippled life that troubled them, in its vain search for healing—not the angel who disturbed to heal.

Nature alone offered her any quiet; its grand, unsympathizing aspect shamed the irritation of grief into brief repose; its eternal and self-restoring cycles preached the resurrection of the dead, the restoration of the lost; its magic laboratory, reversing all things in their order, bringing beauty from decay, strict sequences from utter organization, repairing all waste from the waster, and losing no atom of matter from the steady round of life and death, consoled the weary woman's soul with fond analogies, and deluded her into the trustful faith that neither should such love, such constant devotion, as hers be wasted—that time should also work for her a miracle, and restore to her thirsty, perishing heart the river of life, that had sunk into the sand, and seemed to leave her forever.

For this reason she lived in the open air, so

far as custom would allow; spent her summers driving and walking; even rose at an hour unheard of in a city belle, to secure her solitary walk—the tonic that enabled her to pass a day of quiet, of temporary enjoyment.

About the middle of July there came to Saratoga another man to swell the list of Miss Tracy's admirers. Mr. Vincent was about her own age, well-bred, well-educated, handsome, agreeable, and rich.

All these qualifications but the last were, of course, attractions to Miss Tracy; but she neither valued nor despised them any more than she held a man in greater or less honor for his birthplace. She was and had been rich enough herself to know just what wealth was worth; and, with a justice that was an instinct rather than an intention, she held every man at his intrinsic value; and if she repelled a wealthy man, and refused his attentions, it was not because he was wealthy, and she feared the imputation of caring for his money, but because he was wanting in her scale of esteem; and perhaps the next day a poor man met the same fate, for the same reasons.

But Mr. Vincent would have found Anna Tracy friendly had he been a poor country schoolmaster. She liked his manner, she appreciated his character, she sympathized with his tastes, and at once admitted him to her society, and frankly demonstrated her pleasure in his, without one recollection that the gossiping world about her might lay her liking to the door where it lays so many—the golden door of money.

Nor did such an idea enter Mr. Vincent's mind. He was a rare man—a man worthy of the trust she gave him; and once given up to the charm that Miss Tracy exercised on all who came near her, he fell under its spell just so much more deeply than others as he was better fitted to charm and satisfy her himself.

Hard enough has it been for the world to accept the women of novelists, because they have not been the women of nature. Here and there a man lives who understands a woman better than any other woman can understand her (blessed is the woman who has such a man for a friend!); and here and there is a woman who knows men—as Charlotte Brontë did; but the mass of men, and therefore the mass of novel-writers, puzzle their brains hopelessly over the nature of a woman, and finally describe her as a moral and religious doll, offering to the world the same amusement thereby that would be afforded by a man who knew nothing of French translating the "Rose et Papillon" of Victor Hugo—most passionately sad of all love lyrics—into the laboriously nimble "I'd be a Butterfly," dear to infant-school concerts and seminary exhibitions.

Miss Tracy was a real woman; and so, instead of preserving a pining and self-willed constancy to her painful past, she threw her heart open at once to receive any hope of a fresh interest—a fresh future in her life. She liked Mr. Vincent thoroughly; she liked his character, and enjoyed his society. She saw distinctly that he liked her as well; and with the candor and vividness that always characterized her, she accepted his attentions, and showed her pleasure in them, as freely and simply as a child might have done. She rode, walked, and talked with him constantly; and though she could not fail to see that he forsook all other society for hers, and was only contented when at her side, she was truly and unequivocally surprised when, one day, being called home on business for a few days, and coming to say good-by for the brief separation, something in Mr. Vincent's voice and manner told her, without words, that the man loved her.

Anna Tracy had not provided for such a contingency: it had come, as fate always comes, "treading on wool," and she had not heard its footsteps. She had thought he might love her, and wondered if she should love him; but as their acquaintance grew closer possibilities were lost sight of in the agreeable present, and now the possible had become the actual. Left alone with her own heart, wanting the society that had been more grateful to her than any other she had known for years, lonely because all other gentlemen had been driven from her by Mr. Vincent's exclusive attentions, and being (we are sorry to confess it of our heroine, but it is a melancholy fact), being extremely bored by the generality of women's society, more irksome now than usual, Anna Tracy put to herself a rigid course of questions to find out if she was in love with Mr. Vincent.

Poor Love! As if it were a pleasant fiction of the ancients that he had a barbed arrow!—as if he were a chubby mosquito, whose sting one must rub and investigate to see if it is indeed a sting! Rather, as if one should doubt about the sunrise, or with a lantern search for the dreadful shining of an aurora that pours its ominous crimson splendors through the whole quivering zenith, and blinds the very stars with light!

Had Anna Tracy stopped to remember her past—had she recalled the shock with which her soul suddenly expanded, against her will, without her perception, into the deep passion she felt for Alfred Seton—had she brought to mind the exulting and regal self-assertion of the real love that left no room for doubt, or question, or denial, but crowned itself and assumed its sway by the divine right of kingship, careless alike of suffrage or rebellion—she would have spared herself the self-examination that brought to its aid a determination to believe that she felt what she wished to feel. But that strange inner duality, that puzzles metaphysicians and confounds physicians who dared not interpret the double-sphered brain and the reciprocating sets of muscles, with their hieroglyphs of insanity and paralysis—that duality came to judgment and trial, bribed and corrupted.

"Is it true," said Castor to Pollux (were they, perhaps, a myth, or mythologue of the brain's duality, conserved, like a hundred other "new"

philosophers, in the mummy-cloth of tradition for latter ages to unroll?)—"Is it true that you like, admire, respect, esteem Mr. Vincent more than any other man you know?" Love, sitting invisibly on the window-sill, laughed to himself. "Yes," answered the other self, "I do." "You know he loves you?" "Yes" (with a sigh that was partly gratitude, partly inadequacy). "You would be far happier and better married to such a man?" "Oh, yes!"

"Do you love him?"—No. 2 becomes loquacious.—"Of course I do! I like to be with him. I like to drive with him." (Love, still sitting on the window-sill, fluttering his rosy wings for flight, daguerreotyped before the unconscious eyes of the duo the elegant establishment with its luxurious cushions and thoroughbred horses that appertained to Mr. Vincent, and laughed a naughty little laugh. No. 2 was deaf, and went on.) "I sympathize with his tastes; I miss him when he is gone. I wish he would come back." The duet ceased. The judge and the judged were satisfied; and in a strangely unmoved and quiet state of mind Anna Tracy gave her heart over into the hands of her imagination, and by the time Mr. Vincent returned was thoroughly convinced, as she fancied, that she was duly and properly in love with him.

He did not fail to perceive, with the quick apprehension of a lover, the soft color that flitted over her cheek; the conscious and ill-concealed pleasure of her greeting; the shy droop of her lovely dark eyes, and the tremor of the delicate hand held out in welcome, and he was made happy accordingly—too happy even to be chagrined when she refused to drive to the lake with him after tea, saying, in the lingering accents of her sweet and melancholy voice,

"I am sorry, but I promised some one else before you came."

Something in her tone and manner gave him courage. Stooping to pick up her fan from the floor, he said,

"Will you waltz with me to-night?"

Miss Tracy blushed, and said, "Yes."

Blushed, for she knew that he felt how much that request meant. Once, in the beginning of their acquaintance, as he was standing by her side watching the dizzy circling of posts and rails that mocks the wild delight native to a waltz when we Americans travesty that pure nationality, Mrs. Jan Van Dyke, one of the ancient and massive chaperones who annually infest Saratoga, had come wandering by, and accosted Miss Tracy with—

"Dear me, a'n't you waltzin', Miss Tracy?"

"Don't you see that I'm not, Mrs. Van Dyke?" good-humoredly replied the young lady.

"Don't like it, or don't approve of it, hey?"

"I do like it very much, ma'am, but I do not care to dance it with every body." Mrs. Van Dyke sniffed, and proceeded. Anna Tracy turned to Mr. Vincent and went on:

"I think it a great compliment to any gentleman to waltz with him; therefore I never do it. I think one must thoroughly trust and respect a man first."

"And love him?" suggested Mr. Vincent.

"Perhaps so," said she, coloring a little.

So Mr. Vincent this night asked her to waltz, hanging his fate on the answer, and she answered him in order to end his fate.

The day rolled lingeringly away. Miss Tracy's companion to the lake, Mr. Vane, found her very silent, almost stupid. Conscious of this, she endeavored to atone for it when the whole party, among whom was Mr. Vincent, had launched themselves on the glittering water in a little boat and were rowing toward the bluff. Mr. Vane asked Miss Tracy to sing, and forgave her silence through the drive when that deep and pure contralto tone awoke all the echoes of the shore with the inexpressibly mournful melody of Schubert's "Voyageur."

Next to religion, nearer than is merely mortal to divine, recreative and regenerative, a thing that binds sense to spirit till the union seems fusion, music works with its divine agencies and ravishes us from depth to height, and from height again to other heights, till, before we are aware, like one stayed up by angels, we see beneath us the rocks that might have dashed us out of life, and know not the aid by which we overpast them.

Something of this kind befell Anna Tracy out of the ascension of her own song; its notes circled about her brain and isolated her from all sense; once more loneliness invested her as a garment, and for one instant she knew, with the rapid flash of thought, that her solitude had never been invaded—she had not admitted any sharer of her inner self, she was—must be—still alone.

She shuddered and recoiled from the idea; Mr. Vincent looked at her as she grew pale, but thought it was the excitement of her singing that drove the color from her cheek, and filled her large eyes with a vague unanswering gaze. She felt the look she did not see, its solicitude stole into her desolate exaltation like a caress, and innocently as a child smiles at its mother in the relief her kindly hands afford to its childish wounds, she returned the tender look with a weary smile of affection that set Mr. Vincent's heart beating, and drew a mist across his eyes more than the twilight gloom beginning to droop over the serene water.

It was late that night before Miss Tracy left her room for the ball-room of the hotel. Something oppressed her: not the timidity of a girl who knows her hour of fate is near and shrinks from what she pines to hear, but a deeper oppression of which fear was no element, and which she would not avow to herself, but called it fatigue, and threw it aside with a resolute will.

She came down at length and traversed the ball-room with her aunt—a gay and handsome widow, who served as chaperone, needing one herself perpetually, and with the wisdom of her generation rejoicing always to accompany her niece, knowing that her fair hair, her blonde

beauty, and her tiny plumpness found its appropriate and natural counterpart in Miss Tracy's delicacy and height, as well as her brunette coloring and perfect grace of motion. Never had all these points showed better than in Anna Tracy's toilet of to-night—a dress of the simplest and most transparent white, floating about her figure like a cloud from the summer sky, and one heavy water-lily drooping by her slender throat and caressing the heavy braids of hair that its stem encircled and clung to.

No wonder the flush on Mr. Vincent's face deepened, and sudden light kindled in his eyes at her approach; nor much wonder at the repeated requests that reached her to dance, all of which she declined, alleging the fatigue of her drive as excuse, till at last the band struck the first notes of a waltz, and she floated away to its trance-like pulsations, resting on Mr. Vincent's arm no more weight than if she had been the flake of thistle-down that sailed in at the window on the summer breeze, and palpitated about the dancers—itself a living dance.

The last notes of the waltz died away, but its sweet intoxication still dwelt in every music-haunted brain, and its weird spell of motion and harmonic time still whirled in the soul and sense of the two to whom it had been a real dance of primeval atoms, such as woke the sullen sleep of chaos and brought its formless void into divine order and beauty; and thrilled yet with its wordless significance, Mr. Vincent led Anna Tracy through the open door, along the cool piazza, down the steps well-worn by myriad feet that no more beat time to waltzes, or tread any measure known to life—out under the great trees to a quiet corner and a hidden seat, and there asked her—for herself!

Dizzy with music—with her dance—with the fresh darkness that replaced that heated glare of the ball-room, Miss Tracy could not answer; all her brain whirled and speech failed her: with an effort of reason she held her hand to her lover, and, recalled by the rapturous pressure and fervid kiss he printed on the cold fingers, she said, in a half-stifled tone,

"Oh, wait! wait till to-morrow."

The deprecatory answer he would have begun was cut off by the rustling approach of a gay party in search of fresh air, and before he could detain her Anna Tracy had withdrawn her hand from his, and, gliding away through the trees, regained the piazza and her own room in a tumult of excitement nearer pain than pleasure; while Mr. Vincent, in a dream of sweet security, loitered away another hour under the trees, hoping vaguely for her return, and then went to bed and to sleep as calmly as a man can, and a woman can not, under such circumstances.

Morning dawned at length on Miss Tracy's broken and feverish rest, and its first rays recalled her to consciousness as well as to that dim sense of something that has happened to us, that is, according to the event, either the keenest sting of pain or the deepest rapture of joy in its resolution to actuality out of the misty dream.

Pain it was to Anna Tracy, dull and gnawing pain; and to be at least refreshed before she dared analyze it, she hastily dressed, and, threading the silent passages of the house, went out at a side-door and betook herself to the Spring grounds for her morning draught of water and her habitual walk. The baskets of bouquets that beset her were passed by to-day without a glance; the cripple that assailed her with clamorous appeal got his penny without the smile that usually gilded it; and the bitter draught from the spring was well-nigh sweet to her thirsty lips, parched with a fever that was all of the brain's own fashioning and rioted alone there.

She turned from the fountain into the cool winding paths, past the stately pines and chestnuts, through whose boughs the morning sun cast its slant rays of glory, and drew from every grass-blade and glittering leaf the fresh breath of life and perfume that morning alone knows. Every tiny fern was gemmed with dew in shining beads, every leaf glanced against the light, every flower held a drop in its open heart, and from the depths of an evergreen, where earnest twittering cries betrayed her secret, a small bird fled upward, scattering also dew from her brooding wings. Something in the pure and silent calm fell on Anna Tracy's heart like a stone on the mouth of a grave. Here she once more possessed her soul; no glare of life deluded her; imagination fled, and in its place truth regarded her with clear, sad eyes and relentless front; another hour of trial had come, and a final judgment waited her. Courageous in extremity as women are, she seated herself on a bench under the trees and looked back at the past, forward to the future. Here, undazzled, unimpassioned, calmed by the pure air and the serene aspect of nature, she asked herself again the question Mr. Vincent had asked her. Oh, no, no: she could never be his wife; she could not marry him! Memory, no longer silenced, recalled to her the days and hours—too recent for her to deny the record—when that old love still swept over her with sickening force and crushed her deep into dust again; hours when reason and contempt were alike unheard, drowned in a sweeter voice; when remembered kisses closed her eyes and sealed her lips; when a strong arm once more clasped her, and eyes of serpent fire charmed her and beguiled her into a belief that the love she received was true and fervent as that she gave. False, all of it! Well she knew that it had been but the passing amusement of a selfish and unscrupulous man: yet it had been life to her; and nothing like that had visited her since —could visit her again. Nothing bound her to Mr. Vincent but esteem, respect—friendship that was affectionate it is true, but further from passion than indifference or disgust. She liked to be with him, to talk with him, but no magnetic attraction drew her toward him: the atmosphere that surrounded him was not vital for her; she shrunk from the clasp of his hand, she recoiled

at the thought of a caress from him. Poor child, her heart lay dead in her breast, and she had been trying to galvanize it into life! But now the unsparing day opened that dark chamber and showed the pulseless shape, the rigid features, the frozen eyes and lips of its occupant; Hope vailed her face, and Truth closed the sepulchre, nor dared to write "Resurgam" on its awful door.

Saddest of all hours that can visit a woman is that in which she discovers that she can not love again. Final doom, which brands itself on her inmost soul and stifles even its dying cry of anguish. So, in lesser measure, Eve felt, when, pausing in the desert for one glimpse backward at Paradise, she beheld only the unrelenting face of the seraph guarding that adamantine door with his fatal sword. So she feels, whom civilization laments, or unkindly rescues, the Indian widow on her pyre; burned of despair before any mortal flame can reach her; dead to life because dead to love; careless of fire and fagot in that stringent clasp of the soul's agony that defies and denies the body's sharpest pang. Better, oh! how far better, is death! How infinitely better the meanest and hardest life that a real and living love illuminates and sanctifies!

Absorbed in this consciousness, Anna Tracy sat crushed into silence till the sound of a bell aroused her and warned her to return. A headache pleaded excuse for her absence from breakfast; and before dinner Mr. Vincent had left Saratoga, having received the following note from Miss Tracy:

"My dear Friend,—I begin with a confession that I owe you. I have done very wrong. I ought never to have let you love me, but I was selfish and inconsiderate. I was lonely and alone too; I enjoyed your society; I liked, I do like you, truly and deeply, and yesterday I thought I loved you. One hour of quiet reflection this morning early has shown me to myself, self-deceived. I know now that I can never love again, for you ought to know that I have loved once fatally. I have seen once for all that no such love can ever find a place in my heart, and though I still hold you in all esteem and deep regard, I should be unjust and untrue to you, and a living disgrace to my own soul, if I dared to marry you. You will see that this decision is, must be, final. Forgive me if you can. I have no pride left that will refuse even the pardon that pity extorts. I do not ask you to remain my friend, for I know you can not; but I shall always be yours. Anna Tracy."

Mr. Vincent was a man of rare nature. Some innate nobility inspired him beyond the dictate of conventional "noblesse." An hour after Miss Tracy's note reached him she received this answer:

"Thank you! you have saved me from myself by your pure truth. I feel shipwrecked, but not outcast. I can not, even now, in the great anguish of my disappointment, regret that I have loved a woman so true, so brave, so generous as you are. I have nothing to forgive you unless you refuse to forgive yourself; nor can I pity a woman who can do what you have done. No. I do not ask to be your friend. I feel to-day as if I must more than ever, and forever, be your lover. God bless you!

"H. C. Vincent."

If there is any moral to this story, it is that all young ladies should walk before breakfast.

THE CRUISE OF THE TWO DEACONS.

A TALE IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OTHER DEACON'S WIFE.

WHILE Lish was bringing in the barrel for his mother and she was listening with her overflowing mother's heart to Mrs. Briggs's admiring notes upon him, in another of the houses of Muskeogue comments were making upon the same subject which ought to have caused a burning sensation in the subject's left ear.

That house belonged to the other Deacon. The commentator was the other Deacon's wife.

Unlike Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Townsend sat in the "keepin'-room" through the afternoon, with an evident sense upon her of having slicked up every thing right after breakfast, and of perfect confidence in the power of her red-headed "help" to carry on the double operation of pies and ironing without any intervention of her own. Unlike Mrs. Allen, too, in respect to looks especially; for whereas that excellent woman was a blue-eyed one, with a face that must have once been quite a pretty though prosaic book, and still showed a little of its old gilt-edge when she smiled, though the leaves thereof had been much thumbed by time, and the spirit of "worrying to keep men folks kinder decent" had rumpled it about the margin, Mrs. Townsend was a lady with untroubled eyes of a light, cool gray; and at the most juvenile period of her courtship must have retained the Deacon's heart rather by the marked force of her character than any evanescent prettiness. This afternoon, in the "keepin'-room," she sat with great cleanliness and self-possession upon a Boston rocker, whose vibratory capability she made no use of, and with a snowy muslin cap strained tight over her smooth gray hair, knit around a blue stocking of the Deacon's after such a self-sustained, gliding manner that it would have required an acute observer to say when she changed needles.

Doing some little piece of pretty woman's work—a collar for meetin' or something similar, which answers to the refinement of crotcheting *tidies* in the more refined circles beyond Muskeogue—close by the Deacon's wife, at the same spotless window curtain, sat the Deacon's daughter. And *his* daughter she certainly was much rather than her mother's. For her eyes were hazel that might easily have made-believe black in the shade; her nose had the least little saucy peak to it at the extreme end; and her hair waved, or, as she said, crinkled, in a sort of indecision whether it wouldn't be best to make tight curls of itself, all adown that white, broad

forehead and those plump, smooth, healthy-tinted cheeks of hers. All of which characteristics belonged in a measure to Deacon Townsend's eyes, nose, and grizzled locks, not at all to Mrs. Townsend's, whose effect was Roman but for the cool gray of the iris. A rosy, good-humored, varying mouth, white teeth, and a certain prophecy of double-chin, finished a very attractive face for Becky Townsend; and her form, lithe, full-curved, and expressive in all its motions of fresh power, by nature, had been left so by fashion, who sailed contemptuously past the barbaric Muskeogue with her cargo of stays and laces to break bulk for the first time at New York.

Let us listen this afternoon as mother and daughter sit talking over their easy work by the breezy window of the keeping-room.

"I give you my advice, Rebecca; a mother can't do more'n that when her daughter has grown up to years of discretion. It would be very silly in me to talk about commanding you; I s'pose I could say the words, but then I couldn't give you my experience to act on 'em. Young people always look very different at marrying from what they do when they grow older and has the care of a family. You had jest as lief settle down here in Muskeogue for the rest of your days, and slave and worry and fade out like an old bandanner handkerchief, if you only thought you was a doing it for somebody you called yourself in love with. That's to say, you'd as lief start out to do it, but when it came to the slaving, and the worrying, and the fading out, you'd find you weren't quite so willin' after all. And then it would be too late to talk of backing out."

"But, mother, you hev been doin' jest that same thing. You married in Muskeogue; you've settled down here; you've been doin' jest what you call worryin' and slavin', though you're a long way from the fadin' out, I'm glad to say."

"I know I did, Rebecca; I know I married *into* Muskeogue. Before I forget it, I wish you wouldn't say '*hev*,' 'have' is the good grammar of it; and with all the pains I've taken for your edication it does seem as if you might talk a little different from them Yankees. I did marry into Muskeogue; but I lived up Brooklyn way then, and Muskeogue was jest as likely to be a fine city then as Brooklyn. Your father was a good, smart young fellow, that had learned the carpenter's trade—boat carpenter, that is, which is a great deal better than house business, because there hain't so many that knows it. And I was young—though I must say I was a great way off from having sich an easy turned head as you've got—and I saw he was a man of character, besides being a professor and very stiddy, so I says to myself, I can't do better any way. And I took him."

"But didn't you *love* him, mother?"

"Love him? Of course I loved him. There was two beaux that I gave up for him; and I don't know what they wouldn't have done to have me. But I saw he was stiddy, as I said, and they didn't look as if they either of 'em ever would settle. One of 'em was Josh Perkins, since turned out a poor ragamuffin that kept a little tin-shop down on Atlantic Street and drank up all he made, till his wife and six children had to come on the town. The other's Jim Ferguson: he's gone off and been a preacher out West somewhere, where they have enough funerals to keep him busy all the time, the fever's so bad, and no weddings to speak of, because they pay I s'pose—and he never was foreordained to have any luck; but they were both mighty likely fellows those times; so I married the Deacon, not that he was Deacon then, and came down to live in Muskeogue. Of course I loved him! There wasn't a more well-to-do young fellow in all the village of Brooklyn at that time than your father. And if Muskeogue had grown to be a city, and boat-building had been a stiddy business there, an' your father could ha' stuck to it, and had put his little capital into a shop and stock, and kept a going on, why there's no end to the money he'd have had now! Loved him? of course I loved him. But it wasn't baby love, that shets its eyes and puts its hand into a man's that's jest as blind and dizzy-headed as you are, and lets him lead you where he's the mind, or the luck rather."

Becky, though not a sentimental girl, but one who ate her regular three meals a day, and slept as soundly as any body in Muskeogue, leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes as if she thought that silly attitude not quite as melancholy a one as her experienced mother painted it, providing the hand were also in the confiding position described. And then, as if she had been caught acting her thoughts aloud by those cool gray eyes, which she and the Deacon fully believed to be capable of reading their inmost secrets, she straightened herself up again with a half-jerk and began sewing away as if her reputation as a practical young woman for all her mortal life depended on it.

"Now you're young yet, and you can make yourself, or you can spile yourself, the cloth's all ready to be cut right before you. But as you cut, so you must sew. There's no patterning out a meal-bag in this world, and then, bymby, when you find you don't want the meal-bag, making a ruffled night-gown of it. I've got views for you—and there's no reason why they mayn't be carried out, if you'll only feel you're young and need to be led."

Becky stopped herself in the act of mentally putting her hand into that other one which might lead her—but not the hand of the lady with views. This consistent lady, who thought that being led such a silly piece of blindness, continued:

"I've got friends in Brooklyn, now, who'll be glad to do well by a child of mine. Some people forget their family. I've been providentially led to see the wickedness of sich doings. I've got one cousin in Brooklyn; you see him once when he was down here to fish three summers ago, and spent a week at our house—cousin Sanderson, who's in the hat business, and he's making money

over hand I hear. Then there's sister Eliza that married well as any young woman in all Brooklyn; and there isn't a grocer in the city that's got sich a business as your Uncle Peabody. And there's others that you've heard me speak of. Any one of 'em would be glad to do for you. I've been meaning some time to propose to take one of sister Liza's boys. Josh would be the likeliest one; and it would be a real kindness to him, for he's got the dyspepsy awful bad over his books, and he could get well helping the Deacon all one summer on the smack and the salt-haying, and then you could go to spend the winter with them when he went back. There would be a chance for you. You'd see the world, and when you loved you'd love the right one. I wouldn't spare money with your dresses; you could take my watch, and the Deacon wouldn't grudge to buy you seals and perhaps a cross and an anchor, or a heart or something, and with what you've got in the way of looks I don't believe the winter'd be half out before you had your pick of half a dozen first-rate offers. Now there's one thing you might do if you would; but then too, you *could* stay and settle down here in Muskeogue, and twenty years afterward be looking like Miss Allen, poor mis'able thing! Look like her, I say—*be* her, I mean—*be* Miss Allen yourself."

Becky's face grew crimson, as if the cool gray eyes were suns instead of placid moons, and made her so uncomfortably warm that she had to shade her eyes with her forehead, and bent lower over her work in that purpose.

"Not that I've any thing against that young Lish Allen. Though his father *has* said things about the Deacon that would have made any body except a sensible man and a member of Meeting go to law long ago—though what he'd take for damages I don't know, for them Allens hain't got nothing but their boats and the little farm that's half salt-grass to keep their backs from the cold. Lish Allen would be tol'ably good-looking if he hadn't a snub nose, and I dessay he can cut a good swarth in the medder with any man. He's a well-meaning boy, and I don't care who does hear me say it; I al'ays liked that boy, and I al'ays shall think it's a great shame they've let him grow up so unedicated. If he'd had more schooling, and wasn't so much with that other Meeting set, jest as might be expected, he'd have made a very good farmer, and might have had a nice little place, with three or four cows, and got himself a comfortable living. He's a well-meaning young man, and I'll al'ays stick up for him, I say. I don't mind your letting him come to see you. It may do him good, and a sort o' improve his manners, which would be a kindness. Here, in Muskeogue, it's well enough to let him pay you all the attentions he likes. Go out a sleigh-riding with him in the winter; let him see you hum from spelling-school; he's young yet, and I don't know as it would be any harm to let him spark you a little; but don't put your own foot into it any further than you can draw it out. Distances kin be kep', and when you're ready to go to Brooklyn, why you kin be friends, you know, and you'll understand it, and he'll understand it; and it will be all right in Muskeogue, and in Brooklyn nobody'll know nothing about it. All young girls o' your age is expected to have their innocent amusements. That's a mighty putty collar you're making, dear; put it on, and let me see how it looks."

Becky's cheeks had been flushing deeper and deeper all through the latter part of the maternal counsel, and now were such a universal, persistent red, that when she gratified the wish just expressed, and with fidgeting, nervous fingers, drew the snowy new moon of lace and muslin about her pretty plump little neck, she looked like a bewitching, expressive kind of peach laid on a clean damask napkin. Mrs. Townsend arose from her chair, calmly put down her knitting-work, and with a skillful hand patted the collar smoothly to its place, regarding it and the disturbed face with an artistic admiration.

"Beautiful! really *beautiful!*" said she, with the air of being quite carried away. "Let's see how gold looks against muslin!" and at the same time she disengaged from her own black silk dress the loud ticking heir-loom watch, with its old-fashioned thready chain that had been Becky's ravishment and wonder since she was old enough to be allowed the sight of it on occasions when some great self-restraint in respect to sweetmeat-jars or cake-plates had made her worthy of such a recompense, and slipped the shining loop over the young girl's head.

How often has silly love been hanged in such a halter!

Then, with gentle fingers, she drew the loose belt of her daughter over the old time-piece as tenderly as if she were giving her a new heart or a healthy conscience, and repeated the former look of being carried away.

"That's yours the day you start for Brooklyn," spoke Mrs. Townsend, softly. "Yours, Becky, to keep, chain and all. To think that Providence should have been so good to me—to give me *sich* a putty daughter! And when you're the admired of all I may be far away, perhaps never to see you again, but the thought that I've lived for my daughter, and that all mine was hers, that'll be enough comfort when I'm taken away from *this* sad world."

"Don't talk so, mother dear," said Becky, her kind brown eyes full of tears; "you're too good to me:" and she clasped Mrs. Townsend about the waist as far as was possible considering the amplitude of that dignified lady, and with one plump little arm drew herself, beating heart, chain, repeater and all, against the black silk bodice.

"Only remember your mother when she's gone—that's all, Rebecca. Parents must go, children make other associations; but it's pleasant to think a little place will be kept for a mother yet."

And Becky could not speak the strange painful thoughts and strivings within her, as her mother returned to the rocking-chair, to knit ab-

sorbedly, with the evident appearance of doing that because she must have something to occupy her mind or give way to her maternal feelings.

If Lish Allen had knocked at the door just then I do not think he would have been asked to stay long or come again. But the Good Spirit, who made Love blind, and therefore knows that he can not look at any human time-piece but his own heart, which foolish mechanism is always striking "Go woo her! go woo her!" at every ridiculous minute of the day and night, often times his comings and goings for him when he runs too fast, putting all sorts of obstacles in his way, "for the present not joyous but grievous," against which Love incontinently knocks his shins, and sitting down to rub them, bewails "Fate" "a stern World of Realities," and all that kind of thing, little imagining, poor child! how well ordered, how tenderly meant, was that same abrasion, and how sorry a bruise he might have caught on his heart by inopportune going, but for the temporary one on his shins.

CHAPTER V.

A DEACON'S SON AND A DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

When Lish conveyed the shiny boots to the gate of his father the Deacon, the idea of going down to the wharf of Muskeogue suggested itself about as distinctly to his mind as a pilgrimage to Mecca, or "the lookin' in tew the Store," which he had playfully stated to his mother as the object of the clean shirt and meeting coat. In fact, as soon as he had ascertained that nobody was looking out of the kitchen window he took a bee-line toward the house where the wall-roses grew alone of all dwellings in the village.

He has not gone many rods when Si Willets, a lad generally notorious as belonging to that class which never infringes upon the law by knowing more than it allows them, yet harmless, good-natured, and a capital hand at all "chores" which require elbow-grease rather than brains, came up the sloping lot of fallow land which stretched for half a mile toward the sea-shore, and jumped over the fence on the other side of the road in a state of great excitement.

"Hallo, you, Lish Allen!"

"Hallo, Si! You look het. What ha' you ben doin' over in the foller—harvestin' that crop o' mullens?"

"I'd oughter look het, I guess; so'd you ef ye'd run all the way up hill from the harbor, witheout so much's stoppin' to ketch yer breath. Darned glad I am to ha' met you, tew, or I'd hed to run all the way to Deacon Allen's. D'ye know the Deacon's boat's ben sot adrift?"

"Wa'al, by thunder! Si, you don't tell me so! None o' your foolin', is it? Honest, now?"

"I wish I may be consumed ef 'tain't! An' the best thing you can dew is to take them shiny butes o' yourn right straight daoun tew the wharf, ef yew don't want it to go out into the bay."

Lish threw down an involuntary glance on the foot-gear referred to; cast an eye in the direction of the other Deacon's house; looked at the tin angel with a trumpet flying on the top of the New School Meeting-house close by, and in spite of the discovery from that herald that the wind was hauling rapidly to northward, and would very soon take out to sea any waif that lay in the harbor, felt more inclination to sacrifice the piece of property in question than he had ever known toward a toothache or a bad cold.

"Gol darn that boat!" ejaculated Lish, as emphatically as if he had never been brought up to go to meeting. Nevertheless, he tumbled over the fence that bounded the fallow, and, with Si accompanying him, set off on a run toward the shore. "And I might have been sittin' clost to her side by this time!" was the gist of Lish's whole thought as he ran.

The Good Spirit, who knows Love's bad chronometer, however, just at that minute saw the loop of gold going over Becky Townsend's head.

When Lish reached the sand he could just descry the white broadside of the Deacon's yawl, lifting with the outbound waves, half-way to the mouth of Muskeogue Bay. That this misfortune was no work of chance was evident from the Deacon's well-known tidy carefulness; and to corroborate this view, there lay the bow painter of the boat still hitched to the pile, its other end freshly cut, and swinging in the water. An enemy had done this—whether a spiteful member of the other Meeting's Sabbath-school, or a vindictive young disciple of the Deacon's own, whom that vigilant officer had caught "larfin' in sermon-time," never became sufficiently transparent. To take another boat and row out after the stray, recapture it, and tow it back, was the obvious course called for; and this obvious course took one hour and a quarter, for the tide was ebbing, and the wind N.E. by N., when the two oarsmen hitched fast to their drifting prize, and started back with it.

At four o'clock and three quarters P.M. the shiny boots, much less shiny, and the fluttering heart, much more fluttering, stood on the door-step of Deacon Townsend's house, and an uneasy fist rapped upon the green door under the wall roses.

But a single pair of ears in the keeping-room heard that fist. For the cool gray eyes had gone kitchenward forty minutes before, to dart inevitable glances into the arrangements for soft gingerbread which were making for tea by "Melindy," the red-haired help. With the cool gray eyes had gone the influential, overbearing presence which, to the Deacon and his daughter, seemed always as tangible as the calm black silk figure from which it emanated. And in that forty minutes of absence a barrier, erected by the presence and the eyes—an immeasurably-thick Gibraltar between Becky and her own intuitions—had been slowly losing density; until now, as she fumbled uneasily with the chain still round her neck, and began daring to wonder if it was *real* gold, the Gibraltar was a thin film of fog—

a gossamer web, floating and rending here and there at times. Just then Lish Allen cursed his luck for being too late, and knocked; the gossamer melted, and fell like a sediment to the bottom of a mind full of sunbeams. So Becky arose lightly and went to the door.

"Well, now—do tell if it's you, Lish Allen!" she exclaimed, with really unaffected surprise, sparking being principally done "arter hours" in Muskeegue.

"'Tain't nobody else," said Lish, beamingly; "though I *did* think it never would be me. Sich work as I've had this tew hours with father's boat goin' adrift! How de dew, Becky?" And the young girl let one of her plump little hands go into eclipse in Lish's big brown one.

"The Deacon and Miss Townsend to hum?" he added, casting a comprehensive glance into the keeping-room; as if, providing they *were* there, he wished the impression conveyed that they were the most welcome sight imaginable.

"No," replied Becky; "father's gone down Cape Cod way fishin', and mother's in the kitchen attending to her gingerbread. Come in, won't you?"

"Thank ye, Becky; I guess I will for a minute." Then, as if the thought now struck him for the first time, "How'd you like to put on your things and just take a little walk up into Father Pringle's paster-lot? There's some awful nice blackberries up there on the ridge. I found 'em t'other day, and didn't tell nobody, because I knew you liked 'em so much. And we can run up there a few minutes and jest see ef there's any left. 'Tain't often I git time to walk, except on business; and when I do, I like to improve it."

"Do you think the blackberries are right down ripe yet?" asked Becky, thus getting time for her quick woman's wit to glance over the proposition, and ascertain the exact bearings of a walk in the daylight with a young man whose company she had felt no hesitation in accepting at night. For in Muskeegue people have to be very careful of what they do in the daytime.

"Ripe enough to melt in your mouth, and sweet as surrup!" replied Lish, enthusiastically, supposing that this was conclusive in favor of the walk. But the pair of bright black eyes which sparkled on her as he said it—and not the berries—decided Miss Rebecca Townsend.

"Well," she answered, "you jest sit down here a minute, and I'll run up stairs and put on my sun-bonnet."

"She wanted to know sartain ef those berries were right down ripe afore she'd go; ef she *raly* cared for me she wouldn't ha' let that thought hender," thought Lish, somewhat bitterly—still rolling in the same self-distrustful groove where the *desagrémens* of the afternoon had started him. And Becky tripped up stairs, leaving a ravishing impression of white shoulders to mingle curiously with his perverse reflections.

The door of her little room at the head of the stair-way creaked plainly in his ears, and his throbbing heart felt the sense of the white shoulders growing stronger. Flushed with the exercise of getting ready in a hurry—her bare, round arms showing to the most fascinating advantage with the polished, dimpled cones of their bent elbows thrown up and forward as she reached to catch the snowy sun-bonnet that was dropping from her crinkled hair—stealing from above with a step where exuberant life and spirits showed themselves by an elastic springiness which only the wish of not arousing the Presence in the gingerbread department controlled from being a bound—Becky came, and through the door Lish saw her from the moment that the pitty-pat of her feet was audible. Saw also that careful look of coming silently did Lish, and for the first time in his life began to feel that wilder, more inscrutable, painful feelings enter the fact of sparking than are evolved in seeing a young woman home from spelling-school, or sitting up with her of a Sabbath evening. She was more beautiful than he had ever seen her—he was more miserable than he had ever been before; for that cautious footstep stealing down the stairs told of a mother who must not be aroused now—who *must* be aroused hereafter—and what would Becky do then?

With the misery blended a delicious new happiness, and indeed seemed to form part of it; so that when she stood at the door and said, smilingly,

"Well, Lish, here I am, all ready!" and handed him the little basket she had brought for the blackberries, there seemed to be something in the willow handle, as he took it, which thrilled him gladly through and through; and he wished it were another meal-barrel, that he might prove how stout he could be for her sake.

Deacon Townsend's house, as we have said, stood at the head of the main road leading from the bay. At his fence the hub-deep desolation of sand, which was abandoned to wagons and carts, stopped, and the land, beginning to rise toward "The Ridge," yielded more and more as it ascended to the amenities of vegetation. A few rods beyond his gate the patrimony of Daddy Pringle began, and through the fence which bounded it tacit consent to enter was given all the year round to the strolling inhabitants of Muskeegue, by a certain amiable concession and shakiness in the posts and deficiency in the rails. The gap thus left was too small to be improved by the three lean cows of the proprietor, but afforded to the young men and maidens of the place, as they went foresting, a straight gate and narrow way into peaceful happiness, typical, whether it was intended or not, of the Old School Meeting to which Daddy Pringle belonged.

It was through this entrance that Lish and Becky sought the blackberries, and striking into the cow-path, slowly strolled up the hill. Every few feet a bobolink rose before them, jerking out his capricious song as he flew in low, swift curves from mullen to mullen, or a yellow-bird, drifting like a flake of golden snow, whirled in changeful spurts of motion, driven, it seemed, rather by some outer will than his own. Lish

knew nothing of the classic ominousness that lies in birds by name; but there was that instinctive encouragement in them which communicates itself in all years to all men alike, and he felt strengthened by the bold, free joyousness of these irrational Bohemians of the air. Had he met a crow, though he did not know that this bird meant bad luck in the Latin, its mournful croak and sombre plumage would have repressed him, like Deacon Townsend pacing through the pasture in his Sunday suit, quite as much as the bobalink and the yellow-bird inspirited him now.

As it was, the nervous sense of an inevitable question about the mother, and the day when her eyes should leave the gingerbread for quite other matters, left him for a while, and he felt the happiness of walking at Becky's side without the pain.

"Wa'al, this is jest about as beautiful a day as ever I *did* see!" exclaimed Lish, enthusiastically, doffing his hat and wiping his forehead with his salmon-colored silk handkerchief. "I've heerd tell of people down Boston way that held kinder queer doctrines about Natur, and Natur's temple, and sech, who said that to good folks the woods and the pasters in summer was a Sabbath all the week round; and I dew declare, a day like this makes you wonder if that idee hain't got some trewth in't, anyhow!"

"I guess those must be the same folks that father read about last Sabbath in his paper. That made 'em out awful bad; I was quite scared to hear father read what those folks *were* up to; they didn't care for one day more'n another, and the women wore short hair and trowsers, and the men lived on greens and never cut their finger-nails, and laughed at Poll and all the 'postles, sayin' they were behind the age; and they all got drunk and went off to Indiana, and were divorced from their wives, and they called themselves by some long wicked name that father had to look twice through his specs to get the notion of."

"D'ye recollect what it was, Becky?"

"I'm almost afraid to try it for fear it's something awful wicked to say; and then it's so long and crabbed that I don't know as I pronounce it right; but as near as I can remember—" Here Becky made up her two red lips into an anxious dictionary pucker, and, with the general resolute air of one about making a running jump at a five-barred gate, pronounced the words—"it was Tran-scen-den-tal-ists."

"The reason I asked you," continued Lish, "was because I thought it might be the same folks that our minister gave us sich a crackin' sermon aginst Sabbath afore last. But it ain't. I was mighty keerful to write daown the words on the leaf of our psalm-book as nigh as I could make eout to ketch 'em by the saound, and arter Meetin' I went intew our Sabbath-school Library and tuk eout the Dictionary to hunt 'em up. So I got the true spellin', and I remembered it ever sence; and ef ever I git a chance *don't* I spell daown all the rest of the spellin'-school on 'em! But I'll tell you, naow, so that supposin' they should ever come to you, you could do the same. They're 'Sa-bell-ians, Pel-a-gi-ans, an' Manichæ-ans;' and ef they don't git their desarts in the next world, it won't be because they hain't got bad names enough in this, I guess!"

"Now, Lish, ef it ain't too bad to ask, what *do* they all mean—and what does *my* word mean—that one beginning with Trans, you know?"

"Raly, Becky, I hain't got no idee—that's honest. I tried to understand the definitions, but I vow I couldn't make head nor tail tew 'em. But I've got a sorter opinion of my own abaout it, and that's this: Supposin' there's tew men, and each on 'em's got his own smack and is anchored, say a hundred rods from t'other, on the fishin' banks. We'll say, tew, that when they're clost 'long side of each other and kin shake hands they're jest abaout as good friends as ye want to see. But they *ain't* alongside, they're as far off as I've been tellin', and while they lie at anchor one o' 'em ketches an awful big codfish and hauls him up over the side. T'other happenin' to look that way and sees the man that's ketched the fish a-doin' it, and calls out through his hand, speakin'-trumpet fashion, 'What's that big fish you've ketched?' There's an orful stiff breeze blowin' right squeer between 'em at the time, we'll say, so the man that's ketched the fish don't jest rightly understand what t'other one says, but has a kinder idee he's askin' him how many fathom o' water he's got jest under his gunnel. So he put's *his* hand to his mouth and hollers back, 'Seven!' Agin the man that hollered fust ain't a bit better able to hear kerrectly what the man that hollered last says, and understands him to answer, 'A sculpin.' So he shouts back, 'Go 'long! there ain't no sculpin o' that size!' T'other misunderstood him a second time, and takes him to say, 'You're wrong; you're a punkin, darn yer eyes!' or words tew that effect. Of course that put's him intew a tarin' rage, and he begins a callin' back names: 'You're a noodle! I say 'tis seven!' That agin the fust man takes to be, 'You're a fool—you're a devil!' Please excuse me, Becky, for sayin' sich words, but its only for 'lustration, you know. So, *naow*, they both begin to call names, and the man that's got the longest tongue and the biggest dictionary comes off fust best. And when they git tired and hoarse, and they find that while they've been jawin' the tide's turned and the fish hes stopped bitin' and they can't ketch none the rest o' the day, they up anchor and steer for hum, keepin' out o' each other's course as far as they anyways kin, and never speak another word to one another arterward. Yet neither one on 'em's heard one single word that t'other said to him. *Naow*, by way of application—as eour minister says (and I s'pose yours tew, for I guess they putty much all dew)—it's my opinion that it's jest abaout the same way those other orful names come. Tew men that ain't no ways nigh enough in their minds and feelin's to git a kerrect idee of what one says to t'other, begin argyin' about Theology. They keep a talkin' into the wind at each other—Mister This-one says one thing; and Mister

That-one thinks it's another thing and says it's a lie. An' so they both git a fightin', and Mister This-one hits what he s'poses to be Mister That-one, when it ain't at all, but somebody else who might hev thought what he supposes Mister That-one thinks. So *Somebody* gits all the knocks, and when they git tired and nary one on 'em's licked, Mister This-one says to Mister That-one, 'Yew git eout! you're a Pe-la-gian!' and Mister That-one says to Mister This-one, 'Git eout yerself! you're a Man-i-chæ-an!'"

"And they're both Tran-scen-den-tal-ists," said Becky, resolutely, proud of an opportunity of showing how well she had understood Lish's exposition of polemic theology as well as of deploying her big word.

"Jes' so! That's it, exac'ly! And they both separate; and whenever arterward any body happens to speak about one on 'em afore the other, the feller that hears him scre-ews up his maouth and rolls up the whites of his eyes, and says one o' those long words in an orful solemn tone of voice; and ef the third party hain't no dictionary, or, ef he has, is like me, and don't know how to understand it, why he gets an idee nat'rally that the absent one is a feller who wouldn't stan' at pickin' pockets."

"Well, Lish, you *kin* make a thing jest about as clear as any body I ever heard talk! Why didn't you ever think of studyin' for a minister?"

"Oh, I hevn't the college-larnin'! Moreover, I ain't a professor."

"Why ain't you, Lish? Oh, how I *dew* wish you belonged to Meetin'!"

Lish's exegetical talent had so concentrated all Becky's veneration upon him that, until these earnest words were out of her mouth, she was quite unconscious how earnest they were, and how deep an interest they expressed. Realizing them, her plump cheeks suddenly reddened, and in the confused hope of doing something which should prevent her confusion from being noticed, she bounded ahead of Lish with a saucy, bird-like hop, uttered a quick little laugh, and exclaimed in what she meant for a perfectly free-hearted tone,

"Oh! I see your berries, and I don't believe they're over harf-ripe."

They were now on the top of the ridge, and their path was skirted by the most luxuriant high-vine bushes, heavy with fruit in all stages of development, from the scarlet pigeon-shot size up to the luscious ebon-thimble.

Lish came slowly on behind the vivacious Becky, with a face which seemed to say that the whole berry crop was at the former stage, and with its concentrated acidity occupying his mouth. His heart, which, at the delicious moment when the young girl had broken forth into the expression of yearning for his conversion, leaped up to a hundred and twenty, now subsided into the most sluggish of jog trots; and had he suddenly found himself alone, he would have undoubtedly treated Mr. Lish Allen to the plainly-uttered unflattering opinion which now seethed inaudible within him—"I'm a darned, self-deceivin' fool!"

"Where's the basket, Lish?" broke in upon his reverie. "There *is* an awful lot of blackberries here, and some of 'em's *real* nice."

"Here's the basket," said Lish, very soberly, coming on a step and putting it in Becky's hand with another thrill more painful than when he took it from her. Then they both fell to picking as if their lives depended on it, and nothing broke the silence for several minutes save the low, monotonous cradle-hush of the land-wind coming through the pines over the ridge.

Lish was the first to speak.

"That air gold chain's a leetle in your way, I guess; it kinder catches on the thorns—there, let me get it off for you. I'm afraid you might break it, and they're mighty costly I've heerd tell." At the same time he disengaged it, almost without looking at it or Becky, and let it drop quickly from his fidgety hands as if it hurt him.

"Oh! thank you, Mr. Allen."

Lish half started to hear that title, but continued, in a meditative tone:

"It's a *rale* putty chain, and looks uncommon well on you, Miss Townsend."

"Yes, it is pretty. It's goin' to be mine all the time when I go to spend the winter up to Brooklyn."

This speech could not have given Lish more pain than it did her; but any woman might have been defied not to make it in her existing state of mind.

Another half start from Lish. And then, as if it were an old, long meditated piece of news,

"I guess you'll go up Brooklyn way long abaout next November, won't ye?"

"Well, I can't tell jest yet; it's as mother is able to get me ready—very likely, though."

"Tol'able good society up tew Brooklyn, I hear tell?"

"I believe there is *splendid* society. It's gayer 'n a dozen Muskeogues. In our Meetin' they think it's *too* gay—somethin' to keep folks' minds on the go all the time."

"Jes' so. Wa'al, let me see—hold on a minute, and I'll bend down that big full branch to you; don't you tech it, or you'll start your fingers bleedin'. Next November I come of age, and I'm goin' to take old Widow Rundell's farm, put harf on it into winter wheat, top-dress the long medder—that's abaout t'other harf—an' let it winter-foller. So I'll hev suthin' to keep my mind on the go *tew*. It 'ill be my fust experience away from hum stiddy; but that's a putty snug little farm-house o' the Rundells, and what with one or tew hired men, and a help perhaps for the dairy an' sich, I guess we can pass the winter kinder comfortable."

Becky accidentally caught her finger on a thorn, and put it to her mouth to stanch the blood.

"Oh! I'm rale sorry. Here, Miss Townsend, jest wind this bandanner round it—silk's mighty good for scratches—there! Naow when you want another high branch don't yew tech it

yourself, but ask me." And Lish chivalrously bound up the torn finger, looking fixedly at it, not at all at the face above it.

"Thank you, Mr. Allen; you're very, very kind."

"Once in a while, when you're up tew Brooklyn, you'll think o' your old friends down to Muskeogue, for all it's so dull, I guess, won't ye?"

Lish's hand was just that moment putting the final touch on the bandage, and a round transparent drop fell on his finger, just where the opal would have been if Lish had been a gentleman who wore rings.

"Rainin'?" was his instantaneous first thought; but before he could express it he had perceived that the sun was shining too brightly for that, and with a strange fluttering suspicion he gazed into Becky's face. *From her eyes!*

"Hev I tied that tew tight, Miss Townsend?"

"No, Lish."

"Becky, I *dew* want to be a professor, though it's orful hard tew our Meetin', and I'm a poor sinner as ever breathed the breath o' life; but if you'll only teach me I'll be any thing; and oh, Becky, I *dew* love you so, I believe it's killin' me!"

Becky hid both her eyes in her hands, and her cheeks were crimson up to the edge of the soft crinkled brown hair.

"Oh, don't do so! Dew speak for pity's sake, *won't* you teach me?"

And Lish caught the maid around the waist with one of the big arms that had brought in the meal-barrel.

Timidly Becky stole one of her own round little arms around the spick-span new coat, and hiding her face anew against its lappel, whispered,

"I'm only a young girl, Lish, but I'll try."

And at that moment kissing came to be considered proper by at least two inhabitants of Muskeogue.

Like healthy people generally, Lish and Becky did not long succumb to the inexpressible stages of emotion. When the blissful moment reached pain, they lifted the half-filled basket and began slowly descending the hill, as near as possible to each other's side, and casting longing glances into each other's faces not unmixed with the most honest admiration. As they descended the slope their thoughts more and more found words; and being practical young people, even in the midst of their youth's richest poetry those words referred mainly to practical subjects in the practical life before them. How they should overcome the hitherto waved, but now from the very sincerity of their affection plainly recognized, animosity of their two sets of parents toward each other—whether it would be better to set patience at laying siege to consent, or marry at once without that consent, as very properly they did not doubt the right, since they loved, though they felt the painful inexpediency of doing, till patience failed. Whether, if they had to do the latter, they should take Widow Rundell's farm, which Lish in his agony had been painting ten minutes before as the comfortable head-quarters of such inveterate bachelorhood; or whether they should go across the Sound to Connecticut, where Lish had plenty of maternal uncles who could easily get him the lease of a farm on moderate terms, and would be glad to see him well started anyhow.

Such were the questions which occupied the ingenuity of these practical young people; and not, I am sorry to say, just for the present at least, the consideration whether roses or woodbines should climb to their cottage eaves, or the song of larks or the coo of turtles from the thatch awake them at early dawn from their wedded slumber, as is most dramatically appropriate for persons in their situation. But by way of apology it is to be remembered (quoting from Mr. Peavey and the *Gazetteer*) that the natural products of Muskeogue are certain excellent salt codfish and Puritan Congregationalists—both of which are popularly supposed to have a bearing toward the practical.

Nevertheless, while the lovers went down the slope, and edged through Daddy Pringle's straight and narrow way into the road, their thoughts upon these prosaic difficulties were not utterly unlighted by a strong common-sense perception of their ability to work out of them, and a luminous presence of that stanch old Connecticut trust in the best spirit, who has been known to effect a junction between two sets of conflicting parents even when one of each set was a Deacon of t'other Meetin'."

Lish left Becky at her father's gate, each looking the kiss which coincident Muskeogue and daylight forbade. The cool gray eyes were still in the soft gingerbread when Becky entered the keeping-room, much to the relief of her fluttering heart, and so had not missed her.

But that evening, when the two sat down to their Deaconless supper, the younger woman gently put the gold watch and chain into the hands of the elder, and anticipating the question which lurked in the cool gray eyes, said quietly,

"For you know, mother, it might get harm if I happened not to go to Brooklyn after all."

JO DAVIESS, OF KENTUCKY.

SIXTY years ago, while the Eastern World was agitated by the wars of the first French Revolution, a European accustomed to look upon his own corner of the earth as the only theatre for the display of great intellectual powers, would have been moved to contemptuous mirth if he had been told that the almost unknown heart of the American Continent was the home of a number of the most remarkable men of the age, some of whom were yet to rival the fame of Pitt and Fox as statesmen; while others (like Clarke and Shelby), only lacked a field to enable them to take rank beside the great military leaders who were then filling the earth with their fame; and that the rude court-houses of

Kentucky were graced by the presence of men who in all save classical learning would have borne comparison with the brightest luminaries of Westminster Hall.

But the ignorance of a foreigner may well be excused when so many of our own countrymen are accustomed to regard Henry Clay's as the only great name in the early history of the State —the one star in a firmament of darkness, while in reality it was only the brightest of a splendid constellation. Breckinridge, Marshall, Nicholas, Bledsoe, Pope, Rowan, Grundy, and Daviess were all flourishing at the Kentucky bar during the last ten years of the eighteenth and the first ten of the nineteenth century.

This unusual concentration of talent at the bar of Kentucky during that period was by no means fortuitous. Mental like all other capital will seek the best market; and the young commonwealth had imported much of the intellect of the Continent. The immediate effect of the celebrated land laws of 1779 was to pour into the Territory an immense number of immigrants, each eager to secure a portion of the rich cane lands which were to be had almost for the trouble of locating them. By those laws every man was required to make his own entries and surveys; and as no systematic registration was attempted, it soon came to pass that the whole country was— to use the expressive phrase of the old lawyers— "shingled over" two or three deep with conflicting titles. This state of things of course produced almost endless litigations; and thus, although every kind of merit was sure to meet here a liberal reward, the most splendid remuneration was reserved for the successful lawyer. Here was a glorious field for those who sought wealth as well as reputation; for to be known as a good land lawyer was to be assured of both. Thus Kentucky's greatest curse became the origin of her highest glory. Her bar was the most brilliant in the Union; but it was nourished with the life-blood of her prosperity.

Among the many extraordinary men of this period no one appeared more extraordinary to his contemporaries, and (in spite of the fact that he has left no great work as a monument of his powers) no one has left a deeper impression on the popular imagination than the subject of this sketch. Joseph Hamilton Daviess, or, as he is still lovingly and familiarly called, Jo Daviess —a name as well known to Kentuckians of the present day as that of any living celebrity. The eagerness with which the smallest anecdote of him is received shows how warm is the feeling he still excites in the minds of the people. His was, indeed, one of those intensely individual characters that never grow indistinct through lapse of time—never lose their personality, or become mere lay figures of history. While more commonplace characters sink into oblivion, or are remembered only in connection with the events in which they took part—these stand forth, independent of the transactions of their times, the objects of a personal interest as lively as that which we feel for the companions of our daily life. Mention but their names, and their forms start forth, clear and unmistakable as a living presence.

Jo Daviess was born in 1774, in Bedford County, Virginia, at the foot of the Blue Ridge, and almost under the shadow of the giant peaks of Otter. His parents, Joseph and Joan Daviess, were of Scotch-Irish descent—a race singularly productive both of great men and great families. The race seems long to have retained its love of mountain dwellings; and a few years before the Revolution their descendants had passed the Blue Ridge, and begun to pour themselves along the beautiful valleys of Western Virginia. Hardy and enterprising, they did not shrink from the danger of a border life; and soon their cabins were dotted thickly over the glades and uplands of that delightful region, making it peculiarly the land of the *Cohees*. An intelligent, industrious, God-fearing race of men, they were well fitted to be the pioneers of a new republic, and their names are to be found on every page of early Western history.

A few months after the birth of our hero the great struggle for independence began. But the storm of war rolled at a distance, and only its echoes were heard in those quiet valleys. True, the brave mountaineers went forth at the call of their country; but their wives and children remained at home in safety, and were not compelled to see the enemy at their doors. Thus the first five years of young Daviess's life were passed in peace and quietude, as the tender years of infancy should always be.

But the passage of the land laws in 1779 opened to the elder Daviess a prospect which he did not think it right to neglect. By risking his own life he might secure for his rapidly increasing family an inheritance in the lands so glowingly described by some of his neighbors who had already emigrated to Kain-tuck-ee. So, packing up their household goods on a couple of horses—he and his faithful wife carrying their children in their arms—they turned their backs upon the rising sun, and began their long journey toward the West, accompanied by several of their relations. They gained, in a few days, the extreme frontier settlement of Virginia, where, bidding a long farewell to the safety and comfort of civilized life, they struck into the forest, that stretched, unbroken, to the banks of the Kentucky River—a distance of two hundred miles —following what was called the "Wilderness Road;" a name that still bears a romantic sound in the ears of a native Kentuckian. For a wilderness it truly was, and is in part to this day, as he who traverses the Rockcastle Hills will confess.

On one occasion, while passing a small stream, Mrs. Daviess's horse became frightened, and, starting back, threw her over his head. But even in a moment of such sudden peril the mother's instinct did not desert her. Clasping her child close to her breast, she received the shock upon her outstretched arm, which was broken. Such an accident, serious at any time, was

doubly so now, when the delay of a single day was both inconvenient and dangerous. But the heroic woman possessed all the resolute spirit of her race. She would consent to stop only long enough to have the fractured limb bound up with a handkerchief and a few splinters from the next tree, and then remounted the same horse, still bearing her son in her arms. Such were the pioneer mothers of Kentucky.

Joseph Daviess settled in Lincoln County, in the neighborhood of the Crab Orchard, then the extreme frontier in that direction. When we say "neighborhood," it will be remembered we are speaking of a time when a man regarded every one who lived within twenty miles as a neighbor. The Indians had, for the last twelve months, been much less troublesome than formerly; and thinking the worst times over, the settlers no longer confined themselves to the immediate vicinity of the stations. Many of them—among whom were the Daviess family—began to build their cabins and open corn-fields at great distances from those places of refuge. The whole land soon wore an appearance of peace and security. But these hopes were destined to a bitter disappointment.

The winter of 1779–80 was long remembered in the West as the "hard winter." The freezing weather set in in the middle of November, and continued without a thaw until the latter part of February. The ground was covered with snow and ice. Thousands of animals perished in the forests; and deer and buffaloes, tamed by cold and hunger, came up into the yards along with the domestic cattle. The settlers themselves were reduced almost to starvation, a single "johnny-cake" being divided among a whole family as a day's allowance. Spring came early; but with it also came the Indians, who must have suffered terribly during that awful winter, and who now renewed their hostilities with a fury never before known. They seemed resolved by one desperate and persevering effort to wrest their beloved "Land of Cane" from the possession of the hated "Long-Knives." In conjunction with a corps of regulars they crossed the Ohio in immense force; and for the first time the roar of cannon was heard in the woods of Kentucky.

Had Colonel Byrd, the British commander, been a man of greater capacity or less humanity the purpose of the savages might have been attained, and the whites driven back over the mountains. The dismayed colonists themselves began to regard such an event as possible; for they well knew there was not a stockade in the country capable of withstanding artillery. But after taking Ruddell's and Marten's stations in the north, the English commander, for some reason unknown, re-embarked his guns, and returned to Canada without striking any important blow. Undiscouraged by this desertion, the savages still continued the war with extraordinary vigor, carrying their desolating inroads into the most populous districts, and striking down their victims at the very gates of the forts. It was a time of constant danger and alarm. No family felt safe for a single day, and the rifle was by far the most useful article of household furniture.

Such were the scenes of the first six months of Jo Daviess's residence in Kentucky. It was no longer the mere echo of war which he heard; but war in its most horrible form raged round the doors of his father and his relatives.

An incident is related of his uncle, Samuel Daviess, which forcibly illustrates the insecurity of the times. In the year 1782 he occupied a lonely cabin in the woods, five miles distant from the nearest house. A residence of three years on the frontier seems not to have taught him the one great lesson of continual distrust. So one morning, without having taken the precaution to reconnoitre the vicinity from a loophole usually left for that purpose beside the door, he stepped forth half dressed from his cabin to get a bucket of water from the spring. He had not gone more than half a dozen paces when, hearing a slight rustling behind, he turned and saw an Indian close upon him with tomahawk uplifted. Surprised, but not frightened, the idea at once flashed upon his mind that by running round the house he would be able to enter, and seize his gun before his adversary could overtake him. The first part of this plan he immediately executed; but on arriving at the door, after making the circuit, he beheld, to his dismay, the little room half full of naked warriors. Flight was now the only chance either for himself or his family. Clearing the fence at a leap, he bounded off through the wood toward the station of his brother James, five miles distant, hotly pursued by the enemy. The four Indians who had entered the house, finding Mrs. Daviess in bed, compelled her to rise, but without using any violence. She had scarcely finished dressing herself before the other savage came back, and holding up his hands stained with poke berries, gave her to understand that it was the blood of her husband. She was not deceived by the artifice, but knew he had escaped, and would certainly return to rescue his family. It was important, therefore, to detain her captors as long as possible at the house, in order to give Daviess time to collect a sufficient number of men at the station. With this end in view, she provided a good breakfast, and then, with an appearance of great good-humor, proceeded to exhibit all the articles of clothing and the few trinkets which the family possessed. The savages were highly delighted, and spent two hours in rummaging the house in search of spoil. At the end of that time they departed, taking with them Mrs. Daviess and her four children. They used every precaution to conceal the direction of their march, not allowing the children to touch even a weed or a twig lest they should leave some sign by which their trail might be followed. The rapidity of the march soon wearied out the two younger children, and the mother, fearing to see them murdered before her face, ordered the two elder to take them upon their backs and carry them forward, hoping and praying

that help might arrive before they should break down also. This hope grew fainter as hour after hour passed, until at last she began to despair of assistance—but not of escape. She had formed a scheme of killing her captors at night, and making her own way back to the settlements. No one who knew the resolute spirit of the woman doubted that she would at least have attempted to put her plan into execution. But she was spared this severe test of female courage; for just as the savages, believing themselves beyond the reach of pursuit, were beginning to relax their speed and vigilance, one of the number, who had been left behind as a scout, came up at full speed, hotly pressed by Daviess at the head of a small party of men whom he had fortunately found collected at his brother's station. This was the moment of most fearful peril; for, as Mrs. Daviess well knew, it was the invariable custom of the savages to tomahawk their prisoners rather than suffer a rescue. At the first alarm she called to her children to scatter in the bushes, and, seizing up the youngest, threw herself into a deep sink hole. One of the Indians, however, knocked the eldest boy down with his hatchet, and was attempting to tear off his scalp when fired upon by the foremost of the pursuers. The shot was ineffectual, and he succeeded in accomplishing his brutal purpose. The boy was otherwise uninjured, and as his father approached, sprang to his feet with the blood streaming from his mutilated head, and exclaimed, "Well, cuss that Injun, he has done run off with my scalp!" The poor fellow had been perfectly conscious during the performance of the horrible operation. He ever after cherished a bitter hatred against the authors of his disfigurement, and, while yet a mere boy, fell a victim to his rash thirst for revenge.

As may well be supposed, Jo Daviess, while such scenes were occurring on every hand, enjoyed but few of what are called the "advantages of education." The old "field schoolhouses" had not yet been built. For in that fierce struggle between the two races for the dominion of the country, even children were called on to bear their part; and the use of the axe and rifle was considered a far more important part of their training than that of Spelling-Book and Reader. But the rough schooling had also its advantages; and we can not think it is fancy alone that leads us to attribute much of the self-reliance, promptness of resolve, and vigor of action which marked the men whose childhood was passed in the midst of these continual changes, to the training they then received. Undoubtedly much of their extraordinary precocity is to be thus accounted for. Many of them before the age of thirty gained a degree of distinction seldom awarded to men in their profession until middle life or later. As soon as a boy could handle a rifle he was enrolled among the defenders of the country, and began to think and act as a man. Even the girls did not regard themselves as helpless encumbrances, but often, when occasion demanded, displayed a courage and self-reliance which some of their grand-daughters, who can not walk a few hundred yards to church without *protection*, might regard as excessively "unladylike."

Many of these delicate young creatures would turn sick at the mere recital of the exploit of the Misses Montgomery; the eldest of whom (while their father lay dead upon the step without) seized a gun and defended the door while the younger, a child of twelve years old, climbed out of the chimney at the back of the house; and although seen and pursued by an Indian warrior, succeeded in outstripping him, and reached the fort, two miles and a half distant, whence she sent succor to her sister and cousins in the besieged cabins.

But although Jo Daviess never saw the inside of a school-house until he was twelve years of age he was not therefore entirely without instruction, and that of the best kind—the kind, indeed, which has formed the basis of the education of many of the greatest men of our country—we mean the teachings of a pious and intelligent mother; and although it may not have resulted in a religious life, always preserved in them an unaffected reverence for sacred things, and not unfrequently ripened in old age into a simple and sincere devotion. The late Captain Samuel Daviess (brother of Jo Hamilton), who died a few years since at an advanced age, used to relate how, during the perilous times immediately succeeding their removal to Kentucky, their mother, after every thing about the cabin had been secured for the night, would gather her children around her by the fire-light and communicate to them not only those religious lessons which her own devout heart could so well supply, but also such information on general subjects as she herself possessed; and that was by no means inconsiderable, for she was a woman of great natural endowments, and had made the best use of her limited opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge.

The year 1782 was marked by one of the saddest events in the early annals of our State. This was the affair known as the "Battle of the Little Mountain," or, more popularly, "Estill's Defeat;" in which that officer, after an action of remarkable severity, was overcome and cut to pieces by the superior generalship of the Indian commander. The report of this disaster sounded like a knell over the whole land. Men scarcely comprehended the terror with which it inspired them. Indeed, one not familiarly acquainted with the state of affairs, and of public feeling at that period, will find it hard to understand the extraordinary effect it produced on the public mind. It was not the number of slain, for we had often suffered more in that respect, though such a leader as Estill, and such men as he commanded, could not be easily spared. The real significance of the affair lay in the fact that one of the best leaders, at the head of as brave a party as ever went forth to battle, had been faced in fair fight for an hour by an equal number of savages with a courage as unflinching as their own, and

had finally been beaten and destroyed by the superior skill of the savage commander. The whites felt, as did the Spartans after the battle of Leuctra, that they had taught their opponents the art of war. Previous to this time the red men had not often dared to face them in open conflict, except when aided by Europeans. Even in Philip's wars, it was only the weakness of the colonists that made the event for a moment doubtful; and in battle they always triumphed in spite of the most overwhelming odds. The English, from their first settlement in America, had learned to fear the natives more as assassins than as open foes—whose whole art of war consisted in laying cunning traps and surprises, and whose courage never showed itself except against very inferior numbers. But now all this was changed; indeed the change had been perceptible from the very beginning of the struggle in Kentucky. In the long wars of two centuries the savages had gradually been gaining not only courage but military skill; and now at last they had shown themselves equal in these respects to their foes, without having lost the cunning and ferocity that had made them dreaded even while they were despised. From this time until Wayne took the command in the West victory, in every great encounter, was with the savages, who had learned to charge even regular troops tomahawk in hand; while their leaders constantly proved themselves superior in all the arts of military strategy to the American generals opposed to them—except Clarke. A superiority but too well attested by the bloody defeats of Crawford, Harmer, and St. Clair. The tables were completely turned, and the whites never ventured to engage without a great superiority of force, and even then were often defeated.

These fears were not unfounded. The defeat of Estill proved but the prelude of a tempest which swept Kentucky for the next two or three years with a fury never known before or since in Indian warfare. The blows of the enemy fell thick and fast, not only along the whole line of exposed frontier, but in the most retired districts.

The next year, 1783, occurred the battle, or rather massacre, of the Blue Licks—the most terrible blow Kentuckians ever received upon their own soil. People were completely bewildered by the disaster; and we have heard old men describe the stupor that seemed to paralyze every one after the first thrill of horror had passed. Men looked into each other's faces in silent dismay, and hardly dared to own even to themselves the terror that oppressed them. Had a great genius, such as Pontiac or Tecumseh, appeared among the Indians, and united all the tribes of the North, West, and South in one mighty confederacy, it is hard to tell what might have been the result. For the first time the settlers failed to spring to arms in order to avenge a disaster, and it required all the energy and influence of Clarke—the true founder of Kentucky—to rouse them into measures of retaliation. It was the darkest hour in the history of the State; but it was the hour before the dawn.

The close of the Revolutionary War changed the whole face of affairs. For the first time the Federal power was felt in the West, and the tide of immigration was redoubled. The Indians, driven across the Ohio, never afterward made any serious attack upon the settlements south of that river, being compelled to battle with the encroaching Long-Knives for their own homes in the North.

Thus relieved from continual invasion, Kentucky made rapid strides in every kind of progress. Now arose the old "field school-houses" in almost every neighborhood. The ruins of some of these still remain, with their clap-board roofs, rough log walls, and single narrow window extending along one whole side, and excite a mournful feeling in the mind of the passer-by as he comes upon them, standing forlorn and silent in the midst of some deserted old field, or in some lonely opening in the woods—sad relics of a time and a state of society now passed away forever. The place of college was supplied by private classes, taught by clergymen, mostly Presbyterians, in their own dwellings. These men were generally finished scholars, ardently devoted to their calling, and their pupils enjoyed most of the advantages, and escaped many of the dangers, of modern college life.

Jo Daviess's father having moved to a farm near Danville placed his son under the care of the celebrated Dr. Priestly, at Harrodsburg. Here the youth found himself classed with several of those who were to be his associates and rivals in public life, among whom were Jesse Bledsoe, Felix Grundy, Archibald Cameron, and John Pope. In this school, and that of Dr. Culbertson, to which he afterward went, he made himself a good classical and mathematical scholar. Besides this, his general reading was wide and various, extending to almost every department of letters. His mode of study was peculiar, and evinced, even at this early age, the native eccentricity of his character. Unable to endure the confinement of a school-room, it was his custom to rise with the sun, and repair to some secluded spot in the woods with his books, where, stretched out at full length on a log, he would read and muse alternately. It was probably at this period that he acquired that habit of solitary reverie which in after life was one of his most striking peculiarities in the eyes of a stranger. Even at the height of his renown, when busied with his duties as United States Attorney, as well as those of a most extensive private practice, and an object of interest to every one, he would indulge in fits of deepest abstraction, and might frequently be seen seated on a post or box in the open street, with his face upturned toward the sky, talking and gesticulating earnestly to himself, for an hour at a time, entirely unconscious of what was going on around him, and of the curious gaze of the passengers.

This liability to occasional fits of extreme ab-

sent-mindedness will enable us to explain some things in his conduct that, to one unacquainted with him, might look like silly affectation.

But though Jo Daviess was a dreamer, he was far from being awkward, indolent, or timid, as most dreamers are. On the contrary, with those whom he liked, his manners were extremely easy and pleasing; though he could be haughty and repellant as Lucifer to people he disliked or distrusted. His activity was something wonderful. Fond of hunting, and expert in the use of the rifle, he would range the forests for days, and even weeks, at a time, alone or in company with the famous Indian chief, Captain Johnny, with whose society he was much pleased.

This chieftain, a stanch friend of the whites, has on that account been sometimes compared with Logan. But the comparison is very unjust to the latter, for Johnny possessed not one of the qualities of the unfortunate Mingo orator except courage. Indeed, so far from being in advance of his race, Johnny was, among his own people, a thorough savage. But among the whites he sustained the character of a gentleman in every respect, and during his frequent visits was received in the most respectable houses on a footing of perfect equality. Arrayed in the usual full dress of the day, consisting of blue coat with brass buttons, knee breeches, and white silk stockings, his manners would have done no discredit to the most elegant metropolitan drawing-room. As an instance of his ease and tact, an old gentleman once related the following incident, which occurred at his father's house:

"General Charles Scott, though one of the most famous Indian fighters of the time, and one who had done them as much injury as any other, was nevertheless a great admirer of the Indian character, and often had parties of them staying at his house. He would frequently take them on visits to his acquaintances, and always insisted that they should receive the same treatment as himself. On one occasion he came to our house, accompanied by Captain Johnny and several members of his tribe. The table was spread in the same room where the party were seated, and when the dinner hour arrived, my mother, who did not know the General's custom in regard to his red friends, was in much perplexity as to whether she should invite them to sit down along with the other guests. Captain Johnny himself was the first to notice her embarrassment, and guessing its cause, with a quiet good-breeding that few white men would have displayed under the circumstances, gave a signal to his companions, who at once arose and followed him from the room—gliding silently out one by one, so as to give their departure the appearance of being accidental; and so my mother regarded it at the time. But she afterward discovered that it was done solely with a view of giving her an opportunity of making the important inquiry of the General, unembarrassed by their presence. The ladies especially will be able to appreciate the tact and delicacy of the 'untutored savage' on this occasion."

But in spite of all this, Johnny was a perfect savage in his own country, and he used to relate, with great glee, the particulars of his tomahawk duel with another Indian named Johnny, in which, after both parties had been horribly hacked about the head and breast, he succeeded, by a lucky blow, in knocking out the brains of his antagonist; and he insisted, very truly, that his duel was no worse than those of the pale-faces. But he always indignantly denied the charge of having split one of his children in two, in order to satisfy his wife, with whom he had quarreled, by giving her one half, while he kept the other for himself. However, many persons doubted his word in this respect, for they well knew no two beings could be more different than Johnny north of the Ohio among his own kindred, and Johnny south of that stream among his white friends in Kentucky.

It is not strange that the tales of one who had borne so great a part in the exciting adventures of border war should have roused in a boy of Jo Daviess's romantic temperament a desire to share in them likewise. Urged partly by this motive, and partly in order to escape the drudgery of a farm—which he thoroughly detested, and in which his labors were said to be by no means strenuous—he in 1793 joined, as a volunteer, a corps of mounted men, then being raised by Major John Adair, to escort a train of provisions to the forts north of the Ohio River.

On this expedition he had his first encounter with the savages, and displayed the reckless daring of his temper. Nothing worthy of notice occurred until one evening the Major, having accomplished the main part of his mission, encamped in the immediate neighborhood of Fort St. Clair. Not dreaming of being attacked in such a position, he committed the error, fatal to so many of our commanders, of not placing pickets at a distance from his lines. Early next morning he was assailed by a large body of Indians, under Little Turtle, the conqueror of St. Clair. The Kentuckians were driven out of their camp at the first onset, but, being reinforced from the fort, rallied and recovered it again, forcing the enemy a considerable distance beyond. But here fortune once more changed sides, and they were again driven back into the camp, where an obstinate fight took place, until the Major, finding himself about to be turned and surrounded, was at last obliged to retreat under the guns of the fort, leaving in the hands of the victors fifteen or twenty dead, together with all his horses and baggage. While standing, with many of his discomfited companions, watching the proceedings of the savages, who were busy plundering, Jo Daviess saw his own horse hitched to a tree on the very outskirt of the wood, and instantly resolved to retake him. Pointing out the animal to some of his friends, he told them of his intention. They at first laughed at him, thinking it only a bravado; but on finding him serious, strove earnestly to dis-

suade him from an attempt so hopeless and full of danger. But he had come out to shear, and did not intend to go home shorn, if he could help it; and so, without listening to their remonstrances, set out at full speed across the open space between the ditch and the forest. Those about the fort watched his course with breathless anxiety, expecting every moment to hear the crack of the fatal rifle and see him fall. He, however, succeeded in reaching the horse, and was in the act of unhitching it before he was discovered by the savages. Then the whole band set up a yell that made the blood of the hearers run cold, and could be seen running toward the spot from every direction. But it was too late; the bold boy was on the back of his recovered favorite in an instant and riding off at full gallop toward the fort. The baffled savages did not dare to leave the covert of the woods for fear of the artillery of the garrison; but a hundred rifles sent their bullets whistling around the fugitive as he retired, one of which, passing through his shirt and grazing his side, had nearly put an early period to his career. This was certainly a daring exploit for a boy of eighteen in his first "war-path;" and it is probable, had he been older and more experienced, he himself would not have attempted it. But it displayed the real metal of the youth, who could not be made to comprehend the wonder of his comrades; so completely was the element of fear wanting in his composition. He only exulted in having got back his favorite horse, which was the only one recovered out of two hundred belonging to the defeated corps.

Returning home, after six months' service, Daviess resolved to devote himself to the study of law. He accordingly placed himself under the care of George Nicholas, then the leading lawyer at the Kentucky bar. Here, again, he found himself associated with many who were destined to be his opponents in the conflicts of professional and political life. The class was composed of Felix Gundy, Isam Talbot, George Garrard, John Pope, John Rowan, Jesse Bledsoe, Thomas Dye Owings, and John Stuart—every one of whom afterward rose to high distinction. To say that Daviess stood at the head of such a class is at once to fix his intellectual stature among the highest. Mr. Nicholas soon discovered the extraordinary genius of the youth, and predicted for him a brilliant career as a lawyer. And he soon had reason to feel that he had not over-estimated the ability of his pupil; for in his first important case before the court of appeals Daviess had the satisfaction of triumphing, after a long struggle, over his veteran instructor.

Having finished his studies, Daviess located himself, in 1795, at Danville, the seat of one of the three district courts of the State, and immediately entered upon that brilliant career which has made his name familiar as a household word in the West. His fame as an orator was soon spread far and wide, while the report of his strange eccentricities made him an object of interest and curiosity to all. His lofty character and frank and simple manners secured him a multitude of personal friends. There was only one obstacle in the way of his advancement to the highest positions in the gift of the people; but that one obstacle, his own integrity, rendered insurmountable. He had conscientiously embraced the principles of a falling party, to which he adhered steadily through life, although he knew well that he was thereby excluding himself from a seat in the councils of the nation. It is true he may have coveted a place that he felt himself so well fitted to adorn; and he may have sometimes felt a pang of bitterness as he saw inferior men climbing above him on the political ladder. But he came of a race which had suffered the persecutions of Laud, the dragonnades of Claverhouse, and exile from their native land rather than deny their covenanted faith. He himself had much of the old Covenanter spirit in his composition; and refused to recant or even suppress his honest political convictions; boldly avowing himself a federalist of the school of Adams and Hamilton at a time when the names of those great men were a hissing and a reproach to the majority of the people of Kentucky. Hence it is that the name of one of Kentucky's greatest men is not to be found in the list of her Representatives in Congress.

But if the seductive paths of political advancement were closed to him, his professional aspirations were gratified to the utmost. Business flowed in from every side, and in a very short time he commanded one of the largest practices in the State. A practice, too, of the most lucrative description—land business—which extended into every county of the central portion of Kentucky. The fact that in these suits the whole fortune of the litigants was often involved, shows that the young man of twenty-four who could inspire confidence in his skill must have possessed all the requisites of a great lawyer.

Instead of "riding the circuit," like most of his brethren, it was his custom to shoulder his rifle and range the woods between the different shire towns; and he often appeared in court in his sporting costume, consisting of deer-skin leggings, linsey hunting-shirt, and coon-skin cap. He thus contrived to combine his favorite recreation of hunting with the performance of his professional duties.

An incident is related as having occurred on one of these journeys that strongly illustrates two of the most prominent traits of his character; namely, his benevolence and love of justice. A poor young fellow had, while wandering through the country, been arrested and taken before a magistrate on a charge of horse-stealing—a charge, at that time, almost equivalent to a death-warrant. The scene of the trial was one of those log school-houses which we have mentioned, situated in the woods. His Honor had taken his seat on the top of a desk, clothed with all the majesty of the law, and prepared, at the proper time, to deliver an impressive address to the convict on the enormity of stealing in gen-

eral, and of horse-stealing in particular. The small room was filled with an eager crowd, whose feelings, unreservedly expressed, were by no means favorable to the prisoner. The constable having opened the court with much formality, his Honor proceeded to read the warrant of arrest, wherein the prisoner was accused of doing so many unheard-of things to John Styles's horse—stealing, abducting, eloigning, and removing—that the feelings of the rustic audience were wrought up to the highest pitch of rage against so hardened an offender. This interval the poor wretch spent in looking pitifully around, to see if he might discover one friendly face amidst so many enemies. But the only person who did not seem to display any active hostility was a tall, stalwart backwoodsman, in hunting-shirt and coon-skin cap, who had just entered, and stood leaning on his rifle at the back part of the room, looking on with a sort of indifferent curiosity. He, too, was evidently a stranger to all present. The prosecutor having announced himself ready, proceeded to the production of his evidence, which was, indeed, overwhelming. The testimony of the last witness especially—a big, double-fisted, loud-voiced bully—was so minute and circumstantial as to admit of no reply. The prisoner was then, as a mere matter of form, asked if he had any testimony to offer, or any questions to ask. He made two or three timid attempts to frame some awkward interrogatories by which to break, if possible, the net which he felt to be closing around him. But the loud and facetious replies of the witness completely subdued him, and he was about to give up and submit to his fate in silence. But just then the tall backwoodsman suddenly set aside his rifle, strode into the presence of the Court, and placing himself directly in front of the big witness, asked a few questions in a sharp, peremptory tone, that completely upset that individual's confidence, and at once gave a glimpse of the falsehoods he had been detailing. This unlooked-for change in affairs threw the whole court into a hubbub. The prosecuting attorney hastened to protect his witness; the latter strove to cover his fright and confusion by loud and threatening bluster. At last his Honor—who did not like to lose both his chance of sentencing a horse-thief and of making an edifying speech—recovered himself sufficiently to inquire, "I say, stranger, and what mought your name be?" "I am Joseph Hamilton Daviess," replied the stranger. At this announcement the Judge instantly subsided; a blank look of dismay usurped the faces of the prosecutor and his witnesses, while one of triumph lit up the dejected countenance of the accused. His innocence was soon clearly proven, and in a short time he left the room, not only unconvicted, but cleared of even the suspicion of being a horse-thief—at that time the least tolerated of all criminals. It appeared that this young man was really an honest laborer, who, in trying to make his way on foot to his relations in a distant county, had strayed into the neighborhood, where he was arrested. Daviess refused to receive any part of his little pittance, well content with the reward of his own feelings; and the two trudged off together toward the next town, mutually pleased with each other's company. The client, however, insisted on carrying the gun and accoutrements of his protector. Daviess often declared that he was never better paid in his life than by the simple gratitude of this young stranger.

Thus at the age of twenty-five Jo Daviess had established his reputation as one of the best lawyers and most powerful orators in the Western country. He had gained, almost at a single bound, a place that is usually reached only by long and assiduous labor. Nor was this elevation the result of an unhealthy or unnatural precocity, such as is sometimes displayed by men who astonish the world by a splendor of youthful promise which they are unable to realize, and sink into obscurity, or remain throughout life only brilliant school-boys. The height of Daviess's reputation was not at all disproportionate to the capacity of its base; and though it had risen "like an exhalation," it stood the test of time, and only grew higher with each succeeding year of his life.

It was at about this time that Mr. V——, from whom many of the following anecdotes were derived, first became acquainted with him. This venerable gentleman was in early youth a student in the office of Harry Toulmin, Secretary of State, and later in that of Mr. Clay. Subsequently he sat several years in the Kentucky Legislature; and in all these positions was brought into habits of familiar intercourse with many of the great men of the State whose names have now become historical. And he loves to narrate to his younger friends familiar incidents in their lives which have not been thought worthy of publication, but which are highly interesting, falling from the lips of one who was an eye-witness and an actor therein. But he is not responsible for any of the opinions advanced in this article.

"The first time," said this gentleman, "I ever saw Jo Daviess was some time in the winter of 179–. Late one cold stormy night, when the snow lay knee-deep on the ground, he arrived at my father's house, in Madison County, tired and foot-sore, a fugitive seeking concealment. On entering, instead of having resort to the spirit decanter, he asked for a bowl of buttermilk, which being brought, he drained almost at a draught, and then proceeded to inform us as to the cause of his untimely visit. Having been implicated as second in one of the most deplorable duels of that time, so marked by such bloody encounters, he had, on account of its fatal termination, been obliged to fly, and had come to seek an asylum in our house until the first burst of excitement should subside. The circumstances that led to this affair were about as follows:

"One of the most wealthy and influential men of that part of Kentucky was a certain Dr. C——, the head of a very large family connec-

tion. At that time such a connection was of much more importance than at the present day. The aristocratic element, derived from the Old Dominion, having not yet died out, Kentucky had her F. F.'s as proud and exclusive and clannish as those of the parent State. This man, who seemed to be endowed with every thing that ought to render a man happy and respected, was cursed with a pride so intolerable, and a temper so harsh and tyrannical, as to nullify all his advantages, and make him an object of general dread and dislike. Such a man could not live long in such a state of society without having serious causes of quarrel on his hands. But his courage and readiness to resort to the pistol were so well known that few cared about coming into collision with him. Haughty and dictatorial at all times, when crossed or opposed he became extremely violent and insulting. This gentleman was engaged one evening, with several of the younger members of the bar, in a game of cards at the W—— House, in Frankfort. This amusement was then very common among all classes of the people of Kentucky, even the highest. Immense sums were sometimes bet, and wealthy men have been known to risk their whole fortune on the chances of the cards. Some of our readers may, perhaps, remember the anecdote told of Mr. Clay (for the truth of which, however, we do not vouch). It is said that on one occasion meeting a friend at the Springs and inquiring the cause of his unusual gloom, the latter told him that he had just lost to a noted gamester, not only his farm and negroes, but had given his notes for large sums besides, and was, in fact, a ruined man. The statesman made no reply at the time, but took the first opportunity to engage the winner, and being, as is well known, an adept in the science, soon stripped him of his ill-gotten gains; the whole of which he immediately returned to the grateful owner. Far less pleasing was to be the result of the game now referred to. Among the company was John Rowan, who, with even fewer advantages than Daviess, had, by the force of native talent, made himself a good general scholar, and was just then rising into repute at the bar, of which such men as Breckinridge and Marshall were the leaders, and to the highest honors of which he afterward attained. In the course of the play some dispute arose between the young gentleman and Dr. C——, who, as usual, became very overbearing and offensive. Rowan, unaccustomed to endure such treatment, answered hotly; at which the Doctor sprang up from the table with an oath, exclaiming that 'It was not for him to remain in such company, to be contradicted by the son of an obscure plebeian.' Stung by such insolence, Rowan replied, that 'It was better to be the son of an obscure plebeian than the husband of a woman who had ——,' alluding to some whispers then current in relation to the conduct of Mrs. C——. Such an expression of course admitted of but one reply; and a challenge was given on the spot. But the young man, ashamed of having in his anger reflected so coarsely on a woman, refused to accept it, making at the same time the most ample apologies. The Doctor, however, would take no explanation, and insisted on a meeting; and as Rowan's reluctance to fight in such a quarrel became more manifest, his opponent's insults grew more outrageous, until the high-spirited youth could submit to them no longer. He accepted the challenge, remarking as he did so, 'Since Dr. C—— compels me to fight, after making every apology, I shall be sure to kill him;' adding, 'and I will hit him in the button nearest his heart.' The parties accordingly met, Jo Daviess and Colonel Allen (who was killed afterward at the Battle of the Raisin) being Rowan's seconds. At the first fire Dr. C—— fell, the bullet entering his body within an inch of the button which his antagonist had previously designated as his mark. The wound was at once seen to be mortal, and all engaged in the affair felt that they must fly immediately. For they well knew the family of the unfortunate man would urge the prosecution against them with a rigor seldom shown at that time, when dueling, though forbidden by law, was by public opinion scarcely regarded as criminal. Daviess made his way on foot to my father's house, thirty or forty miles distant, and remained with us for several days in a sort of semi-concealment. During this period I became warmly attached to him; for besides his early fame, which would alone have secured the devotion of an enthusiastic boy, he possessed all the qualities that render a man beloved in private life. His benevolence, his courage, the frankness and gentleness of his manners (and even his whimsicality), united to form a character the charm of which was irresistible to older and less impulsive people than myself.

"His choice of our house as a place of refuge was by no means accidental; for a close intimacy had long existed between the two families, and continued until both of them dispersed. I had often heard my father relate the circumstance in which that intimacy first commenced.

"My father had been appointed to a post under the then existing excise law by the administration of the elder Adams. Now the office of exciseman was as odious at that period in Kentucky as it was among the Scotch in the time of Burns; and for the same reason. The whole of the rich corn-growing region of the State, of which the counties of Fayette and Bourbon formed the centre, was thickly sprinkled with small distilleries—the excellence of whose produce is still commemorated in the popular but sinfully-abused name of 'old Bourbon.' My father's intercourse with his neighbors did not bid fair, therefore, to be of the most pleasant character. And though he strove by leniency, in the discharge of his official duties, to make them as little annoying as might be, still it was impossible to prevent many unpleasant occurrences. Riding up one day to the establishment of the elder Daviess, he was accosted, invited to dinner, and treated in every respect with true

Kentucky hospitality. An honest account was rendered of the amount of liquor on hand; and if no help was offered, no impediment was thrown in his way in making his examinations. My father congratulating himself on having met one sensible person, capable of making the proper distinction between the officer and his office, was just going to mount his horse, when the elder Daviess took him by the arm, and, after surveying him from head to foot with a glance of sarcastic contempt, broke out into the following vigorous address: 'Well, yer a pretty man and mighty well dressed, and a body *might* take ye for a gentleman. Now don't ye feel ashamed of yerself, goin' about with yer saddle-bags stuffed full of papers on other folks' business, and pokin' yer nose into every dirty corner, and all to please ould Johnny Adams, the nasty ould fideralist. Take my advice, Colonel V——, go home and resign, and don't be a makin' a fool of yerself any longer for the likes of him.' My father often declared that this rough raking from the old Cohee, revealing as it did the whole extent of the odium he was bringing on himself, finally determined him to execute a scheme, already half formed, of throwing up his commission. This he soon afterward did, the vacant place being conferred on Captain Cyrus Field, who afterward acquired a melancholy celebrity as the victim of one of the most outrageous judicial murders ever committed in Kentucky, in whose defense Jo Daviess's old instructor, Colonel Nicholas, sacrificed his own life; being borne, dying, from the court-house, having ruptured a blood-vessel while delivering a passionate appeal to the jury in behalf of his old friend and client.

"After the lapse of a few days we received word that John Rowan had been arrested, and would immediately be held to trial on a charge of murder. On the receipt of this news both Daviess and Allen resolved to relinquish their own security and appear beside their friend in his hour of need. An act of chivalrous devotion worthy of the days of knighthood; for they well knew the danger to which they thereby exposed themselves, and that a powerful and vindictive family were ready to stretch the provisions of the law to the utmost in order to avenge the death of their kinsman. Rowan, however, was acquitted, mainly through the exertions of Allen and Daviess, who appeared as his counsel; and the prosecution having thus failed as to the principal, was not urged against the seconds."

Jo Daviess was now at the age of twenty-six, in the full maturity of his splendid faculties, and stood at the very summit of his profession. As a lawyer none surpassed him; and as a public speaker he had but two rivals—Clay and Bledsoe. Persecuted, and unpopular as a politician, he nevertheless made himself an object of dread to his successful rivals, and even Breckinridge and Nicholas, the veteran leaders of the Republican party, shrunk nervously from the attacks of the young champion of Federalism. But at the same time his eccentricities, the result of a native peculiarity of character, had grown by indulgence until at times they seemed to amount to actual insanity. His temper was grave and even melancholy, yet his conduct was often such as to make him appear almost ridiculous, even in the eyes of his greatest admirers. To a stranger this whimsicality was most noticeable in his modes of dress. As we before said he sometimes appeared in court in hunting-shirt and even skin cap. But in town he oftener wore a kind of uniform consisting of a blue coat with white sleeves, collar, and facings. Why he chose so fantastic a dress it would be hard to explain, except by saying that his whole character was fantastic. But he was not constant in this respect, and one day you might meet him lounging along in a coat and vest of light gray homespun cotton, with probably a slit of a foot long on each shoulder, old corduroy breeches, and slipshod unblacked shoes without strings or other fastening; while the next you might see him clothed from head to foot in the finest broadcloth, made up in the most elegant style: and then, indeed, his appearance was superb.

It may not be generally known that Daviess was the first Western lawyer who ever appeared in the Supreme Court of the United States. He had somehow become interested in a large tract of land lying in the "Green River country," the title of which had long been in litigation; and it was agreed that he was to receive one half of the tract, provided he could succeed in establishing the claim.

The fame of his genius and eccentricities had by this time become national: but this was to be his first personal appearance beyond the bounds of his own State; and he seems to have determined that it should be marked both by the most splendid exhibition of his intellectual powers, and by the most glaring display of his eccentricity.

His entrance into the Federal capital, as described by an eye-witness of the spectacle, must have been worth beholding. On foot, dressed in an old pair of corduroys, ripped at the ankle, for convenience of "rolling up," with a threadbare drab overcoat hanging to his heels, and furnished with innumerable capes of various sizes; with shoes dilapidated, muddy, and destitute of strings or buckles (a constant habit with him), and a hat to match. Fancy this stalwart figure, six feet high, stalking solemnly through the street, looking neither to the right nor the left; leading by the bridle a little, black, rough-haired filly, her tail matted into the likeness of a club with cockle-burrs. Over the saddle was hung a small wallet, containing, as afterward appeared, papers and a provision of *gingerbread* and cheese. Such was the trim in which Joseph Hamilton Daviess presented himself for the first time to the eyes of the denizens of Washington. Few who beheld this strange figure pass by, could have imagined that the brain under that "shocking hat" was laboring with thoughts the eloquence and power of which would in a few hours astonish the most learned tribunal of the land.

Putting up his mare at an obscure tavern, the stranger relieved himself of his great-coat, when he appeared in a short gray linsey *roundabout;* into one pocket of which he transferred from his wallet a quantity of bread and cheese, while the other received a bundle of papers, tied with a blue yarn string. Thus equipped he issued forth into the street again, the observed of all negroes and idle boys. Arriving as if by chance in front of the building in which the Supreme Court was holding its sittings, he lounged into the bar and took a seat, not ceasing even in that august presence to regale himself from the store in his roundabout pocket. Unknown to all—taking, as it seemed, no particular notice of any thing (yet in reality, as soon appeared, watching every thing with the eye of a lynx)—he passed, as he had done in the street, for some awkward countryman on his first visit to the city.

The case in which he was employed was soon called, and Mr. Taylor, of Virginia, the leading lawyer on the other side, arose to speak. He seemed to be advancing swimmingly in his statement of facts preparatory to beginning his argument, when all at once the stranger ceased eating, listened earnestly for a moment, then tapped him on the back, and very quietly corrected him on some point of his statement. Taylor stopped, turned round, and looked at him an instant without replying, and recommenced his remarks, taking no further notice of the interruption; Daviess resumed his eating amidst the smiles of the bar and audience. In a few minutes he again tapped the speaker and made another correction. This was repeated a third time, when Taylor, becoming irritated at the interruption, begged the Court to protect him from the impertinences of "that person." Judge Marshall, always exceedingly lenient, and supposing now that he saw before him some Kentucky backwoodsman come to see to the progress of his case, and, if things did not exactly suit him, to take it out of the hands of his attorneys—as lawyers know backwoodsmen will sometimes do—replied that the gentleman was, he supposed, one of the parties to the action; as such he had a right to be heard, and that his corrections seemed very just, though irregularly made. But he advised the stranger to leave his cause in the hands of his counsel, one of whom was present in court. Daviess's colleague had by this time got a hint as to who his strange ally really was, and to humor the joke kept silence.

Taylor finished his argument—one of great power and ingenuity—and sat down, not, as may be supposed, in the best of humors. Then to the amazement of all the stranger arose, and throwing aside all oddity of manner, began a speech so clear, so forcible in its compact logic, and so masterly in its exposure of his adversary's weak points, that that gentleman, though well accustomed to the conflicts of the forum, seemed completely paralyzed, and sat like one overwhelmed by some sudden and unavertable calamity. It is said the sweat stood in large drops on his face as he listened to that crushing reply. The man whom he had regarded only as an ignorant or crazy rustic had all at once towered up before him into the proportions of a giant; and it is no wonder if he was confounded by so startling a transformation.

We must confess that this incident at first produced an unpleasant impression on our mind, as bearing too much the appearance of affectation and buffoonery. Yet nothing could be further from the character of the man, who was distinguished for his scorn of all clap-trap arts of notoriety seekers. It is, therefore, probable that, deeply occupied with the case in hand, he was not aware of the singularity of his appearance and conduct. We have already had occasion to notice his fits of extreme absent-mindedness; and every one knows what strange blunders such persons are liable to commit when deeply preoccupied with one subject. It may be, too, that the tale has been exaggerated, though the main features are undoubtedly true. But however this may be, it is certain Daviess gained his case (and he gained also, at a little later period, the sister of the Chief Justice, who, on this meeting, had taken him for an ignorant or crazy backwoodsman).

After the decision he bought himself a pair of Suwarrow boots, then just coming into fashion in the Eastern cities, threw away his old shoes, and rode out of the national capital, making with his fine boots (so oddly contrasting with the rest of his habiliments) a more unique appearance, if possible, than on his entrance. Before his return to the West he made a tour of the Northern and Eastern States, where he was received with distinguished honors, and made the acquaintance of many of the great Federal leaders of that section, with whom he maintained a friendly correspondence until his death. Shortly afterward he was appointed United States Attorney for the district of Kentucky, the only public office he ever held.

During the first ten years of the present century the society of the little capital of Kentucky was very brilliant and amusing. The Federal capital had not yet come to be regarded as the only field for the display of great genius, and the State Courts and Legislature frequently enlisted as much talent as was drawn to the support of the National administration. During the fall and winter months all the great men of our State were assembled in Frankfort, to attend the sittings of the Houses of Representatives or the Federal Court and Court of Appeals. Most of these, as we have said, were quite young—in the very heyday of health and spirits—none of them being over thirty-five years of age. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if they sometimes indulged in excesses which older men would have shunned. Here, it may be, we are violating the principal canon of modern biography, that bids us "praise without ceasing, and always represent your hero without a blemish." But these youthful statesmen were men, subject to like passions as we; and why should we expect of them a higher standard of morals than obtains

at the present time? Public opinion, besides, was far less exacting on many points then than it is now; and gaming and drinking in particular were hardly regarded as vices, and were practiced openly by almost every one. Certain it is, their assemblies were often noisily and even riotously mirthful, and were sometimes the scenes of frolics which very proper persons might regard as scandalous. What would such a person think were he told that Mr. Clay himself was a rather wildish fellow in those days, and engaged in such freaks as the following:

One night, after the bottle had circulated until a late hour, the great Compromiser announced his intention of finishing off the entertainment by a grand Terpsichorean performance on the table, which he accordingly did, executing a *pas seul* from head to foot of the dining-table, sixty feet in length, amidst the loud applause of his companions, and to a crashing accompaniment of shivered glass and china: for which expensive music he next morning paid, without demur, a bill of $120!

As an instance of Mr. Clay's physical and mental endurance, Mr. V—— relates that on one occasion, when he was engaged to defend a very important suit before the Supreme Court, he (then a student in Mr. Clay's office) repaired to his room early on the morning of the trial, and instead of finding the orator in bed, or up preparing himself for the coming struggle, found him just dismissing a large company with whom the whole night had been spent in gayety. To his remonstrances, Mr. Clay replied only by begging him to bring a basin of cold water and a cup of coffee; and after drinking the latter, flung himself on a sofa to snatch an hour's rest before the ringing of the court bell, requesting to be roused at that time. And the old gentleman's eyes brightened as he told how his illustrious friend appeared in court fresh and unjaded, and flung himself into the complicated case with a power of thought, a clearness of arrangement, and an energy of delivery that, after twelve hours' struggle, bore off the verdict from some of the greatest lawyers at the bar.

A harder tale is told of another of these young orators, —— ———, one of the most brilliant of their gifted band. This gentleman having, at one of their nocturnal frolics, imbibed more liquor than he could conveniently contain, was obliged to fly to a window in an adjoining room to discharge the surplus quantity. Not returning after the lapse of ten or fifteen minutes, his friends, rather alarmed, went to seek him out. They found him still lying half out of the window, his head and shoulders drenched with rain falling at the time, retching and heaving violently, and swearing he must have drunk all the liquor in Frankfort, as it had not yet stopped running out of him. It took them some time to convince him that the constant splashing on the pavement beneath came, not from his own mouth, but from that of a gutter-pipe that opened just above his head.

This gentleman's career affords one of the saddest among the many sad examples in the West of men of the rarest promise enthralled and ruined by the vice of drunkenness. Frank, good-humored, witty, and keenly alive to all social enjoyments, he could hardly escape the snare that has proved fatal to so many men of his character. Yet he possessed a physical constitution which for years seemed to bid defiance to the effects of the most extreme and most continual dissipation. Bacchus himself could not have been more devoted to the bottle, and his capacity for imbibing strong drinks was a subject of wonder to less favored mortals. If a man ever had *bibomania*, it was he. He drank at all times, and in all places; at table, in bed, in company or alone, at home and abroad. Being once engaged to defend a man charged with murder, before the trial began he rose, and, addressing the Judge, gravely informed him that he was about to enter on a case in which duty to his client required that he should have all his energies at command, to insure which it was necessary that he should have a constant supply of liquor. He therefore requested that the sheriff might be allowed to bring him a bottle of brandy, a pitcher of water, and a bowl of sugar; which was accordingly done, and a table thus furnished set before him. Nor did the brandy fail to produce the desired inspiration; for in the argument he was not surpassed even by Clay, who was his colleague in the defense. But even his splendid physical and mental constitution at last gave way; and though he reformed and became a sincere and zealous Christian, and (we believe) a minister of the Gospel, yet the ruin was accomplished, and he retained only the wreck of his fine faculties.

But Daviess seldom or never participated in these mirthful routs; for even in earliest youth he was, in almost every respect, strictly moral, and, for that day, remarkably temperate. And there was always about the man a dignity and earnestness of purpose that seemed to forbid his stooping even to the gayeties of more innocent kinds of dissipation. Besides, his unbendingly haughty and repellant manner to those he disliked rendered him unfit to get on pleasantly in a mixed company.

In the autumn of 1806 all our native stars were for a while completely eclipsed by the arrival of Aaron Burr and his daughter, Mrs. Alston, in our little capital. Colonel Burr made his appearance in the West clothed with almost every qualification necessary to secure unbounded popularity among the people. His Revolutionary fame was not yet forgotten, and his private character was untarnished. His duel with Hamilton, which had excited so much indignation in the East, was not regarded with the same feelings here, where dueling was looked upon more leniently, and his victim was known only as the great leader of the hated Federalists. Moreover, he was invested with somewhat of the interest of a martyr, being regarded by many as the real founder of the Democratic party (the author, if not of its principles, at least of that

organization and discipline by which it had conquered), who had been cheated out of the honor that was his due by the trickery of Mr. Jefferson and his friends. It is true he had been charged with schemes dangerous to the peace of the country. But his presence seemed instantly to dispel all suspicions of this kind. Indeed Colonel Burr did not look at all like a conspirator. There was about him nothing of the restlessness and preoccupation that usually characterizes the manner of those engaged in secret plots. "He was," said Mr. V——, "the most perfect gentleman in his manner I ever saw. His mien was not by any means commanding, nor did he try to make it so; but with his sharp, handsome, resolute face, and light, graceful figure, always dressed with scrupulous neatness, his appearance was certainly very striking." Both he and his daughter mingled freely and familiarly in the gayeties of the place, and seemed bent only on enjoying themselves. His serious conversation related principally to the resources and prospects of the State; only with a view of informing himself, it was said, on these points, so important to one about to embark the wreck of his fortune in land speculations.

The man had certainly "thrown the glamour" over the people, and they seemed to see only as he wished them, and believe only what he told them. They had only to look and see his armed bands occupying Blennerhassett's Island, and his fleets of boats filling the Muskingum, yet they would not suspect. The young men especially were fascinated by the suavity and condescension of Burr, and he took much pains to make himself agreeable to them.

We of Mr. Toulmin's class were at that time engaged in reading Kames's Elements in connection with our law course. Colonel Burr would frequently in the evening walk over from his lodging to the office to have a chat with the "boys," with whom he made himself perfectly free and familiar. The "chat," however, as may be supposed, was principally on his side. His immense stores of information, and the originality of his ideas made these conversations highly interesting and instructive. His acquaintance with the most diverse subjects was wonderful. Whether it was a dissertation on the English poets, a criticism on the military plans of Napoleon, or an inquiry into the most abstruse branches of metaphysical philosophy, he seemed at home equally in all; and in all displayed the profoundly analytic turn of his genius. No wonder if we boys could not dream of our pleasant companion as a traitor.

But Burr's movements, silent and well-concealed as they were, had been watched by an eye as penetrating as his own. Daviess, then United States Attorney, had long been convinced that he meditated, and was engaged in, designs dangerous to the peace of the country, and he had determined at the proper time to expose and baffle them. He now believed that that time had come, and that he possessed enough evidence to sustain his case. Had a bomb exploded in our midst we could not have been more astonished than we were when the Attorney arose, in open court, on the 3d day of November, and moved Judge Innis for an order requiring Aaron Burr to appear and answer to a charge of high misdemeanor in levying war against a nation with which the United States were at peace. A cry was at once set up by Burr's friends of *malice* and *persecution*. The Colonel and the Attorney were of different parties; the Attorney was prosecuting the Colonel; and these premises seemed, in the popular mind, to admit of but one conclusion—namely, that the prosecution was but a plan for oppressing and ruining a political opponent. But this conviction was not shared by all. Some honest and patriotic men, who had permitted themselves to be lulled by the arts of the deceiver, now had their suspicions reawakened.

The *Western World* had already sounded the alarm. Reports began to prevail of mysterious movements along the Ohio; and it was said that the eyes of the National Administration were anxiously turned in the same direction. Something strange was evidently going on, but what it might be none could tell. But danger was to be feared when such a man as Burr was seen operating in such a manner. Nothing, however, could disabuse the popular mind of the notion of foul play to its idol. We who knew Colonel Daviess's purity and rectitude could only watch and wait the *dénouement*. By some secret agency Burr, who had gone to Lexington, received, in a remarkably short space of time, intelligence of the attack. He appeared in court next day just after the Judge had overruled the motion. After hearing what it was, he calmly requested his honor to reconsider his judgment and entertain the motion. This was done; and at the request of the Attorney the 25th was the day set for the hearing. To appreciate the coolness and daring of the man, it is only necessary to reflect for a moment on the position in which he stood. His plans were ripe, and on the very eve of consummation. He knew that in a few weeks information would be received from the East which would expose his falsehood in regard to the acquiescence of the Government in his designs. It was highly important, therefore, to remain not only unconvicted but unsuspected, that he should retain a little longer the unbounded confidence of the people.

Nothing could be better calculated to effect this than the line of conduct he adopted; assuming the air of calumniated innocence courting an investigation, he appealed to one of the noblest instincts in our nature. At the appointed time he appeared in court, attended by Messrs. Clay and Allen as his counsel. The solemn lie by which he secured the services of the former is well known. Daviess was under the humiliating necessity of confessing that he was not ready; one of his witnesses being absent, Burr determined once more to tempt his fortune in order the more certainly to secure it. He again consented to a delay of a week. Even Daviess's best friends

now began to think that he had been deceived. It was almost impossible to believe in the guilt of one who seemed so fearless of exposure.

The 2d of December was the day next set, and at an early hour every inch of space in the hall was crowded by an eager multitude gathered from far and near, not only to see the result of the proceedings, but to witness the encounter which it was known would take place between Clay and Daviess. Once more the latter, deeply mortified, was obliged to announce that he was not able to proceed on account of the absence of John Adair. Now, for the first time, an unpleasant expression was seen on Burr's face. It would be impossible to describe it; but the glance of his dark eyes as he bent them steadily on the baffled Attorney was "unwholesome." It was a terrible position for a man of Daviess's temper; nor was it rendered less galling by the certainty he felt of being baffled by the secret machinations of the very man who sat smiling so securely at his discomfiture, for General Adair could afterward clear himself of the charge of having been an accomplice only by pleading that he had been a dupe of Burr's. But Jo Daviess never quailed before the eye of mortal; and he returned the gaze of the prisoner with one as scornful as his own—for of all things a hypocrite was the object of his greatest scorn; and he knew Burr to be both a hypocrite and a liar. Facing with a haughty defiance the storm of popular triumph that now began to break forth on every side, he called on the Judge to retain the jury impanneled, and grant an attachment against the contumacious witness. On this motion the anxiously-expected debate sprang up between him and Clay.

Never were two champions spurred on by more circumstances of generous rivalry to the full strain of their powers. They were both young, both ambitious, both had won the highest distinction as orators. They were engaged in a case that fixed the attention of the whole country; the one defending, as he thought, an illustrious man wrongfully accused, while the other knew he was unmasking a dangerous criminal, whose designs, if permitted to mature, might involve the ruin of the republic. Above all, they were leaders of the two great parties into which the people were divided. It is not to be wondered at, then, if the discussion soon lost much of the decorous propriety that marks less exciting contests. Warm personalities and cutting sarcasms began to flash rapidly between them, and many among the crowded audience trembled lest the bond of friendship which had previously existed should be snapped, in that fierce contention, forever. But both were generous and excitable, and each could make allowance for the heat of the other. It was indeed a splendid display of intellectual gladiatorship seldom witnessed twice in a lifetime.

In personal appearance the champions were strikingly unlike, though both were fine specimens of mankind. Clay, tall, thin, and wiry, was pre-eminently graceful; while Daviess's form, tall, full-chested, with long, flexible, muscular limbs, was characterized by strength without, however, being at all deficient in grace. Their styles of speaking, too, were widely different. That of Clay is too well known to require description. Daviess was much too vehement to be regular, and his speeches generally consisted of a succession of flights, each rising higher and higher than the preceding, until the listener, breathless and amazed, wondered to what loftier pitch the powers of the orator would be able to bear him. He did not possess the wonderful voice of Clay (to which that of Bledsoe alone could be compared), and to the mere sound of which it was a pleasure to listen. But his tones were full and sonorous, and capable of producing the most startling effects. Few persons possessed more complete command over the feelings and sympathies of a multitude than he; and when, throwing his whole soul into voice and gesture, he gave full reins to his glancing imagination, the audience swayed under the influence of his stormy eloquence as a forest sways to the breath of a tornado. But though he could thus ascend to the loftiest heights and sustain himself long upon the wing, he did not possess the faculty of descending gradually and gracefully to the ordinary level. As he himself used to say, he "went up a rocket and came down a stick;" and it was probably a consciousness of this defect that led him to adopt the habit of abruptly closing his wonderful bursts with a few pithy sentences uttered in the broadest *Cohee*, of which dialect he was a perfect master. The effect of such a sudden transition was often irresistibly comic; and the audience, which one moment was sitting as if under the spell of an enchanter, would the next be shaking the walls with peals of prolonged laughter. But there was nothing of the kind on this occasion; he was too deeply in earnest to be sportive; besides, the irregular nature of the debate rendered this single defect less perceptible. The issue is well known. The victory remained with Mr. Clay, and popular feeling was all in his favor; but many, even of those most hostile to the prosecution, went away in doubt as to which the palm of superiority ought to be awarded. All were convinced that one or the other was the greatest orator of the age.

Thus ended this famous trial. The result was received with shouts of applause, and the traitor honored with an ovation; while the Attorney was loaded with slander and abuse, and, had his enemies dared venture it, he would not have escaped personal outrage. In a few days, however, he had his revenge, and must have felt a bitter triumph as he saw the discomfiture of his detractors, when the authentic reports arrived, in rapid succession, of the armed occupation of Blennerhassett's island, the escape of the expeditionary boats from the Muskingum, and their flight down the Ohio; and finally, the proclamation of the President, warning the people of the West against Burr, and denouncing his schemes

as dangerous and treasonable. A law was hurried through the Legislature to detain the boats, but it was now too late. By his coolness and resolution he had gained the time so much needed, and after the trial had instantly set out for Nashville, from whence he went to join his forces at the mouth of the Cumberland, whence he commenced that voyage which he thought was to lead him to a Southern throne. In spite of all these developments it can not be denied that this affair, for a time, almost destroyed Jo Daviess's personal popularity, which he entirely recovered only by his heroic death, five years afterward. It is even yet said by some that his prosecution was a malicious attempt to take advantage of his official power to oppress a dreaded political opponent; so apt are men to attribute one another's actions to the worst possible motive: but nothing could be more unjust or untrue. He disliked Burr from the first, and distrusted him also. All the arts of that arch-dissembler could not for a moment impose on him though they deceived the sagacity of Mr. Clay, who was certainly no inexpert reader of human character. In fact, it was impossible he should be other than an enemy to Burr. Open and unreserved himself, even to indiscretion, his nature was instinctively hostile to that of the subtle politician whose whole life had been passed in plots and intrigues.

One of Daviess's finest traits, both in public and private life, was his strict and unbending integrity. His loyalty to truth displayed itself in the most unimportant matters; and he suffered no act savoring in the least of dishonesty to pass in his presence unreproved. I myself once received from him a lesson in this particular that I never forgot. Riding along together one exceedingly hot dusty day in August, we happened to pass a large peach orchard loaded with fruit. Parched with thirst, the Colonel eyed them longingly, and expressed a wish that we might have some to quench our thirst. Taking this as a hint, I exclaimed, "Well, Colonel, we can easily get them;" and dismounting in a moment, was in the act of climbing the fence when I was startled by the command, "Stop!" uttered in no pleasant tone of voice. "Stop, young man, this instant!" and then, seeing my frightened and disconcerted look, he continued, in a milder voice, "Stop now, and think what you are about to do. There are this man's horses grazing in the pasture, and you have just as much right to ride one of them off without leave as to take his peaches. I dare say there is no need to steal them, and that he would willingly give you permission to get as many as you want; now try it, ride up to the house, and ask him." Glad to get off so easily I did as he bade me, and riding up to the door, told the owner that Colonel Daviess had sent me to ask leave to gather a few peaches. "What!" exclaimed he, "is Colonel Daviess with you? Ride back and tell him to come up; I would rather see him than any man living." I carried back this flattering invitation, which was accepted. The gentleman met us at the gate; pressed us to dismount and take dinner with him, and treated us with the most generous hospitality in every respect; and not only gave us as many peaches as we cared to eat, but insisted on filling our saddle-bags with them also. We spent a most pleasant hour with our kind host; and although a very few minutes' conversation showed that they differed in politics, they separated highly delighted with each other—a thing not very usual in that period of bitter party warfare.

"The last time," said Mr. ——, "I ever saw Jo Daviess was in the summer of 1811. He spent a night at our house just before setting out to join the army, then preparing, under General Harrison, to commence the campaign against the Northwestern Indians, which ended in the battle of Tippecanoe. I have spoken of Colonel Daviess's peculiarities of dress. But as I remember his appearance on this occasion (after a lapse of fifty years), dressed in the uniform of the Kentucky mounted volunteers, it seems to me nothing could be more magnificent. He was the very model of a cavalry officer, and would not have suffered in comparison by the side of Murat himself. With his tall muscular form, and face of strong masculine beauty, he would have been the pride of any army, and the thunder-bolt of a battle-field. Grand indeed must he have looked, as he rode at the head of his gallant squadrons, in that last headlong rush on the savage line in which he fell. He had just found his true position, for brilliant as his oratory was he was born for a soldier. In that capacity all his faults would have been of the positive kind, and, therefore, susceptible of easy correction. His boiling courage might at first have rendered him over-daring; but his quick mind would rapidly have learned the lessons of experience; and he had all the intellectual and moral qualifications of a great leader—resolution, promptitude, fertility of invention, and the power of attaching men devoutly to his person. One of the last sentences I ever heard him utter was a caution to his young officers—several of whom were with him on this visit—a caution probably learned in that first fight of his, at Fort St. Clair. 'When you get into the Indian country,' said he, 'act always as if you were in the presence of the enemy; and in fact you always are. However secure you may seem, be sure some of the savages are watching your march, and will strike you at the first opportunity.'"

It is known to every one that Colonel Daviess fell at the celebrated battle of Tippecanoe, in the autumn of 1811. Some, also, may remember the slanderous charge brought against General Harrison, in regard to his death; namely, that he had mounted the Colonel on his own white horse, which was well known to the Indians, in order to divert their attention and aim from himself. It is to be regretted that the old hero condescended to give a reply to this miserable calumny; but it only shows he feared the arrows of partisan

malice more than he did the bullets of his country's foes. Surely it was unnecessary to resort to so odious an explanation of that event; for where death was mowing down the brave on every side, it is not strange that he should strike the bravest of the brave.

We have heard from another old man, who was in the action, and, we believe, in the Kentucky cavalry, Daviess's own corps, the following account of his death; which, though it is not mentioned in any published description of the battle so far as we know, bears every mark of probability:

"About an hour after the commencement of the action it was perceived that the enemy's fire was being gradually concentrated against a very exposed angle of the camp, occupied by a company of Kentucky infantry, commanded by Captain Spear Spencer, a young man to whom Daviess was tenderly attached. The company had already suffered severely, and the men were dropping fast under a withering fire from the tall prairie grass, to which they could make no effectual return. Under such circumstances even the most experienced veterans can be held steady only by the personal example of their officers. Almost every commissioned officer, however, had been disabled. Captain Spencer himself, refusing to quit the fight after having been twice dangerously wounded, was shot through the body while supported in the arms of one of his men. Just at this moment, too, a small party of savages succeeded in penetrating into the camp, and though almost instantly dispatched, their yells and firing caused some disorder at this point in the already shaken ranks, which might easily have been converted into a panic. Fearing that the enemy would take advantage of this, to make one of those desperate rushes, tomahawk in hand, which on more than one occasion had resulted in the route and massacre of the American troops, Colonel Daviess (with or without orders) determined to anticipate such a manœuvre by a cavalry charge upon the savages themselves. No time was to be lost, every moment might bring them, in an overwhelming rush, upon the faltering ranks of the infantry. He gave the order, the bugle sounded a charge, and the horsemen dashed at full gallop down the slope, their gallant Colonel riding far in front. But his gray horse and plume afforded too conspicuous a mark in the morning twilight. A hundred sharp flashes sparkled irregularly along the top of the tall grass, and Jo Daviess fell from his saddle, shot through the breast by a rifle bullet. But the bold and well-timed manœuvre was completely successful; the cavalry, undismayed by the fall of their leader, rushed on, roused the foe from their coverts, from whence they had been securely picking off the men from our exposed ranks, and drove them back in utter rout and dismay. This brilliant charge, like that of Dessaix at Marengo, probably saved the army from destruction. For had the savages made the dreaded onslaught, and succeeded in coming to a close grapple, the event would have been nearly certain. The disastrous defeats of Harmer and St. Clair had furnished too fatal a proof that, amidst the confusion and uncertainty of a nocturnal conflict, the nimble and self-reliant warrior, with his skillfully handled hatchet, was far more than a match for the disciplined regular, encumbered with all the equipments of civilized warfare, and armed with the unwieldy bayonet—almost useless in such a close and tumultuous melée. The fate of the unfortunate soldier in such a combat was too often that described by an eye-witness of Harmer's massacre, 'While he had his bayonet in the body of one Indian, two others would sink their tomahawks into his skull.'"

Thus died, at the early age of thirty-seven, Joseph Hamilton Daviess—a man whose eccentricities have been better remembered than his extraordinary genius; but who deserves better at the hands of posterity than to be made a mere hero of whimsical adventures, and author of odd sayings. As a lawyer he was unsurpassed; as an orator he had few equals; and those who maintain that he was great only as a lawyer, forget that the man who is truly great, not merely distinguished or accomplished, in one respect, is, or is capable of being, great in all. His devotion to unpopular political principles prevented him from placing his name on the pages of our national history. But his own State owes both to him and to herself two things, a well-written biography and a fitting monument; yet it is scarcely to be hoped that a State whose Legislature refused a few years since to appropriate five hundred dollars for a monument to the brave and unfortunate Estill, will be more just to the memory of Daviess. But if his name appear not in the history of his country, it will be transmitted to posterity in the geography of the West—being inscribed on the maps of several of the States of that section. If the reader will turn to that of Northern Illinois, he will find among the rectilinear counties with which it is checkered one marked Jo Daviess.

This singular title is said to have originated in the following circumstance, which shows how familiar that name was in the mouths of the people, long after the man who bore it was dead. When the bill creating the county was under consideration in the Legislature, a debate arose as to the name it should bear. Many of the members, who were from Kentucky, wished it to be called after Daviess, and in the course of their remarks, frequently used the more familiar name Jo Daviess. A Yankee who desired that the new county should be called after one of the heroes of his own section, arose and sneeringly suggested that it should be called Jo Daviess. The idea was instantly caught up, and what was meant for a sarcasm was adopted by acclamation as an amendment to the bill, and the county still remains Jo Daviess.

TWO PORTRAITS.

I.

YOU say, as one who shapes a life,
That you will never be a wife,

And, laughing lightly, ask my aid
To paint your future as a maid.

This is the portrait; and I take
The softest colors for your sake:

The springtime of your soul is dead,
And forty years have bent your head,

The lines are firmer round your mouth,
But still its smile is like the South.

Your eyes, grown deeper, are not sad,
Yet never more than gravely glad;

And the old charm still lurks within
The cloven dimple of your chin.

Some share perhaps of youthful gloss
Your cheek hath shed; but still across

The delicate ear is folded down
Those silken locks of chestnut brown;

Though here and there a thread of gray
Steals through them like a lunar ray.

One might suppose your life had passed
Unvexed by any troubling blast.

And such—for all that I foreknow—
May be the truth!—The deeper woe!

A loveless heart is seldom stirred;
And Trouble shuns the mateless bird;

But ah! through cares alone we reach
The happiness which mocketh speech;

In the white courts beyond the stars
The noblest brow is seamed with scars;

And they on earth who've wept the most
Sit highest of the heavenly host.

Grant that your maiden life hath sped
In music o'er a golden bed,

By grassy slopes and banks of flowers,
And tranquil homes in shadowy bowers,

With rocks, and winds, and storms at truce,
And not without a noble use:

Yet are you happy? In your air
I see a nameless want appear;

And a faint shadow on your cheek
Tells what the lips refuse to speak.

You have had all a maid could hope
In the most cloudless horoscope:

The strength that cometh from above,
A Christian mother's holy love;

And at your gently firm command
A brother's heart and helping hand;

While blessings liberal as the skies
Looked from a sister's tender eyes.

Small need your heart hath had to roam
Beyond the circle of your home;

And yet upon your wish attends
A loving throng of truthful friends.

What in a lot so sweet as this
Is wanting to complete your bliss?

And to what secret shall I trace
The clouds that sometimes cross your face,

And that sad look which now and then
Comes, disappears, and comes again,

And dies reluctantly away
In those clear eyes of azure gray?

At best, and after all, the place
You fill with such a serious grace,

Hath much to try a woman's heart,
And you but play a painful part.

The world persists, with little ruth,
To laugh at maids who have not youth;

And, right or wrong, the old maid rests
The victim of its paltry jests,

And still is doomed to meet and bear
Its pitying smile or furtive sneer.

These are indeed but petty things,
And yet they touch some hearts like stings.

But I acquit you of the shame
Of being unresisting game;

For you are of such tempered clay
As turns far stronger shafts away,

And all that foes or fools could guide
Would only curl that lip of pride.

How then, O weary one! explain
The sources of that hidden pain?

Alas! you have divined at length
How little you have used your strength

Which, with who knows what human good,
Lies buried in that maidenhood,

Where, as amid a field of flowers,
You have but played with April showers.

Ah! we would wish the world less fair,
If spring alone adorned the year,

And autumn came not with its fruit,
And autumn hymns were ever mute.

So I remark without surprise
That as the unvarying season flies,

From day to night and night to day,
You sicken of your endless May.

In this poor life we may not cross
One virtuous instinct without loss,

And the soul grows not to its height,
Unless it loves with utmost might.

Not blind to all you might have been,
And with some consciousness of sin—

Because with love you sometimes played,
And choice, not fate, hath kept you maid—

You feel that you must pass from earth
But half acquainted with its worth,

And that within your heart are deeps
In which a nobler woman sleeps,

That not the maiden, but the wife
Grasps the whole lesson of a life,

While you can only sit and dream
Along the surface of its stream.

And doubtless sometimes, all unsought,
There comes upon your hour of thought,

Despite the struggles of your will,
A sense of something absent still.

And then you can not help but yearn
To love and be beloved in turn,

As they are loved, and love, who live
As love were all that life could give;

And in a transient clasp or kiss
Crowd an eternity of bliss,

They who of every mortal joy
Taste always twice, nor feel them cloy,

Or, if woes come, in Sorrow's hour,
Are strengthened by a double power.

Here ends my feeble sketch of what
Might, but *will* never be your lot;

And I foresee how oft these rhymes
Shall make you smile in after-times.

If I have read your nature right,
It only waits a spark of light;

And when that comes, as come it must,
It will not fall on arid dust,

Nor yet on that which breaks to flame
In the first blush of maiden shame;

But on a heart which, ev'n at rest,
Is warmer than an April nest,

Where, settling soft, that spark shall creep
About as gently as a sleep;

Still moving on with pace so slow,
Yourself will scarcely feel the glow,

Till after many and many a day,
Although no gleam its course betray,

It shall attain the inmost shrine,
And wrap it in a fire divine!

I know not when or whence indeed
Shall fall and burst the burning seed,

But I would give my hopes of fame
If I could only light the flame.

And oh! once kindled, it will blaze,
I know, forever! By its rays

You will perceive, with subtler eyes,
The meaning in the earth and skies,

Which, with their animated chain
Of grass, and flowers, and sun, and rain,

Of green below and blue above,
Are but a type of married love.

You will perceive that in the breast
The germs of many virtues rest,

Which, ere they feel a lover's breath,
Lie in a temporary death;

And till the heart is wooed and won
It is an earth without a sun.

II.

You have my portrait of yourself,
As laid upon a maiden's shelf.

But now, stand forth as sweet as life!
And let me paint you as a wife.

I note some changes in your face,
And in your mien a graver grace;

Yet the calm forehead lightly bears
Its weight of twice a score of years;

And that one love which on this earth
Can wake the heart to all its worth,

And to their height can lift and bind
The powers of soul, and sense, and mind,

Hath not allowed a charm to fade—
And the wife's lovelier than the maid.

An air of still though bright repose
Tells that a tender hand bestows

All that a generous manhood may
To make your life one bridal day;

While the kind eyes betray no less
In their blue depths of tenderness,

That you have learned the truths which lie
Behind that holy mystery,

Which, with its blisses and its woes,
Nor man nor maiden ever knows.

If now, as to the eye of one
Whose glance not even thought can shun,

Your soul lay open to my view,
I, looking all its nature through,

Could see no incompleted part,
For the whole woman warms your heart.

I can not tell how many dead
You number in the cycles fled,

For you but look the more serene
For all the griefs you may have seen,

As you had gathered from the dust
The flowers of Peace, and Hope, and Trust.

I think your smile is sweeter now
Than when it lit your maiden brow,

And that which wakes this gentler charm
Coos at this moment on your arm.

Your voice was always soft in youth
And had the very sound of truth,

But never were its tones so mild
Until you blessed your earliest child.

And when to soothe some little wrong
It melts into a mother's song,

The same strange sweetness which in years
Long vanished filled the eyes with tears,

And (ev'n when mirthful) gave always
A pathos to your girlish lays,

Falls, with perchance a deeper thrill,
Upon the breathless listener still.

I can not guess in what fair spot
The will of Time hath fixed your lot,

Nor can I name what manly breast
Gives to that head a welcome rest,

(Yet if not mine, God grant to me
A grave which you may sometimes see!)

I can not tell if partial Fate
Hath made you poor, or rich, or great;

But oh! whatever be your place,
I never saw a form or face

To which more plainly hath been lent
The blessing of a full content!

HENRY GILBERT.

I HARDLY know whether I am doing right or wrong in relating this story. I fear that many good people will shake their excellent heads at it; and yet I believe that it contains a lesson which the upright as well as the fallen might lay to heart beneficially. Is there any portion of real human experience, however worm-eaten by evil, which may not be wrought by an honest hand into a sign-post of warning?

A friend and old school-fellow of mine, whom I choose to call Henry Gilbert, is the hero, or, if you please to be stern with him, the villain of my tale. To the eyes of pure people, capable of serene self-government, there is an unpardonable crime in his history; and yet I do not, therefore, hesitate to call him friend, for I know that much good was in him as well as evil, and I know, too, what were his temptations. I call him friend sadly, pityingly, and all the more lovingly, just as a mother sends out her warmest heart-throbs after her most wayward, her unhappiest child.

It was when he was about thirty years old that Gilbert's tragedy opened. At that time he might have been seen almost any day walking or riding with the girl of nineteen who was to be, unintentionally, and almost unwittingly, his evil genius. This young lady was Miss Katherine Morris, his wife's cousin. In the street she seemed simply a showy girl, full-formed, healthy, lively, with a rich brunette color, a good-natured though not specially intellectual expression, and features that might at least be called handsome. You could not discover what had excited Gilbert's warmest admiration until you saw her in ball costume. He had something of the artist in him; he loved dearly to talk of the statued gods and goddesses that he had seen beyond sea; he felt a keen luxury at beholding them born again, incarnated, in the life about him. I have no doubt that he passed many hours in thinking of the large, smooth whiteness of Miss Morris's arms, and the dimpling curves of her shoulders. If he might have married again he would have chosen, I believe, a finely moulded shape rather than the most beautiful face that ever womanhood wore. It was not that he was indifferent to expression, or to the mind and heart which give birth to it. He was a man of superior brain and of delicate moral sensibilities; but he had this keen eye for form which I tell you of, and which was, I think, the strongest attribute of Raphael; and then there was a hectic in his blood more fervid than any flame of the spirit. Listen now, and note what kind of conversation these two carried on with each other.

GILBERT. "Where did you pass the afternoon yesterday?"

MISS MORRIS. "At the Grove. I would have sent you word to come with us if we hadn't all been young people. Jenny Dexter and Ned Ross got up the party. We went to the end of the Grove, picnicked, and didn't get back till evening. Oh, such a jolly time! That Roger Burt is the funniest fellow that ever I met; he kept me laughing the whole afternoon. I thought I should die; oh, I thought I should die! He'll be the death of me some day."

At this stage of her story Miss Morris sends forth a healthy and happy though not very intellectual gush of laughter, throwing back her head, striking her feet on the ground, and showing no little muscular power as well as sanguineous excitability in her performance. Gilbert replies to her merriment with a polite smile which tries to be appreciative, and a kind look of his large, melancholy brown eyes.

"Yes, Burt is a good fellow," he says; "a capital fellow on a picnic. He must be young yet. How old is he now?"

"Nineteen, Sir: every bit of it, Sir; just my

age, Sir," returns Miss Morris, nodding her head with a gay defiance after each of these statements. "I know what you mean, Sir. You mean that all my beaux are babies. That's my business. I like it so. I would rather have one jolly young fellow about, like Roger Burt, than half a dozen solemn old fogies like you."

"I know it," said Gilbert, still smiling, but with a graver and colder eye than before.

"Come, don't be troubled about it," she continued. "The girls all like you very much; as much as they can like an unmarriageable man. I like you too, Harry; that is, tolerably well."

Even this puerile irony of kindness struck a gentler light into Gilbert's eyes. "Thank you, dear," he responded. "You are quite as good to me as I deserve."

The words were loving, and the tone in which they were uttered came from a heart-string; but Miss Morris seemed to value them no more than if they had been the commonest jest. She reverted to the picnic, and told anew how funny Roger Burt was; how he and she had tumbled down a bank together; how they had laughed over it until they nearly died; how he had torn up his handkerchief to bandage her scratched arm; how he had presented a monstrous bill for medical attendance; and how that, too, had been a cause of almost suicidal merriment. While she chattered Gilbert walked by her side, heeding her talk little, but watching her with an admiration which was like hunger. He breathed in the sparkles which shot from her fine eyes; he gazed with a ravenous intentness on the rose which throbbed in her clear cheek; and then his glance fell even more eagerly on the changeful lines of her queenly figure. It was the man's nature to look at women thus: his eye was that of the sculptor rather than that of the poet; it loved soul much, but it loved form more.

"There, I must go in and see Jenny Dexter," said Miss Morris, stopping suddenly before a large, old-fashioned house. "You mustn't come in. We want to talk over secrets."

"Are you afraid of me?" asked Gilbert. "I think you forget sometimes that—that I am a married man."

"Don't you forget it yourself once in a while?" returned the young lady, with a roguish smile, more lively and piquant by much than her ordinary expression. "How do you mean afraid of you? Afraid to be seen with you so much? Phew, nonsense! Ain't you my cousin's husband, and elderly, too, at that?"

While she spoke he watched her closely, as if to detect the real tenor of her feelings toward him. His face was calm, gentle also, and kindly; but his eyes were full of eager questionings. There was no response in the girl to his mute language. Her cheeks were as flushed as shells, but as cold in tint; her eyes had a clear, healthy brightness without a tremor. Disappointed he certainly was, this unfortunate man; and yet he took her hand with a quiet, friendly smile, and pressed it gently. She was not vexed, nor abashed, nor pleased, but turned away indifferently, and hurried toward the house, nodding with a laugh at the window where sat her friend Miss Dexter.

Yes, Gilbert was not only married, but his wife was living. There had been a separation, however, for causes not criminal, but still stern and sad enough. He had been married three years, of which one year was happy, the others miserable. With the birth of his first and only child disease settled upon the mother, changing her nature like a spell of evil enchantment, so that he scarcely knew any longer the cheerful, gentle, impressible girl who had given her heart to him. Let us not lengthen the story: there was a taint of lunacy in her blood. In her it did not show itself in violent outbursts, but in fretfulness and complainings—in groundless suspicions, in growing hatred, in months of gloom or spitefulness, with a few oases of love between. After a year of wretched endurance, which ate into his soul until he also became unlike himself, he felt that he could bear no longer, and sent her back to her home. Then her father confessed to the unreason that had come down to her from her mother's race, creeping unobserved through the veins of a generation, to lift its subtle head and hiss forth its dominion now when they hoped that it had perished. There were more bitter scenes, not pleasant to tell of, ending in separation silently undergone, so as to hide, if possible, the sad secret. I never heard any one say that Gilbert's conduct, after he understood his wife's malady, was any thing but patient, self-sacrificing, and noble; and I know that her family, and those few others who knew the story, pitied him, and treated him with respectful sympathy. I do not think that he desired a divorce; at all events not at this period. If he did, the wish was a fruitless one; for these things passed in South Carolina, where the civil law never has ventured to break the bonds of marriage.

He came back to his little native city, and resumed his bachelor existence. It is a pleasant life enough before you have tried the other; but a dull and sad one, I believe, to nearly all who return to it from that circle where the wife was, and the cradle. I presume that even the land of Beulah would have looked a wretched spot to Christian after the courts of the Holy City. Gilbert felt robbed and wronged; it seemed to him that his most reasonable hopes had been unfairly blighted; that to destroy *his* blossoms the frost had come in mid-summer. He kept by himself, brooding over what his life was and what it might have been, rarely talking much, and then gloomily; an unsocial man for the most part, although too courteous and gentle-natured ever to be morose. In "near a whole city-full" who knew him, at least by sight, I was the only person, I believe, who felt at liberty to go to his room unannounced, knock, and enter at the answer. You are intimate with a man when he and you can talk half a day together without tiring; or when you can sit silently half a day together without feeling that you oppress

each other; and I was thus intimate with Gilbert. In his chamber we often passed long twilights, smoking for companionship, exchanging very few words, and those of little moment, but still earnestly busy each with his own thoughts, and each sure of sympathy the moment he demanded it. I tried hard at times to rouse his hopes, his ambition, his shame even, and thus drive this moody spirit out of him by engaging him in the collisions of active life. Occasionally he listened with interest, and perhaps threw out some plan for achieving gigantic success, but did no more. The despondent perplexity, the sorrowful lassitude of soul, which covered his head as with deep waters, might ebb away from him for a while, but returned full as surely, just as the tide flows back to its old mark, and again overwhelms the wreck which for an hour warmed itself in the sunshine. Now and then he struck out childish projects, of which the invariable intent seemed to be the wasting of time and the dispelling of thought. For instance, he took up the whim of boarding himself, rented the second floor of a small dwelling, laid in store of saucepans, dishes, knives and forks; scorched his face with bending over an unserviceable furnace; and filled his clothes with the smell of burned corn meal and charred cutlets. His next fancy was to imitate Thoreau, build a hut in some wooded district, raise beans, and live on twenty-six dollars a year. I encouraged this idea, for I thought that hard work out of doors might restore him to a healthy frame of spirit; but before we could decide upon a suitable spot for his log-cabin the scheme lost its glossy novelty, and he poutingly dropped it.

To his great trouble he alluded rarely, and only once brought it fully out of the secret places of his spirit. Entering his room I found him writing a letter, while another letter, evidently the one which demanded answer, lay spread out before him.

"Come in, Townshend," he said, "I want to show you something. I want your advice."

I sat down. He took up his own letter, glanced at its direction ("My dear wife"), and laid it down with a hopeless sigh which seemed to say that he should never know how to finish it. Then he took up the other, and, holding it up to the light with a piteous pretense that he could not easily decipher it, but really to hide his face from me, he commenced reading it in a slow, husky voice:

"DEAR, DEAR HUSBAND"—it began—"I write to ask you to forgive me. It is too much to ask, I know, for I have been very unfeeling and wicked to you, and made you very wretched when I had promised to make you happy. But oh, I am sorry, very sorry: I repent with all my heart and soul. I do not know why I ever treated you so. It seemed to me at the time that I was right, but now I know that I was wrong. Will you not let me live with you once more? Will you not try me a little while?"

Here Gilbert flung the letter toward me, and, burying his face in his hands, struggled to quell his sobbing. I picked up the flimsy bit of paper which had so shaken this strong man, and read it in silence.

"Do try me," it went on. "I was good once. I loved you then, and I love you still; yes, as much as ever I did, Henry. I know that my health is weak and my nerves terrible to bear; but I can govern them, and I will govern them, if you will only take me back to your heart. You shall never hear another hard word, nor get another unkind look from me, my dear husband. I am crying now to think how ungrateful I have been to you, and how wicked. It seems to me that I would not have behaved so badly if our baby had lived. That took away my patience; that seemed to kill my very heart. Will you not pity me for the sake of our poor little dead boy? How beautiful he was, even when he was in his coffin! I lost him; I did not think any thing worse could happen to me; but now I have lost you. Must it be for always? Oh, not so deadly long, Henry! Not for always!

"At least you will write to me, will you not? You will say a kind word or two in your letter? They would soothe me so much, dear; they would almost make me happy. Yes, I could go to sleep sweetly to-night if I had but a single loving or even friendly line from you to put under my pillow. I will not trouble you with any more of my sad words now. Your unworthy but loving wife,

"FRANCES GILBERT.

"I am *not* mad, Henry. I may be naughty and hateful, but I am not *that*. They have put me in an asylum; but they are mistaken, and it is a great wrong. Do come and see me. F. G."

"Is that woman crazed, or are we all brutes and crazed ourselves?" asked Gilbert, when I raised my eyes to him. He choked and gasped his way along the hot words like a man in a burning house who holds his breath and bursts through thickets of flames and blinding smoke.

"The letter is perfectly sane," I replied. "But can you all be mistaken? Can her father be mistaken?"

He shook his head desperately, as memory leaped back over the story of his married life and showed him at a glance its pitiless meaning.

"I hoped that I might take her back to me," he said. "Could I not cure her? But I tried that before. Well, I will send the letter to her father, and write to the manager of the asylum. She may have recovered and they not know it. Yes, she may be fully sane again, or it may be only a lucid interval. At all events I will write to them immediately, and to her also. A kind word or two," he muttered, taking up his wife's letter and kissing it.

In due time answers came from the city where the unhappy woman was confined. There was no betterment in her case, but rather the opposite; for, although sane at times and gentle then like her old self, yet these were but fitful interludes, and might change instantly to discords of even violent madness. Both the father and the doctor advised Gilbert not to visit the invalid, believing that his presence would be more likely to do harm than good.

Time passed with him as it passes with those who have little hope and no purpose, but who are nevertheless too strong to sink under trouble. The hours turned from him slowly, but every one bore away some small fraction of his burden, and left him fitter to take up other burdens, or to commence working out for himself a new possibility of happiness. Nature no more means that we shall cease to use our minds and hearts while on earth than that we shall cease to use our bodies. Gilbert continued to think and feel

because he continued to live. I was sincerely pleased when I found that he began to take a pleasure in the society of his wife's cousin—this merry and healthy-natured, though somewhat girlish, somewhat hoydenish, Miss Morris. She was just one of those earthly, full-blooded beings, with a strong physical attraction in them, who it seemed to me would easiest dispel the languid indifferent ghosts that haunted his spirit. As his relative she could talk with him freely and as often as he liked without exciting remark. She was not a girl of very delicate sympathies; but she undoubtedly felt a good-humored pity for him, and she showed it by her bright smile, her petting, teasing ways, and the frequency with which she invited him to share in her picnics and other merry-makings. Gilbert was a brilliant talker when the fit was on him; but it was not this at all which interested Miss Morris; she did not care for, nor even understand, a fine intellect; she vastly preferred Roger Burt's buffoonery. To laugh, to be excited, to be in motion, was her highest ideal of happiness next to being admired and courted. It seems wonderful, perhaps, that a woman so largely compounded of the physical could fascinate a man of Gilbert's superior mind and sensibility; but we see this mystery come to pass so often that we ought not to start back much aghast at it; and then I have already said that his blood was thicker than water.

Gilbert soon began to take pains to please Miss Morris. To do this it was necessary to amuse her, and to amuse her it was necessary to be gay. As long as he had droll stories to jingle in her ears, or jests to crack before her bright eyes, she hung upon his arm delightedly; but if he talked of grave matters, if he spoke of history or poetry, if he sought even to make her the confidante of his own sadness, her attention flagged; it was all as perplexing and wearisome to her as horn-book and primer to a child who wants hoop and ball. So this melancholy man transformed himself into a teller of tales and a joker of jokes for the sake of a girl who never could have valued him for what he essentially was. It is vexatious to think of this moral tragedy, and of the frivolous fatuity of the single spectator. A blinded Samson made sport for her, and she was all laughter, without one thought for his chains or his sightless eyeballs.

Still, unappreciative as she was of the larger part of his nature, her company was a pleasure to Gilbert. He was glad to find something cheerful which could interest him; and it was for making him forget himself that he began to love her. Slowly, surely the remembrance of the sickly and crazed wife faded away in the halo of warm feeling which emanated from this robust, florid girl, just as the ghostly moon perishes out of sight amidst the bright coming of the sun. I have already said that she had a Junonian shape, and that this was a principal secret of her influence over Gilbert. The sight of her arm was a luxury to this sculptor who had never handled the chisel. He would throw aside any amusement, he would walk any distance, to see her in a dress which did not hide the white spectacle so attractive at once to his artistic sensibility and to his vigorously masculine temperament. One evening he went to her father's house to escort her to a party a few doors distant. She was ready; but it was yet early, and so they sat down to while away half an hour in talk and laughter. A small table stood between them, and she stretched her arm on it, playing with some baubles which lay there, and watching him with a coquettish, defiant smile, such as one may often see on the face of a lively girl conscious that she possesses the power of beauty. I presume that Gilbert's eyes were dreamy, and that his words wandered vaguely as if through opiate trances. Suddenly he looked in her face with a constrained smile, and, putting forth a hand tremulous with blood which danced in his veins like globules of quicksilver, laid it on the fairest swell of the rounded and dimpled temptation. Glancing at him in surprise, Miss Morris started and drew away suddenly.

"Why did you do that?" she asked, with at least an affectation of anger.

"I beg your pardon," he replied. "I thought I could do myself a pleasure without doing you a harm. I hope you are not vexed."

"I *am* vexed," she said, with a flippant hauteur much like the toss of a chambermaid. "You have no right to behave so. I don't choose to be treated as if I were a field-hand put up for sale. You will please to be more careful hereafter, Sir."

Had Gilbert retained his self-respect he would have risen, apologized, and begged leave to bid her good-evening. But he had already fallen below himself: he was so far under fascination that he could do and bear what was unworthy of him; and so he sought to turn the girl's ill-humor with compliments and the ever-acceptable jest.

"Let me explain," he smiled. "It was merely an old habit of my babyhood. When I was six months old I never saw a pretty thing but I wanted to put my hands on it. I believe that other people are not very different. Haven't you observed at an art-exhibition, or an agricultural fair, placards scattered about requesting visitors not to touch the articles? Now why do the visitors want to touch them? Because the articles are handsome—that is all. If the apples and pears were wilted and spotted, nobody would care to lay a finger on them. Don't you see my apology?"

"I see," she laughed. "Well, I forgive you. Here, kiss it. No, not that; the hand I mean."

It was too late to forbid, for his lips had touched lightly the mellow ivory. In ten minutes more they were at the party, and Miss Morris, surrounded by her young beaux, cared no more for the kiss which had gasped its way to her arm than for any chance rose-leaf which she had that day trodden under foot. Why should she bestow a serious thought on it? Her cousin's husband could not possibly marry her; and

then in her eyes a man was old, was unlovable, at thirty. Altogether different was the effect which the kiss produced on Gilbert. Like a pebble falling into a lake—the ripple around it passing away, but the pebble remaining forever—it had caused only a momentary change in his manner, but had sunk into the depths of his nature, a thing irremovable. Throughout the evening that warm touch of living lilies hung on his lips and trembled at every recollection along his veins. Each time that he caught sight of her in the crowd he whispered to himself, "I did it."

While this moral madman is thus preparing himself for punishment, the enchantress, who has unwittingly bewildered his reason, is managing to get an interview with her favorite humorist, Roger Burt. She has been talking with Dr. Hosmer, who is a full-brained, well-read, and even learned man, but whom she considers an "old fogy:" first, because he has attained the surprising age of twenty-nine; and, second, because he rather awes her with his grave good manners, clear sense, and reputation for bookishness. Catching the eye of Roger in the press she nods to him, and then draws back a little, as if to make room for him in her corner. Roger nods also, and advances, his mouth curling into a grin as the irresistibly comic recollections of the last picnic rush upon him. In proportion as he shows his teeth Miss Morris shows hers, and half starts forward as if to meet him. By the time they are within six feet of each other both are on the broad simper and trembling with suppressed merriment. All this while neither has uttered a syllable. Mr. Burt at last titters "Good-evening," and then Miss Morris titters "Good-evening." Dr. Hosmer, seeing that a rival has appeared, politely bows himself away, to the great relief of the young people, who do not feel quite free to talk in his presence. Hereupon Miss Morris, who is a trifle the oldest of the couple, and therefore bound to initiate the conversation, opens as follows: "Well, what have *you* been up to to-day?"

Mr. Burt. "I hope I may venture to reply, Up to snuff, ha, ha, ha!"

Miss Morris. "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Burt. "By-the-way, snuff rhymes with muff, and that puts me in mind of our departed friend the Doctor, ha, ha, ha!"

Miss Morris. "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Burt. "I hope you gave him the usual parting insinuation to doctors—that you'll send for him when you want him again, ha, ha, ha!"

Miss Morris. "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh! you'll kill me."

Mr. Burt. "With kindness? Certainly. Do let me bring you a glass of punch, ha, ha, ha!"

Miss Morris. "Ain't you ashamed! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! No, I don't care for any thing, thank you."

Mr. Burt. "What a desperate state of mind! Not care for any thing? (*Mock heroically.*) Don't you care for me, Miss Katy?"

Miss Morris. "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! (*Gratified and encouragingly coquettish.*) What a question! Of course I sha'n't tell you."

Mr. Burt (*At the end of his rope, and seeing no joke at hand*). "What a comical time we had at the Grove! ha, ha, ha!"

Miss Morris. "Oh yes! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! When shall we have another picnic? What a fall we had! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

The young lady is quite handsome as she laughs, and my poor friend Gilbert watches her admiringly from a distance. It is ridiculous that whole scene, and yet it is miserably sad. Close together tragedy and comedy walk in real life, often snatching their several parts from each other, and intermingling them in such confusion that the spectator knows not whether to laugh or weep.

So far Gilbert had no evil intent. Ever a gentle-hearted man, he was still an honorable one, and would not have brought harm on this innocent hoyden had she been perfectly under his influence. All he asked was liberty to be near her; to circle round her like a butterfly round a flower; to turn his eyes toward her when she passed as an infant turns toward a candle; to spread out his senses in the glow of her beauty as buds open to the sun. Wherever he went in those days, whatever plans he made, he rarely lost sight of one object, and that was to be in the presence of Miss Morris without seeming to seek it. Here was his folly and wrong; for he should have fled when he found that she exercised witchery over him. So a month or more passed, with what result you may guess easily. It is clear enough, I should suppose, that this condition of spirit could not continue long, and that it must bloom into something more complete, or must wither.

How is it possible to compress into one brief glance the endless stair-flights (endless and dark, such as Piranesi dreamed in his fever) by which an honorable man descends to desires and purposes and deeds of dishonor! The downfall of a single pure soul, suitably narrated, would fill a volume. Up and down these terrible stairs Gilbert wandered, intoxicated by vapors of feverish reverie, blinded by lurid lights of passion; starting back at moments as he remembered the purity of upper air, but soon tending down again because the steep was hard to climb, and growing ever more careless to all things besides the fascination of the bottomless abyss. Slowly the descent was made, but also surely, and every day with less possibility of return. At last an hour came when probation was over, when he was prepared to blot himself out of human respect, to accept a guilt that is frightful and a punishment that can not be exaggerated, and to destroy her also for whose sake he would endure it all. The wife, once so loving and loved, so loving still when her poor brain could clear, was dismissed desperately from thought, or only remembered as an obstacle to happiness, excepting now and then, in some unendurable hours, when her image persisted in standing reproach-

fully before him side by side with a conscience wounded unto death but fiercely accusing. His was an immense infatuation; but still it is only an old, old story; it is a madness that has mastered many. We are apt to suppose that a Don Juan must, of necessity, be altogether selfish and cruel. But here was one of the kindliest men that I ever knew—a man who could not bear to see weeping, who never turned a beggar away unrelieved, who would not strike a dog, and yet he was ready to take this girl to his heart, and hurl her and himself to ruin. At times, indeed, came a throb of self-reproach—a hope that she would marry soon and get out of his way—a worthy hour or two when he would really desire her well-being. It was a pity that he could not seize on these better moments, and cling to them while life lasted; it was strange (was it, or was it not?) that he must pass from every lucid interval into another fit of delirium.

Meantime do you suppose that she understood him? At first she knew little and cared less what he meant, what he felt, what he was ready to say, to do, and to be. She was unpoetical and unsentimental; so that his finest qualities were wasted on her, and he could only hope to gain an influence over her nature by using the coarser portions of his own. When there was no one else to see she was glad to see him, because for her sake he would be amusing, and because he almost always flattered her. But it embarrassed her to have him by when her boyish beaux were about her. They were afraid of him, and she was half-ashamed of them. Sometimes, indeed, she seemed to catch the idea that he was her superior, and to look up to him with momentary reverence; but even then she felt vaguely fretted and indignant that he should exercise this sort of native kingship over her, and if Roger Burt entered with his puns and pranks she hailed him as a deliverer. Besides, with all her aimless flirting, she meant to be married some day, and she never for an instant forgot that Gilbert could not be her husband. On the whole she was kindly disposed toward him, but uninterested, and for a time certainly she did not note the change that was being wrought in him.

But love will not be hidden altogether, even when you desire nothing so much as to hide it. Through some crevice the glow will shine forth, at some unwatched moment a spark escape, and so the secret be told that a heart is on fire. A time came when it was evident that a new consciousness had invaded Miss Morris, and that she no longer met Gilbert with her old self-possession. Her color came at his entrance; she did not look him so frankly in the eye as before; and sometimes her voice changed for a moment when he sat down by her side. I can not say whether this was fear or the commencement of fascination; but no doubt these flushes and tremors of hers were the signals which decoyed him on to final shipwreck; for, believing that his thoughts were her thoughts, he supposed (poor fool!) that he had only to whisper the word *elopement*. One day, after he had been feeding himself for hours on these evil reveries and delusions, and when their intoxication had disordered brain and conscience, he went to her father's house purposely to see her, and found her alone. Doubtless she remarked something strange in his face, for she met him with unusual timidity and a heightened color. He took her hand, raised it to his lips, and continued to hold it, although she tried gently to draw it away. Unsteady, tremulous, humid lights flashed from her eyes, while quick, irregular spots of crimson broke out on her face and neck, struggling there with an unusual pallor. It was a strange look of surprise, comprehension, alarm, entreaty, and fascination. Then his wretched folly surged up to its maddest height, and flung him straight forward upon the rock of crime toward which he had long been drifting.

"Kate, how much longer must this last?" he said.

"I don't know what you mean," she stammered.

"You do know, you must know," he whispered. "What else keeps me near you, always near you? Come, Kate, will you share the rest of life with me? I will live for you alone. I wish to live for nothing else."

"Oh, what *do* you mean, Henry?" the frightened girl sobbed, struggling now to get away from him.

"You *know*, Kate. You know perfectly," he repeated, tightening his grasp on her hands and pressing them hard against his lips. "You understand me, and you *must* answer me. Will you go with me? Will you go to Europe with me?"

"No, Henry. You know I will not. How dare you? Let go of my hands, Sir!" she said, gaining courage with each utterance. Her voice was determined now, her eyes angry; and he fell back from her surprised, cowed, contemptible. Well might he stand speechless in base shame, for he had laid himself for naught beneath the feet of a being who in brain and heart was born his inferior. It was a revolting, immoral, unnatural spectacle; it was a vile prostration of the nobler soul before the meaner.

Not another word was necessary to crush his self-respect; but Miss Morris continued her reproaches, and added threats. Of the real tragic import of this scene, of what was most truly degrading and tearful in it, this fleshly-souled girl, with her dull sensibilities and mediocre brain, had no conception. She saw at most that she had been frightened and insulted, that Gilbert had placed himself in her power, and that she might queen it boldly. She would tell her father; she would write to his wife about his impudence; he might leave the house, Sir, as quick as he chose. Let no stupid or malicious reader assert that I am condemning or ridiculing Miss Morris for her virtue. I do assert, indeed, that she had no exaltation of character and little delicacy; that she could not have appreciated my misguided friend had he been ever courteous, chivalrous, without reproach; that she was one

of those women to whom a Bayard and a snob seem much the same; but I declare also that in her conduct this day she was as just as the angels. Gilbert felt that she was so, and uttered no word of self-defense, tried no appeal, sought to mask his error by no jest, but bowed his head and left the room, confessing by his silence that her anger was his sufficient condemnation.

Henceforward this story passes somewhat beyond the limits of the ordinary. So far I fear that it has been sorrowfully "life-like," and paralleled only too easily in the experiences of men we all know, some of whom, perhaps, have gone even farther in guilt without exposure or visible retribution. Of course it will be understood that Miss Morris told her father of Gilbert's misdemeanor. If she had not, the tale, so far as we can guess, would have ended with that wretched interview; but there she did not choose, or did not know how, to let it end; and I do not see that we can blame her. Mr. Morris, a brave man, fiery-tempered, and a duelist, heard her story with spasms of rage; but he was an invalid, warped and crippled by years of rheumatism, and could not lift a hand to revenge the insult. Such being the case, I think that he should have passed the matter by in silence, simply forbidding Gilbert further intercourse with his family; and I can not defend him, nor scarcely forgive him for his hardness in laying the cruel responsibility of vengeance on the soul of a high-spirited nephew. You will comprehend to how dark a complexion matters had come when I tell you that this nephew, Barclay Summers, was the brother of Gilbert's wife. It is true that the two young men had never yet seen each other. Gilbert had first met Miss Summers four years previous to this, and Barclay, now twenty-five, had been in Europe ever since his majority. Just returned from thence, he reached C—— in an evil time, when Mr. Morris was still raving over the affront offered to his family, and cursing the disease which disabled his hand from punishment.

"Don't be troubled, uncle, on that score," observed Summers. Here is a hand that will serve your purpose. I'll settle with this blackguard."

"That's my boy!" exclaimed the inexorable old man. "Flog him, Barclay. Cowhide him like a nigger. Don't challenge him. Flogging is good enough for him."

"I will manage the matter as a gentleman should," said the young fellow, drawing himself up grandly.

"He's your brother-in-law," returned Mr. Morris, wrinkling his dark forehead as if the thought had just occurred and had staggered him.

"I don't own him. So much the worse for him!" cried Summers. "Don't you see that he has insulted my sister as well as my cousin?"

"Ah!" said the old man, bringing down his bushy eyebrows and surveying the other with a look of grave inquiry. "But don't challenge him, Barclay; at least not yet. Let me know beforehand what you do. I can advise you—I want to advise you. Curse it! that's all I'm good for."

Summers, a young man, and just returned from a long residence in Paris, valued himself on being a more fastidious gentleman than is often found in America. He looked upon cowhidings, knock-downs, and even armed street-rencontres, as vulgar barbarisms. He considered a fillip with a glove to be the coarsest provocation that a man of good-breeding might give, and used to declare that he would no more strike with his doubled fist, except in self-defense, than he would butt like a negro.

"No, no, Dick, no pugilism, no rough-and-tumble, no bush-fighting," he said to the old friend whom he chose as second. "I am not going to swear and scuffle in the streets for the amusement of loafers. I would as soon hire out for a nigger-driver. The pistol, or the small sword, just as he chooses. It is time we Americans became civilized."

I do not dwell with any willingness on this part of the story. Whatever of sorrowful dignity and power and moral value there was in the relation has more than half-evaporated now that we have come to physical danger and suffering. Gilbert standing up bravely to receive his adversary's fire is not so tragic as Gilbert silent, abased, branded with guilt before Miss Morris, or Gilbert in his room alone brooding over his self-inflicted disgrace, reddening with shame as memory brought the scene before him, and repeating hour by hour his own condemnation. I believe that the peremptory challenge which he received, had it come from any other person than his brother-in-law, would have brought no disquiet to him, but rather relief. A man may be so tormented with mental agony that physical conflict, whatever be its peril, will in comparison seem not a hard thing to face. As matters were, however, Gilbert was amazed, not at the defiance I repeat, but at the quarter whence it came.

"And so," he said to a friend—"and so I can not defend my life—I can not return my adversary's fire. Well, I deserved this. I shall not complain."

Let no one misinterpret my silence concerning the ethics of the duel. I would no more defend that violation of moral and civil law than I would defend the first sin of Gilbert. This whole story is one of consistent, unswerving wrong, evil following evil with an accurate and merciless logic, straight on to that old conclusion, "The wages of sin is death." It seems to me that I have no need to preach otherwise than to tell my tale.

A mile from the little city where all these things passed lies a gloomier hollow than any other that I know, overhung with tall, gray, sickly, half-naked trees, and closed in by herbless banks against a sullen eddy in a muddy and slimy river. Here, about four o'clock one lowery afternoon, the brothers-in-law came face to face for the first and only time in their lives. They bowed as their names were mentioned to each

other, but did not offer to shake hands, feeling, no doubt, that this would be a too cruel mockery. Summers was a tall, straight, well-developed, handsome young man, with a healthy fair skin, thick blonde hair, blue eyes, and an air of distinction, not in the least affected, but frank and natural, such as one often sees in the old families of our South. If I disliked any thing in his appearance, it was the Parisian finish with which he had dressed and curled himself, as if he meant to "look grand when he was dead," like the Earl in Tennyson's ballad of "The Sisters." Gilbert gave him one long gaze of inquiry, and then folded his arms with gloomy resolution. Suddenly, while the pistols were being loaded, he took out of his pocket a letter which had been handed him as we drove away from the hotel, and which he had probably forgotten until this instant. I saw him turn ghastly white as he read, and heard him mutter, "Poor child! poor child!" After this he walked to and fro with an agitation which increased every moment until he was requested to take his stand, when he instantly quelled it.

That letter told him of the death of his wife. He remembered her, no doubt, as she was once —remembered *all* with a mingled shudder of pity and remorse. He reflected, perchance, that if he had controlled himself but a little longer, he might have loved another without guilt. He saw all that might have been just as it could never be. Was there no thought of avoiding, or at least postponing, the moment of mortal peril by showing this letter? Or was there a desperate desire to expiate his crime by braving death unresistingly? No man can answer. One pistol shot in the air, one into a human heart; and the sin of Gilbert was punished as far as it could be on earth.

I have told this man's story; have I seemed to plead his cause? Let me entreat that I may not be so misunderstood. What I wanted was, to inculcate horror of the crime without hatred of the criminal.

THE COURTSHIP OF SUSAN BELL.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

JOHN MUNROE BELL had been a lawyer in Albany, and as such had thriven well. He had thriven well as long as thrift and thriving on this earth had been allowed to him. But the Almighty had seen fit to shorten his span.

Early in life he had married a timid, anxious, pretty, good little wife, whose whole heart and mind had been given up to do his bidding and deserve his love. She had not only deserved it but had possessed it, and as long as John Munroe Bell had lived Henrietta Bell—Hetta as he called her—had been a woman rich in blessings. After twelve years of such blessings he had left her, and had left her with two daughters, a second Hetta, and the heroine of our little story, Susan Bell.

A lawyer in Albany may thrive passing well for eight or ten years, and yet not leave behind him any very large sum of money if he dies at the end of that time. Some small modicum, some few thousand dollars John Bell had amassed, so that his widow and daughters were not absolutely driven to look for work or bread.

In those happy days when cash had begun to flow in plenteously to the young father of the family, he had taken it into his head to build for himself, or rather for his young female brood, a small neat house on the outskirts of Saratoga Springs. In doing so he was instigated as much by the excellence of the investment for his pocket as by the salubrity of the place for his girls. He furnished the house well; and then, during some summer weeks, his wife lived there, and sometimes he let it.

How the widow grieved when the lord of her heart and master of her mind was laid low in the grave I need not tell. At the commencement of my story she had already counted ten years of widowhood, and her children had grown to be young women beside her. Since that sad day on which they had left Albany they had lived together at the cottage at the Springs. In winter their life had been lonely enough; but as soon as the hot weather began to drive the fainting citizens from New York, they had always received two or three boarders—old ladies generally, and occasionally an old gentleman—persons of very steady habits, with whose pockets the widow's moderate demands agreed better than the hotel charges. And so the Bells lived for ten years.

That Saratoga is a gay place in July, August, and September the world knows well enough. To girls who go there with trunks full of muslin and crinoline, for whom a carriage and pair of horses is always waiting immediately after dinner, whose fathers' pockets are bursting with dollars, it is a very gay place. Dancing and flirtations come as a matter of course, and matrimony follows after with only too great rapidity. But the place was not very gay for Hetta or Susan Bell.

In the first place, the widow was a timid woman, and, among other fears, feared greatly that she should be thought guilty of setting traps for husbands. Poor mothers! how often are they charged with this sin when their honest desires go no farther than that their bairns may be "respectit like the lave." Then she feared flirtations—flirtations that should be nothing more; flirtations that are so destructive of the heart's peace. She feared love also, though she longed for that as well as feared it—for her girls I mean: all such feelings for herself had been long laid under ground. And then, like a timid creature as she was, she had other indefinite fears, and among them a great fear that those girls of hers would be left husbandless—a phase of life which, after her twelve years of bliss, she regarded as any thing but desirable. But the upshot was, the upshot of so many fears and such small means, that Hetta and Susan Bell had but a dull life of it.

Were not my respected friend, Mr. Fletcher Harper, disposed to be so mean in the number of his allotted pages, I would describe at full length the merits and beauties of Hetta and Susan Bell. As it is, I can but say a few words. At our period of their lives Hetta was nearly one-and-twenty, and Susan just nineteen. Hetta was a short, plump, demure young woman, with the softest, smoothest hair, and the brownest, brightest eyes. She was very useful in the house, good at corn cakes, and thought much, particularly in these latter months, of her religious duties. Her sister, in the privacy of their own little room, would sometimes twit her with the admiring patience with which she would listen to the lengthened eloquence of Mr. Phineas Beckard, the Baptist minister. Now Mr. Phineas Beckard was a bachelor.

Susan was not so good a girl in the kitchen or about the house as was her sister; but she was brighter in the parlor; and if that motherly heart could have been made to give out its inmost secret—which, however, it could not have been made to give out in any way painful to dear Hetta—perhaps it might have been found that Susan was loved with the most eager love. She was taller than her sister and lighter; her eyes were blue as were her mother's; her hair was brighter than Hetta's, but not always so scrupulously neat. She had a dimple on her chin, whereas Hetta had none; dimples on her cheek, too, when she smiled; and, oh, such a mouth! There, my allowance of pages permits no more.

One piercing cold winter day there came knocking at the widow's door—a young man. Winter days, when the ice of January is refrozen by the winds of February, are very cold at Saratoga Springs. In those days there was not often much to disturb the serenity of Mrs. Bell's house; but on the day in question there came knocking at the door—a young man.

Mrs. Bell kept an old domestic who had lived with them in those happy Albany days. Her name was Kate O'Brien; but though picturesque in name she was hardly so in person. She was a thick-set, noisy, good-natured old Irishwoman, who had joined her lot to that of Mrs. Bell when the latter first began housekeeping, and knowing when she was well off, had remained in the same place from that day forth. She had known Hetta as a baby; and, so to say, had seen Susan's birth.

"And what might you be wanting, Sir?" said Kate O'Brien, apparently not quite pleased as she opened the door and let in all the cold air.

"I wish to see Mrs. Bell. Is not this Mrs. Bell's home?" said the young man, shaking the snow from out of the breast of his coat.

He did see Mrs. Bell; and we will now tell who he was, and why he had come, and how it came to pass that his carpet-bag was brought down to the widow's home, and one of the front bedrooms was prepared for him, and that he drank tea that night in the widow's parlor.

His name was Aaron Dunn, and by profession he was an engineer. What peculiar misfortune in those days of frost and snow had befallen the line of rails which runs from Schenectady to Lake Champlain I never quite understood. Banks and bridges had in some way come to grief, and on Aaron Dunn's shoulders was thrown the burden of seeing that they were duly repaired. Saratoga Springs was the centre of these mishaps, and therefore at Saratoga Springs it was necessary that he should take up his temporary abode.

Now there was at that time in New York City a Mr. Bell great in railway matters, an uncle of the once thriving but now departed Albany lawyer. He was a rich man; but he liked his riches himself, or, at any rate, had not found himself called upon to share them with the widow and daughters of his nephew. But when it chanced to come to pass that he had a hand in dispatching Aaron Dunn to Saratoga, he took the young man aside, and recommended him to lodge with the widow. "There," said he, "show her my card." So much the rich uncle thought he might vouchsafe to do for the nephew's widow.

Mrs. Bell and both her daughters were in the parlor when Aaron Dunn was shown in, snow and all. He told his story in a rough, shaky voice, for his teeth chattered; and he gave the card, almost wishing that he had gone to the empty big hotel, for the widow's welcome was not at first quite warm.

The widow listened to him as he gave his message, and then she took the card and looked at it. Hetta, who was sitting on the side of the fire-place facing the door, went on demurely with her work. Susan gave one glance round—her back was to the stranger—and then another; and then she moved her chair a little nearer to the wall, so as to give the young man room to come to the fire if he would. He did not come; but his eye glanced upon Susan Bell, and he thought that the old man in New York was right, and that the big hotel would be cold and dull. It was a pretty face to look on that cold evening as she turned it up from the stocking she was mending.

"Perhaps you don't wish to take winter boarders, ma'am?" said Aaron Dunn.

"We never have done so yet, Sir," said Mrs. Bell, timidly. Could she let the young wolf in among her lamb-fold? He might be a wolf—who could tell?

"Mr. Bell seemed to think it would suit," said Aaron.

Had he acquiesced in her timidity, and not pressed the point, it would have been all up with him. But the widow did not like to go against the big uncle, and so she said, "Perhaps it may, Sir."

"I guess it will, finely," said Aaron; and then the widow, seeing that the matter was so far settled, put down her work and came round into the passage. Hetta followed her, for there would be house-work to do. Aaron gave himself another shake, settled the weekly number of dollars—with very little difficulty on his part, for he had caught another glance at Susan's face

—and then went after his bag. 'Twas thus that Aaron Dunn obtained an entrance into Mrs. Bell's house. "But what if he be a wolf?" she said to herself over and over again that night, though not exactly in those words. Ay, but there is another side to that. What if he be a stalwart man, honest-minded, with clever eye, cunning hand, ready brain, broad back, and warm heart, in want of a wife mayhap? A man that can earn his own and another's—half a dozen others when the half dozen come? Would not that be a good sort of lodger? Such a question as that did just flit across the widow's sleepless mind. But then she thought so much more of the wolf! Wolves, she had taught herself to think, were more common than stalwart, honest-minded, wife-desirous men.

"I wonder mother consented to take him," said Hetta, when they were in the little room together.

"And why shouldn't she?" said Susan. "It will be a help."

"Yes, it will be a little help," said Hetta. "But we have done very well hitherto without winter lodgers."

"But Uncle Bell said she was to."

"What is Uncle Bell to us?" said Hetta, who had a spirit of her own; and she began to surmise within herself whether Aaron Dunn would join the Baptist congregation, and whether Phineas Beckard would approve of this new move.

"He is a very well-behaved young man, at any rate," said Susan, "and draws beautifully. Did you see those things he was doing?"

"He draws very well, I dare say," said Hetta, who regarded this as but a poor warranty for good behavior. Hetta also had some fear of wolves—not for herself, perhaps, but for her sister.

Aaron Dunn's work—the commencement of his work—lay at some distance from the Springs, and he left every morning with a lot of workmen by an early train, almost before daylight; and every morning, cold and wintry as the mornings were, the widow got him his breakfast with her own hands. She took his dollars, and would not leave him altogether to the awkward mercies of Kate O'Brien; nor would she trust her girls to attend upon the young man. Hetta she might have trusted; but then Susan would have asked why she was spared her share of such hardship.

In the evening, leaving his work when it was dark, Aaron always returned, and then the remaining hours of the day were passed together. But they were passed with the most demure propriety. The three women would make the tea, cut the bread and butter, and then sew; while Aaron Dunn, when the cups were removed, would always go to his plans and his drawings.

On Sundays they were more together; but even on that day there was cause of separation, for Aaron went to the Episcopalian Church, rather to the disgust of Hetta. In the afternoon, however, they were together, and then Phineas Beckard came in to tea on Sundays, and he and Aaron got talking on religion; and though they disagreed pretty much, and would not give an inch, either one or the other, nevertheless the minister told the widow, and Hetta, too, probably, that the lad had good stuff in him, though he was so stiff-necked.

"But he should be more modest in talking on such matters with a minister," said Hetta.

The Rev. Phineas acknowledged that perhaps he should; but he was honest enough to repeat that the lad had good stuff in him. "Perhaps after all he is not a wolf," said the widow to herself.

Things went on in this way for above a month. Aaron had declared to himself over and over again that that face was sweet to look upon, and had unconsciously promised to himself certain delights in talking, and, perhaps, in walking, with the owner of it. But the walkings had not been achieved — nor even the talkings as yet. The truth was that Dunn was bashful with young women, though he could be so stiff-necked with the minister.

And then he felt angry with himself, inasmuch as he had advanced no further; and as he lay in his bed—which, perhaps, those pretty hands had helped to make—he resolved that he would be a thought bolder in his bearing. He had no idea of making love to Susan Bell—of course not. But why should he not amuse himself by talking to a pretty girl when she sat so near him, evening after evening?

"What a very quiet young man he is!" said Susan to her sister.

"He has his bread to earn, and sticks to his work," said Hetta. "No doubt he has amusement when he is in the city," added the elder sister, not wishing to leave too strong an impression of the young man's virtues.

They had all now their settled places in the parlor. Hetta sat on one side of the fire, close to the table, having that side to herself. There she sat always busy. She must have made every dress and bit of linen worn in the house, and hemmed every sheet and towel, so busy was she always. Sometimes, once in a week or so, Phineas Beckard would come in, and then place was made for him between Hetta's usual seat and the table. For when there he would read out loud. On the other side, close also to the table, sat the widow — busy, but not savagely busy, as her elder daughter. Between Mrs. Bell and the wall, with her feet ever on the fender, Susan used to sit—not absolutely idle, but doing work of some slender, pretty sort—and talking ever and anon to her mother. Opposite to them all, at the other side of the table, far away from the fire, would Aaron Dunn place himself with his plans and drawings before him.

"Are you a judge of bridges, ma'am?" said Aaron, the evening after he made his resolution. 'Twas thus he began his courtship.

"Of bridges!" said Mrs. Bell, "Oh, dear no, Sir;" but she put out her hand to take the little drawing which Aaron handed to her.

"Because that's one I've planned for our bit of a new branch from Moreau up to Lake George.

I guess Miss Susan knows something about bridges."

"I guess I don't," said Susan; "only that they oughtn't to tumble down when the frost comes."

"Ha, ha, ha! no more they ought; I'll tell M'Evoy that." Mr. M'Evoy had been a former engineer on the line. "Well, that won't burst with any frost, I guess."

"Oh my! how pretty!" said the widow; and then Susan, of course, jumped up to look over her mother's shoulder.

The artful dodger! He had drawn and colored a beautiful little sketch of a bridge—not an engineer's plan with sections and measurements, vexatious to a woman's eye—but a graceful little bridge with a string of cars running under it. You could almost hear the bell going.

"Well, that is a pretty bridge," said Susan; "isn't it, Hetta?"

"I don't know any thing about bridges," said Hetta, to whose clever eyes the dodge was quite apparent. But in spite of her cleverness Mrs. Bell and Susan had soon moved their chairs round to the table, and were looking at the contents of Aaron's port-folio. "But yet he may be a wolf," thought the poor widow, just as she was kneeling down to say her prayers.

That evening certainly made a commencement. Though Hetta went on pertinaciously with the body of a new dress, the other two ladies did not put in another stitch that night. From his drawings Aaron got to his instruments, and, before bedtime, was teaching Susan how to draw parallel lines. Susan found that she had quite an aptitude for parallel lines, and altogether had a good time of it that evening. It is dull to go on, week after week, and month after month, talking only to one's mother and sister. It is dull, though one does not one's self recognize it to be so. A little change in such matters is so very pleasant. Susan had not the slightest idea of regarding Aaron as even a possible lover. But young ladies do like the conversation of young gentlemen. Oh, my exceedingly proper prim old lady—you, who are so shocked at this as a general doctrine, has it never occurred to you that the Creator has so intended it?

Susan, understanding little of the how and why, knew that she had had a good time, and was rather in spirits as she went to bed. But Hetta had been frightened by the dodge.

"Oh, Hetta, you should have looked at those drawings. He is so clever!" said Susan.

"I don't know that they would have done me much good," replied Hetta.

"Good? Well; they did me more good than a long sermon, I know," said Susan; "except on a Sunday, of course," she added, apologetically. This was an ill-natured attack both on Hetta and Hetta's admirer; but then why had Hetta been so snappish?

"I'm sure he's a wolf," thought Hetta, as she went to bed.

"What a clever young man he is!" thought Susan, as she pulled the warm clothes round about her shoulders and ears.

"Well, that certainly was an improvement," thought Aaron, as he went through the same operation, with a stronger feeling of self-approbation than he had enjoyed for some time past.

In the course of the next fortnight the family arrangements all altered themselves. Unless when Beckard was there, Aaron would sit in the widow's place, the widow would take Susan's chair, and the two girls would be opposite. And then Dunn would read to them; not sermons, but passages from Shakspeare, and Byron, and Longfellow. "He reads much better than Mr. Beckard," Susan had said one night. "Of course you are a competent judge," had been Hetta's retort. "I mean that I like it better," said Susan. "It's well that all people don't think alike," replied Hetta.

And then there was a deal of talking. The widow herself, as unconscious in this respect as her youngest daughter, certainly did find that a little variety was agreeable on those long winter nights, and talked herself with unaccustomed freedom. And Beckard came there oftener, and talked very much. When he was there the two men did all the talking; and they pounded each other immensely. But still there grew up a sort of friendship between them.

"Mr. Beckard seems quite to take to him," said Mrs. Bell to her eldest daughter.

"It is his great good-nature, mother," replied Hetta.

It was at the end of the second month when Aaron took another step in advance—a perilous step. Sometimes on evenings he still went on with his drawing for an hour or so; but during three or four evenings he never asked any one to look at what he was about. On one Friday he sat over his work late without any reading or talking at all—so late that at last Mrs. Bell said, "If you're going to sit much longer, Mr. Dunn, I'll get you to put out the candles;" thereby showing, had he known it or had she, that the mother's confidence in the young man was growing fast. Hetta knew all about it, and dreaded that the growth was too quick.

"I've finished now," said Aaron; and he looked carefully at the card-board on which he had washed in his water-colors. "I've finished now." He then hesitated a moment; but ultimately he put the card into his port-folio and carried it up to his bedroom. Who does not perceive that it was intended as a present to Susan Bell?

The question which Aaron asked himself that night, and which he hardly knew how to answer, was this: Should he offer the drawing to Susan in the presence of her mother and sister, or on some occasion when they two might be alone together? No such occasion had ever yet occurred, but Aaron thought that it might probably be brought about. But then he wanted to make no fuss about it. His first intention had been to chuck the drawing lightly across the table when it was completed, and so make no-

thing of it. But he had finished it with more care than he had at first intended; and then he had hesitated when he had finished it. It was too late now for that plan of chucking it over the table.

On the Saturday evening when he came down from his room Mr. Beckard was there, so that he found no opportunity that night. On the Sunday, in conformity with a previous engagement, he went to hear Mr. Beckard preach, and walked to and from meeting with the family. This pleased Mrs. Bell, and they were all very gracious that afternoon. But Sunday was no day for the picture.

On Monday the thing had become of importance to him. Things always do when they are kept over. Before tea that night, when he came down, Mrs. Bell and Susan only were in the room. He knew Hetta for his foe, and therefore determined to use this occasion.

"Miss Susan," he said, stammering somewhat, and blushing too, poor fool!—"I have done a little drawing which I want you to accept." And he put his port-folio down on the table.

"Oh! I don't know," said Susan, who had seen the blush.

Mrs. Bell had seen the blush also, and pursed her mouth up, and looked grave. Had there been no stammering and no blush she might have thought nothing of it.

Aaron saw at once that his little gift was not to go down smoothly. He was, however, in for it now; so he picked it out from among the other papers in the case and brought it to Susan. He endeavored to hand it to her with an air of indifference, but I can not say that he succeeded.

It was a very pretty, well-finished water-colored drawing, representing still the same bridge, but with more adjuncts. In Susan's eyes it was a work of high art. Of pictures probably she had seen but little, and her liking for the artist no doubt added to her admiration. But the more she admired it and wished for it the stronger was her feeling that she ought not to take it.

Poor Susan! she stood for a minute looking at the drawing, but she said nothing—not even a word of praise. She felt that she was red in the face, and uncourteous to their lodger; but her mother was looking at her, and she did not know how to behave herself.

Mrs. Bell put out her hand for the sketch, trying to bethink herself as she did so in what least uncivil way she could refuse the present. She took a moment to look at it, collecting her thoughts, and as she did so her woman's wit came to her aid.

"Oh dear, Mr. Dunn, it is very pretty; quite a beautiful picture. I can not let Susan rob you of that. You must keep that for some of your own particular friends."

"But I did it for her," said Aaron, innocently.

Susan looked down at the ground half-pleased at the declaration. The drawing would look very pretty in a small gilt frame just over her dressing-table. But the matter now was altogether in her mother's hands.

"I am afraid it is too valuable, Sir, for Susan to accept it."

"It is not valuable at all," said Aaron, declining to take it back from the widow's hands.

"Oh, I am quite sure it is. It is worth ten dollars at least, or twenty," said poor Mrs. Bell, not in the very best taste. But she was perplexed, and did not know how to get out of the scrape. The article in question now lay upon the table-cloth, appropriated by no one, and at this moment Hetta came into the room.

"It is not worth ten cents," said Aaron, with something like a frown on his brow; "but as we had been talking about the bridge, I thought Miss Susan would accept it."

"Accept what?" said Hetta, and then her eye fell upon the drawing, and she took it up.

"It is beautifully done," said Mrs. Bell, wishing much to soften the matter; perhaps the more so that Hetta the demure was now present. "I'm telling Mr. Dunn that we can't take a present of any thing so valuable."

"Oh dear no," said Hetta. "It wouldn't be right."

It was a cold frosty evening in March, and the fire was burning brightly on the hearth. Aaron Dunn took up the drawing quietly, very quietly, and rolling it up, as such drawings are rolled, put it between the blazing logs. It was the work of four evenings, and his *chef-d'œuvre* in the way of art.

Susan, when she saw what he had done, burst out into tears. The widow could very readily have done so also; but she was able to restrain herself, and merely exclaimed,

"Oh, Mr. Dunn!"

"If Mr. Dunn chooses to burn his own picture he has certainly a right to do so," said Hetta.

Aaron immediately felt ashamed of what he had done; and he also could have cried, but for his manliness. He walked away to one of the parlor windows and looked out upon the frosty night. It was dark, but the stars were bright, and he thought that he should like to be walking fast by himself along the line of rails toward Balston. There he stood, perhaps for three minutes. He thought it would be proper to give Susan time to recover from her tears.

"Will you please to come to your tea, Sir?" said the soft voice of Mrs. Bell.

He turned round to do so, and found that Susan was gone. It was not quite in her power to recover from her tears in three minutes. And then the drawing had been so beautiful! It had been done expressly for her too! And there had been something, she knew not what, in his eye as he had so declared. She had watched him intently over those four evenings' work, wondering why he did not show it, till her feminine curiosity had become rather strong. It was something very particular, she was sure. And now she knew that all that precious work had been for her; and all that precious work was de-

stroyed. How was it possible that she should not cry for more than three minutes?

The others took their meal in perfect silence, and when it was over the two women sat down to their work. Aaron had a book which he pretended to read; but instead of reading, he was bethinking himself that he had behaved badly. What right had he to throw them all into such confusion by indulging in his passion? He was ashamed of what he had done, and fancied that Susan would hate him. Fancying that, he began to find at the same time that he by no means hated her.

At last Hetta got up and left the room. She knew that her sister was sitting alone in the cold. And Hetta was as affectionate as she was severe. Susan had not been in fault, and therefore Hetta went up to console her.

"Mrs. Bell," said Aaron, as soon as the door was closed, "I beg your pardon for what I did just now."

"Oh, Sir, I'm so sorry that the picture is burned," said poor Mrs. Bell.

"The picture does not matter a straw," said Aaron. "But I see that I have disturbed you all. And I'm afraid I have made Miss Susan unhappy."

"She was grieved because your picture was burned," said Mrs. Bell, putting some emphasis on the "your," intending to show that her daughter had not regarded the drawing as her own. But the emphasis bore another meaning; and so the widow perceived as soon as she had spoken.

"Oh, I can do twenty more of the same, if any body wanted them," said Aaron. "If I do another like it, will you let her take it, Mrs. Bell; just to show that you have forgiven me, and that we are friends as we were before?"

Was he or was he not a wolf? That was the question which Mrs. Bell scarcely knew how to answer. Hetta had given her voice, saying that he probably was lupine. Mr. Beckard's opinion she had not liked to ask directly. Mr. Beckard she thought would probably propose to Hetta; but as yet he had not done so. And as he was still a stranger in the family, she did not like in any way to compromise Susan's name. Indirectly she had asked the question; and, indirectly also, Mr. Beckard's answer had been favorable.

"But it mustn't mean any thing, Sir," was the widow's weak answer, when she had paused on the question for a moment.

"Oh no, of course not," said Aaron, joyously; and his face became radiant and happy. "And I do beg your pardon for burning it; and the young ladies' pardon too;" and then he rapidly got out his card-board, and set himself to work about another bridge. The widow, meditating many things in heart, commenced the hemming of a handkerchief.

In about an hour the two girls came back to the room and silently took their accustomed places. Aaron hardly looked up but went on diligently with his drawing. This bridge should be a better bridge than that other. Its acceptance was now assured. Of course it was to mean nothing. That was a matter of course. So he worked away diligently and said not a word—nothing to any body.

When they went off to bed the girls turned into the mother's room. "Oh, mother, I hope he is not very angry," said Susan.

"Angry!" said Hetta. "If any body should be angry it is mother. He might have known that Susan could not accept it. He should never have offered it."

"But he's doing another," said Mrs. Bell.

"Not for her?" said Hetta.

"Yes he is," said Mrs. Bell. "And I have promised that she shall take it." Susan as she heard this sank gently into the chair behind her, and her eyes became full of tears. The intimation was almost too much for her.

"Oh, mother!" said Hetta.

"But I particularly said that it was to mean nothing."

"Oh, mother, that makes it worse."

Why should Hetta interfere in this way, thought Susan to herself. Had she interfered when Mr. Beckard gave Hetta a Testament bound in morocco? Had she not smiled, and looked gratified, and kissed her sister, and declared that Phineas Beckard was a nice, dear man, and by far the most elegant preacher at the Springs? Why should Hetta be so cruel?

"I don't see that, my dear," said the mother.

Hetta could not explain before her sister, so they all went to bed.

On Thursday evening the drawing was finished. Not a word had been said about it, at any rate in his presence, and he had gone on working in silence. "There," said he, late on Thursday evening, "I don't know that it will be any better if I go on daubing for another hour. There, Miss Susan, there's another bridge. I hope that will neither burst with the frost nor yet be destroyed by fire;" and he gave it a light flip with his finger and sent it skimming over the table.

Susan blushed, and smiled, and took it up. "Oh, it is beautiful!" she said. "Isn't it beautifully done, mother?" And then all the three got up to look at it, and all confessed that it was excellently done.

"And I am sure we are very much obliged to you," said Susan, after a pause, remembering that she had not yet thanked him.

"Oh, it's nothing," said he, not quite liking the word "we."

On the following day he returned from his work to Saratoga about noon. This he had never done before, and therefore no one expected that he would be seen in the house before the evening. On this occasion, however, he went straight thither, and, as chance would have it, both the widow and her elder daughter were out. Susan was alone in charge of the house.

He walked in and opened the parlor door. There she sat, with her feet on the fender, with her work unheeded on the table behind her, and the picture—Aaron's drawing—lying on her knees. She was gazing at it intently as he en-

tered, thinking in her young heart that it possessed all the beauties which any picture could possibly possess.

"Oh, Mr. Dunn!" she said, getting up and holding the tell-tale sketch behind the skirt of her dress.

"Oh, Miss Susan! I have come to tell your mother that I must start for New York this afternoon, and be there for six weeks, or perhaps longer."

"Mother is out," said she. "I'm so sorry!"

"Is she?" said Aaron.

"And Hetta too. Dear me! And you'll be wanting dinner. I'll go and see about it."

Aaron began to swear that he could not possibly eat any dinner—he had dined once, and was going to dine again—any thing to keep her from going.

"But you must have something, Mr. Dunn;" and she walked toward the door.

But he put his back to it. "Miss Susan," said he, "I guess I've been here nearly two months."

"Yes, Sir, I believe you have," she replied, shaking in her shoes, and not knowing which way to look.

"And I hope we have been good friends."

"Yes, Sir," said Susan, almost beside herself as to what she was saying.

"I'm going away now, and it seems to be such a time before I'll be back!"

"Will it, Sir?"

"Six weeks, Miss Susan!" and he paused, looking into her eyes to see what he could read there. She leaned against the table, pulling to pieces a morsel of half-raveled muslin which she held in her hands; but her eyes were turned to the ground, and he could hardly see them.

"Miss Susan," he continued, "I may as well speak out now as at another time." He, too, was looking toward the ground, and clearly did not know what to do with his hands. "The truth is just this: I—I love you dearly, with all my heart. I never saw any one I ever thought so beautiful, so nice, and so good; and what's more, I never shall. I'm not very good at this sort of thing, I know; but I couldn't go away from Saratoga for six weeks and not tell you." And then he ceased. He did not ask for any love in return. His presumption had not got so far as that yet. He merely declared his passion, leaning there against the door, and then stood twiddling his thumbs.

Susan had not the slightest conception of the way in which she ought to receive such a declaration. She had never had a lover before. Nor had she ever thought of Aaron absolutely as a lover, though something very like love for him had been creeping over her spirit. Now at this moment she felt that he was the beau-ideal of manhood, though his boots were covered with the railway mud, and though his pantaloons were tucked up in rolls round his ankles. He was a fine, well-grown, open-faced fellow, whose eye was bold and yet tender, whose brow was full and broad, and all his bearing manly. Love him! Of course she loved him. Why else had her heart melted with pleasure when her mother said that that second picture was to be accepted?

But what was she to say? Any thing but the open truth. She well knew that. The open truth would not do at all. What would her mother say, and Hetta, if she were rashly to say that? Hetta, she knew, would be dead against such a lover, and of her mother's approbation she had hardly more hope. Why they should disapprove of Aaron as a lover she had never asked herself. There are many nice things which seem to be wrong only because they are so nice. May be that Susan regarded a lover as one of them.

"Oh, Mr. Dunn! you shouldn't." That, at first, was all that she could say.

"Should not I?" said he. "Well, perhaps not. But there's the truth, and no harm ever comes of that. Perhaps I'd better not ask you for an answer now. But I thought it right you should know it all. And remember this: I only care for one thing now in the world, and that is your love." And then he paused, thinking it probable that, in spite of what he had said, he might perhaps get some sort of answer, some inkling of the state of her heart's disposition toward him.

But Susan had at once resolved to take him at his word, when he suggested that an immediate reply was not necessary. To say that she loved him was of course impossible; and to say that she did not was equally so. She determined, therefore, to close at once with the offer of silence.

When he ceased speaking there was a moment's pause, during which he strove hard to read what might be written on her down-turned face. But he was not good at such reading. "Well, I guess I'll go and get my things ready now," he said, and then turned round to open the door.

"Mother will be in before you are gone, I suppose," said Susan.

"I have only got twenty minutes," said he, looking at his watch. "But, Susan, tell her what I have said to you. Good-by," and he put out his hand. He knew he should see her again, but this had been his dodge to get her hand in his.

"Good-by, Mr. Dunn," and she gave him her hand.

He held it tight for a moment, so that she could not draw it away—could not if she would. "Will you tell your mother?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, quite in a whisper, "I guess I'd better tell her." And then she gave a long sigh. He pressed her hand again, and got it up to his lips.

"Mr. Dunn, don't," she said. But he did kiss it.

"God bless you, my own dearest, dearest girl. I'll just open the door as I come down. Perhaps Mrs. Bell will be here," and then he rushed up stairs.

But Mrs. Bell did not come in. She and Hetta were at a weekly service at Mr. Beckard's

meeting-house, and Mr. Beckard, it seemed, had much to say. Susan, when left alone, sat down and tried to think. But she could not think; she could only love. She could use her mind only in recounting to herself the perfection of that demigod whose heavy steps were so audible overhead, as he walked to and fro collecting his things and putting them into his bag.

And then, just when he had finished, she bethought herself that he must be hungry. She flew to the kitchen, but she was too late. Before she could even reach at the loaf of bread he descended the stairs with a clattering noise, and heard her voice as she spoke quickly to Kate O'Brien.

"Miss Susan," he said, "don't get any thing for me, for I'm off."

"Oh! Mr. Dunn, I'm so sorry. You'll be so hungry on your journey," and she came out to him in the passage.

"I shall want nothing on the journey, dearest, if you'll say one kind word to me."

Again her eyes went to the ground. "What do you want me to say, Mr. Dunn?"

"Say God bless you, Aaron."

"God bless you, Aaron," said she; and yet she was sure that she had not declared her love! He, however, thought otherwise, and went up to New York with a happy heart.

Things happened in the next fortnight rather quickly. Susan at once resolved to tell her mother, but she resolved also not to tell Hetta. That afternoon she got her mother to herself in Mrs. Bell's own room, and there she made a clean breast of it.

"And what did you say to him, Susan?"

"I said nothing, mother."

"Nothing, dear!"

"No, mother, not a word. He told me he didn't want it." She forgot how she had used his Christian name in bidding God bless him.

"Oh dear!" said the widow.

"Was it very wrong?" asked Susan.

"But what do you think yourself, my child?" asked Mrs. Bell, after a while. "What are your own feelings?"

Mrs. Bell was sitting on a chair, and Susan was standing opposite to her against the foot of the bed. She made no answer, but moving from her place, she threw herself into her mother's arms and hid her face on her mother's shoulder. It was easy enough to guess what were her feelings.

"But, my darling," said the mother, "you must not think that it is an engagement."

"No," said Susan, sorrowfully.

"Young men say these things to amuse themselves." Wolves she would have said had she spoken out her mind freely.

"Oh, mother, he is not like that!"

The daughter contrived to extract a promise from the mother that Hetta should not be told just at present. Mrs. Bell calculated that she had six weeks before her. As yet Mr. Beckard had not spoken out. But there was reason to suppose that he would do so before those six weeks would be over, and then she would be able to seek counsel from him.

Mr. Beckard spoke out at the end of six days, and Hetta frankly accepted him. "I hope you'll love your brother-in-law," said she to Susan.

"Oh! I will, indeed," said Susan, and in the softness of her heart at the moment she almost made up her mind to tell. But Hetta was full of her own affairs, and thus it passed off.

It was then arranged that Hetta should go and spend a week with Mr. Beckard's parents. Old Mr. Beckard was a farmer living near Utica; and now that the match was declared and approved of, it was thought well that Hetta should know her future husband's family. So she went for a week, and Mr. Beckard went with her. "He will be back in plenty of time for me to speak to him before Aaron Dunn's six weeks are over," said Mrs. Bell to herself.

But things did not go exactly as she expected. On the very morning after the departure of the engaged couple there came a letter from Aaron saying that he would be at Saratoga that very evening. The railway people had ordered him down again for some days' special work. Then he was to go elsewhere, and not to return to Saratoga till June. "But he hoped," so said the letter, "that Mrs. Bell would not turn him out into the street even then, though the summer might have come, and her regular lodgers might be expected."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said Mrs. Bell to herself, reflecting that she had no one of whom she could ask advice, and that she must decide that very day. Why had she let Mr. Beckard go without telling him? Then she told Susan, and Susan spent the day trembling. Perhaps, thought Mrs. Bell, he will say nothing about it. In such case, however, would it not be her duty to say something? Poor mother! She trembled nearly as much as Susan.

It was dark when the fatal knock came at the door. The tea things were already laid, and the tea-cake was already baked; for it would, at any rate, be necessary to give Mr. Dunn his tea. Susan, when she heard the knock, rushed from her chair and took refuge up stairs. The widow gave a long sigh, and settled her dress. Kate O'Brien, with willing step, opened the door, and bade her old friend welcome.

"How are the ladies?" asked Aaron, trying to gather something from the face and voice of the domestic.

"Miss Hetta and Mr. Beckard be gone off to Utica, just man-and-wife like. And so they are; more power to them."

"Oh, indeed; I'm very glad," said Aaron. And so he was; very glad to have Hetta the demure out of the way. And then he made his way into the parlor, doubting much and hoping much.

Mrs. Bell rose from her chair, and tried to look grave. Aaron glanced round the room and saw that Susan was not there. He walked straight up to the widow, and offered his hand,

which she took. It might be that Susan had not thought fit to tell, and in such case it would not be right for him to compromise her; so he said never a word.

But the subject was too important to the mother to allow of her being silent when the young man stood before her. "Oh, Mr. Dunn," said she, "what is this you have been saying to Susan?"

"I have asked her to be my wife," said he, drawing himself up and looking her full in the face. Mrs. Bell's heart was almost as soft as her daughter's, and it was nearly gone; but at the moment she had nothing to say but, "Oh dear, oh dear!"

"May I not call you mother?" said he, taking both her hands in his.

"Oh dear, oh dear! But will you be good to her? Oh, Aaron Dunn, if you deceive my child—"

In another quarter of an hour Susan was kneeling at her mother's knees with her face in her mother's lap; the mother was wiping tears out of her eyes; and Aaron was standing by, holding one of the widow's hands.

"You are *my* mother too now," said he. What would Hetta and Mr. Beckard say when they came back? But then he surely was not a wolf!

There were four or five days left for the courtship before Hetta and Mr. Beckard would return—four or five days during which Susan might be happy, Aaron triumphant, and Mrs. Bell nervous. Days I have said, but after all it was only the evenings that were so left. Every morning Susan got up to give Aaron his breakfast, but Mrs. Bell got up also. Susan boldly declared her right to do so, and Mrs. Bell found no objection which she could urge. But after that Aaron was always absent till seven or eight o'clock in the evening, when he would return to his tea. Then came the hour or two of lover's intercourse.

But they were very tame those hours. The widow still felt an undefined fear that she was wrong, and though her heart yearned to know that her daughter was happy in the sweet happiness of accepted love, yet she dreaded to be too confident. Not a word had been said about money matters; not a word of Aaron Dunn's relatives. So she did not leave them by themselves, but waited with what patience she could for the return of her wise counselors.

And then Susan hardly knew how to behave herself with her accepted suitor. She felt that she was very happy; but perhaps she was most happy when she was thinking about him through the long day, assisting in fixing little things for his comfort, and waiting for his evening return. And as he sat there in the parlor, she could be happy there too, if she were but allowed to sit still and look at him; not stare at him, but raise her eyes every now and again to his face for the shortest possible glance, as she had been used to do ever since he came there.

But he, unconscionable lover, wanted to hear her speak, was desirous of being talked to, and perhaps thought that he should by right be allowed to sit by her, and hold her hand. No such privileges were accorded to him. If they had been alone together, walking side by side on the green turf as lovers should walk, she would soon have found the use of her tongue—have talked fast enough no doubt. Under such circumstances, when a girl's shyness has given way to real intimacy, there is, in general, no end to her power of chatting. But though there was much love between Aaron and Susan, there was as yet but little intimacy; and then, let a mother be ever so motherly—and no mother could have more of a mother's tenderness than Mrs. Bell—still her presence must be a restraint. Aaron was very fond of Mrs. Bell; but nevertheless he did sometimes wish that some domestic duty would take her out of the parlor for a few happy minutes. Susan went out very often, but Mrs. Bell seemed to be a fixture.

Once for a moment he did find her alone, immediately as he came into the house.

"My own Susan, do you love me? Do say so to me once;" and he contrived to get his arm round her waist.

"Yes," she whispered; but she slipped like an eel from his hands, and left him only preparing himself for a kiss; and then, when she got to her room, half frightened, she clasped her hands together, and bethought herself that she did really love him with a strength and depth of love which filled her whole existence. Why should she not have told him something of all this?

And so the few days of his second sojourn at Saratoga passed away, not altogether satisfactorily. It was settled that he should return to New York on Saturday night, leaving Saratoga on that evening; and as the Beckards—Hetta was already regarded quite as a Beckard—were to be back to dinner on that day, Mrs. Bell would have an opportunity of telling her wondrous tale. It might be well that Mr. Beckard should see Aaron before his return.

On that Saturday the Beckards did arrive just in time for dinner. It may be imagined that Susan's appetite was not very keen, nor her manners very collected. But all this passed by unobserved in the importance attached to the various Beckard arrangements which came under discussion. Ladies and gentlemen circumstanced as were Hetta and Mr. Beckard are, perhaps, a little too apt to think that their own affairs are paramount. But after dinner Susan vanished at once, and when Hetta prepared to follow her, desirous of further talk about matrimonial arrangements, her mother stopped her, and the disclosure was made.

"Proposed to her!" said Hetta, who perhaps thought that one marriage in a family was enough at a time.

"Yes, my love. And he did it, I must say, in a very honorable way; telling her not to make any answer till she had spoken to me. Now that was very nice; was it not, Phineas?"

Mrs. Bell had become very anxious that Aaron should not be voted a wolf.

"And what has been said to him since?" asked the discreet Phineas.

"Why, nothing absolutely decisive." Oh, Mrs. Bell! "You see I know nothing as to his means."

"Nothing at all," said Hetta.

"He is a man that will always earn his bread," said Mr. Beckard; and Mrs. Bell blessed him in her heart for saying it.

"But has he been encouraged?" asked Hetta.

"Well, yes he has," said the widow.

"Then Susan, I suppose, likes him?" asked Phineas.

"Well, yes she does," said the widow. And the conference ended in a resolution that Phineas Beckard should have a conversation with Aaron Dunn as to his worldly means and position; and that he, Phineas, should decide whether Aaron might, or might not, be at once accepted as a lover, according to the tenor of that conversation. Poor Susan, she was not told any thing of all this.

"Better not," said Hetta the demure. "It will only flurry her the more."

How would she have liked it if, without consulting her, they had left it to Aaron to decide whether or no she might marry Phineas?

They knew where on the works Aaron was to be found, and thither Mr. Beckard rode after dinner. We need not narrate at length the conference between the young men. Aaron at once declared that he had nothing but what he made as an engineer, and explained that he held no permanent situation on the line. He was well paid at that present moment, but at the end of the summer he would have to look for employment.

"Then you can hardly marry at present?" said the discreet minister.

"Perhaps not quite immediately."

"And long engagements are never wise," said the other.

"Three or four months," suggested Aaron. But Mr. Beckard shook his head.

The afternoon at Mrs. Bell's house was melancholy. The final decision of the three judges was as follows: There was to be no engagement; of course no correspondence. Aaron was to be told that it would be better that he should get lodgings elsewhere when he returned; but that he would be allowed to visit at Mrs. Bell's house, and at Mrs. Beckard's, which was very considerate. If he should succeed in getting a permanent appointment, and if he and Susan still held the same mind, why then—etc., etc., etc. Such was Susan's fate, as communicated to her by Mrs. Bell and Hetta. She sat still and wept when she heard it; but she did not complain. She had always felt that Hetta would be against her.

"Mayn't I see him, then?" she said, through her tears.

Hetta thought she had better not. Mrs. Bell thought she might. Phineas decided that they might shake hands, but only in full conclave. There was to be no lovers' farewell. Aaron was to leave the house at half past five, but before he went Susan should be called down. Poor Susan! she sat down and bemoaned herself; uncomplaining, but very sad.

Susan was soft, feminine, and manageable. But Aaron Dunn was not very soft, was especially masculine, and in some matters not easily manageable. When Mr. Beckard, in the widow's presence—Hetta had retired in obedience to her lover—informed him of the court's decision there came over his face the look he had worn when he burned the picture. "Mrs. Bell," he said, "had encouraged his engagement; and he did not understand why other people should now come and disturb it."

"Not an engagement, Aaron," said Mrs. Bell, piteously.

"He was able and willing to work," he said, "and knew his profession. What young man of his age had done better than he had?" and he glanced round at them with perhaps more pride than was quite becoming.

Then Mr. Beckard spoke out, very wisely no doubt, but perhaps a little too much at length. Sons and daughters, as well as fathers and mothers, will know very well what he said; so I need not repeat his words. I can not say that Aaron listened with much attention, but he understood perfectly what the upshot of it was. Many a man understands the purport of many a sermon without listening to one word in ten. Mr. Beckard meant to be kind in his manner; and indeed was so, only that Aaron could not accept as kindness any interference on his part.

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Bell," said he, "I look upon myself as engaged to her, and I look on her as engaged to me. I tell you so fairly; and I believe that's her mind as well as mine."

"But, Aaron, you won't try to see her, or to write to her; not in secret, will you?"

"When I try to see her, I'll come and knock at this door; and if I write to her, I'll write to her full address by the post. I never did and never will do any thing in secret."

"I know you're good and honest," said the widow, with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Then why do you separate us?" asked he, almost roughly. "I suppose I may see her, at any rate, before I go. My time's nearly up now, I guess."

And then Susan was called for, and she and Hetta came down together. Susan crept in behind her sister. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her appearance was altogether disconsolate. She had had a lover for a week, and now she was to be robbed of him.

"Good-by, Susan," said Aaron, and he walked up to her without bashfulness or embarrassment. Had they all been compliant and gracious to him he would have been as bashful as his love; but now his temper was hot. "Good-by, Susan," and she took his hand, and he held hers till he had finished; "and remember this, I look upon you as my promised wife, and I don't fear that

you'll deceive me. At any rate, I sha'n't deceive you. Good-by."

"Good-by, Aaron," she sobbed.

"Good-by, and God bless you, my own darling!" and then, without saying a word to any one else, he turned his back upon them and went his way.

There had been something very consolatory and very sweet to the poor girl in her lover's last words; and yet they had almost made her tremble. He had been so bold, and stern, and confident. He had seemed so utterly to defy the impregnable discretion of Mr. Beckard, so to despise the demure propriety of Hetta. But of this she felt sure, when she came to question her heart, that she could never, never, never cease to love him better than all the world besides. She would wait—patiently if she could find patience; and then, if he deserted her, she would die.

In another month Hetta became Mrs. Beckard. Susan brushed up a little for the occasion, and looked very pretty as bridemaid. She was serviceable, too, in arranging household matters, hemming linen and sewing tablecloths, though, of course, in those matters she did not do a tenth of what Hetta did.

Then the summer came, the Saratoga summer of July, August, and September, during which the widow's house was full; and Susan's hands saved the pain of her head, for she was forced into occupation. Now that Hetta was gone to her own duties, it was necessary that Susan's part in the household should be more prominent.

Aaron did not come back to his work at Saratoga. Why he did not they could not then learn. During the whole long summer they heard no word of him nor from him; and then, when the cold winter months came and their boarders had left them, Mrs. Beckard congratulated her sister in that she had given no further encouragement to a lover who had cared so little for her. This was very hard to bear, but Susan did bear it.

That winter was very sad. They learned nothing of Aaron Dunn till about January, and then they heard that he was doing very well. He was engaged on the Erie trunk line, was paid highly, and was much esteemed. And yet he neither came nor sent.

"He has an excellent situation," their informant told them.

"And a permanent one?" asked the widow.

"Oh yes, no doubt," said the gentleman; "for I happen to know that they count greatly on him."

And yet he sent no word of love.

After that the winter became very sad indeed. Mrs. Bell thought it to be her duty now to teach her daughter that, in all probability, she would see Aaron Dunn no more. It was open to him to leave her without being absolutely a wolf. He had been driven from the house when he was poor, and they had no right to expect that he would return now that he had made some rise in the world. "Men do amuse themselves in that way," the widow tried to teach her.

"He is not like that, mother," she said again.

"But they do not think so much of those things as we do," urged the mother.

"Don't they?" said Susan, oh so sorrowfully. And so through the whole long winter months she became paler and paler, and thinner and thinner.

And then Hetta tried to console her with religion; and that, perhaps, did not make things any better. Religious consolation is the best cure for all grief; but it must not be looked for specially with regard to any individual sorrow. A religious man, should he become bankrupt through the misfortunes of the world, will find true consolation in his religion even for that sorrow; but a bankrupt who has not thought much of such things will hardly find solace by taking up religion for that special occasion.

And Hetta, perhaps, was hardly prudent in her attempts. She thought that it was wicked on Susan's part to grow thin and pale for love of Aaron Dunn, and she hardly hid her thoughts. Susan was not sure but that it might be wicked; but this doubt in no way tended to make her plump and rosy. So that in those days she found no comfort in her sister.

But her mother's pity and soft love did ease her sufferings, though it could not make them cease. Her mother did not tell her that she was wicked, or bid her read long sermons, or force her to go oftener to the meeting-house.

"He will never come again, I think," she said one day as, with a shawl wrapped round her shoulders, she leaned with her head on her mother's bosom.

"My own darling!" said the mother, pressing her child closely to her side.

"You think he never will—eh, mother?"

What could Mrs. Bell say? In her heart of hearts she did not think he ever would come again.

"No, my child, I do not think he will."

And then the hot tears ran down, and the sobs came thick and frequent.

"My darling! my darling!" exclaimed the mother; and they wept together.

"Was I wicked to love him at the first?" she asked that night.

"No, my child; you were not wicked at all—at least I think not."

"Then why—why was he sent away?" It was on her tongue to ask that question, but she paused and spared her mother. This was as they were going to bed. The next morning Susan did not get up. She was not ill, she said, but weak and weary. Would her mother let her lie that day? And then Mrs. Bell went down alone to her room, and sorrowed with all her heart for the sorrow of her child. Why, oh why had she driven away from her door-sill the love of an honest man?

On the next morning Susan again did not get up. Nor did she hear, or, if she heard, did she recognize, the steps of the postman who brought a letter to the door. Early, before the widow's breakfast, the postman came, and the letter which he brought was as follows:

"My dear Mrs. Bell,—I have now got a permanent situation on the Erie line, and the salary is enough for myself and a wife—at least I think so—and I hope you will too. I shall be down at Saratoga to-morrow evening, and I hope neither Susan nor you will refuse to receive me. Yours, affectionately,

"Aaron Dunn."

That was all. It was very short, and did not contain one word of love; but it made the widow's heart leap for joy. She was rather afraid that Aaron was angry, he wrote so curtly, and with such a brusque, business-like attention to mere facts; but surely he could have but one object in coming there. And then he alluded specially to a wife. So the widow's heart leaped with joy.

But how was she to tell Susan? She ran up stairs, almost breathless with haste, to the bedroom door. But then she stopped. Too much joy, she had heard, was as dangerous as too much sorrow. She must think it over for a while; so she crept back again.

But after breakfast—that is, when she had sat for a while over her tea-cup—she returned to the room, and this time she entered it. The letter was in her hand, but held so as to be hidden—in her left hand—as she sat down with her right arm toward the invalid.

"Susan dear," she said, and smiled at her child, "you'll be able to get up this morning—eh, dear?"

"Yes, mother," said Susan, thinking that her mother objected to this idleness of her lying in bed. And so she began to bestir herself.

"I don't mean this very moment, love. Indeed, I want to sit with you for a little while." And she put her right arm affectionately round her daughter's waist.

"Dearest mother!" said Susan.

"Ah! there's one dearer than me, I guess." And Mrs. Bell smiled sweetly as she made the maternal charge against her daughter.

Susan raised herself quickly in the bed, and looked straight into her mother's face.

"Mother, mother!" she said, "what is it? You've something to tell. Oh, mother!" And stretching herself over, she struck her hand against the corner of Aaron's letter. "Mother, you've a letter! Is he coming, mother?" And with eager eyes and open lips she sat up, holding tight to her mother's arm.

"Yes, love, I have got a letter."

"Is he—is he coming?"

How the mother answered I can hardly tell; but she did answer, and they were soon lying in each other's arms, warm with each other's tears. It would be hard to say which was the happier.

Aaron was to be there that evening—that very evening.

"Oh, mother, let me get up," said Susan.

But Mrs. Bell said no, not yet. Her darling was pale and thin; and she almost wished that Aaron was not coming for another week. What if he should come and look at her, and, finding her beauty gone, vanish again, and seek a wife elsewhere!

So Susan lay in bed thinking of her happiness, dozing now and again, and fearing, as she waked, that it was a dream—looking constantly at that drawing of his, which she kept outside upon the bed—nursing her love, and thinking of it, and endeavoring—vainly endeavoring—to arrange what she would say to him.

"Mother," she said, when Mrs. Bell went up to her, "you won't tell Hetta and Phineas, will you? Not to-day, I mean."

Mrs. Bell agreed that it would be better not to tell them. Perhaps she thought that she had already depended too much on Hetta and Phineas in this matter.

Susan's finery in the way of dress had never been extensive; and now, lately, in those last sad winter days, she had thought but little of her clothes. But when she began to dress herself for this evening she did ask her mother, with some anxiety, what she had better wear.

"If he loves you, he'll hardly see what you have on," said the mother. But not the less was she careful to smooth her daughter's hair, and make the most that might be made of those faded roses.

How Susan's heart beat—how both their hearts beat—as the hands of the clock came round to seven! And then, sharp at seven, came the knock—that same bold, ringing knock which Susan had so soon learned to know as belonging to Aaron Dunn.

"Oh! mother, I had better go up stairs," she cried, starting from her chair.

"No, dear; you would only be more nervous."

"Yes, mother, I will go."

"No, no, dear; you have not time."

And then Aaron Dunn was in the room.

She had thought much what she would say to him; but had not yet quite made up her mind. It mattered, however, but very little. On whatever she might have resolved, her resolution would have vanished to the wind. Aaron Dunn came into the room; and in one second she found herself in the centre of a whirlwind, and his arms were the storms that enveloped her on every side.

"My own, own darling girl!" he said, over and over again, as he pressed her to his heart, quite regardless of Mrs. Bell, who stood by, sobbing with joy. "My own Susan!"

"Aaron, dear Aaron!" she whispered.

But she had already recognized the fact that, for the present meeting, a passive part would become her well, and save her a deal of trouble. She had her lover there quite safe—safe beyond any thing that Mr. or Mrs. Beckard might have to say to the contrary. She was quite happy, only that there were symptoms, now and again, that the whirlwind was about to ingulf her once more.

"Dear Aaron, I am so glad you are come," said the innocent-minded widow, as she went up stairs with him to show him his room; and then he embraced her also.

"Dear, dear mother!" he said.

On the next day there was, as a matter of

course, a family conclave. Hetta and Phineas came down, and discussed the whole subject of the coming marriage with Mrs. Bell. Hetta, at first, was not quite certain. Ought they not to inquire whether the situation was permanent?

"I won't inquire at all," said Mrs. Bell, with an energy that startled both the daughter and son-in-law. "I would not part them now—no, not if—" And the widow shuddered as she thought of her daughter's sunken eye and pale cheeks.

"He is a good lad," said Phineas; "and I trust she will make him a sober and steady wife."

And so the matter was settled.

During this time Susan and Aaron were walking along the Balston Road; and they also had settled the matter—quite as satisfactorily

Such was the courtship of Susan Bell.

BLACK TARN.

CHAPTER I.

"LAURENCE, I tell you again, your only chance is a good marriage."

"I know that, mother, by heart; you have told me so before; oftener than you seem to remember."

"And my anxiety displeases you?"

"No; but your importunity wearies me."

"You are ungrateful, Laurence, and disrespectful," said Mrs. Grantley, in an unmoved voice, but with stately disapprobation.

"Am I so? I am afraid it is my way," said Laurence, indifferently. "However," he added, rising and lounging against the chimney-piece, where he stood, stroking his mustache, "we need not quarrel. My father and you managed to diminish the old estate by some thousands: I have not been behindhand; and now we are both doing our best—you on your side, I on mine—to bring the whole thing to the dogs. I do not blame you, but you are horribly extravagant; upon my soul you are. So am I."

"Laurence, I am surprised that you should so offend against good taste—and me."

Mrs. Grantley spoke with perfect breeding, calmly but displeasedly, with a stately Junonic kind of anger that was really very grand.

"Let it pass," said Laurence. "I forgot your susceptibilities on that point. However, here we are in evil case enough, and now what is to be done? A marriage, you say. Well, a marriage. Who shall it be?"

"I decline speaking with you, Laurence, while you adopt this mocking tone. If you mean a serious discussion, good; but I am in no humor for persiflage," said Mrs. Grantley, sternly.

"Fie! What does Shakspeare say of suspicion and a guilty mind? Or who is it—Pope, Thomson's Seasons, or Mrs. Hemans?"

"We will end the conversation, if you please," said Mrs. Grantley, rising in her turn. "You are impertinent, and you know I never submit to impertinence. When you choose to discuss the question with propriety I shall be happy to resume the subject."

"Well, I will be serious," said Laurence, in a slightly less bantering tone. "Be just; or, if that is too high a flight for your ethical wings, be good-natured. This marriage is for your good as well as mine; yet I am to be the only victim. Grant me at least the luxury of kicking while you harness me. Now let us go fairly through the available list. Miss Sefton?" He laughed, but it was not quite a natural laugh, and, strangely enough, he, whose general look was fixed and steady, now kept his eyes bent down, intent on the condition of his nails. "She has money, I believe," he added, in a jeering kind of way. "Fifty pounds a year, if a penny."

"Jane Storey has more than that," said Mrs. Grantley, quietly.

"Jane Storey can not speak English, and yesterday called me 'Sir.' No, mother, not Jane Storey—no."

"I own she is not very accurate in the use of verbs and pronouns, and it would not be pleasant to have a person at the head of the Grantley table saying, 'Sir, will you take any of this beautiful leg of mutton?' Otherwise she is not bad. She has decent teeth and tolerable hair, and quite a Cinderella foot. But I do not press her, Laurence. Gold leaf should be thick that covers dross, and Jane Storey's is not quite deep enough to hide the base metal underneath. There is Miss Ainsworth—what of her?"

"With red hair, and a hand like a butcher's fist."

"Golden hair. Twenty thousand pounds never has red hair. She will not do? Ah! you are fastidious. What then of Emma Laurie—sinking the parentage?"

"A tallow-chandler's daughter, and not much unlike her father's advertising mould. I always thought you somewhat choice and aristocratic in your ideas; but it seems as if the want of money had brought the want of other things, too, in its train. Yet, if you can not be prudent, at least sin like a gentlewoman. Be true to our class, if not honest to our tradespeople."

"You are right: I *have* stooped too low. Birth is, of course, one of the necessities, as well as money, and we must have both united," said Mrs. Grantley, with dangerous suavity. "Let me see—you do not like the Storey, nor the Ainsworth, nor yet the Laurie? What, then, do you say of Annie Sibson? Here you have every thing, Laurence; family, fortune, education; nothing missing from the list." And Mrs. Grantley looked at her son with a hard, fixed gaze, which, as he well knew, meant every thing possible to human will.

"Annie Sibson! A poker in petticoats, a fish, a mere nonentity, without grace, intelligence, or beauty; and forty years old at the least!"

"My dear boy, if you are looking for a gilded Venus, I am afraid you will go wifeless forever. Annie Sibson was only twenty-nine last November, and is a very charming young woman—"

"She is a horror, mother! the worst of the

lot. What on earth could have put her into your head?"

"Necessity, Laurence, and fate. Annie Sibson has fifty thousand pounds; she loves you, and you will marry her. You know this as well as I do."

"Loves me! *She* love! As cod-fish do. She is not unlike a cod-fish herself—watery blue eyes, leaden skin, gaping mouth, and lint-white hair. She would make no end of a caricature."

"Laugh as you like, Laurence, Annie Sibson is your fate. Yet, perhaps, you had better take it as you do, with a jest and a smile: you might take it worse," observed Mrs. Grantley, sententiously.

"Or not at all," said Laurence, turning pale, as he always did when angry. "I am not forced to marry the girl, I suppose? Do you really believe that I have no free-will left, no self-assertion, at thirty-two years old? If you do, you will find yourself mistaken."

"You are absurd and childish; and show the weakness of your arguments by their violence. Do I force you to marry? Or, indeed, do I care about your marriage in any way, for myself?"

"Has your jointure nothing to do with it?" said Laurence. "Are there no awkward items there to wash out with a golden sponge? You are self-denying, mother, I know; always were; but not quite to the point of planning a rich marriage for your son that shall not be advantageous to yourself as well."

"Have it as you will. Only remember what Warner said in his letter to-day; the mortgage suddenly called in, and another mortgage for the same amount not to be had; that heavy bill of Lyon's to be met this day week; Marshall's acceptances falling due; the embarrassment, nay, Laurence, the ruin that is threatening you unless promptly bought off. What have I to do with all this, you say? Simply to remind you that Annie Sibson has fifty thousand pounds; that she loves you; and that the game is in your own hands. Annie Sibson will be at the ball to-night, and Warner's letter must be answered to-morrow."

"My mother makes me religious," said Laurence, as she left the room; "she makes me believe in devils."

He sat and brooded over all that she had said, forced to admit that the inexorable laws of expediency and worldly prudence were with her, and that his wisest course would be to marry Annie Sibson, and so stave off the Jews and the auctioneers. True, she was disagreeable, ugly, and ill-bred; while May Sefton— But then the money—that magic fifty thousand pounds—while poor, pretty May had only her wavy chestnut hair, and her large blue Irish eyes, her frank smile and tender heart, her simplicity, her grace, her lovingness and her beauty, and a paltry fifty pounds a year—scarcely enough to buy her gloves and bouquets! If May Sefton could but have had Annie's fortune, Laurence thought, the whole thing would have been perfect, and two people might be happy, instead of one a miserable sacrifice. Not that Laurence had any reason to believe that May loved him more than she loved Fido, her Skye terrier, or Muff, her Persian cat. But Laurence Grantley could not anticipate a refusal from any woman; nor, indeed, need he have feared one. Who could be found to refuse him—young, handsome, of an old family, reputed wealthy, acknowledged as the most agreeable man of the county, perfectly well-bred, and rather clever?

Half the county had gathered at the Assize ball to do full honor to the wretches who had been sentenced to be hanged, transported, or imprisoned. But of all the guests none made a greater sensation than the Grantleys of the Hall. They ranked among the first families of the place; they were the largest land-owners—what matter if every acre, even to the bare crags about that desolate Black Tarn up on the hill yonder, was mortgaged to its full value?—and were decidedly the leading people. Mother and son headed every list, whether of stewards or subscriptions; their doings supplied the local papers with one or two paragraphs weekly; they were foremost in every thing—political, parochial, scientific, or social; nothing was considered complete that had not the countenance of the family at the Hall. Then Mrs. Grantley was a local drawing-room queen, or milliner's Juno, whose beauty and breeding made society proud of her leadership. Neither had the late Mr. Grantley been false to the family traditions. A brave, kindly-hearted, open-handed, energetic man, full of energy and manliness flavored with a certain full-bodied pomp, which does not sit ill on men of six feet, hard riders, fast livers, kind landlords, and generous neighbors—his death had left a gap which even Laurence himself had not filled up. But Laurence was doing his best to prove worthy of his name, and was now only slightly behind the place which his father's memory yet held in public opinion. Lavish, a little haughty, and intensely proud, but kind-hearted and social, what faults he had did not show, and his virtues were rendered all the brighter by the silver-gilt of the setting. And he was not such a bad fellow after all.

So when the mother and son entered the room the whole assembly rose to greet them as if they had been the chief magnates of the land, and Grantley Hall the Windsor Castle of England, instead of only Windsor Castle of the county.

Mrs. Grantley was used to this kind of homage; she accepted it as her due, gracefully, if not gratefully, with dignified condescension, not with excitement or embarrassment. Do we not all know women who simply suffer love and permit admiration? To-night she was more than ordinarily gracious. She threw into her greetings such an impalpable kind of flattery—she was so full of sympathy and thought for every one—that she raised her popularity up to the highest pinnacle, and brought the whole shire, so to speak, on its knees at her feet. Laurence

was quite as popular. Perhaps less so with the men than with the women, who yet all combined to praise Mrs. Grantley loudly, and to profess the most unbounded admiration of her, from her millinery to her morals. Her son was only mentioned by them as an accident. But this is a way women have with the stately mothers of well-looking sons, unmarried and desirable.

The first dance had been gone through when they entered; but some of the "best girls" were sitting in a small knot apart, as was the custom. To most of them the ball had not begun till Mr. Laurence Grantley appeared. May Sefton, the decided belle of the room, all in white and water-lilies, was surrounded by half a dozen aspirants, and smiled pleasantly and equally on all: even sometimes favoring with a kind of human recognition that intense vulgarian, the local lawyer, who, though of course not "in their set," was yet slightly known to the Seftons, as the local inn-keeper might have been, or the postmaster, or the exciseman, or any other second-class individual permitted to exist. By her side was Annie Sibson, the great heiress, in cold blue, as cold as herself, under the chaperonage of May's mother; the Lord Lieutenant's handsome daughter, in black and gold, was with them; and the Bishop's tall niece, in strong-colored pink, helped out by hard trimmings wine-bottle color. Laurence lounged up to the group, bland and gracious, and was greeted with a volley of smiles and bright glances such as might have brought a dead man to life. May's sweet face dimpled from brow to chin as he bent down and spoke to her softly — more softly than to the others—and a pretty triumph broke like sunshine from her eyes. He was going to take her out the first, she thought; and that was always a coveted distinction. But after speaking with her for a few moments, Laurence suddenly turned to Annie Sibson, and asked her to waltz with him—asked her somewhat abruptly, and not as he had spoken to May—without looking at her, but keeping his eyes raised just above the level of her head—peculiarities of manner which Miss Annie did not seem to notice; for her leaden cheek took a warmer tinge, and her dulled face brightened perceptibly as she walked up the room leaning on his arm; her mouth half-open, and her long throat craned into an angle as usual. "It was Antinoüs and the eldest daughter of Hecate," said classical Mrs. Gray, the terror of all the young men in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Grantley smiled graciously as they passed her, and, turning to her neighbor, said, with condescending benignity, "That dear girl, Annie Sibson, is really a great favorite of mine. She is not pretty; but so amiable, so good!—and singularly well-informed; with what our fathers would have said, a pretty turn for science."

"Not much manner," said the neighbor, who had daughters of her own—pretty girls without fortunes. Annie Sibson, with her fifty thousand pounds, was a thorn in her maternal side.

"Shy? Yes, undeniably so; but that is no fault, my dear Mrs. Craven, in these days of Spanish hats and Balmoral boots. I would we had a few more shy young ladies among us." Mrs. Grantley, like all women of the Junonic order, had a profound aversion to piquancy, whether in dress or in character; and Mrs. Craven's three daughters were three brunettes, with the shortest and reddest of petticoats, and the smallest and jauntiest of hats. The conversation dropped, and Mrs. Craven felt discomfited.

May Sefton looked on while the pair whirled rapidly past her; a shade paler and more thoughtful than she was a moment ago; puzzled too, and not able to read the riddle just offered to her. Then she stood up to waltz with that most insufferable of all coxcombs, Charley Fitzallen (who fancied himself in love with her), in obedience to a sarcastic request from Laurence "that she would not disappoint Mr. Fitzallen for his pleasure!" But either pride, or the buoyancy of youth, or perhaps a little justifiable dissimulation, soon brought back her smiles, and she danced with every one, and talked and laughed, and did her pretty little harmless tale of flirting quite merrily. And when Laurence, late in the evening, came to demand the honor of her hand for the next polka — still speaking softly, and looking into her eyes with tender admiration—he found her engaged so many deep there was no hope left for him.

He turned away with a bitter, loving, despairing speech. May looked after him with wondering pain, as again he whirled off with Annie Sibson, who, the young men used irreverently to say, danced like a giraffe.

Laurence had danced so often with her to-night that gossips laid their heads together, whispering their comments; one, bolder than the rest, even venturing to congratulate Mrs. Grantley on the coming accession of fortune to her son; congratulating the young lady, also, on her success where all others had failed to fix. Whereat Mrs. Grantley looked grand and stony, answering, "I do not understand you," as gravely as if a royal sphinx had spoken.

Before Annie was shawled and in the carriage Laurence Grantley had proposed and was accepted. The next day Warner was written to, and all these terrible embarrassments, pressing so fiercely onward, were disposed of with the off-hand insolence of inexhaustible resources.

CHAPTER II.

The Grantley marriage was a most brilliant affair. No marriages are so demonstrative as those which are made for interest, and where all the love is on one side; for the less people have, the more they seem bound to assume. Magnif-

icent wedding presents; a battalion of upholsterers and decorators to fit the old Hall for the coming bride, a lavishness of expenditure, and gorgeousness of taste, that would have been princely if it had not been profligate; and then the world said how handsomely Laurence Grantley was acting, and to be sure he loved that uninteresting Annie Sibson after all, and had not married her for her money only. Annie half thought so herself; disagreeable women generally believe themselves irresistible; yet there was a test which, in spite of her confidence, she thought it only wise to apply: and that test was, the settlements. She had very cleverly managed to put off to the last the signing of these important papers, and had refused all discussion on the point in a manner not to be gainsayed. She had left all this to her lawyer and her guardian, she said; they would do what was right. And what they did was to take good care of her—very good care. When, therefore, the papers came down for signature the night before the wedding, they were not quite what Mrs. Grantley or Laurence had anticipated. Annie's lawyer and guardian—at least, she said it was done by them—had interpolated a few phrases here and there, which left her in a far better position than had been agreed on. In fact, they left her supreme, with the Grantleys "nowhere."

The Grantleys made some strong representations on the subject, but Annie opposed only a dull, dead, negative resistance, against which they simply fought without result, and wearied themselves in vain. As it was really of vital importance to get the interest of the money, if nothing else, they were obliged at last to give in, and leave her absolute possession of her fifty thousand pounds.

She had had two aims—the one to marry Laurence Grantley, the other to keep her fortune to herself—and she carried both. She did not know how Laurence cursed her in his heart as she sat with her filmy eyes fixed immovably on the wall, her whole aspect one of imbecile obstinacy; and she would not have much cared if she had known. Annie Sibson never turned aside from her own path because other people cried out that she walked over their grounds, and took more than was her right. "Let them keep their gates shut, and their fences, as I do mine," said Annie, hedging in her bit of ground doggedly.

As when it came to the question of the signing, Laurence Grantley had gone too far to retreat with honor, he was forced to know himself overreached. So the farce went on with its intended splendor, though the principal actor had lost half his fees, and the tinsel garlands all their bloom. May Sefton was a bridemaid—all the beauties of the county were bridemaids—and her beauty never looked so bewitching as when she stood behind Laurence Grantley's "fish." Laurence felt his haughty heart rise bitterly as he led her from the altar; bound, fettered, married for life; married to *her*, with May Sefton following on their steps, talking gayly and, as it seemed, unconcernedly with the groomsman. Bitter, bitter were the man's thoughts in that short passage from the altar to the vestry; dully triumphant the ungainly bride's; undefined and somewhat tumultuous May Sefton's, who could not help thinking that Laurence Grantley had once liked her better than all the rest, and even now spoke to her differently than he spoke to the rest. May knew how to keep her own secrets.

In the vestry Laurence nearly lost his self-control, when Annie, in a strange tone of familiarity and command, desired him to pick up her handkerchief, which she had let fall. It was the Wife's voice, the possessor's, the command of rightful ownership and public pledge. But he did her bidding gracefully and gallantly; for he was too proud to give the world occasion for talk, and, come what might, he was resolved that no one should learn his secret. Annie smiled, and looked round with dull complacency, as if a showman had shown off his spaniel's latest trick.

The breakfast passed decorously enough, and they went off on the wedding-tour with all pomp and circumstance. Mrs. Grantley said to herself that Laurence would now be able to mould her to his own will—brides are so malleable!—and that if things were not in true shape when they returned, then she, Mrs. Grantley, queen and autocrat of the county, would undertake the task.

CHAPTER III.

"Mrs. Laurence Grantley at home."

The neighborhood received cards bearing this notification, and the neighborhood went up in family parties to the Hall.

"Every one may come once," was Annie's silent decision; "that is, for the Grantleys; but *I* will arrange who comes twice."

The war had begun. It had virtually begun in the vestry when Annie paraded her new-made husband's obedience, and settled herself in her place as the dominator of the whole. It had been going on ever since; and a war with Annie was no trifle. Worse to bear than the most passionate outbursts of violence and wrath was her inert resistance: that smooth, unangular, undefined resistance which offers no point of hold to an antagonist, and simply fails to succumb. Had she ever refused a request in anger, ever argued a point openly, ever spoken vehemently or with the exaggeration of passion? Never; but she sat with the half imbecile expression upon her which she assumed when obstinate. She would have held her point to the Day of Judgment. She had an irresistible argument in her power of appointing her heir; for she had reserved this right absolutely and unconditionally, and held it like a coiled lasso over the head of her husband. So that if Laurence Grantley wished his marriage to be of any real

ulterior advantage to him, he must keep her in good-humor; which meant, that he must let her have her own way unchecked.

Even Mrs. Grantley's position was precarious. "I think it would be better if your mother had a separate establishment before we return," said Annie one day, at Rome; and Laurence, who knew his bride a little better now than at first, knew that his mother's tenure of royalty was at an end.

He made no reply, but wrote home at once, repeating what his wife had said, but somewhat more roundly and offensively; for as Laurence had no love, though a vast deal of admiration for his mother, and as she had no reversions which might keep him in check, he never cared to diplomatize with her, or to soften what might be offensive.

Mrs. Grantley received his letter scornfully. "It will be strange if I can not *maîtriser* such a nonentity as Annie Sibson," she wrote: and staid on.

Annie never resumed the subject while abroad; but while they were crossing the Channel to England, she said, letting her words fall like water-drops, without clearness of enunciation, emphasis, or expression: "Has Mrs. Grantley left the Hall yet?"

"No," said Laurence, shortly.

"I think she had better," said Annie.

"She has no wish to do so," said Laurence. "Neither do *I* desire it."

"I think she had better," repeated Annie.

"Tell her so yourself, Mrs. Grantley. Take my mother in hand and manage her to your own liking; perhaps you will not find the task so easy as you imagine."

"I think she had better go," was all Annie's answer; and the subject dropped.

When they got home they found Mrs. Grantley still lady paramount; receiving Annie graciously, and patronizing her on her return with marvelous effects of black velvet and costly lace. Annie hung her lip and looked stupid, received all these demonstrations very coldly, and did not in any manner respond to them; but before an hour was out, and before Mrs. Grantley knew what had happened, she found herself set aside, her orders opposed, her assertions contradicted flatly—without passion or excitement, but unequivocally—the servants made to understand who was now the real mistress; and the whole reins of management taken, without force, but irresistibly, from her hands. Mrs. Grantley's tactics were of no avail against a system that had nothing tangible, and against a person whom it was impossible to excite or bring to bay.

"I think you would be better in a house of your own," she used to say about once a day, as her sole answer to Mrs. Grantley's stately representations that on such and such an occasion —contradicting her flatly at table, refusing her the carriage, rescinding her orders, or the like —she had acted unbecomingly, and without due regard to her (Mrs. Grantley's) position. And at last, by force of her unceasing insults, always very quietly given, she shouldered out the elder lady and forced her to go. There was no quarrel, no tumult, no scandal. Mrs. Grantley's pride could no longer submit, and she went.

"I think she is best gone," said Annie, imperturbably, when the last shred belonging to the former mistress had disappeared from the Hall. Then she went to pore over the aquarium, and tease her chameleon; for she had a kind of sympathy with all bloodless creatures, and was great in a shallow kind of scientific play: trying her hand at photography, modeling, and various unexciting amusements; but especially given up to her water world.

What she did with Mrs. Grantley she did also with the visitors to the Hall. Those whom she did not like took care not to call again. She did nothing overt; said nothing that could be repeated as personally insolent; but was altogether so disagreeable, that those whom she did not affect left the house irreconcilably offended, and never entered it a second time. The only one who stood out against her was Mr. Clarke Jones, the country lawyer, who lived on the edge of the great world of the county, and appeared at the Assize ball as May Sefton's distant admirer. Laurence used to give this person an occasional dirty job to do, and Jones prized his slender footing in the Hall too much to relinquish it, cost what it would in self-respect to retain. His skin was as thick as a rhinoceros's hide; to all Mrs. Laurence's undefined insults he opposed a callous impudence that would not be abashed, a vulgar self-complacency that would not be ruffled. "He gave her back as good as she brought," he used to say; and not without truth. It was the file and the granite; and the granite had the best of it.

Thus, whether she liked it or not, she had to endure his visits, and somehow Mr. Clarke Jones managed to make them tolerably frequent: perpetually coming up to the Hall with small bits of local information, which "he thought it right Mr. Grantley should know." Laurence suffered him to prowl about in this manner, partly because he was sometimes useful, and partly because he understood the secret antagonism going on, and was not sorry to see his wife foiled at her own game.

If the bull-necked, insolent country lawyer were Annie's sore point, the settlements, and a loan which Laurence wanted to raise on her security, were his. Annie would not do him this service. "I married to be mistress of the Hall, not to be a beggar," she used to say; "so you need not ask, for I never will."

As yet Laurence had not got much good out of his marriage. True, there was the will drawn up in his favor and leaving him absolute possession after death, which, with much trouble and bitterness on both sides, Laurence had induced her to sign. But he had no great satisfaction in this, for whenever he vexed Annie—and she was always being vexed—she threatened to revoke it, and "leave him the ruined spendthrift she found him." In short, she led him a

sad life about this same will, and, indeed, about every thing else; and made the sin of his mercenary marriage bring its own punishment with it, and that speedily. And all this time she kept, carefully locked up in a secret drawer, another and a later will, duly signed and attested, which left all she had to a certain Mrs. Jane Gilbert, of Eagley, in another county, "in reparation of the wrong done her." So Annie had immense satisfaction in her dealings with her husband, whom she annoyed by an appearance and deceived by a reality.

She had had this second and secret will drawn up immediately on her signing the first, and when she had become perfectly aware *why* she had been married. For Laurence, though generally careless and good-natured enough with her: respecting her for her "good family"—which sense of good family was his great weakness—if not loving her for her person, had once unfortunately lost his temper and common sense, and had told her, in clear, sharp, incisive terms, that he had never loved her; that he had married her solely for her money; that he cursed the day he ever met her, and wished he or she had died at the church door. Annie treasured up all these wild words carefully, and registered a vow that never, from that day, should a farthing of her money flow into the Grantley coffers, and that, come what might, she would be revenged. So wretched Laurence was no better off than if he had married dear May—loving, beautiful May—and her paltry thousand pounds.

"Would that I had!" he groaned in despair. "Would that I had dared to be brave and true—to face my position and claim May's happy love!"

CHAPTER IV.

Laurence had been married nearly a year; and it had been a year of unmitigated misery to him. Every day added to the alienation, and every day developed some new unloveliness in Annie. There was no pretense, now, of even good-will between them, and Laurence had already begun to speculate on the best manner of their separation. Annie took no pains to conceal her temper: he, none to conceal his disgust; she distinctly declined to help him in his embarrassments: he as distinctly told her that this was his only reason for marrying her, and that, if it failed, she was nothing but an encumbrance. So things went very badly at Grantley Hall, and only wrath and enmity reigned between the miserable pair.

One day, a cold, wretched winter's day, when the snow came down in angry gusts, and the wind howled heavily through the leafless trees, Annie sat by the window watching the torpid creatures in her aquarium. Laurence, flushed and agitated, looked wistfully over the wide acres held now by precarious bonds, but which were so dear to the proud heart of this Last of the Grantleys, as he was fond of calling himself. He was hard pressed by his creditors, and he had been again urging the matter of the loan; but impatiently trying to get by force what he could not obtain by gentleness, and unwisely reiterating his insulting reasons for ever having connected himself with her. Annie, quite silent, took not the slightest notice of him; she was intent on poking the actiniæ and holothuria with a long glass tube.

At last she did look up, and her eyes fell upon the distant figure of Mr. Clarke Jones galloping up the drive. Mr. Jones was, by original design of nature, a horse-jockey, and prided himself on his thorough-bred mare.

"Mr. Clarke Jones comes here much too often," said Annie, abruptly interrupting her husband in the middle of one of his speeches.

"I suppose I may choose my own men of business."

"I suppose you may; but he comes here too often."

"Why don't you turn him out, then?" said Laurence, with a laugh—not at all a pleasant one. "You have contrived to turn out every one you did not like."

"Not every one," said Annie, imperturbably; "not Mr. Jones."

"No, he is too tough for you!" sneered Laurence, leaving the room just as the lawyer galloped up to the door.

"A damp visitor, Sir!" said Mr. Clarke Jones, facetiously, stamping on the hall mat, and shaking the snow in heavy folds from his shaggy coat.

Laurence smiled graciously, even going the length of a cordial shake of the hand. He had no love for the man, but encouraged him, as a kind of animated tourniquet or thumb-screw, to make his wife wince a little. Such creatures are sometimes convenient in a household of wrath.

"Could I speak with you alone, Sir?" said Mr. Clarke Jones, a little anxiously.

"Certainly; come into the library, Jones," said Laurence. "Here, Baker! take Mr. Jones's coat, and bring up the brandy." He knew the man, and intended to press him for a loan. Jones had money, and was not close-fisted.

Baker opened a small spirit-case, brought hot water, set glasses, stirred the fire for an instant, then vanished. Mr. Jones mixed, without further invitation, a remarkably stiff tumbler of grog and drank half of it at a draught scalding hot.

"Well, Mr. Jones, and what is it?" said Laurence, when he had finished. "A poacher caught, or a coal-mine discovered? You have always an eye to my interests"—with a slight sneer—"and I expect some day will make my fortune—or your own out of mine."

"He! he! he! very good!" laughed Mr. Jones, boisterously; "more likely yours than mine! A very little would do for me, while gentlemen like you take a deal to keep you up! He! he! he!"

"But your business to-day?" said Laurence.

"You are quite sure we shall not be inter-

rupted?" said Mr. Jones, looking round. It was a nervous matter that he had undertaken, and even he, as he expressed it afterward, boggled at it.

"Interrupted?" said Laurence, disdainfully. "By whom?"

"I thought perhaps Mrs. Grantley might come in, you know," said Jones, with a leer, and finished his tumbler.

"This is not the business," said Laurence. He would have liked to kick the fellow; but is it wise to kick your goose when you are going to whistle to it to lay golden eggs?

"Well, Sir, to tell the truth, it is rather a delicate subject to touch on," said Mr. Jones, suddenly. "It is about Mrs. Laurence Grantley herself."

"Well, Jones, and what about Mrs. Laurence Grantley?"

Jones thought for a minute, rubbing his rough chin very hard.

"Who was she, Sir, if I may make bold to ask?"

"Don't you know? She was the daughter of the late Sir Thomas Sibson, of the Grange, member for the county," said Laurence, with an air of profound indifference. "A good old family; and I understand the value of race almost as well as you understand the pedigree of a horse."

"And her mother?"

"Oh! her mother was better still; one of the Lacelles people. She died at the birth of her daughter, in Italy."

"Died at the birth of her daughter, in Italy, and was one of the Lascelles people," repeated Mr. Jones, still musingly. He took his red, coarse under-lip between his finger and thumb, and rubbed it up like a schoolboy's "cherry." "Pray, Sir, did Mrs. Grantley tell you all this herself?"

"Who else could?" said Laurence, shortly, not quite liking the conversation.

"It is important to know if Mrs. Laurence Grantley herself told you all this," persisted the lawyer.

"You are subjecting me to rather a strange examination," said Laurence, with a glance that boded no good.

"Sir, Sir, I have a grave matter in hand—one affecting your whole life, your name, your position, every thing you hold dearest," said Mr. Jones. "Trust me, for one short moment. I have your interest at heart—upon my soul, I have! Yet I must try my ground before I give myself up, else, you know, where am I?" said Mr. Jones, pathetically.

Laurence laughed. "Well, well! fire away, Jones," he said, with sudden familiarity; for Laurence, with all his irritable temper, had a keen sense of the ludicrous. "Go on with your examination in chief. I will answer." He flung himself back in his chair, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, humming an air of La Gazza Ladra.

"Thank you, Sir, thank you! That is like the gentleman you are. Has, then, Mrs. Laurence given you any other particulars of her mother?" said Mr. Jones, resuming his old attitude.

"She has spoken of her sometimes, of course. I forget what now. It was not a very lively subject at any time."

"But she has said that her mother died at her birth, absolutely?"

"Of course she did. I told you so before."

"Mr. Grantley, it is my painful duty to inform you that Mrs. Laurence Grantley has told you what is not true, and what she knows is not true. Her mother is alive at this hour, and is not a Lascelles."

"Indeed!" said Laurence, springing up, and turning very pale. "Yet how does this affect me—what do I care?" he added, a moment after, indifferently.

"You have been very grossly deceived—grossly; but I have written what I would rather not tell." He handed over a paper, with the broad margin, in cruel handwriting of the legal kind. Laurence opened the sheet and read it. He read it quietly to the end without comment; but at each paragraph his face became paler and harder; then folding it up he flung himself forward with a laugh—a laugh that sounded ghastly, with that face rigid and white as if cut out of stone.

"What I have told you," said the lawyer, after a pause, "is as true as gospel; only too true. Do you think that a dying woman would tell such a gratuitous lie? Would she peril her soul—her soul, Sir—mind that! for the sake of a bit of mystification? There are certain things which we may fairly pronounce impossible to human nature, even to human nature in the justice room, and that this statement could be a lie is one of them. Look at it in a matter-of-fact light. Take it as I meant it to be, a tremendous power in your own hands, with which you may do any thing. The field is yours, and you may win the race in a canter. I know that you have been disappointed in your lady's not coming forward to help you a little more generously; but now you have a pressure—pounds to the square inch, Sir—and can make her do what is right, Sir."

"You have taken a great deal of trouble about me, Jones," said Laurence, huskily; yet with the sneer, very well concealed, habitual to him when speaking to Clarke Jones.

"Why, you see, you have always been kind and civil to me; and when this thing came quite accidentally in my way—I am an Eagley man, you know—I said to myself, 'Jones, here is now an opportunity of doing young Mr. Grantley a good turn. He has done you many a one, and now's *your* time.' By Jove, Sir, I was proud to do it. It was what they call a labor of love to hunt up that evidence and put it in your hands gratis; and I say again, I was proud to do it, Sir!"

"But, Jones, my good fellow, I can not take all this as serious," said Laurence. "How easily such things are got up! A threat for money,

political spite, old family feuds, and a story like this, takes no more time to build than a house of cards."

"Try it," said Jones, bringing his hand down heavily on the table, "try it! What good are they if they are not true? Where's your hold? Where's your trump card? You are nowhere if I have brought you only a mare's-nest. I had better by far have staid at home and attended to my clients."

"Oh! they are all the better for your absence, Mr. Jones," said Laurence, trying to assume that debonair insolence of his which sometimes succeeded well; but which now utterly failed.

"Very likely, Sir," said Mr. Jones, composedly; "but I only say again, try it; just whisper the name in your sleep, maybe, or when you will—just say in her ear, 'My dear, did you ever know Jane Gilbert, of Eagley?' and then see if it is true or not true."

"Tricked! tricked! every way!" muttered Laurence, clenching his fist upon the chimney-piece.

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, "she was an astute young lady; knew her best cards, and played 'em boldly."

"One word more, Jones: true or false—and remember, I do not accept it as absolute fact" (Mr. Jones smiled blandly), "you will be silent, of course?"

"Sir!" said the bull-necked lawyer, in a tone of deep feeling. "On my life!" And he bowed himself out of the room.

"The small end of the wedge is in at last," said he, as he mounted his horse and rode off, looking up to the drawing-room window, and lifting his hat to Mrs. Grantley, who still watched her creatures in the aquarium.

Laurence sat in the library till the dinner-bell rang, lost in thought, but preparing for decisive action. He felt that a home life together was now impossible, and what he had to determine was the manner of the separation. Before he came in to dinner his course was decided and his plans laid. Annie noticed that he was very pale, and even more silent than usual; that his eyes never by chance once met hers; and that he had a fixed and stony manner. But Annie was not impressionable, and cared nothing for what people thought or felt, so long as they did not worry her.

CHAPTER V.

"You look ill, Annie," said her husband, at breakfast the next day, looking, not directly at her, but just past her pale, lustreless hair.

"Nonsense, I am not ill," said Annie, ungraciously. She took a pride in being doubly surly whenever Laurence seemed disposed to be kindly, and liked to vex him for the pleasure of seeing him lose his temper. This is a treat sometimes to cold natures.

"I should wish you to see a doctor, though," said Laurence, in the same wooden manner.

"Don't pretend to make a fuss about me. I am well enough."

"You are not well, Annie."

"Do you wish me to be ill? and has that wish fathered your thought?" Annie asked, coldly. "Give me the toast, and leave me alone. I am well enough."

"Yet I must have my own way in this; I must have you see Dr. Downs."

"I don't want to see him." She lifted her dull eyes. "You are wonderfully anxious about me to-day, Laurence."

"That was one of your ungracious speeches," said Laurence, smoothly, while a look of bitterest hatred flashed like fire over his face.

"Truth is generally ungracious," said Annie; "and I am not easily taken in."

Laurence got up and left the room. He felt it dangerous to stay there longer. Her defiant insolence seemed almost to court her own destruction.

"It must end! it must end!" he said, aloud. "God help her!"

There was a danger lying before them both which made Laurence feel like a fiend; but what he was now planning, though a cruel, was at least a safe, alternative. Safe in every way: safe for honor's sake, safe for her life; safe for him; cruel, yes, and hard and bitter to be borne; but, after all, was there not perhaps a reason? Was it all only expediency, or was there not necessity?

Unable to remain longer in the house, Laurence took his dog and gun, and wandered up to Black Tarn, the bleak desolateness of which harmonized only too well with his present feelings. Scarcely knowing what he did or where he was, he passed the whole day upon those barren crags in a state of confused and stormy tumult, where was neither perception nor arrangement, but only fierce pain of burning hatred. But the evening came, and he must return to the home which was worse than a grave to him, and to the chains which ate into his soul. The wrong that he had done was bearing bitter fruit.

In the lane, face to face, and where there was no possibility of escape, he suddenly saw May Sefton and her mother. It was the first time they had met since his marriage; for May had been often from home, and Laurence had purposely avoided her. But now he went up to her, held out his hand as in olden times, shook hers warmly, spoke to her with a thick breath and a searching eye, and with a face so troubled that even May, unsuspicious as she was, noticed it, and wondered what had happened to disturb him. Mrs. Sefton saw nothing. She only said carelessly as they parted, "Mr. Grantley was very cordial to-day, but did not look well."

May said she thought him looking ill too, but was very glad to have seen him at all, and wished that Mrs. Laurence was a more cordial woman, for Mr. Laurence Grantley was the most delightful person in the neighborhood. May would have become much more eloquent on the subject, but

something checked her, and she did not care to renew the conversation.

Laurence turned back into the woods the instant he left them; and it was long past nightfall when he returned to the Hall, late for dinner.

After dinner, looking round moodily for some object to speak about and break a deadly silence, he noticed, on the drawing-room table, a beautiful spray of holly, thick with crimson berries, clustering like drops of blood about the stem. A sudden thought struck him.

"A fine branch," he said, taking it in his hand, and fixing his eyes steadily on his wife; "but the finest holly I ever saw, was once at Eagley, a small village, at the house of a poor woman there; what was her name?"—musingly. "Oh! Jane Gilbert! I remember the circumstance as if it was only yesterday: the cold, bleak December day, the holly bough with its blood-red berries, and the fair-haired peasant woman, with 'Jane Gilbert' on the little sign above her door."

A deadly slate-colored pallor on Annie's face, a slight quiver of the loose-hanging under-lip, and the cold hand passed slowly over her hair, were all the signs she gave that the name had touched her. But Laurence noted them all.

"I don't like holly," she said, flinging the branch into the fire.

"No? Why is that?"

Annie kept silent, and looked obtuse.

He went on: "Eagley is a place well worth seeing; you ought to go there some day, and see Mrs. Gilbert's holly bush."

Annie's face was livid. "You seem mad about Mrs. Jane Gilbert!" she said, and turned her back rudely.

"Your chameleon and yourself are, I see, in your usual sympathy," continued Laurence, who seemed bent on talking. "You are ghastly, and your chameleon looks dying. Shall Dr. Downs prescribe for you both?"

"I am not going to have Dr. Downs," said Annie, stolidly.

"I think you will," said Laurence.

"What did he mean by Eagley and Jane Gilbert?" thought Annie, as she sat motionless at her toilet that night. "Clarke Jones was here a long time the other day, and Clarke Jones is an Eagley man. But he could not have known. Nurse Brown would never have betrayed me, and she is dead, they say: if she is, no one living knows but myself, and no one living knows that *I* know it. *She* believes that I died. Yet, what does it all mean? Why this change of manner? Why this persistence about the doctor? So unlike him, too! Well! let the worst come. I will face it out."

Obedient to his summons, the next day Dr. Downs called at the Hall; a man full of pleasant gossip and scientific news; a shrewd, blandly-talkative man, who told every thing he knew, and who knew every thing to tell; invaluable as a circulating medium of talk—as a kind of peripatetic news-letter.

"You will not find much apparently amiss with Mrs. Grantley," said Laurence, very anxiously; "but, my dear Doctor, though no physiologist, even I can see the necessity of some immediate treatment. She is very strange at times; has odd fancies, odd dislikes; her feelings become perverted, her affections turn to wild and causeless enmities; she is full of monstrous suspicions. In a word, her mind is unsettled. I do not know what to do with her."

"Bless my soul, Mr. Grantley! I thought I was on quite a different errand," said Dr. Downs, taken by surprise. "Dear, dear! Poor young lady! Ah! I always said it—scrofula, unmistakable scrofula. Never mistaken, Mr. Grantley, in that, however it may show itself. But, come! We must hope and work for the best before we despair. A little change of air and change of scene may do all the good in the world. It sometimes checks a budding manifestation entirely."

"You think it might save my wife?"

"I hope so; but I should hardly like giving an opinion before seeing her, you know. May I see her?"

"Certainly; come with me: she is in the drawing-room."

"Annie!" he said, as they entered the room, "Dr. Downs has called to see you."

"Dr. Downs might have been spared the trouble," said Annie, sullenly, not rising nor taking the smallest notice of the physician. "I am quite well, and you know that I am, Laurence."

"Well! we don't think there is any thing ve-ry much the matter," said Dr. Downs, in a smooth, conciliatory, but highly aggravating manner. "A little so-so, perhaps, but nothing more. But let me feel your pulse—come, my dear lady, let me do that."

"There is no occasion," growled Annie, folding her hands tightly over her knee.

"Mrs. Grantley seems quite afraid of me," laughed Dr. Downs to Laurence, cheerily, but as if he was speaking of a child. This did not improve Annie's temper. "My dear madam," he continued, coaxingly, "I am not going to be offensive, or, I hope, very disagreeable; but it is my duty to tell you that you need a little attention. What possible objection can there be to an old man like me just looking in every now and then upon you, and keeping you straight?"

"Do you want to have a chance of poisoning me under pretense of nursing me?" said Annie, impassively, turning to her husband.

"The old thing," whispered the Doctor; "an almost infallible sign—suspicion of their best friends—causeless, wild, rampant suspicion! Dear, dear! This looks serious."

"My dear Annie," said Laurence, soothingly, "how can you talk so wildly? Be advised; suffer Dr. Downs to prescribe for you, and every thing will come right. It is only your good that I am anxious for."

"There is some plot here, and I am not disposed to be the victim," said Annie, rising, and speaking just as usual, without haste or empha-

sis; her words dripping over her lips as if she had not energy enough even to enunciate them. Her eyes were fixed with a dull, stupid kind of rancor on her husband; but a merely animal rancor, instinctive rather than intelligent. "Dr. Downs may go. I am not ill. I don't want his medicines, and I shall not take them if he sends them. If you want to murder me, Laurence, you must do it with less preparation; for I know that this is what you are aiming at, only you are a coward, and are afraid to bring it about." She rang the bell. "Baker, show Dr. Downs out," she said, in her stolid way.

"Not yet, Baker, not yet!" cried Laurence, quite amiably, as if his wife had simply made a mistake; for Laurence was careful of appearances always, and especially anxious for a favorable verdict from his household now. "Come, Doctor," taking his arm, "come into the library with me. I want to talk to you. Well?" he asked, anxiously, as they entered the room.

"Ah!" sighed Dr. Downs, shaking his head, "a dreadful thing, if it should be true, Mr. Grantley! But I can scarcely decide on one visit, you know. I will come again in a day or two—better not immediately, else it might excite her—but in a day or two, when I will undertake the case thoroughly."

"But you think the brain *is* threatened, Doctor?"

"Threatened? Yes, indeed I fear so; but certainly not distinctly diseased—at least not yet."

He did come again, many times; and at every visit Annie was more sullen and more strange; ruder in her manners, more incautious in her language; fuller of wild accusations and stupid suspicions; till Dr. Downs—not a very acute man at the best of times, and one who generally asked the friends of his patient what ailed them—took his impression as Laurence had indicated, and gave it as his opinion that she was decidedly, but not dangerously, insane.

"Yet decidedly?" said Laurence.

"Mr. Grantley, after careful and dispassionate study, I feel myself competent to pronounce the word: decidedly."

Laurence hid his face in his hands, to conceal the guilty joy that burst over it.

"And what must I do with her, Doctor?" he then said. "Ought I not to put her under proper care? I scarcely like the awful responsibility of keeping her here."

"Why you see, my dear Sir, if it originate scrofula, general management is a great thing. Nourishing diet, plenty of society, change of air; perhaps total change of place, such as foreign travel and the like, the health strictly attended to—all these are admirable correctives to strumous tendencies. So, before sending her out of your own hands, which may be a painful necessity after all, try home measures; try a little gayety, a little movement, a little shaking up; a ball, for instance; not a bad notion, Mr. Grantley; a ball might be very advantageous to her at the present crisis. She wants rousing, my dear Sir; half these cases become chronic for want of rousing. If I see no improvement after this, then, Mr. Grantley, it will be my painful duty to recommend restraint."

The Doctor spent that day and part of the next in running about the neighborhood, telling every one that Mrs. Laurence Grantley, poor thing! was decidedly queer; and that Mr. Laurence Grantley was the best husband in the world, and fairly broken down with affliction.

CHAPTER VI.

After a long struggle Laurence had his own way. There *was* to be a ball at the old Hall, and every one was to be invited; even May Sefton, whom yet Laurence dreaded to see under his own roof, and even Clarke Jones, the vulgar lawyer—his first invitation to the house. Laurence undertook to frame the list of guests, indifferent whether Annie liked them or not. Hitherto her supremacy had been unquestioned, but now she found herself on the losing side.

Annie resolved that the ball should be the first and the last. She would make it impossible for any one to come a second time. Accordingly, she behaved with so bad a grace; showed her temper so unequivocally; was so rude, so bitter, so full of undisguised antagonism to her husband; her arrangements were so insufficient, and her conduct so extraordinary, that people congregated in wondering groups about the room: the initiated explaining to the outsiders that Mrs. Grantley, junior, was crazy, and not responsible for her actions, and that Dr. Downs had ordered the ball to do her good, and rouse her. Dr. Downs, who, for the most part, established himself as a kind of paternal keeper near her, and never minded her insolence but provoked it by his aggravating tone of bland patronage, sometimes left his post to whisper confidentially to his friends that, poor thing! she was worse this evening than ever, and that Mr. Grantley was much to be pitied.

So he was; and indeed he might have gone mad himself, were it not for the thought which possessed him, and the hope it gave of a speedy freedom. For surely public opinion would support him now; and would not all the world say, after what they saw this evening, that an asylum was the only sure place for his wife?

The report of Annie's strange alienation of mind reached May Sefton; near to whom was standing Mr. Clarke Jones. Mr. Clarke Jones had managed to be standing pretty often near to May Sefton this evening, and Laurence, whose eyes were seldom far from her, soon grew darkly conscious that the vulgar country lawyer was presuming to admire her, and daring to show his admiration—an insolence, by-the-by, he would never have been guilty of but for the lift Mr. Grantley's great patronage of him had given him in society.

"How very shocking!" said May, a little blanching. "How terrible for poor Mr. Grantley! how I feel for him!" And eyes full of gentle pity turned tenderly upon him.

"He has one consolation," said Jones, in a thick voice: "he has the sympathy of the prettiest young lady in the county."

"Sir!" said May, turning on him a look of ineffable disdain. May had no affectation, and never pretended that she did not understand a compliment.

"No offense, Miss, I hope. I only spoke as I felt, and honest hearts have free tongues," said Jones, coloring.

Pretty May turned the tip of her round white shoulder; and just then Laurence, who had seen and divined her glance, came up to her hurriedly and asked her to waltz with him.

"Bless you, dear Miss Sefton!" he murmured—"God bless you for your sympathy to a broken-hearted man!"

May meant no evil. She thought only to be kind, but she was impulsive and full of passionate feeling, and the blessing touched her inmost soul. She looked up into Laurence Grantley's face, and tears were in her eyes. Then she said, in a sisterly, gentle voice, "Poor Mr. Grantley! I do feel for you!" Laurence started and pressed her tenderly to him; his face paler than the marble bust looking serenely down from its height; then he whirled her rapidly from the waltz, and led her to her mother.

"Miss Sefton is tired of me," he said, with forced gayety, and going off smiling, leaving May bewildered and terribly ashamed.

"I will go and talk to Mrs. Grantley," she said, after a moment. "Poor Annie! she wants comforting too."

Accepting the arm of one of her numerous cavaliers, always ready to do her service, she went across the room to Annie, who sat alone, not speaking to any one but those who went up to her, and then shortly and disagreeably; assuming nothing of the hostess, and paying as little attention to the guests as to the arrangements. She had never looked worse than to-night; her heavy face had never worn a more stolid, more unamiable expression; ill as she always dressed, to-night she was execrably attired in a pale, dull gray, the color of her skin, with pale yellow flowers, the color of her hair. May, in her floating, diaphanous robe of blue and white, looked like an angel by the side of a corpse.

"You had better go and dance with Mr. Grantley again," said Annie, not looking up.

"I want to talk to you instead," said May, smiling. "It is long since we had a nice long talk, and you have never told me of your travels."

"I don't want to talk," said Annie; "and you had better go and dance with Mr. Grantley."

When Annie once began to iterate her sentences it was lost labor to attempt to move her. It was her favorite form of obstinacy, and her obstinacy was of iron. So May was at last driven away by a shower of hard, cold insolences, which never softened and never relaxed.

The weary evening came to its end; pronounced a failure; and every one went away convinced that Mrs. Laurence Grantley was mad, and might do any thing—kill her husband, kill herself, set fire to the house, or do something shocking, my dears. There ought to be a keeper got! said the gossips, confidentially.

The next day was dull, gloomy, miserable; a little rain fell in the morning, but toward noon it ceased, though the clouds hung heavy and low, and the mist wreaths clung about the ravines and clefts. It was one of those days of unutterable gloom and sadness, when the earth lies like dead, and the heavy sky sweeps downward like a pall; when the whole expression of nature is of gloom and sorrow; and when even crimes do not startle us so much as they would at a brighter moment. Laurence would not meet his wife to-day. He breakfasted early, by himself, and, after writing several letters in his library (one to Dr. Downs, asking him to appoint a colleague and sign the necessary certificate for his wife's admission into an asylum), he went out again, taking the direction of Black Tarn, his favorite place of refuge when sad or sorrowful. Deep in a sunless rift—where the very eagles built no nests, and where no trace of life nor vegetation was to be seen, with the gray crags striking sheer and sharp from the edge, as if torn asunder by some mighty throb which had rent mountains and destroyed cities, and where the very mountain sheep could find no footing—Black Tarn lay like a lake of the dead, or, as the country people believed it was, like the mouth of the bottomless pit. All sorts of fierce traditions and mournful tales lingered about the spot. Murders in the olden time of lawlessness and wrong; accidents of straying feet; destruction to young lovers and laughing children; the suicide of love, despair, and guilt—all such sad memories hovered, like restless ghosts, over the dark pool. Laurence sat down by the edge, flinging stones into the water, still and unruffled at the base, thinking with stormy passion over the shame and misery of his present life; but not thinking of his own wrong-doing, nor remembering that he had been the author of his own despair.

"You have chosen an intellectual occupation," said Annie's voice, falling dull and dead, as usual.

Laurence started up. "Am I never to be free of you!"

"You are polite, Laurence the gentleman," sneered Annie, looking at him with her clayey, impassible face, like some frightful mask unearthed.

"The woman who received her guests as you did last night is not the person to tax another with impoliteness," said Laurence, angrily.

"I was about as good as my company, and rather better than my husband," said Annie, hanging her lip.

"Don't dare to mention yourself in the same breath with me!" Laurence cried, with disdain.

"No? Why not? Well; I don't think we *are* quite on an equality of vice either! *I* don't make an intimate friend of such a man as Clarke Jones. *I* don't lay plots to make you out mad, and get you taken to an asylum. *I* don't carry my love to another, and do my utmost to wreck the happiness of a life for vanity. *I* do none of these things, as some one I could name does!" And she flung her fingers contemptuously against his cheek.

"No! But I will tell you what you do," said Laurence, grasping her by the arms till she winced and writhed: "you make your life an incarnate lie; you creep into an honorable family by a lie; you go through the world with falsehood and shame written on your brow, and hide your degraded origin by perjury and fraud."

"What do you mean?" said Annie, struggling to free her wrists.

"I mean that you are the child of an unmarried servant woman; that you know this, and knew it when you married me; that, for fear of this ever being known to others, you have left your mother to the work-house; and that at this very moment when we both stand here, Jane Gilbert, your mother, is eating the pauper's bread and wearing the pauper's dress."

"Ah, you know this!" said Annie, with a contemptuous smile; "I thought you did. And if I did all this, what then? It was diamond cut diamond; and mine was the hardest. Were *your* pride and advantage only to be thought of and mine set aside? Was it no temptation that the daughter of a pauper should be the wife of the proudest man of his county, and bear a name which its owner thought scarcely good enough for a princess? You thought you got birth and money, and you had neither; I knew that I got birth and station, and my bargain was the best. You tried to outwit me, and failed; I tried to outwit you, and succeeded."

"Are you mad, to taunt me in this manner, and in this place?" whispered Laurence, clasping her arms still more firmly, while a terrible expression stole over his face.

"No, not quite mad enough for your purpose yet," said Annie, with a low, insulting laugh. "Not mad enough to have left you my money, and so make my death an advantage to you; when you go home you shall know who is my real heir, and then, perhaps, you will understand me better; not mad enough to be paraded as mad before the world, to be goaded and provoked, and then locked up at your pleasure; not mad enough to let myself be made the footstool of your fortunes, to be kicked over when you are tired of it; not mad enough for any thing of this, Laurence Grantley, as you will find to your cost! I am the natural daughter of a pauper," she went on to say, "and you are Mr. Grantley of the Hall. I turned your mother out of the house; I foiled you from the first day to the last; and I have not done with you yet. Hear me! Attempt to lay a finger on me, and all the world shall know the truth as you know it, and the meanest wretch in this place shall laugh at the story of the birth of Mr. Grantley's rich wife, and how finely he got taken in!"

What had passed over the scene? The leaden sky hung low and black as before; the wild birds shrieked as they flew across the vale, as they had shrieked ten minutes ago; on the crags a few stones were dislodged as if by a spurning foot, and on the tarn rushed broad ripples, circling swiftly about the pool. Laurence stood on the cliff above the tarn alone. He dared not stand there long. His brain swam, and he turned wildly away.

Entering the little wood behind the crag, he met Mr. Clarke Jones.

"Good-morning, Sir," said Jones, with a singular smile, and passed on. Generally he used to stop and talk.

CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. Laurence Grantley had disappeared. The country was searched for miles round, but not a trace of her was to be found. No one had called the day after the ball; her maid had dressed her for a walk, and she had been seen to leave the Hall grounds by the small side gate; the steward had met her in the lane, a dozen yards from the gate; from this point even conjecture was at a loss. The affair made an intense sensation, and people were dreadfully shocked and alarmed—as they always are when there is any thing mysterious. Much sympathy was felt for the husband, and much pity was expressed for the wife: all her good points were remembered and magnified, and all her bad forgotten. A vail of universal charity shadowed the Hall from basement to roof. But still the mystery remained unsolved: what had become of her?

Laurence kept much in the house, was very silent and moody and subdued, and the neighborhood wondered that he should take his affliction so much to heart; for however tragically it might have happened, it seemed unlike Laurence Grantley to fret himself ill for the loss of his wife. It was matter of history that they had not been violently happy in their union, and his distress seemed to every one disproportioned to the event. The gentlemen of the neighborhood rode daily up to the Hall to offer advice and sympathy, but no plan yet proposed had resulted in any certainty; the body had not been found, and there were no tidings of flight. It was a desolate state of things, every one agreed; and the most terrible certainty would be preferable to dragging on in doubt and suspense.

One day there chanced to be quite a meeting at the Hall. Dr. Downs, the clergyman, and one or two more gentlemen, had congregated there, discussing various plans with Laurence as to what had better be done, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard, and Clarke Jones galloped up to the door.

When Laurence heard his voice he rose and left the room hastily. The Doctor remarked

how ill he looked, as he went out; and one of the gentlemen, notorious for his attachment to his wife, sighed, "Poor fellow!" while another, who was as notoriously ill-mated, gave a short laugh as he said, "I should not have thought Grantley would have taken his wife's death so much to heart."

Clarke Jones entered, and bowed with clumsy familiarity to the company. "Fine winter's morning, gentlemen!" he said, unbuttoning his coat, and flinging it open at the chest.

"Very fine," says bland Dr. Downs, in his conciliatory voice. Then there was a pause.

Clarke Jones was not much liked by the gentry of the place. They thought him vulgar, pushing, insolent, with a grip like a vice when once it closed over any one's affairs, and an offensive manner of shouldering his way into places where he was not wanted. They looked coldly at the lawyer, and wondered what business he could have up here, and wondered, most of all, how such a proud man as Laurence Grantley could receive him so much like a friend. The clergyman himself, representing charity and social brotherhood as he did, would not have admitted him into his drawing-room, and Dr. Downs had never allowed his acquaintance to overflow the pestle and mortar. Yet here he was at the Hall—had been a guest at the great ball, and was now one of the foremost in offering sympathy, perhaps advice. Well! there are strange things in this world!

The pause was becoming awkward, when Laurence returned. He had lost the deadly pallor which the Doctor had noticed when he left the room, and was quite himself again; only with a fixed and strained expression, as if strung up to do a certain work, for which he had been gathering strength. He met Clarke Jones with cordiality, shook hands with him, spoke to him in a friendly, almost familiar, manner, invited him to be seated, and presented him to those of the guests who he thought were unacquainted with him. After a meaning glance among each other, the gentlemen imitated their host; the invisible barrier was broken down, and Clarke Jones took his seat as one of them.

The conversation was becoming general, when the lawyer, leaning forward, said, in that peculiar whisper which is more distinct than the ordinary voice:

"Forgive me, Mr. Grantley, for troubling you with a suggestion; but have you tried the Black Tarn? A likely place for an accident, you know—a very likely place; and, in the state of your poor lady's mind, nothing was more possible than an accident, or a suicide down there." He looked at Laurence steadily.

Laurence looked at him as steadily. "Thank you, Mr. Jones, for the hint. I had not thought of that before. A very likely place indeed. I shall act on your suggestion."

"I shall be glad to be of any use to you," said Clarke Jones, with an unmistakable manner of equality. "Shall I manage this painful business for you, Mr. Grantley? You may trust both my zeal and my discretion," with an emphasis on the last word.

"You are very good, Mr. Jones. If you would be so kind as to institute a search there—a man could be let down with a rope— But my steward will arrange with you all the necessary details." He turned pale as his imagination pictured what would follow. Then, with a quick, sharp glance upward, "Perhaps I had better be with you?" he said.

"Let me advise you not," said Mr. Clarke Jones, slowly. "You may trust me, with confidence. I will do every thing as carefully and as discreetly as yourself. You may trust me," he repeated, in a lower voice, and with a meaning pressure of the hand as he went off.

"I never gave that vulgar fellow credit for so much good feeling," said one of the gentlemen.

"Nor I," said another.

"He seems quite a changed man," said the clergyman, with a ghostly sigh.

"Ah!" cried Dr. Downs, sententiously, "there are secrets in physiology not yet discovered!"

That terrible day seemed to Laurence as if it would never end. He knew what awful secret they were going to discover in the depths of that dismal Tarn; he knew the pale features that lay upward, and the tangled hair with the duckweed wreathed about the folds; he knew that the eyes were wide open, looking at him with their dull stare as they had looked in life; and he knew that this ghastly thing would be brought home here to him, where it would lie with those hard, unflinching eyes always wide open, and the pale features bruised and swollen. He knew all the horror of the present moment, and what was being done on the cliffs above the Tarn. He heard the hoarse cries of one to the other, the trampling of the heavy feet, the unwinding of the rope; he heard the waters stirred; he heard the grating of the drag, and the shuddering groan that ran through the crowd when IT was lifted to the earth, and men examined it curiously to see if there had been foul play. It seemed to him as if only his body, torpid and inert, remained at the Hall, while his soul and all his perceptions were up on the cliffs above that fatal Tarn, crying out to all the world what fearful crime had been committed there. So he sat for long, long, terrible hours, until the short winter day came to its close, and the black night poured down. But still he sat, without fire or light; his face, rigid and white, turned listening to the window. Then he heard—this time actually and with his living senses heard—the regular tread of many feet; he saw the waving of the torches; he heard the subdued voices of the men, as, tramp, tramp they came up the broad gravel walk, bringing the dead thing with them. Through the hall, and up the stairs—the tangled hair dripping at every step, and leaving a trail which the red torchlight turned to a trail of blood—up the stairs and through the passages to her own room, where the old familiar clothes and jewels lay scattered about, as if she had only that moment left them

—and then the rough hands laid her gently on the bed, and the wet of the long loose hair and wringing clothes dripped heavily, drop by drop, like blood, upon the floor.

Laurence stood face to face with that ghastly thing. But he must not falter now. The sin that he had done in passion he must not betray by cowardice. He stood the ordeal calmly and courageously. Even Clarke Jones, narrowly watching him—Laurence knowing that he was so watching him—could not detect the quiver of a muscle. He affected no sorrow, made no lamentation; but stood quietly by the bed, looking at the corpse in silence.

"It was well done!" said Clarke Jones, as if speaking to himself; the men answering in their broad northern accent: "Yees, we spaired nae pains!"

The inquest was held, but no kind of evidence was adduced. No one had met the lady, no one had seen her. Her mental condition was notoriously so unsettled as to make an accident or a suicide the most likely thing possible. An open verdict was returned, "Found Drowned;" and Laurence left the inquest room without the shadow of a suspicion having rested on his name. He buried her with the rightful amount of pomp, and Clarke Jones was invited to the funeral, and took a prominent part at it.

Old Mrs. Grantley returned to the Hall. She had lived in town since her unbending daughter-in-law had forced on her so humiliating a retreat; but now she came back in all her proud regality, and undertook the management of affairs as naturally as if there had been no interregnum. Laurence proved the will, administered, and took possession of his late wife's property; and when the lawyer who had drawn up, and knew of the execution of, the second and secret will, came down, all in a blaze and turmoil, to oppose proceedings and institute a search, Mr. Grantley received him with every imaginable courtesy, showed him Annie's papers, opened her secret drawers, gave him access to her boxes, etc., nay, even volunteered a search through his own private drawers and store places as well, eager to have every thing investigated and made plain and clear. And as, in spite of all this care, no other will could be found—who knew this so well as Laurence?—not even a scrap of paper expressing last wishes; and as his client was gone, and could bring no more business into his hands; and as Mr. Laurence Grantley was here, and might add hundreds to his income; and as it is always better to conciliate the living than to attend to the desires of the dead—for, is not a live dog better than a dead lion?—the lawyer pronounced himself satisfied, and went back to London, baffled and routed. He felt convinced, being versed in hidden iniquities, that there was some sinful dealing somewhere; but he had no proof, and without proof of what use the strongest suspicions?

So things went on bravely enough. The property was gradually disencumbered, old debts were paid off, old pressure was removed; and once more the sun shone brightly over the house of Grantley, and happiness seemed again possible to Laurence. A white marble monument was erected to the memory of Annie Grantley, and every one said that Mr. Laurence could not have done more than he had done, and that he had acted well and handsomely throughout. He wore his mourning gracefully, and without ostentation; had the proper width of crape, the proper depth of black; while Mrs. Grantley was beyond measure queenly in her maternal sables, which she took care to have made as deep and tragic as custom would sanction.

In the small village of Eagley, Jane Gilbert was taken from the work-house and comfortably lodged, was given a suit of black and bidden to wear it, no one knowing why she had been so befriended, or for whom she wore her mourning. For Jane Gilbert had not the faintest idea that Annie Grantley was her child; and the secret rested now with Clarke Jones and Laurence. Clarke Jones's mother had been Annie's nurse, and, upon her death-bed, had told her son how that the great heiress of Sir Thomas Sibson, of the Grange, who all the world thought was the daughter of his lady—for he had been married, and his wife was a Lascelles, and had died in Italy; so far Annie had spoken truly—was only the natural daughter of poor Jane Gilbert, a pauper now in the union, whom, when Lady Sibson's maid, Sir Thomas had ruined, according to the way of the Sibsons. The child had been taken from its mother and given to Nurse Brown to bring up; and Nurse Brown had done her duty by it, and had kept silence, as she was bid, when her master claimed it and put it forth as the daughter of his late wife, and future heiress of what property he could leave. The Grange was entailed—luckily for the rightful heir—else that would have gone to the pauper's daughter too. Sir Thomas died while Annie was young—only eighteen or so—and at his death the small pension regularly granted to Jane Gilbert ceased; and habits of comparative luxury having induced a certain unthrift and indolence, Jane had fallen from poverty to ruin, and from ruin had slipped into the work-house. Nurse Brown, on whom the secret lay heavily, wrote to Annie and told her the whole story; signing the letter in her maiden name, and omitting to say that she was married—had been married many years, and was now the mother of a promising son, well to do in the world. If she had entered into her personal history, Annie would have known better how to trim her sails to the storm when it came. But a letter from Nurse Brown, pleading for an unknown pauper called her mother, touched Annie's heart as little as it would have touched a heart of stone. She had no desire to seek out Jane, or to tell the world the truth about her birth; so she flung the letter into the fire and never vouchsafed a reply. And when Mrs. Jones died, twelve years afterward, her request was still unanswered, and the mother was still living in the parish work-house. Annie at thirty was no softer than An-

nie at eighteen; the wife of Laurence Grantley was not more compassionate than the unmarried heiress of the Sibsons had been. Just before her death, Mrs. Jones told her son the story; and then Clarke thought how he saw his way to influence and profit by making himself and Laurence Grantley co-partners in the secret: so he brought the news to the Hall, as we have seen, and struck the first blow on the wedge which was to raise the whole fabric of his fortunes. And now, by the strangest circumstances, Laurence Grantley and he were still more closely connected; and he had the power to make his bargain what he chose. So Laurence gave him this affair of Jane Gilbert to manage as a kind of installment of the future; and Clarke Jones kept mysterious silence, and gave no hint to any one. He was playing for larger stakes than the mere pleasure of tattling.

CHAPTER VIII.

Laurence accepted his position bravely. If Clarke Jones was not the man to let go a hold once obtained, Laurence was not the man to let the world know he was so held. It was not his way to own to coercion of any kind: he would have worn handcuffs as if they had been ornamental toys, and always made a merit of yielding when he could not resist, thus preserving at least the semblance of free-will. He never let Clarke Jones see that he felt himself in his power; indeed, the lawyer was not quite certain that Laurence knew he was in his power, for nothing could make him betray himself. Let Jones probe him as he would, not a muscle ever quivered, not the faintest glance betrayed uneasiness, not the lightest word expressed consciousness. Off-hand, cordial, kindly, he seemed rather to court Clarke's society from choice than to take it as thrust upon him by the untoward force of circumstances. Every thing was done so freely, there was such a grace and richness of manner, such a royal kind of familiarity, that Clarke Jones was puzzled: not able to determine to his own satisfaction how much was real and how much simulated in their intercourse. What was real, however, was the good which he determined to get for himself, and the use he would make of his knowledge. Accordingly, he set to work, running his mines here and there, till he had completely honey-combed Laurence Grantley's life, and filled both his hands to overflowing. He got every thing he wished; Laurence always forestalling the request, and proposing, apparently out of pure good-will, what he knew would be demanded of him. Thus, Clarke Jones coveted the stewardship of the Grantley estates, and Laurence, with consummate tact, provided for Deedham, the faithful old servant who had given him his first lessons in fishing and shooting, and who loved him like a son; raising him to an apparently higher post with a higher salary, whereby the old man was flattered, not humiliated; and then Clarke Jones was asked to become general agent, with an acting bailiff under him. Then Warner, the London lawyer, whose family had been the Grantley lawyers for three generations, gradually lost his Grantley business. Bit by bit, it slipped out of his hands into Mr. Jones's, who manipulated it prettily, and what is called "feathered his nest" with it in grand style. But all these transfers were made so naturally that Jones could never say he had put on the screw, and such and such were the results. It was a great power that Laurence had, of making the best of a thing. But he felt his bondage painfully. It was an ever-present sense of degradation, which at times ate away his very manliness, though he wrapped gay silken bandages round his chains to prevent their clanking audibly, and hummed his prison tunes to lofty words.

The gentlemen in the neighborhood spoke much of this excessive intimacy between the highest and the lowest, the most refined and the most vulgar of the district. Old Mrs. Grantley loftily remonstrated; but Laurence compressed his lips, and said that he "knew what he was about, and that what he did was for the best. He allowed no further remark." Strange to say, Mrs. Grantley forbore to renew the conversation. So Clarke Jones drove a thriving trade with his two secrets; got money in every possible manner, legally and illegally—by fair work fairly paid for, and by unfair wages for no work; got Laurence Grantley to back him in speculations of various kinds; got Laurence to introduce him every where, and to make him a position unattainable else; got his influence, his credit, his hand; and, on the strength of all this, rose rapidly to prosperity, and was soon suffered to take a recognized place in the society of gentlemen. But vinegar mouths were still made at him, and this last Grantley pill was bitter swallowing to many.

The old Hall had changed mistresses to some good. Queenly and expensive, Mrs. Grantley was a very different person to mean Annie Sibson, who counted her half-crowns like drops of blood, and thought all pleasures that cost money sinful follies. The old house warmed up again into something of its native brightness. Dinners and balls, luncheon parties, picnics, archery meetings, were given in artistic succession: duly regulated by the strictest laws of "mitigated grief," as expounded by Mrs. Grantley. And once more The Family became the centre of gravitating society, the loadstone to which all the floating particles were attracted. May Sefton was a frequent visitor: beautiful May, with her rose-cheeks rounding into brighter beauty, and her blue eyes full of liquid light: May, with the love which had been so long germinating in her heart now blossoming out over her life, and, from a fancy and a sentiment, becoming a presence and a power: May, in all the rich springtide of her youth, given up to happiness and love. Laurence loved her; she knew it now; and what else was needed to make earth bright

as heaven? But Laurence, though he loved and was happy in his love, yet had changed to something less tranquil than his former self—less tranquil than he used to be even during the period of his greatest depression while Annie lived. In outward manner he was the same as ever—suave, frank, popular; but a close observer would have seen how the lines about his face were set and hardened, how his eyes had a searching, watchful look, as if he were looking and listening for something; how the hair was rapidly changing from rich chestnut brown to dull gray, and how the hands had an ugly habit of clenching themselves, as if clutching at an enemy's throat. But who read signs like these? Medical men and artists, none else; and as the only doctor in the neighborhood was not extraordinarily observant, and as artists were as much unknown in those parts as birds of Paradise or long-legged flamingoes, all these signs passed unmarked and unnoticed.

That May and Laurence were lovers was known solely to themselves. The only person who might suspect it was Mrs. Grantley; but Mrs. Grantley was discreet; and now that the property was redeemed, and it was not incumbent on Laurence to marry a second time for money, she had no objection to his marrying for love. Excepting Mrs. Grantley, then, no one could penetrate the love between them; for Laurence, in society, was cold and reserved, and of all the unmarried women in the place May Sefton was the woman who apparently had least of his regard. If he were cold, Clarke Jones was warm enough; and if he sought diligently to conceal his love, the forward lawyer made no secret of his admiration. Laurence bore this, as he bore every thing now, with unflinching self-possession: never showing jealousy or annoyance: showing nothing at all, in fact, but what a thin line of compressed lip, and a burning flush on the pale hard cheek might express.

Yet it was not one of his lightest pains to know that, but for the extraordinary intimacy between himself and the lawyer, the help he had given toward the consolidation of those low plebeian fortunes, and the social countenance received from the highest family in the neighborhood, Clarke Jones would not have presumed to raise his eyes to May's with any thing like the admiration of an equal. Yet now, to what might he not pretend? And Laurence dared not rise up against him as he longed and burned to do; for were there not chains on his wrists and fetters on his hands, and did not that fearful secret stand between them, like a spectre, paralyzing his every limb? Mental pains are oftentimes worse to bear than physical suffering; and Laurence would have gladly exchanged those which beset him now for any anguish of the flesh which man or demon could have devised. As for May, she was too happy on the one side, and too indifferent on the other, to be very demonstrative, even of her disgust; so Clarke Jones went blundering on in his rude, bear-like attempts, which amused no one but himself; and if he saw the effect they produced—which he did not always—he did not let his knowledge interfere with his design, but made sure that he would carry all before him, as usual. Clarke Jones had grown dangerously accustomed to success. In this manner above a year passed after Annie's death, when the slow course of time brought round the bright spring, and Life woke up anew.

CHAPTER IX.

The death and gloom of winter, and all the terrible associations connected with it, melted away, like the snow on the mountain-tops; and in their stead came spring flowers and sunny skies, and the blessed renewal of all life. And now, was not Laurence happy? With May's dear hand in his, and her loving face pressed against his breast, could he not forget? Could he not bury his dead, once for all, and live in the joy and glory of the hour? For moments, yes; but they were only moments, snatched like golden drops from the rainbow spanning the dark bank of clouds. Yet, if not happier, he was more tranquil, for he was planning a future that should withdraw him from the terrible influence over him. Grantley Hall was to be sold, and Laurence and his wife would leave England forever. It would be no grievous exile in a sunny Italian villa, sitting under the myrtles and the vines, with beautiful May Sefton for his wife. And she would think a desert paradise enough if it brought them nearer heart to heart, and left them suffering together. Though, indeed, May thought that could be no suffering which gave them to each other.

The birds were singing blithely in the trees, and the sky-larks made the fields and meadows loud with song; the wandering airs came laden with odors fresh and pure from the grass and flowers just wet with the soft spring rain that had been falling in the sunshine; and all nature looked as bright and joyous as if sin had never been born of man, and death and sorrow had never entered the world. They were engaged lovers now, and were soon to be married; but the secret was still to be kept from all the world save the two mothers, and the marriage was to be as private as a stolen one. What cared May? Her life was in his love; her pride, her joy, her happiness, all centred in him, and the outside world was nothing to her.

Yes, that morning Laurence was happy. He forgot the shadow beside him, and lived only in the sunshine: there was no blood in the waters of Black Tarn; no secret chain that bound him as the slave of another; there were no sorrow and no crime in the past, no doubt and no dread in the future. All earth was bright, all life a joy.

Laurence, make the best of this little hour of spring-tide passed with May under the ancestral lime-trees! It is all that God and Justice can give. Years hence, long blank years hence, you

will remember this sunny spring morning, and the scent of the lime-blossoms will haunt you forever as the message and the word of a lost heaven!

Clarke Jones did not see that Laurence was in love, and only half suspected that May, who was more impulsive, and had no other motive than obedience for concealment, loved him. Laurence carefully concealed his feelings from the lawyer—he had his own good reasons for doing so—and Jones was too inflated with success to read the heart of another man very accurately, or to have his senses sharpened by the fear of rivalry. He had become accustomed to the belief that every thing must give way to his wishes; May Sefton's love among the rest.

One day—it was the afternoon of this very spring day, the happiest of all May's life—he stole upon her as she walked, restless with joy, up and down the lane leading to the Hall, recalling every word and look and gesture of that glorious morning, and living over again the divine joy of her hour of betrothal. Startling her from this heaven of thought, Clarke Jones suddenly stood before her. Without a moment's warning, in his rude coarse bull-headed way he told her that he had a mind for her, that he would make good settlements on her, and that she might do worse than take him. He had no grand name like Laurence Grantley's, certainly, but he had an honest one, and was a safer man (with a thick spluttering emphasis), and Laurence Grantley would never be husband to her, if that was what she was thinking of—never! And he snapped his fingers in the air.

May's blood was roused. May, all gentleness and kindness, flamed up now, infuriate and inspired by her great love. She spurned the man with the bitterest disgust; hard words rose with dangerous power to her lips; a fierce eloquence possessed her; and Clarke Jones was for a moment overwhelmed at the transformation.

"Ah!" he said at last, drawing a deep breath, "this is because you love Grantley! A word, Miss, from me; a word that I could say, and he would be nowhere. A pitiful scoundrel he is—a sneaking dog that I hold in my hand, and could crush—there! like that!" setting his heel on a worm that lay in his path. "Yes, with one word I could crush him like that; and by Jove, if you give me the chance—or the cause—I will!"

"How dare you thus insult me?" cried May, with a passionate gesture.

"I don't insult you, Miss. If I speak the truth of Laurence Grantley do I insult *you?* Things have come to a pretty pass! Has that scoundrel been poaching on my manor, I wonder? By Jove, if he has— I want to know my place, Miss—"

"Know your place?" interrupted May; "your place is lower than Mr. Grantley's lowest servant! You desecrate his name by speaking it; you are not fit to mention him in any way!" May rushed scornfully away through the Grantley gate.

She met Laurence in the walk. May threw herself into her lover's arms, crying, "Laurence! save me from that monster!"

Her distress, Clarke Jones's excitement and undisguised insolence of manner, told Laurence all. He put May gently away, and bade her go up to his mother in the Hall; then, livid, and with the expression that he had had when his wife had taunted him on the crags above the Tarn, he turned round, seized Clarke Jones, and with the heavy dog-whip in his hand, flogged him. The lawyer struggled to defend himself; but Laurence was the more powerful man; and now, with his long-smothered passions let loose, and his hatred bracing his nerves and muscles, he was desperately strong. Lash on lash, blow on blow, the whole pent-up heart poured out in blows and words of scorn and insult. At last, wearied with his own passion, he flung the wretch heavily to the ground, and strode up the broad gravel-walk toward the house.

Clarke Jones went home, and for the next fortnight was invisible to every one—"laid up by illness," according to report.

The wedding-day came on quickly. All cause of secrecy was now at an end, and Laurence was almost boastful as to publicity. He was not himself through it all; he was excited and defiant; talked loud; talked fast; told all his feelings and intentions in a manner quite unlike his usual reticent pride, and seemed to find a certain strength of hope, a certain comfort of conviction, in reiterating to all what "he was going to do." But it sounded rather like a challenge given to some one than the natural exposition of a man's own mind. The preparations went on, in the same ostentatious way. It was to be a grander marriage than even the first had been.

All this time Clarke Jones was confined to his own house, suffering severely from fever and general indisposition. But on the morning of the marriage, and while May, in her bridal dress, was waiting to be taken to church—one arm in a sling, his face strapped and bandaged—he limped to the house, and demanded instant speech with her. A heavy bribe got him admitted to where she sat, alone.

"Miss May," he said, suddenly.

She started and gave a cry.

"Come! No screams!" he said, insolently; "you are in my power at last! Hear me!" He bent down close to her face. "You are going to be his wife; to be to him what Annie Sibson was; to lie by his side where she lay, and to live on the gold which she brought. One word in your ear: one word to tell you *whom* you marry. Keep still, little bird; see! the very blood has come from your struggles, and is falling from your arm on to your dress! Fie! fie! Blood on your bridal dress? Now keep still, and I'll tell you a pretty little tale I heard one day on the cliffs above Black Tarn—keep still, I say, till I tell you my story."

He bent his lips to her ear and whispered his revelation; then, with a low laugh, cried, "Now go marry Laurence Grantley, with blood upon

your bridal dress!" and releasing her suddenly, limped out of the room.

A scream rang through the startled house. The bridemaids and May's mother rushed to her. Crouched in a corner, white and scared, her hair fallen loose, her eyes wild and fixed, her pale lips muttering "Murder, murder!" and "Laurence!" and the blood dropping heavily on her dress, they found her. Too late. In three days she died.

Years after, Laurence Grantley was seen, a bent, aged, withered man, standing on the crags above Black Tarn. The man who saw him—old Deedham's son—spoke to him, but Laurence did not answer, and was never seen again. During that same summer, the waters drying more than usual, a dead man's hand lay uncovered in the Tarn; and men whispered to each other that it was the hand of the former owner of Grantley Hall. No one cared to verify the suspicion, and the grave of the last of the Grantleys is still unfilled in the family mausoleum.

THE FOUR GEORGES.

SKETCHES OF MANNERS, MORALS, COURT AND TOWN LIFE.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

I.—GEORGE THE FIRST.

HERRENHAUSEN.

A VERY few years since I knew familiarly a lady who had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole; who had been patted on the head by George I. This lady had knocked at Johnson's door; had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Georgina of Devonshire, and that brilliant Whig society of the reign of George III.; had known the Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of Gay and Prior, the admired young beauty of the court of Queen Anne. I often thought, as I took my kind old friend's hand, how with it I held on to the old society of wits and men of the world. I could travel back for seven score years of time—have glimpses of Brummell, Selwyn, Chesterfield, and the men of pleasure; of Walpole and Conway; of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith; of North, Chatham, Newcastle; of the fair maids of honor of George II.'s court; of the German retainers of George I.'s; where Addison was Secretary of State; where Dick Steele held a place; whither the great Marlborough came with his fiery spouse; when Pope, and Swift, and Bolingbroke yet lived and wrote. Of a society so vast, busy, brilliant, it is impossible in four brief chapters to give a complete notion; but we may peep here and there into that by-gone world of the Georges, see what they and their courts were like; glance at the people round about them; look at past manners, fashions, pleasures, and contrast them with our own. I have to say thus much by way of preface, because the subject of these lectures has been misunderstood, and I have been taken to task for not having given grave historical treatises, which it was never my intention to attempt. Not about battles, about politics, about statesmen and measures of state, did I ever think to lecture you: but to sketch the manners and life of the Old World; to amuse for a few hours with talk about the old society; and, with the result of many a day's and night's pleasant reading, to try and while away a few winter evenings for my hearers.

Among the German princes who sate under Luther at Wittenberg was Duke Ernest of Celle, whose younger son, William of Lüneberg, was the progenitor of the illustrious Hanoverian House at present reigning in Great Britain. Duke William held his court at Celle, a little town of ten thousand people that lies on the railway line between Hamburg and Hanover, in

the midst of great plains of sand, upon the River Aller. When Duke William had it, it was a very humble wood-built place, with a great brick church, which he sedulously frequented, and in which he and others of his House lie buried. He was a very religious lord, and called William the Pious by his small circle of subjects, over whom he ruled till fate deprived him both of sight and reason. Sometimes, in his latter days, the good Duke had glimpses of mental light, when he would bid his musicians play the psalm-tunes which he loved. One thinks of a descendant of his, two hundred years afterward, blind, old, and lost of wits, singing Handel in Windsor Tower.

William the Pious had fifteen children, eight daughters and seven sons, who, as the property left among them was small, drew lots to determine which one of them should marry and continue the stout race of the Guelphs. The lot fell on Duke George, the sixth brother. The others remained single, or contracted left-handed marriages, after the princely fashion of those days. It is a queer picture—that of the old prince dying in his little wood-built capital, and his seven sons tossing up which should inherit and transmit the crown of Brentford. Duke George, the lucky prize-man, made the tour of Europe, during which he visited the court of Queen Elizabeth; and in the year 1617 came back and settled at Zell, with a wife out of Darmstadt. His remaining brothers all kept their house at Zell, for economy's sake. And presently, in due course, they all died—all the honest dukes; Ernest, and Christian, and Augustus, and Magnus, and George, and John—and they are buried in the brick church of Brentford yonder, by the sandy banks of the Aller.

Dr. Vehse gives a pleasant glimpse of the way of life of our dukes in Zell. "When the trumpeter on the tower has blown," Duke Christian orders—viz., at nine o'clock in the morning and four in the evening every one must be present at meals, and those who are not must go without. None of the servants, unless it be a knave who has been ordered to ride out, shall eat or drink in the kitchen or cellar; or, without special leave, fodder his horses at the prince's cost. When the meal is served in the court-room, a page shall go round and bid every one be quiet and orderly, forbidding all cursing, swearing, and rudeness; all throwing about of bread, bones, or roast, or pocketing of the same. Every morning, at seven, the squires shall have their morning soup, along with which, and dinner, they shall be served with their under-drink—every morning except Friday morning, when there was sermon, and no drink. Every evening they shall have their beer, and at night their sleep-drink. The butler is especially warned not to allow noble or simple to go into the cellar: wine shall only be served at the prince's or councilor's table; and every Monday, the honest old Duke Christian ordains the accounts shall be ready, and the expenses in the kitchen, the wine and beer cellar, the bakehouse and stable, made out.

Duke George, the marrying duke, did not stop at home to partake of the beer and wine, and the sermons. He went about fighting wherever there was profit to be had. He served as general in the army of the circle of Lower Saxony, the Protestant army; then he went over to the emperor and fought in his armies in Germany

THE PRINCESS SOPHIA
Before her Marriage, and in her Old Age.

and Italy: and when Gustavus Adolphus appeared in Germany, George took service as a Swedish general, and seized the Abbey of Hildesheim as his share of the plunder. Here, in the year 1641, Duke George died, leaving four sons behind him, from the youngest of whom descend our royal Georges.

Under these children of Duke George, the old God-fearing, simple ways of Zell appear to have gone out of mode. The second brother was constantly visiting Venice, and leading a jolly, wicked life there. It was the most jovial of all places at the end of the seventeenth century; and military men, after a campaign, rushed thither, as the warriors of the Allies rushed to Paris in 1814, to gamble, and rejoice, and partake of all sorts of godless delights. This prince, then, loving Venice and its pleasures, brought Italian singers and dancers back with him to quiet old Zell; and, worse still, demeaned himself by marrying a French lady of birth quite inferior to his own —Eleanor D'Olbreuse, from whom our queen is descended. Eleanor had a pretty daughter, who inherited a great fortune, which inflamed her cousin, George Louis of Hanover, with a desire to marry her; and so, with her beauty and her riches, she came to a sad end.

It is too long to tell how the four sons of Duke George divided his territories among them, and how, finally, they came into possession of the son of the youngest of the four. In this generation the Protestant faith was very nearly extinguished in the family: and then where should we in England have gone for a king? The third brother also took delight in Italy, where the priests converted him and his Protestant chaplain too. Mass was said in Hanover once more; and Italian soprani piped their Latin rhymes in place of the hymns which William the Pious and Dr. Luther sang. Louis XIV. gave this and other converts a splendid pension. Crowds of Frenchmen and brilliant French fashions came into his court. It is incalculable how much that royal bigwig cost Germany. Every prince imitated the French king, and had his Versailles, his Wilhelmshöhe or Ludwigslust; his court and its splendors; his gardens laid out with statues; his fountains, and water-works, and Tritons; his actors, and dancers, and singers, and fiddlers; his harem, with its inhabitants; his diamonds and duchies for these latter; his enormous festivities, his gaming-tables, tournaments, masquerades, and banquets lasting a week long, for which the people paid with their money, when the poor wretches had it, with their bodies and very blood when they had none; being sold in thousands by their lords and masters, who gayly dealt in soldiers, staked a regiment upon the red at the gambling table; swapped a battalion against a dancing-girl's diamond necklace; and, as it were, pocketed their people.

As one views Europe through contemporary books of travel in the early part of last century, the landscape is awful—wretched wastes, beggarly and plundered; half-burned cottages and trembling peasants gathering piteous harvests; gangs of such tramping along with bayonets behind them, and corporals with canes and cats-of-nine-tails to flog them to barracks. By these passes my lord's gilt carriage floundering through the ruts, as he swears at the postillions, and toils on to the Residenz. Hard by, but away from the noise and brawling of the citizens and buyers, is Wilhelmslust, or Ludwigsruhe, or Monbijou, or Versailles—it scarcely matters which—near to the city, shut out by woods from the beggared country, the enormous, hideous, gilded, monstrous marble palace, where the prince is, and the Court, and the trim gardens, and huge fountains, and the forest where the ragged peasants are beating the game in (it is death to them to touch a feather); and the jolly hunt sweeps by with its uniform of crimson and gold; and the prince gallops ahead puffing his royal horn; and his lords and mistresses ride after him; and the stag is pulled down; and the grand huntsman gives the knife in the midst of a chorus of bugles, and 'tis time the Court go home to dinner; and our noble traveler, it may be the Baron of Pöllnitz, or the Count de Königsmarck, or the excellent Chevalier de Seingalt, sees the procession gleaming through the trim avenues of the wood, and hastens to the inn, and sends his noble name to the marshal of the Court. Then our nobleman arrays himself in green and gold, or pink and silver, in the richest Paris mode, and is introduced by the chamberlain, and makes his bow to the jolly prince and the gracious princess; is presented to the chief lords and ladies, and then comes supper and a bank at Faro, where he loses or wins a thousand pieces by daylight. If it is a German court, you may add not a little drunkenness to this picture of high life; but German, or French, or Spanish, if you can see out of your palace-windows beyond the trim-cut forest vistas, misery is lying outside; hunger is stalking about the bare villages, listlessly following precarious husbandry; plowing stony fields with starved cattle; or fearfully taking in scanty harvests. Augustus is fat and jolly on his throne; he can knock down an ox, and eat one almost; his mistress, Aurora von Königsmarck, is the loveliest, the wittiest creature; his diamonds are the biggest and most brilliant in the world, and his feasts as splendid as those of Versailles. As for Louis the Great, he is more than mortal. Lift up your glances respectfully, and mark him eying Madame de Fontanges or Madame de Montespan from under his sublime periwig, as he passes through the great gallery where Villars, and Vendome, and Berwick, and Bossuet, and Massillon are waiting. Can court be more splendid; nobles and knights more gallant and superb; ladies more lovely? A grander monarch, or a more miserable, starved wretch than the peasant his subject you can not look on. Let us bear both these types in mind, if we wish to estimate the old society properly. Remember the glory and the chivalry? Yes! Remember the grace and beauty, the splendor and lofty politeness; the gallant courtesy of Fountenoy, where the French line bids the gen-

tlemen of the English guard to fire first; the noble constancy of the old King and Villars, his general, who fits out the last army with the last crown-piece from the treasury, and goes to meet the enemy and die or conquer for France at Denain. But round all that royal splendor lies a nation enslaved and ruined; there are people robbed of their rights; communities laid waste; faith, justice, commerce trampled upon, and well-nigh destroyed; nay, in the very centre of royalty itself, what horrible stains and meanness, crime and shame! It is but to a silly harlot that some of the noblest gentlemen, and some of the proudest women in the world, are bowing down; it is the price of a miserable province that the king ties in diamonds round his mistress's white neck. In the first half of the last century, I say, this is going on all Europe over. Saxony is a waste as well as Picardy or Artois; and Versailles is only larger and not worse than Herrenhausen.

It was the first Elector of Hanover who made the fortunate match which bestowed the race of Hanoverian Sovereigns upon us Britons. Nine years after Charles Stuart lost his head, his niece Sophia, one of many children of another luckless, dethroned sovereign, the Elector Palatine, married Ernest Augustus of Brunswick, and brought the reversion to the crown of the three kingdoms in her scanty trousseau. One of the handsomest, the most cheerful, sensible, shrewd, accomplished of women was Sophia, daughter of poor Frederick, the winter King of Bohemia. The other daughters of lovely, unhappy Elizabeth Stuart went off into the Catholic Church; this one, luckily for her family, remained, I can not say faithful, to the Reformed Religion, but at least she adopted no other. An agent of the French King's, Gourville, a convert himself, strove to bring her and her husband to a sense of the truth; and tells us that he one day asked Madame the Duchess of Hanover of what religion her daughter was, then a pretty girl of thirteen years old. The Duchess replied that the princess *was of no religion as yet*. They were waiting to know of what religion her husband would be, Protestant or Catholic, before instructing her! And the Duke of Hanover, having heard all Gourville's proposal, said that a change would be advantageous to his house, but that he himself was too old to change.

This shrewd woman had such keen eyes that she knew how to shut them upon occasion, and was blind to many faults which it appeared that her husband, the Bishop of Osnaburg and Duke of Hanover, committed. He loved to take his pleasure like other sovereigns — was a merry prince, fond of dinner and the bottle; liked to go to Italy, as his brothers had done before him; and we read how he jovially sold 6700 of his Hanoverians to the seigniory of Venice. They went bravely off to the Morea, under command of Ernest's son, Prince Max, and only 1400 of them ever came home again. The German princes sold a good deal of this kind of stock. You may remember how George III.'s Government purchased Hessians, and the use we made of them during the War of Independence.

The ducats Duke Ernest got for his soldiers he spent in a series of the most brilliant entertainments. Nevertheless, the jovial prince was economical, and kept a steady eye upon his own interests. He achieved the electoral dignity for himself: he married his eldest son, George, to his beautiful cousin of Zell; and sending his sons out in command of armies to fight—now on this side, now on that—he lived on, taking his pleasure, and scheming his schemes, a merry, wise prince enough; not, I fear, a moral prince, of which kind we shall have but very few specimens in the course of these lectures.

Ernest Augustus had seven children in all, some of whom were scape-graces, and rebelled against the parental system of primogeniture and non-division of property which the Elector ordained. "Gustchen," the Electress writes about her second son:—"Poor Gus is thrust out, and his father will give him no more keep. I laugh in the day, and cry all night about it; for I am a fool with my children." Three of the six died fighting against Turks, Tartars, Frenchmen. One of them conspired, revolted, fled to Rome, leaving an agent behind him, whose head was taken off. The daughter, of whose early education we have made mention, was married to the Elector of Brandenburg, and so her religion settled finally on the Protestant side.

A niece of the Electress Sophia—who had been made to change her religion and marry the Duke of Orleans, brother of the French King; a woman whose honest heart was always with her friends and dear old Deutschland, though her fat little body was confined at Paris, or Marly, or Versailles—has left us, in her enormous correspondence (part of which has been printed in German and French) recollections of the Electress, and of George, her son. Elizabeth Charlotte was at Osnaburg when George was born (1660). She narrowly escaped a whipping for being in the way on that auspicious day. She seems not to have liked little George, nor George grown up; and represents him as odiously hard, cold, and silent. Silent he may have been: not a jolly prince like his father before him, but a prudent, quiet, selfish potentate, going his own way, managing his own affairs, and understanding his own interests remarkably well.

In his father's lifetime, and at the head of the Hanover forces of 8000 or 10,000 men, George served the Emperor on the Danube against Turks, at the siege of Vienna, in Italy, and on the Rhine. When he succeeded to the Electorate he handled its affairs with great prudence and dexterity. He was very much liked by his people of Hanover. He did not show his feelings much, but he cried heartily on leaving them; as they used for joy when he came back. He showed an uncommon prudence and coolness of behavior when he came into his kingdom; exhibiting no elation; reasonably doubtful wheth-

er he should not be turned out some day; looking upon himself only as a lodger, and making the most of his brief tenure of St. James's and Hampton Court; plundering, it is true, somewhat, and dividing among his German followers; but what could be expected of a sovereign who at home could sell his subjects at so many ducats per head, and made no scruple in so disposing of them? I fancy a considerable shrewdness, prudence, and even moderation in his ways. The German Protestant was a cheaper, and better, and kinder king than the Catholic Stuart in whose chair he sate, and so far loyal to England that he let England govern herself.

Having these lectures in view I made it my business to visit that ugly cradle in which our Georges were nursed. The old town of Hanover must look still pretty much as in the time when George Louis left it. The gardens and pavilions of Herrenhausen are scarce changed since the day when the stout old Electress Sophia fell down in her last walk there, preceding but by a few weeks to the tomb James II.'s daughter, whose death made way for the Brunswick Stuarts in England.

The first two royal Georges, and their father, Ernest Augustus, had quite royal notions regarding marriage; and Louis XIV. and Charles II. scarce distinguished themselves more at Versailles or St. James's than these German sultans in their little city on the banks of the Leine. You may see at Herrenhausen the very rustic theatre in which the Platens danced and performed masques, and sang before the Elector and his sons. There are the very fauns and dryads of stone still glimmering through the branches, still grinning and piping their ditties of no tone, as in the days when painted nymphs hung garlands round them; appeared under their leafy arcades with gilt crooks, guiding rams with gilt horns; descended from "machines" in the guise of Diana or Minerva; and delivered immense allegorical compliments to the princes returned home from the campaign.

That was a curious state of morals and politics in Europe; a queer consequence of the triumph of the monarchical principle. Feudalism was beaten down. The nobility, in its quarrels with the crown, had pretty well succumbed, and the monarch was all in all. He became almost divine: the proudest and most ancient gentry of the land did menial service for him. Who should carry Louis XIV.'s candle when he went to bed? what prince of the blood should hold the king's shirt when his Most Christian Majesty changed that garment?—the French memoirs of the seventeenth century are full of such details and squabbles. The tradition is not yet extinct in Europe. Any of you who were present, as myriads were, at that splendid pageant, the opening of our Crystal Palace in London, must have seen two noble lords, great officers of the household, with ancient pedigrees, with embroidered coats, and stars on their breasts and wands in their hands, walking backward for near the space of a mile, while the royal procession made its progress. Shall we wonder—shall we be angry—shall we laugh at these old-world ceremonies? View them as you will, according to your mood; and with scorn or with respect, or with anger and sorrow, as your temper leads you. Up goes Gesler's hat upon the pole. Salute that symbol of sovereignty with heartfelt awe; or with a sulky shrug of acquiescence, or with a grinning obeisance; or with a stout rebellious No—clap your own beaver down on your pate, and refuse to doff it to that spangled velvet and flaunting feather. I make no comment upon the spectators' behavior; all I say is, that Gesler's cap is still up in the market-place of Europe, and not a few folks are still kneeling to it.

Put clumsy, high Dutch statues in place of the marbles of Versailles: fancy Herrenhausen water-works in the place of those of Marly: spread the tables with Schweinskopf, Speckssuppe, Leber kuchen, and the like delicacies, in place of the French *cuisine;* and fancy Frau von Kielmansegge dancing with Count Kammerjunker Quirini, or singing French songs with the most awful German accent; imagine a coarse Versailles, and we have a Hanover before us. "I am now got into the region of beauty," writes Mary Wortley, from Hanover, in 1716; "all the women have literally rosy cheeks, snowy foreheads and necks, jet eyebrows, to which may generally be added coal-black hair. These perfections never leave them to the day of their death, and have a very fine effect by candlelight; but I could wish they were handsome with a little variety. They resemble one another as Mrs. Salmon's Court of Great Britain, and are in as much danger of melting away by too nearly approaching the fire." The sly Mary Wortley saw this painted seraglio of the first George at Hanover, the year after his accession to the British throne. There were great doings and feasts there. Here Lady Mary saw George II. too. "I can tell you, without flattery or partiality," she says, "that our young prince has all the accomplishments that it is possible to have at his age, with an air of sprightliness and understanding, and a something so very engaging in his behavior that needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming." I find elsewhere similar panegyrics upon Frederick Prince of Wales, George II.'s son; and upon George III., of course, and upon George IV. in an eminent degree. It was the rule to be dazzled by princes, and people's eyes winked quite honestly at that royal radiance.

The Electoral Court of Hanover was numerous—pretty well paid, as times went; above all, paid with a regularity which few other European courts could boast of. Perhaps you will be amused to know how the Electoral Court was composed. There were the princes of the house in the first class; in the second, the single field-marshal of the army (the contingent was 18,000. Pöllnitz says, and the Elector had other 14,000 troops in his pay). Then follow, in due order, the authorities civil and military, the working privy councilors, the generals of cavalry and

infantry, in the third class; the high chamberlain, high marshals of the court, high masters of the horse, the major-generals of cavalry and infantry, in the fourth class, down to the majors, the Hofjunkers or pages, the secretaries or assessors, of the tenth class, of whom all were noble.

We find the master of the horse had 1090 thalers of pay; the high chamberlain, 2000—a thaler being about three shillings of our money. There were two chamberlains, and one for the princess; five gentlemen of the chamber, and five gentlemen ushers; eleven pages and personages to educate these young noblemen—such as a governor, a preceptor, a fecht-meister, or fencing master, and a dancing ditto, this latter with a handsome salary of 400 thalers. There were three body and court physicians, with 800 and 500 thalers; a court barber, 600 thalers; a court organist; two musikanten; four French fiddlers; twelve trumpeters, and a bugler; so that there was plenty of music, profane and pious, in Hanover. There were ten chamber waiters, and twenty-four lackeys in livery; a maitre-d'hotel, and attendants of the kitchen; a French cook; a body cook; ten cooks; six cooks' assistants; two Braten masters, or masters of the roast (one fancies enormous spits turning slowly, and the honest masters of the roast beladling the dripping); a pastry baker; a pie baker; and, finally, three scullions, at the modest remuneration of eleven thalers. In the sugar-chamber there were four pastry cooks (for the ladies, no doubt); seven officers in the wine and beer cellars; four bread bakers; and five men in the plate-room. There were 600 horses in the Serene stables—no less than twenty teams of princely carriage horses, eight to a team; sixteen coachmen; fourteen postillions; nineteen hostlers; thirteen helps, besides smiths, carriage-masters, horse-doctors, and other attendants of the stable. The female attendants were not so numerous: I grieve to find but a dozen or fourteen of them about the Electoral premises, and only two washer-women for all the Court. These functionaries had not so much to do as in the present age. I own to finding a pleasure in these small beer chronicles. I like to people the old world with its everyday figures and inhabitants—not so much with heroes fighting immense battles and inspiring repulsed battalions to engage, or statesmen locked up in darkling cabinets and meditating ponderous laws or dire conspiracies, as with people occupied with their everyday work or pleasure—my lord and lady hunting in the forest, or dancing in the Court, or bowing to their serene highnesses as they pass in to dinner; John Cook and his procession bringing the meal from the kitchen; the jolly butlers bearing in the flagons from the cellar; the stout coachman driving the ponderous gilt wagon, with eight cream-colored horses in housings of scarlet velvet and morocco leather; a postillion on the leaders, and a pair or half a dozen of running footmen scudding along by the side of the vehicle, with conical caps, long silver-headed maces, which they poised as they ran, and splendid jackets laced all over with silver and gold. I fancy the citizens' wives and their daughters looking out from the balconies; and the burghers, over their beer and mum, rising up, cap in hand, as the cavalcade passes through the town with torch-bearers, trumpeters blowing their lusty cheeks out, and squadrons of jack-booted life-guardsmen, girt with shining cuirasses, and bestriding thundering chargers, escorting his highness's coach from Hanover to Herrenhausen; or halting, mayhap, at Madame Platen's country house of Monplaisir, which lies half-way between the summer palace and the Residenz.

In the good old times of which I am treating, while common men were driven off by herds, and sold to fight the emperor's enemies on the Danube, or to bayonet King Louis' troops of common men on the Rhine, noblemen passed from court to court, seeking service with one prince or the other, and naturally taking command of the ignoble vulgar of soldiery which battled and died almost without hope of promotion. Noble adventurers traveled from court to court in search of employment; not merely noble males, but noble females too; and if these latter were beauties, and obtained the favorable notice of princes, they stopped in the courts, became the favorites of their Serene or Royal Highnesses; and received great sums of money and splendid diamonds; and were promoted to be duchesses, marchionesses, and the like; and did not fall much in public esteem for the manner in which they won their advancement. In this way Mademoiselle de Querouailles, a beautiful French lady, came to London on a special mission of Louis XIV., and was adopted by our grateful country and sovereign, and figured as Duchess of Portsmouth. In this way the beautiful Aurora of Königsmarck traveling about found favor in the eyes of Augustus of Saxony, and became the mother of Marshal Saxe, who gave us a beating at Fontenoy; and in this manner the lovely sisters Elizabeth and Melusina of Meissenbach (who had actually been driven out of Paris, whither they had traveled on a like errand, by the wise jealousy of the female favorite there in possession) journeyed to Hanover, and became favorites of the serene house there reigning.

That beautiful Aurora von Königsmarck and her brother are wonderful as types of by-gone manners, and strange illustrations of the morals of old days. The Königsmarcks were descended from an ancient noble family of Brandenburg, a branch of which passed into Sweden, where it enriched itself and produced several mighty men of valor.

The founder of the race was Hans Christof, a famous warrior and plunderer of the thirty years' war. One of Hans's sons, Otto, appeared as embassador at the court of Louis XIV., and had to make a Swedish speech at his reception before the Most Christian King. Otto was a famous dandy and warrior, but he forgot the speech,

and what do you think he did? Far from being disconcerted he recited a portion of the Swedish Catechism to His Most Christian Majesty and his court, not one of whom understood his lingo with the exception of his own suite, who had to keep their gravity as best they might.

Otto's nephew, Aurora's elder brother, Carl Johann of Königsmarck, a favorite of Charles II., a beauty, a dandy, a warrior, a rascal of more than ordinary mark, escaped but deserved being hanged in England for the murder of Tom Thynne of Longleat. He had a little brother in London with him at this time:—as great a beauty, as great a dandy, as great a villain as his elder. This lad, Philip of Königsmarck, also was implicated in the affair; and perhaps it is a pity he ever brought his pretty neck out of it. He went over to Hanover, and was soon appointed colonel of a regiment of H.E. Highness's dragoons. In early life he had been page in the court of Celle; and it was said that he and the pretty Princess Sophia Dorothea, who by this time was married to her cousin George the Electoral prince, had been in love with each other as children. Their loves were now to be renewed, not innocently, and to come to a fearful end.

A biography of the wife of George I., by Dr. Doran, has lately appeared, and I confess I am astounded at the verdict which that writer has delivered, and at his acquittal of this most unfortunate lady. That she had a cold selfish libertine of a husband no one can doubt; but that the bad husband had a bad wife is equally clear. She was married to her cousin for money or convenience, as all princesses were married. She was most beautiful, lively, witty, accomplished: his brutality outraged her: his silence and coldness chilled her: his cruelty insulted her. No wonder she did not love him. How could love be a part of the compact in such a marriage as that? With this unlucky heart to dispose of, the poor creature bestowed it on Philip of Königsmarck, than whom a greater scamp does not walk the history of the seventeenth century. A hundred and eighty years after the fellow was thrust into his unknown grave, a Swedish professor lights upon a box of letters in the University Library at Upsala, written by Philip and Dorothea to each other, and telling their miserable story.

The bewitching Königsmarck had conquered two female hearts in Hanover. Besides the Electoral prince's lovely young wife, Sophia Dorothea, Philip had inspired a passion in a hideous old court lady, the Countess of Platen. The princess seems to have pursued him with the fidelity of many years. Heaps of letters followed him on his campaigns, and were answered by the daring adventurer. The princess wanted to fly with him; to quit her odious husband at any rate. She besought her parents to receive her back; had a notion of taking refuge in France and going over to the Catholic religion; had absolutely packed her jewels for flight, and very likely arranged its details with her lover, in that last long night's interview, after which Philip of Königsmarck was seen no more.

Königsmarck, inflamed with drink—there is scarcely any vice of which, according to his own showing, this gentleman was not a practitioner—had boasted at a supper at Dresden of his intimacy with the two Hanoverian ladies—not only with the princess, but with another lady powerful in Hanover. The Countess Platen, the old favorite of the Elector, hated the young Electoral Princess. The young lady had a lively wit, and constantly made fun of the old one. The princess's jokes were conveyed to the old Platen, just as our idle words are carried about at this present day: and so they both hated each other.

The characters in the tragedy, of which the curtain was now about to fall, are about as dark a set as eye ever rested on. There is the jolly prince, shrewd, selfish, scheming, loving his cups and his ease (I think his good-humor makes the tragedy but darker); his princess, who speaks little, but observes all; his old, painted Jezebel of a mistress; his son, the electoral prince, shrewd too, quiet, selfish, not ill-humored, and generally silent, except when goaded into fury by the intolerable tongue of his lovely wife; there is poor Sophia Dorothea, with her coquetry and her wrongs, and her passionate attachment to her scamp of a lover, and her wild imprudences, and her mad artifices, and her insane fidelity, and her furious jealousy regarding her husband (though she loathed and cheated him), and her prodigious falsehoods; and the confidante, of course, into whose hands the letters are slipped; and there is Lothario, finally, than whom, as I have said, one can't imagine a more handsome, wicked, worthless reprobate.

How that perverse fidelity of passion pursues the villain! How madly true the woman is, and how astoundingly she lies! She has bewitched two or three persons who have taken her up, and they won't believe in her wrong. Like Mary of Scotland, she finds adherents ready to conspire for her even in history; and people who have to deal with her are charmed, and fascinated, and bedeviled. How devotedly Miss Strickland has stood by Mary's innocence! Are there not scores of ladies in this audience who persist in it too? Innocent! I remember as a boy how a great party persisted in declaring Caroline of Brunswick was a martyred angel. So was Helen of Greece innocent. She never ran away with Paris, the dangerous young Trojan. Menelaus her husband ill-used her; and there never was any siege of Troy at all. So was Bluebeard's wife innocent. She never peeped into the closet where the other wives were with their heads off. She never dropped the key, or stained it with blood; and her brothers were quite right in finishing Bluebeard, the cowardly brute! Yes, Caroline of Brunswick was innocent; and Madame Laffarge never poisoned her husband; and Mary of Scotland never blew up hers; and poor Sophia Dorothea was never unfaithful; and Eve never took the apple—it was a cowardly fabrication of the serpent's.

George Louis has been held up to execration as a murderous Bluebeard, whereas the Electoral Prince had no share in the transaction in which Philip of Königsmarck was scuffled out of this mortal scene. The prince was absent when the catastrophe came. The princess had had a hundred warnings; mild hints from her husband's parents; grim remonstrances from himself—but took no more heed of this advice than such besotted poor wretches do. On the night of Sunday, the 1st of July, 1694, Königsmarck paid a long visit to the princess, and left her to get ready for flight. Her husband was away at Berlin; her carriages and horses were prepared and ready for the elopement. Meanwhile the spies of Countess Platen had brought the news to their mistress. She went to Ernest Augustus, and procured from the Elector an order for the arrest of the Swede. On the way by which he was to come, four guards were commissioned to take him. He strove to cut his way through the four men, and wounded more than one of them. They fell upon him; cut him down; and, as he was lying wounded on the ground, the countess, his enemy, whom he had betrayed and insulted, came out and beheld him prostrate. He cursed her with his dying lips, and the furious woman stamped upon his mouth with her heel. He was dispatched presently; his body burned the next day; and all traces of the man disappeared. The guards who killed him were enjoined silence under severe penalties. The princess was reported to be ill in her apartments, from which she was taken in October of the same year, being then eight-and-twenty years old, and consigned to the castle of Ahlden, where she remained a prisoner for no less than thirty-two years. A separation had been pronounced previously between her and her husband. She was called henceforth the "Princess of Ahlden," and her silent husband no more uttered her name.

Four years after the Königsmarck catastrophe Ernest Augustus, the first elector of Hanover, died, and George Louis, his son, reigned in his stead. Sixteen years he reigned in Hanover, after which he became, as we know, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith. The wicked old Countess Platen died in the year 1706. She had lost her sight, but nevertheless the legend says that she constantly saw Königsmarck's ghost by her wicked old bed. And so there was an end of her.

In the year 1700 the little Duke of Gloucester, the last of poor Queen Anne's children, died, and the folks of Hanover straightway became of prodigious importance in England. The Electress Sophia was declared the next in succession to the English throne. George Louis was created Duke of Cambridge; grand deputations were sent over from our country to Deutschland; but Queen Anne, whose weak heart hankered after her relatives at St. Germains, never could be got to allow her cousin, the Elector Duke of Cambridge, to come and pay his respects to her Majesty, and take his seat in her House of Peers. Had the Queen lasted a month longer; had the English Tories been as bold and resolute as they were clever and crafty; had the prince whom the nation loved and pitied been equal to his fortune, George Louis had never talked German in St. James's Chapel Royal.

When the crown did come to George Louis he was in no hurry about putting it on. He waited at home for a while; took an affecting farewell of his dear Hanover and Herrenhausen; and set out in the most leisurely manner to ascend "the throne of his ancestors," as he called it in his first speech to Parliament. He brought with him a compact body of Germans, whose society he loved, and whom he kept round the royal person. He had his faithful German chamberlains; his German secretaries; his negroes, captives of his bow and spear in Turkish wars; his two ugly, elderly German favorites, Mesdames of Kielmansegge and Schulenberg, whom he created respectively Countess of Darlington and Duchess of Kendal. The Duchess was tall and lean of stature, and hence was irreverently nicknamed the Maypole. The Countess was a large-sized noblewoman, and this elevated personage was denominated the Elephant. Both of these ladies loved Hanover and its delights; clung round the linden-trees of the great Herrenhausen avenue, and at first would not quit the place. Schulenberg, in fact, could not come on account of her debts; but finding the Maypole would not come, the Elephant packed up her trunk and slipped out of Hanover unwieldy as she was. On this the Maypole straightway put herself in motion, and followed her beloved George Louis. One seems to be speaking of Captain Macheath, and Polly, and Lucy. The King we had selected; the courtiers who came in his train; the English nobles who came to welcome him, and on many of whom the shrewd old cynic turned his back—I protest it is a wonderful satirical picture! I am a citizen waiting at Greenwich pier, say, and crying hurrah for King George; and yet I can scarcely keep my countenance and help laughing at the enormous absurdity of this advent!

Here we are, all on our knees. Here is the Archbishop of Canterbury prostrating himself to the head of his church, with Kielmansegge and Schulenberg with their ruddled cheeks grinning behind the defender of the faith. Here is my Lord Duke of Marlborough kneeling too, the greatest warrior of all times; he who betrayed King William—betrayed King James II.—betrayed Queen Anne—betrayed England to the French, the Elector to the Pretender, the Pretender to the Elector; and here are my Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, the latter of whom has just tripped up the heels of the former; and if a month's more time had been allowed him, would have had King James at Westminster. The great Whig gentlemen made their bows and congées with proper decorum and ceremony; but yonder keen old schemer knows the value of their loyalty. "Loyalty," he must think, "as applied to me—it is absurd! There are fifty nearer heirs to the throne than I am. I am

but an accident, and you fine Whig gentlemen take me for your own sake, not for mine. You Tories hate me; you archbishop, smirking on your knees, and prating about Heaven, you know I don't care a fig for your Thirty-nine Articles, and can't understand a word of your stupid sermons. You, my Lords Bolingbroke and Oxford —you know you were conspiring against me a month ago; and you, my Lord Duke of Marlborough—you would sell me, or any man else, if you found your advantage in it. Come, my good Melusina, come, my honest Sophia, let us go into my private room, and have some oysters and some Rhine wine, and some pipes afterward: let us make the best of our situation; let us take what we can get, and leave these bawling, brawling, lying English to shout, and fight, and cheat, in their own way!"

If Swift had not been committed to the statesmen of the losing side, what a fine satirical picture we might have had of that general *sauve qui peut* among the Tory party! How mum the Tories became; how the House of Lords and House of Commons chopped round; and how decorously the majorities welomed King George!

Bolingbroke, making his last speech in the House of Lords, pointed out the shame of peerage, where several lords concurred to condemn in one general vote all that they had approved in former parliaments by many particular resolutions. And so their conduct was shameful. St. John had the best of the argument, but the worst of the vote. Bad times were come for him. He talked philosophy, and professed innocence. He courted retirement, and was ready to meet persecution; but hearing that honest Mat Prior, who had been recalled from Paris, was about to peach regarding the past transactions, the philosopher bolted, and took that magnificent head of his out of the ugly reach of the axe. Oxford, the lazy and good-humored, had more courage, and awaited the storm at home. He and Mat Prior both had lodgings in the Tower, and both brought their heads safe out of that dangerous menagerie. When Atterbury was carried off to the same den, a few years afterward, and it was asked what next should be done with him? "Done with him? Fling him to the lions!" Cadogan said, Marlborough's lieutenant. But the British lion of those days did not care much for drinking the blood of peaceful peers and poets, or crunching the bones of bishops. Only four men were executed in London for the rebellion of 1715; and twenty-two in Lancashire. Above a thousand taken in arms submitted to the King's mercy, and petitioned to be transported to his majesty's colonies in America. I have heard that their descendants took the loyalist side in the disputes which arose sixty years after. It is pleasant to find that a friend of ours, worthy Dick Steele, was for letting off the rebels with their lives.

As one thinks of what might have been, how amusing the speculation is! We know how the doomed Scottish gentlemen came out at Lord Mar's summons, mounted the white cockade, that has been a flower of sad poetry ever since, and rallied round the ill-omened Stuart standard at Braemar. Mar, with 8000 men, and but 1500 opposed to him, might have driven the enemy over the Tweed, and taken possession of the whole of Scotland; but that the Pretender's duke did not venture to move when the day was his own. Edinburgh castle might have been in King James's hands; but that the men who were to escalade it staid to drink his health at the tavern, and arrived two hours too late at the rendezvous under the castle wall. There was sympathy enough in the town — the projected attack seems to have been known there—Lord Mahon quotes Sinclair's account of a gentleman not concerned, who told Sinclair that he was in a house that evening where eighteen of them were drinking, as the facetious landlady said, "powdering their hair," for the attack of the castle. Suppose they had not stopped to powder their hair? Edinburgh Castle, and town, and all Scotland were King James's. The north of England rises, and marches over Barnet Heath upon London. Wyndham is up in Somersetshire; Packington in Worcestershire; and Vivian in Cornwall. The Elector of Hanover, and his hideous mistresses, pack up the plate, and perhaps the crown jewels in London, and are off *via* Harwich and Helvoetsluys, for dear old Deutschland. The King—God save him!—lands at Dover, with tumultuous applause; shouting multitudes, roaring cannon, the Duke of Marlborough weeping tears of joy, and all the bishops kneeling in the mud. In a few years mass is said in St. Paul's; matins and vespers are sung in York Minster; and Dr. Swift is turned out of his stall and deanery house at St. Patrick's, to give place to Father Dominic, from Salamanca. All these changes were possible then, and once thirty years afterward—all this we might have had, but for the *pulveris exigui jactu*, that little toss of powder for the hair which the Scotch conspirators stopped to take at the tavern.

You understand the distinction I would draw between history—of which I do not aspire to be an expounder—and manners and life such as these sketches would describe. The rebellion breaks out in the north; its story is before you in a hundred volumes, in none more fairly than in the excellent narrative of Lord Mahon. The clans are up in Scotland; Derwentwater, Nithisdale, and Forster are in arms in Northumberland —these are matters of history, for which you are referred to the due chroniclers. The Guards are set to watch the streets and prevent the people wearing white roses. I read presently of a couple of soldiers almost flogged to death for wearing oak-boughs in their hats on the 29th of May—another badge of the beloved Stuarts. It is with these we have to do rather than with the marches and battles of the armies to which the poor fellows belonged—with statesmen, and how they looked, and how they lived, rather than with measures of State, which belong to history alone. For example, at the close of the old queen's

reign, it is known the Duke of Marlborough left the kingdom—after what menaces, after what prayers, lies, bribes offered, taken, refused, accepted; after what dark doubling and tacking, let history, if she can or dare, say. The queen dead; who so eager to return as my lord duke? Who shouts God save the king! so lustily as the great conqueror of Blenheim and Malplaquet? (By-the-way, he will send over some more money for the Pretender yet, on the sly.) Who lays his hand on his blue ribbon, and lifts his eyes more gracefully to heaven than this hero? He makes a quasi-triumphal entrance into London, by Temple Bar, in his enormous gilt coach—and the enormous gilt coach breaks down somewhere by Chancery Lane, and his highness is obliged to get another. There it is we have him. We are with the mob in the crowd, not with the great folks in the procession. We are not the Historic Muse, but her ladyship's attendant, tale-bearer—*valet de chambre*—for whom no man is a hero; and, as yonder one steps from his carriage to the next handy conveyance, we take the number of the hack; we look all over at his stars, ribbons, embroidery; we think within ourselves, O you unfathomable schemer! O you warrior invincible! O you beautiful smiling Judas! What master would you not kiss or betray? What traitor's head, blackening on the spikes on yonder gate, ever hatched a tithe of the treason which has worked under your periwig?

We have brought our Georges to London city, and if we would behold its aspect, may see it in Hogarth's lively perspective of Cheapside, or read of it in a hundred contemporary books which paint the manners of that age. Our dear old *Spectator* looks smiling upon these streets, with their innumerable signs, and describes them with his charming humor. "Our streets are filled with Blue Boars, Black Swans, and Red Lions, not to mention Flying Pigs and Hogs in Armor, with other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa." A few of these quaint old figures still remain in London town. You may still see there, and over its old hostel in Ludgate Hill, the Belle Sauvage to whom the *Spectator* so pleasantly alludes in that paper; and who was, probably, no other than the sweet American Pocahontas, who rescued from death the daring Captain Smith. There is the Lion's Head, down whose jaws the *Spectator's* own letters were passed; and over a great banker's in Fleet Street, the effigy of the wallet, which the founder of the firm bore when he came into London a country boy. People this street, so ornamented with crowds of swinging chairmen, with servants bawling to clear the way, with Mr. Dean in his cassock, his lackey marching before him; or Mrs. Dinah in her sack, tripping to chapel, her foot-boy carrying her ladyship's great prayer-book; with itinerant tradesmen, singing their hundred cries (I remember forty years ago, as a boy in London city, a score of cheery, familiar cries that are silent now). Fancy the beaux thronging to the chocolate-houses, tapping their snuff-boxes as they issue thence, their periwigs appearing over the red curtains. Fancy Saccharissa beckoning and smiling from the upper windows, and a crowd of soldiers brawling and bustling at the door—gentlemen of the Life Guards, clad in scarlet, with blue facings, and laced with gold at the seams; gentlemen of the Horse Grenadiers, in their caps of sky-blue cloth, with the garter embroidered on the front in gold and silver; men of the Halberdiers, in their long red coats, as bluff Harry left them, with their ruffs and velvet flat caps. Perhaps the King's majesty himself is going to St. James's as we pass. If he is going to Parliament, he is in his coach-and-eight, surrounded by his guards and the high officers of his crown. Otherwise his Majesty only uses a chair, with six footmen walking before, and six yeomen of the guard at the sides of the sedan. The officers in waiting follow the King in coaches. It must be rather slow work.

Our *Spectator* and *Tatler* are full of delightful glimpses of the town life of those days. In the company of that charming guide we may go to the opera, the comedy, the puppet-show, the auction, even the cock-pit: we can take boat at Temple Stairs, and accompany Sir Roger de Coverley and Mr. Spectator to Spring Garden—it will be called Vauxhall a few years since, when Hogarth will paint for it. Would you not like to step back into the past, and be introduced to Mr. Addison?—not the Right Honorable Joseph Addison, Esq., George I.'s Secretary of State, but to the delightful painter of contemporary manners; the man who, when in good-humor himself, was the pleasantest companion in all England. I should like to go into Lockit's with him, and drink a bowl along with Sir R. Steele (who has just been knighted by King George, and who does not happen to have any money to pay his share of the reckoning). I should not care to follow Mr. Addison to his secretary's office in Whitehall. There we get into politics. Our business is pleasure, and the town, and the coffee-house, and the theatre, and the Mall. Delightful Spectator! kind friend of leisure hours! happy companion! true Christian gentleman! How much greater, better, you are than the king Mr. Secretary kneels to!

You can have foreign testimony about old-world London, if you like; and my before-quoted friend, Charles Louis, Baron de Pöllnitz, will conduct us to it. "A man of sense," says he, "or a fine gentleman, is never at a loss for company in London; and this is the way the latter passes his time. He rises late, puts on a frock, and, leaving his sword at home, takes his cane, and goes where he pleases. The park is commonly the place where he walks, because 'tis the Exchange for men of quality. 'Tis the same thing as the Tuileries at Paris, only the park has a certain beauty of simplicity which can not be described. The grand walk is called the Mall; is full of people at every hour of the day, but especially at morning and evening, when their Majesties often walk with the royal family, who

are attended only by half a dozen yeomen of the guard, and permit all persons to walk at the same time with them. The ladies and gentlemen always appear in rich dresses; for the English, who, twenty years ago, did not wear gold lace but in their army, are now embroidered and bedaubed as much as the French. I speak of persons of quality; for the citizen still contents himself with a suit of fine cloth, a good hat and wig, and fine linen. Every body is well clothed here, and even the beggars don't make so ragged an appearance as they do elsewhere." After our friend, the man of quality, has had his morning or undress walk in the Mall he goes home to dress, and then saunters to some coffee-house or chocolate-house, frequented by the persons he would see. "For 'tis a rule with the English to go once a day, at least, to houses of this sort, where they talk of business and news, read the papers, and often look at one another without opening their lips. And 'tis very well they are so mute: for were they all as talkative as people of other nations, the coffee-houses would be intolerable, and there would be no hearing what one man said where they are so many. The chocolate-house in St. James's Street, where I go every morning to pass away the time, is always so full that a man can scarce turn about in it."

Delightful as London city was, King George I. liked to be out of it as much as ever he could; and when there, passed all his time with his Germans. It was with them as with Blucher, one hundred years afterward, when the bold old reiter looked down from St. Paul's, and sighed out, "Was für Plunder!" The German women plundered; the German secretaries plundered; the German cooks and intendants plundered; even Mustapha and Mahomet, the German negroes, had a share of the booty. Take what you can get was the old monarch's maxim. He was not a lofty monarch, certainly: he was not a patron of the fine arts: but he was not a hypocrite, he was not revengeful, he was not extravagant. Though a despot in Hanover, he was a moderate ruler in England. His aim was to leave it to itself as much as possible, and to live out of it as much as he could. His heart was in Hanover. When taken ill on his last journey, as he was passing through Holland, he thrust his livid head out of the coach-window, and gasped out, "Osnaburg, Osnaburg!" He was more than fifty years of age when he came among us: we took him because we wanted him, because he served our turn; we laughed at his uncouth German ways, and sneered at him. He took our loyalty for what it was worth; laid hands on what money he could; kept us assuredly from Popery and wooden shoes. I, for one, would have been on his side in those days. Cynical and selfish as he was, he was better than a king out of St. Germains, with the French King's orders in his pocket, and a swarm of Jesuits in his train.

The Fates are supposed to interest themselves about royal personages; and so this one had omens and prophecies specially regarding him. He was said to be much disturbed at a prophecy that he should die very soon after his wife; and sure enough pallid Death, having seized upon the luckless princess in her castle of Ahlden, presently pounced upon H.M. King George I., in his traveling chariot, on the Hanover road. What postillion can outride that pale horseman? It is said George promised one of his left-handed widows to come to her after death, if leave were granted to him to revisit the glimpses of the moon; and soon after his demise a great raven actually flying or hopping in at the Duchess of Kendal's window at Twickenham, she chose to imagine the King's spirit inhabited these plumes, and took special care of her sable visitor. Affecting metempsychosis — funereal royal bird! How pathetic is the idea of the Duchess weeping over it! When this chaste addition to our English aristocracy died, all her jewels, her plate, her plunder, went over to her relations in Hanover. I wonder whether her heirs took the bird, and whether it is still flapping its wings over Herrenhausen?

The days are over in England of that strange religion of king-worship, when priests flattered princes in the Temple of God; when servility was held to be ennobling duty; when beauty and youth tried eagerly for royal favor; and woman's shame was held to be no dishonor. Mended morals and mended manners, in courts and people, are among the priceless consequences of the freedom which George I. came to rescue and secure. He kept his compact with his English subjects; and, if he escaped no more than other men and monarchs from the vices of his age, at least we may thank him for preserving and transmitting the liberties of ours. In our free air royal and humble homes have alike been purified; and Truth, the birth-right of high and low among us, which quite fearlessly judges our greatest personages, can only speak of them now in words of respect and regard. There are stains in the portrait of the first George, and traits in it which none of us need admire; but among the nobler features are justice, courage, moderation—and these we may recognize ere we turn the picture to the wall.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS adjourned on the 25th of June; the Senate, however, upon the special proclamation of the President, met in executive session, continuing until the 28th. At this session the treaties with Honduras, Nicaragua, Bolivia, and Venezuela were ratified; that with Spain rejected; and the consideration of the Mexican treaty was postponed until next December.——The Homestead Bill, as finally agreed to between the Committees of the

Senate and of the House, passed both branches of Congress. The bill provides, in substance, that any citizen of the United States, who is the head of a family, and every person of foreign birth residing in the country who has declared his intention of becoming a citizen, may, upon complying with certain forms, enter a quarter section—one hundred and sixty acres—of Government lands, and, after having resided upon it for a period of five years, may receive a patent for it, upon the payment of twenty-five cents an acre. During this period of five years the land is not liable for the payment of any debts contracted previous to the issuing of the patent therefor. The bill cedes also to the several States all the lands within their respective limits which, having been subject to private entry for the period of thirty years, remain unsold.—The President returned this bill to the Senate with his veto. His objections to the bill were, that the price at which the lands are to be sold to settlers is so small as to amount in effect to a gift; and that it absolutely gives many millions of acres to the States within whose limits they lie. Such donations he believes to be unconstitutional. The bill is also, he says, unjust in its operation among actual settlers themselves. The original settlers of the new countries had brought the wilderness into cultivation, had constructed roads, established schools, and laid the foundations of prosperous commonwealths. They had paid to the Government one dollar and a quarter per acre for their lands, and it would be unjust to them that new settlers should come among them and be allowed to purchase lands for a mere fraction of this sum. The bill would also do injustice to soldiers who have received warrants for lands in payment for public service, by reducing the value of their warrants. The bill was unjust, further, because the benefits of it were confined to a single class—that of agriculturists. To entitle a person to receive the benefits of this law he must settle upon and cultivate the land. The mechanic who wished to emigrate could, practically, not avail himself of this privilege. The bill, again, was unjust to the older States, who would not derive any benefit from the lands donated to the States. The bill would also open an extensive field for fraudulent land speculations. It also gives an undue advantage to aliens over citizens, native and naturalized. Citizens, to avail themselves of its privileges, must be heads of families; no such restriction is imposed upon newly-arrived foreigners. The effect of the bill, moreover, upon our public revenue would be disastrous. The Secretary of the Interior estimates the revenue from the public lands, for the next year, at $4,000,000, as the law now stands; under this bill it could not exceed $1,000,000. For these and some other reasons, which are given at length in his Message, the President returned the bill to the Senate. In this body the question was put whether the bill should become a law, notwithstanding the veto of the President. The ayes were 28, the nays 18; failing to secure the requisite majority of two-thirds, the bill was lost.——The amount of the Appropriation Bills, as they finally passed both Houses, was $45,543,000; to this is to be added $637,000 by the Light-house Bill, and about $1,000,000 for private bills, besides permanent appropriations of $8,173,000 —making a total of $55,353,000.——The Post-office Appropriation Bill was lost, the Houses not being able to agree. The consideration of the Pacific Railway and of the Tariff was postponed until the next session, in December.

Two reports were presented from the Committee appointed by the Senate to investigate the Harper's Ferry affair. The report of the majority is signed by Messrs. Mason, Davis, and Fitch; that of the minority by Messrs. Collamer and Doolittle. Both reports agree that there was no general conspiracy. The majority say: "There can be no doubt that Brown's plan was to commence a servile war on the borders of Virginia, which he expected to extend, and which he believed his means and resources were sufficient to extend, throughout that State and the entire South. It does not seem that he intrusted even his intimate friends with his plans fully, even after they were out for execution."—The minority say: "There is no evidence that any other citizens than those with Brown were accessory to this outbreak or invasion, by contributions thereto or otherwise, nor any proof that any others had any knowledge of the conspiracy or its purposes in the year 1859, though Realf, Forbes, and some very few, may have understood it in 1858, when it failed of execution. There was no evidence to show that there was any conspiracy or design by any one to rescue John Brown or his associates from prison in Virginia."—The majority, however, say that this expedition might have been arrested had even ordinary care been taken by the Massachusetts Committee, through which Brown received his arms, to ascertain whether he was truthful in his statements of the purposes to which they were to be applied. The majority of the Committee seem to apprehend a renewal of acts similar to those of Brown. The minority dissent from this view. They say: "Ages might not produce another John Brown, or so fortuitously supply him with such materials. The fatal termination of the enterprise in the death and execution of so large a part of the number engaged; the dispersion of the small remainder as fugitives in the land; the entire disinclination of the slaves to insurrection, or to receive aid for that purpose, which was there exhibited; the very limited number and peculiar character of the conspirators—all combine to furnish assurance against the most distant probability of its repetition."

The majority of the Covode Investigating Committee made a report severely reflecting upon the conduct of the Executive in relation to the matters brought before them, and adducing an immense amount of evidence to support the charges, without, however, reporting any formal resolution of impeachment or of censure against any member of the Administration. The President has made another formal protest against the action of this Committee.——A series of five resolutions, which had been previously offered, was called up in the House on the 13th of June. A motion to lay them upon the table was lost, by a vote of 65 to 120. They were all successively passed, by votes of 119 to 60, 123 to 61, 106 to 61, and 90 to 37. These resolutions declare an abuse on the part of the Secretary of the Navy, with the sanction of the President, relative to the purchase of coal, wood, and timber, the distribution of patronage to members of Congress, and awarding contracts according to the party relations of bidders.

The National Democratic Convention met at Baltimore on the 18th of June, pursuant to the adjournment from Charleston. Previous to this adjournment a resolution was passed requesting that new delegates should be chosen in the place of those who had seceded from the Convention; this was done in a portion of the States, and there were consequently

many contested seats. A Committee on Credentials was appointed. Pending the action of this Committee, a resolution was offered by Mr. Church, of New York, that all delegates admitted to seats should be bound in honor to support the nominees of the Convention; and another by Mr. Clark, of Missouri, to the effect that the citizens of the several States of the Union have an equal right to settle and remain in the Territories of the United States, and to hold therein, unmolested by any legislation whatever, their slaves and other property; that the Dred Scott decision is a true exposition of the doctrines of the Constitution upon all subjects concerning which it treats; and that all members of the Convention pledge themselves to support "the Democratic candidates fairly and in good faith nominated by this Convention according to the usages of the National Democratic Party." No definite action was taken upon either of these resolutions.—Two reports were presented from the Committee on Credentials. That of the majority stated that there were vacancies of the entire delegations from Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Florida, and South Carolina, with partial vacancies in Georgia, Arkansas, and Delaware, with contested seats from Massachusetts and Missouri. They reported on all these cases; the important points being that from Mississippi and Texas; where there were no contestants the original delegates were admitted; from Louisiana and Alabama the contestants were entitled to seats, while from Georgia and Arkansas portions of each body were taken. The minority report was in favor of admitting the original delegates in all the contested cases. The minority report was rejected, by a vote of 150 to 100; the principal resolutions of the other report were adopted by decided majorities. A large number of delegates, comprising many from the Southern States, the entire delegations from Oregon and California, and members from several of the other free States, then withdrew from the Convention. Among these was Mr. Cushing, the Chairman of the Convention.—The remainder of the delegates, on the 23d, proceeded to ballot for candidates for President and Vice-President. On the first ballot 212½ votes were cast, of which Mr. Douglas received 173½, Mr. Guthrie 9, Mr. Breckinridge 5, Messrs. Seymour, Bocock, Wise, and Dickinson 1 each; 21 votes were cast in blank. A resolution was then introduced declaring that Mr. Douglas, having received more than two-thirds of the votes cast, was regularly nominated. This resolution was withdrawn, to give opportunity for another ballot. Upon this, only 194½ votes were cast, 7 of the Pennsylvania delegates declining to vote. Mr. Douglas received 180½ votes, Mr. Breckinridge 10½, Mr. Guthrie 4. A resolution was then unanimously passed, declaring Mr. Douglas nominated, according to the usages of the Democratic party, by a two-thirds vote. Hon. Benjamin Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, was unanimously nominated for Vice-President. Upon motion of Mr. Wickliffe, of Louisiana, the following resolution was passed, as an addition to the platform adopted at Charleston:

"*Resolved*, That it is in accordance with the Cincinnati Platform, that during the existence of Territorial Governments the measure of restriction, whatever it may be, imposed by the Federal Constitution on the power of the Territorial Legislatures, over the subject of the domestic relations, as the same has been or shall hereafter be finally determined by the Supreme Court of the United States, should be respected by all good citizens, and enforced with promptness and ability by every branch of the General Government."

Subsequent to the adjournment of the Convention Mr. Fitzpatrick declined to accept the nomination for Vice-President, and the name of Hon. Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia, was substituted by the National Committee for that of Mr. Fitzpatrick.

The delegates who withdrew organized themselves into a separate Convention, Mr. Cushing occupying the chair. The platform reported by the majority of the Committee at Charleston, which was rejected by the majority of the Convention, was adopted. It was resolved that the rules of the Democratic Conventions of 1852 and 1856 should be adopted, with the qualification that, in making the nominations for President and Vice-President, two-thirds of the votes of all the States represented should be necessary; that each delegate should cast the vote to which he was entitled, and that each State should cast only the number of votes to which it was entitled by actual representation in the Convention.—The names of Messrs. Hunter, of Virginia, Davis, of Mississippi, and Lane, of Oregon, who had been presented as candidates for President, were formally withdrawn by their friends. Upon proceeding to ballot for President 105 votes were cast, of which Hon. John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, received 81, and Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, 24. The name of Mr. Dickinson was then withdrawn, and upon the second ballot the 105 votes were cast for Mr. Breckinridge. For Vice-President, Hon. Joseph Lane, of Oregon, was unanimously nominated upon the first ballot.——In the mean time the Southern Convention met at Richmond on the 11th of June, and adjourned to await the action at Baltimore. Reassembling on the 26th, the Convention unanimously ratified the nomination of Breckinridge and Lane.

Both Baltimore Conventions claim to represent the Democratic party, and affirm that their nominations are the only regular ones. Various propositions have been broached for the practical union of the party at the ensuing Presidential election.—In Pennsylvania and New Jersey the State Committees suggest the formation of electoral tickets composed in certain proportions from both divisions of the party, who shall be pledged to vote for either Douglas or Breckinridge, in case the results of the election in other States shall show that their unanimous vote will give the election to either; otherwise they shall vote as they judge proper.—In New York the "Hard" State Committee have issued a call for a Convention to meet at Syracuse on the 7th of August, to nominate electors pledged to vote for Breckinridge and Lane. Hon. Fernando Wood, the most prominent leader of this division of the party, has published a letter, in which he says that, though opposed to the views of Mr. Douglas, and in favor of the principle of the protection by the General Government of slave property in the Territories, yet, as matters now stand, he believes the election of Mr. Lincoln inevitable in case two Democratic tickets are run in New York and other Northern States, in which he thinks Mr. Douglas much stronger than Mr. Breckinridge. The main object is to defeat Mr. Lincoln, by electing Mr. Douglas or Mr. Breckinridge; and as the latter can not secure sufficient votes at the South alone, or the former at the North, Mr. Wood proposes that Douglas tickets alone be supported at the North, and Breckinridge tickets at the South. In this case he thinks a majority of Democrats can be secured in the electoral colleges, which, if it can not subsequently be concentrated upon either Mr. Douglas or Mr. Breckinridge, may be united upon some other can-

didate.—Hon. Miles Taylor, Chairman of the Douglas National Committee, has published a manifesto inveighing against the proceedings of the seceding Convention, and repudiating all suggestions for joint electoral tickets. He says that the principle of non-intervention by Congress with the subject of slavery in the States and Territories is that upon which the Democratic party has stood for years; that those who seceded from the Convention at Baltimore did so because they were unwilling to stand upon that ground. "Under these circumstances," says Mr. Taylor, "it is clear to the Committee that if the antagonism between the seceders and the majority of the Convention was such that the seceders could no longer take part in their deliberations, and were constrained to set up candidates in opposition to those selected by the majority, that antagonism still continues, and is such as must preclude the possibility of any union between them in the support of any common electoral ticket in any State, no matter what may be the probable result of the election in it without such a union."

The Japanese Embassadors and their suite left Philadelphia on the 16th of June, and arrived at New York on the same day. They were received as the guests of the city; and remained until the 29th, when they embarked on board the United States steamer *Niagara*, which had been put in readiness to convey them to their homes.——The mammoth steamer *Great Eastern* left England for America on the 17th, and reached the bar at Sandy Hook on the morning of the 28th. She was obliged to wait until afternoon for high tide to enable her to cross the bar, which was done with two feet of water to spare. She passed up the harbor of New York without difficulty, and came to anchor in the evening. Owing, it is said, partly to the foul state of her bottom, the passage was by no means a speedy one. She brought only forty-three passengers. The vessel will remain "on exhibition" for some weeks.——In the French courts a decision has been rendered which fully sustains the American view of the rights of naturalized citizens who revisit their native countries. In 1847 Michael Zeiter, then of the age of sixteen, and consequently not at that time liable to military service, emigrated from France to America. In 1852 he became a naturalized citizen of the United States. In 1859 he returned to France to visit his family. His name was enrolled for conscription in the class of that year, on the ground that it had been omitted from that of 1850; and, in spite of his protest, he was obliged to draw lots for enlistment. He claimed that his naturalization as an American citizen absolved him from the duties to which he would have become liable had he remained in France, and appealed to the legal tribunal. The essential facts in the case having been proved, the Court decided that "Michael Zeiter, by his naturalization in a foreign country, has lost the quality of a Frenchman;" and he was consequently held to be free from any claim for military duty. This recognition, on the part of France, of the principle that by naturalization in a foreign country a subject is absolved from all obligations to his native Government which were not incurred previous to his emigration, will doubtless be admitted as a precedent throughout Europe.——A new Arctic Exploring Expedition has been fitted out by the subscriptions of private individuals. It consists of a small vessel, which has been named the *United States*, and is under the command of Dr. I. I. Hayes, who accompanied Dr. Kane in his last voyage. The vessel sailed from Boston on the 7th of July.

MEXICO.

In spite of a very serious check, the general tenor of the intelligence from Mexico is favorable to the Liberal party. Late in May, Uraga, the Liberal General, was before Guadalajara, defended by General Woll, to the succor of which Miramon was rapidly advancing. On the 24th an attack was made, with a vigor unusual in Mexican warfare. The defense was obstinate, but the Liberals were apparently on the point of success, when Uraga was wounded by a shell, which took off his leg, killing several of his staff. This disaster put an end to the attack upon the city; the Liberals retreated to await the approach of Miramon, the wounded commander remaining behind. Later accounts, which are not fully confirmed, state that an engagement had taken place near Salamanca between Miramon and the Liberals, in which the former was totally defeated and taken prisoner. Other successes of the Liberal forces are also reported.

EUROPE.

The insurrection in Sicily has thus far been entirely successful. On the 27th of May Garibaldi made a bold attack upon Palermo, and after a desperate fight of many hours succeeded in penetrating to the heart of the city. During the fight the city was bombarded by the Neapolitan troops both from the citadel and the fleet; great damage was done, and many lives were lost. Then followed some days of desultory fighting; at length the Neapolitan Commander made proposals for an armistice. This was granted, and before its conclusion a capitulation was agreed upon, on the 6th of June. The Neapolitans were suffered to embark with their arms and baggage. Garibaldi, thus master of the city, took upon himself dictatorial power, and established a temporary government. At the latest dates he was organizing an expedition against Messina. The King of Naples had unsuccessfully demanded the interposition of the Great Powers to maintain the integrity of his dominions.——A Conference has just taken place at Baden between the Emperor of France, the Prince Regent of Prussia, and several of the minor rulers of Germany. Though ostensibly a mere private meeting, it is presumed that the object of the French Emperor was to assure the German sovereigns that he meditated no designs upon the peace of Europe.

THE EAST.

The Chinese Emperor has formally refused to accede to the ultimatum of the British Government. This demanded an apology for firing into the British ships at the mouth of the Taku, in June, 1859, and a restitution of all the ships and material lost on that occasion; the ratification, at Pekin, of the treaty of Tientsin, and that the British Minister should be permitted to proceed in a British vessel up the Taku as far as possible, and thence should be conveyed with due honor to the capital by the Chinese authorities; and that the indemnity agreed upon in the former treaty should be promptly paid. This ultimatum was accompanied by a threat that unless it was accepted within thirty days, hostilities would commence. A war between China and Great Britain and France appears to be imminent.——A bloody civil war is now raging in Syria between the Druses of Mount Lebanon, aided by the Moslems, and the Christians. The Turkish troops having been withdrawn, the Government is unable to suppress the conflict.

Literary Notices.

The Queens of Society, by GRACE and PHILIP WHARTON. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Without any extravagant pretensions in a literary point of view, this entertaining volume presents a gossiping biography of several of the celebrated women who have held a conspicuous place in society, either on account of intellectual endowments, personal attractions, peculiar culture and accomplishments, political connections, or force of character. Among the distinguished names which are thus brought into fresh notice are those of the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Lady Morgan, Lady Caroline Lamb, Miss Landon (the unfortunate L. E. L.), Madame de Staël, Madame Roland, Madame Recamier, and others both of England and France. The authors have succeeded in collecting a variety of personal details, which, if not absolutely new, are set forth in a striking light, and made the subject of a lively narrative. In the expression of their own opinions they show not a little prejudice and narrow-mindedness, and often an amusing vein of conceit; but they know how to tell a story well, and, in spite of their flippancy, always interest the reader in their account of the heroine of the hour. One of the best memoirs in the volume is devoted to Letitia Elizabeth Landon, whose mysterious fate, no less than the romantic character of her poetry, has kept alive the curiosity which her peculiar career could not fail to call forth. Miss Landon came before the public as an authoress when she was scarcely turned of fourteen years of age. Her early productions met with a brilliant success; the unknown writer was the theme of every tongue. It was soon discovered that the sparkling pen was that of a female, but her name remained a secret. In the first flush of her fame she met with a sad calamity in the death of her father, which not only deprived her of a kind and indulgent parent, but threatened her with poverty, and threw her completely on her own resources. She was compelled to look to her poetical gift as the means of support for herself and her widowed mother. Literature now became her profession; and though the habit of task-writing, doubtless, in some degree crippled her genius, she did not cease to be buoyant and hopeful, and soon aspired to the freedom, the love of which was quickened by the consciousness of her power. She began to grow weary of constraint, and at length separated from her mother, and set up an establishment of her own. Meanwhile her name had become the object of scandal, which, although—according to the authors of this volume—utterly destitute of foundation, occasioned her much distress, and to a certain extent compromised her social position. Suffering from ill-health, the reports to her disadvantage preyed upon her mind; her elastic spirit was quelled; she longed to get away from England, and from those by whom she was misunderstood; and would often talk of marrying any one that should offer his hand. Happily, under these trying circumstances, her best friends did not forsake her. She was more sought after than ever in the highest society; the ladies of rank who welcomed her to their houses never lent an ear to the rumors against her, as they were too much accustomed to the calumnies of the world to attach any importance to those which were leveled against an unprotected young woman. It was at this time that Miss Landon first met, at the house of a mutual friend, Mr. George Maclean, then Governor of Cape Coast Castle. Mr. Maclean had just distinguished himself by the courage and skill with which he had put down an insurrection of the Ashantees. Miss Landon was always greatly touched by any thing that approached to heroism. Her fancy was excited by what she had heard of the African hero. There was to be a party to welcome him; and in her enthusiasm Miss Landon wore a Scotch tartan scarf over her shoulders, and a sash and ribbons of the Maclean tartan. He was much struck with her appearance, and, after a brief acquaintance, solicited her hand in marriage. He was accepted, and introduced to her friends as her betrothed. Mr. Maclean was of an ancient Scottish family, and had been sent out in early youth to Africa as Colonial Secretary of Cape Coast Castle, of which he was made Governor when he was scarcely of age. He was a grave, spare man, between thirty and forty at the time of the engagement, but he looked much older. His face, without being decidedly homely, was any thing but agreeable. His complexion was bloodless, his dark hair fell on a contracted and unintellectual brow; his dark gray eyes were seldom raised to meet those of another; painfully taciturn in his disposition, he never spoke if he could help it, and then only in his native Scotch. Wholly devoted to practical affairs, he looked on all sentiment as folly, taste and fancy as weakness of mind, and the softer passions as a waste of time. Such was the uncongenial help-meet who was hereafter to control the destiny of the imaginative poetess. But the course of even this love did not long run smooth. The engagement was suddenly interrupted by Mr. Maclean's mysteriously leaving London, and ceasing all correspondence. Miss Landon, still hoping for the best, wrote to him, but no answer; wrote again, and again no answer. Her health began to suffer, and she was at length thrown into a nervous fever. Her depression was extreme; but after some time, during which he maintained a rigid silence, Mr. Maclean reappeared, but entered into no explanations, vouchsafed no apology. Whether he had ever credited the reports against her remains uncertain. It was now asserted that Mr. Maclean was already privately married to a woman of color at Cape Coast Castle. This was distinctly denied by Mr. Maclean; and although it caused no little anxiety to Miss Landon, it was finally explained to her complete satisfaction. They were married in June, 1837, and toward the close of the month set sail for Africa. The marriage had been celebrated with the greatest possible privacy; the following day the bride returned to her friend's house, and entered into society as usual under her maiden name—an arrangement which led to the suspicion that there was a fear in Mr. Maclean's mind lest the event should be known too soon at Cape Coast. On arriving at the destined port, Mr. Maclean put off from the vessel at dead of night in a fishing-boat, and reached the shore in safety through the dangerous surf. This strange conduct subsequently prompted the surmise that he deemed it necessary to send away some persons long established at the fort before the arrival of his bride. When she landed L. E. L. was in good health. For some time her letters gave favorable and cheerful accounts of her new home. She soon, however, be-

gan to complain of the loneliness of her situation. Mr. Maclean would leave her the whole day until seven in the evening, intrenching himself in a quarter of the huge fort or castle, where he forbade her to follow him. She confessed that she thought him strange, inert beyond description, very reserved, and never speaking a word more than he could avoid. Still she alluded to no unkindness, and her spirits were good. He seemed to leave her to write, or to think, or to wander about the fort, just as she pleased. But the mysterious closing scene was near at hand. She was well and cheerful on the evening of October 14, and had occupied herself in writing to her English friends for several days. The next day Emily Bailey, the stewardess, and her only English attendant, was to return in the vessel which brought them out. Between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, Mrs. Bailey went to Mrs. Maclean's room, and on attempting to open the door was prevented by some heavy weight on the inside. When she at last succeeded in entering, she found Mrs. Maclean lying on the floor with her face against the door, and with a bottle—an empty bottle—in her hand. There was a slight bruise on her cheek. She fancied she heard a faint sigh as she leaned over her. She went instantly for her husband to call Mr. Maclean, who came at once and sent for advice. The surgeon arrived promptly, and every effort was made to resuscitate the body, but in vain. The bottle was labeled prussic acid, which it had evidently contained. A letter was upon the table, which she, who lay before them unconscious, had been writing. The ink was scarcely dry with which she had penned the last kind and affectionate words to her friend. Every thing indicated perfect composure: there was no sign that she anticipated the event that had taken place. An inquest was summoned, and evidence taken; but every thing seemed more and more mysterious in proportion to what was disclosed. She had been seen in health the night before; yet it was stated that she had had spasms, and was in the habit of taking prussic acid for spasms; and it was concluded that she must have taken an overdose that day. Still, no odor of prussic acid was emitted from the mouth; it was afterward declared by experts that, had she died from prussic acid, the muscles would have been so relaxed that she could not have retained the bottle in her hand; nor did it appear that prussic acid had formed a part of the contents of her medicine-chest, or that it had ever been prescribed to her by her physician. No post-mortem examination was held; the inquest and funeral were all ended in six hours after the ill-fated bride had ceased to exist. The vail of mystery which shrouds the event has never been withdrawn. It has been conjectured that she died by poison, administered through the hands of the repudiated wife or mistress, and that she thus fell a victim to jealousy. But the dark story will never be cleared up. "Time has not contributed one gleam of light upon an event which is still deplored for surviving friends, and which every now and then seems to recur to the memory of the public like a painful but half-forgotten dream."

The Year of Grace: A History of the Revival in Ireland, by the Rev. WILLIAM GIBSON. (Published by Gould and Lincoln.) The extraordinary religious movement which has given a new aspect to the Presbyterian churches in the North of Ireland is here described, in an interesting narrative, by the Professor of Christian Ethics in Queen's College at Belfast.

Sermons by Rev. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON. (Published by Derby and Jackson). Mr. Punshon is one of the most eloquent of living English Wesleyan preachers. He is about thirty-six years of age, and although scarcely entered the period of middle life, he has already gained a reputation in the pulpit and on the platform, such as is enjoyed by few public orators in Great Britain. The present volume is a favorable specimen of his extraordinary powers, consisting, for the most part, of discourses on practical and devotional subjects. An introductory essay, and a plea for class-meetings by the Rev. Mr. Milburn, increase the interest of the volume.

Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labors, by the Rev. Dr. J. LEWIS KRAPF. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) The geographical discoveries of the author during a residence of eighteen years in Eastern Africa are set forth in this instructive volume. While Dr. Livingstone was proceeding from the South toward the coast of Mozambique, Dr. Krapf was advancing from the North toward the same point. The two travelers approached within five degrees of each other, and their respective discoveries combine to form an integral contribution to geographical science. The volume is rich in the fruits of linguistic and ethnological research, in addition to its curious information on the manners and customs of various native African tribes.

Natural History, for the Use of Schools and Families, by WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The design of this volume is to select from the great mass of zoology such portions as are adapted to popular information, without aiming to furnish a book of reference for professed students of the science. It is written in a clear and attractive style, and presents the results of modern investigation in a form well adapted to general use.

Institutes of International Law, Public and Private, by DANIEL GARDNER. (Published by John S. Voorhies.) The title of this work indicates the great variety of topics upon which it treats. Among these are National and State Sovereignty and their attributes; the rights of Eminent Domain, and Taxation; Extra-territorial and International Rights and Comity, such as foreign contracts, mortgages, interest, bills of exchange, the extradition of criminals and fugitives from labor, foreign marriages and divorces; the law of Franchises, and the power of the Legislature over them; Public Domain, Alluvion, Fisheries, Navigable Waters, Wharves, Corporations, and the duties and liabilities of directors. It treats of Inter-state and International Law in general, and presents the American view of the Law of Nations. Of the manner in which these and kindred topics are treated, one of the most eminent members of the New York Bar says: "I regard the work as a most valuable and accurate one. Many of its titles embrace subjects of everyday interest, upon which the authorities are collected, and the legal rules stated with accuracy and discrimination. The work will much facilitate the labors of the Bar and the Bench."

Among the novels of the month, *Lovel the Widower*, by W. M. THACKERAY, and *Castle Richmond*, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, will attract the attention of lovers of fiction by the names of their respective authors, as well as by the intrinsic character of their contents. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE has been no need, this summer, to run out of the city to find excitement. The drive to the Lake at Saratoga is very delightful; but what is that to the spectacle of half a dozen Japan princes driving up Broadway? And the sapphire sea at Newport is dazzling; but what are a few score people in loose serge robes, bobbing about in the water, to the vision of the largest ship in the world majestically gliding up this beautiful bay? Nor have we imported all our subjects of absorbing interest. Have we not been—are we not now—all simmering in a Presidential canvass? Is not the air loud with shouts and music? Are we not all getting ready to drop the ballot which some enthusiast declares "falls like snow, and executes a freeman's will like lightning?"

Do not think because the Easy Chair speaks lightly of the matter of a popular election that it is therefore blind to its character and importance. Far from that. Despite Sirius and the Dog-star fervors, it could almost take fire from the surrounding heat and talk politics—not personally, but philosophically—by the hour. For while it steps in to chat for a moment about matters which interest us all, without alienating or exasperating any body, what could be more apropos than the suggestion that, in a country like ours, where every thing depends upon the action of the people, it becomes the people—that is, you and I—to be able to act wisely. In this country every man ought to vote; and, consequently, every man ought to understand the questions that are to be affected by his vote.

Every day, as the Easy Chair sits ruminating at the window which looks out upon the World, he hears, in various tones, the same remark—"Pshaw! Politics are so dirty and politicians so rascally that no decent man will have any thing to do with them!" Softly, friends, softly. You acknowledge the necessary importance of political action. How soon are politics likely to become cleaner in the hands of dirty men? Do you know what makes them so unclean now? It is not the bestiality of the groggery that does it—it is the indifference and ignorance of the parlors.

Depend upon it, the corruption of politics (if there be any corruption!) does not spring from the uneducated masses, but from the intelligent leaders. Every man who is in the habit of addressing large audiences knows that the most generous and noble sentiment always elicits the most cordial response. Who would not despair of the system of popular government if it were otherwise? A mob is inflamed by fiery appeals to their prejudices or supposed interests, from the mouths of men who fear that the principles against which the mob is incited may persuade and convince the mob. I do not believe that any man, honestly advocating any really just and lofty principle, whatever it might be, would ever be in danger of violence from any ordinary crowd of men. And this for the reason that men naturally love fair play, and because they instinctively say Amen to any simple and general truth.

At all elections, we are told, there is immense fraud upon all sides. Very well: the guilty person is not the dull fellow who sells his vote, but the sly fellow who buys it. The seller may have conscience, although he have not sense enough to have an opinion; but the buyer has no conscience and no conviction. He is the dangerous man, the real incendiary in our system, and he generally lives in a fine house and wears fine clothes. When the Japanese were in Baltimore some of the rowdies pressed into the room and smashed their hats upon the heads of the embassadors. The rowdies were probably drunk, and were certainly destitute of decency. But what, then, do you say of the civic authorities of Baltimore, who were neither drunk nor technically indecent, and who saw these outrages without saying a word? Without making any personal application, is it not perfectly well known that such things and much worse are permitted, because the leaders do not wish to offend the "governing classes," lest they should lose their votes? The leaders first debauch, flatter, and incite the ignorant masses, and then they fear them. They are like a man who educates his dog to fly at every passenger, and presently the well-taught animal dashes at his teacher.

No, no, young man! don't whine and sniff at the dirtiness of politics, but turn to and do your share in cleansing them. Look at the Japanese princes, how calmly they survey the novel scene which appears to them simply barbarous! How they secretly smile, doubtless, at what we call "our civilization!" They are of a nation fabulously old. How many centuries are there that look down at them from the tea-trays? Well, they and their system represent one political principle. We, with all our bad manners and indecency, represent the other. Choose between them. But understand, that it depends upon ourselves whether we will remain bad-mannered and indecent, or whether we shall subside into a despotism of demagogues more abject than that of a hundred Tycoons.

THE World is out of town of course, and perhaps, as it returns, it will stop at Springfield and see what is called the "Horse Show." The name ought to be good, because it is descriptive; but it has acquired a peculiar significance which makes it ludicrous. "Dan Rice's Show" has been so universally placarded through the country that it is hard not to associate the circus with the Springfield Horse Show. However, that is but for a moment. We all remember that Mr. Everett, who may be our Vice-President, made one of his graceful orations at the Horse Show of two years ago, and that the Fair was one of the most interesting ever held in the country. This year it will not be less so. The speeches will be good too, for if ever a man may be eloquent about animals it is when he speaks of the horse.

And ladies are to be welcome! There is to be provision for their participation on the spot. A suspicious Easy Chair is not quite comfortable at this announcement. It seems to smack a little of woman's rights. What is to become of the proper position of woman if she goes to Horse shows? Have we not all been taught that the home, not the side-saddle, is the true sphere of the sex? Who is to rock the cradles of our children, who is to darn our stockings (and they are very thin in summer, mind you, and very subject to falling out of repair), who, in the name of neatness, is to sew on our suspender buttons, if wives and daughters are to frequent Horse fairs and jostle among men, not to say jockeys? It is to be hoped, in the interest of the fitness of things, that there is some mistake in all this. What are we coming to when such things are tolerated as matters of course? Nay, if such things are done in the green tree, what *will* be done in the dry?

Mr. N. P. Willis, who has become an equine authority, speaking of this Springfield gathering and the presence of ladies, says that the lady who returns to England after staying some time with us, agrees that "she passes for much more in our currency;" and he declares that it is a prevailing belief that America is "the world's paradise of women." He says it all, *apropos* of the Horse Show and the fact that ladies are to be admitted and welcomed. Does he mean to say that a country in which women are countenanced in deserting their heaven-appointed sphere of the nursery and kitchen is a Paradise? O Philip Slingsby! O Solomon Gunnybags!

But Mr. Willis says a good thing (it is not unusual with him) in the same article which contains these reprehensible sentiments. Premising that our national sin is hurry, an incessant excitement—and what American will deny it?—he proposes that the management of the Fair shall offer a premium for the horse best trained not to be frightened. It is certainly a capital suggestion. The old difficulty with American saddle-horses is that they are not half trained. You remember what Miss Fanny Kemble said in her amusing "Journal in America," how angry she was with all the horses brought to her to ride, and how she did not believe there was a really good saddle-horse in the whole country. She insisted that they were not broken, and that you mounted at the risk of your life. It is unquestionably true. Every body who rides with us is at the mercy of every dog that jumps over a wall, and every shirt that flaps on a line. Our horses shy and jump and run upon the slightest provocation; and Mr. Willis argues that our riding consequently defeats its own purpose, for the mind is not relaxed and recreated, but constantly braced to guard against probable accident.

On the other hand many, and perhaps most, of our riders, do not object to the necessity of incessant vigilance. Amazona, one of the best riders known to the Easy Chair, scoffs at the dull English cobs, who are of pure blood, of perfect training, and exquisitely kept, but who if an earthquake suddenly opened the ground at their feet, would quietly leap over and push calmly on.

"What fun is there," she says, "in riding a wooden beast? I like to feel that I have something to do besides being borne along like a bag of meal. I like to feel that I am safe, not because the animal carries me as a nurse holds a child, but because I am the intelligent controller (master she would say, only she is a Miss), like a pilot at the helm."

That is the true American spirit. Even our riding disdains any touch or taint of the "paternal" system of government. We don't wish to be kept from the risks, but to take them all at our peril; just as we prefer to hazard the chances of the popular will rather than to be secured by despotic power. Still, we may fairly doubt the philosophy. Its theory evidently is that the spirit of a horse is necessarily broken by training, as many young parents fear that the spirit of their children will be injured by discipline. But that is not quite true. Willful, foolish, unreasonable, and wicked compulsion will undoubtedly destroy the fine spirit of man and brute. But the temper of the truest blade of Damascus was given to it by the most elaborate care. It was the old Arabian story that a shawl of texture flexible enough to be drawn through the Sultan's ring was therefore of fibre strong enough to hold the Sultan's horse. It is the wrought iron which is the strong iron. It is the disciplined man who is the effective man. It is the trained horse which is the trustiest horse. The animal which bore Washington through so many battles of our Revolution was not the less spirited and interesting because he did not flinch before the fiercest flash nor quail at the loudest roar; and of all men in our history Washington himself was the most severely disciplined. The self-command which is so admirable in men is not less so in horses; and as Goethe was more of a man after he had forced himself to climb the towers of Strasbourg Cathedral until he was no longer sickened by the dizzy height, so is a horse a better horse when he has learned not to shy at a piece of paper nor jump at a passing wheel.

However, since the Central Park has given an opportunity for riding to become the fashion, we shall doubtless have all these matters explained and settled. Among the rest, let us hope that, if these new-fangled notions of the propriety of women's deserting the domestic sphere to ride horses shall prevail, they may be taught that good horsemanship involves the utmost thoughtfulness, tenderness, and care; and that they are not to jump upon a horse as if he were a machine to be wound up by the whip to run at the highest possible speed. There will be a great many young women at Newport, and Saratoga, and elsewhere, this summer, who will delight in nothing more than a ride. And yet not more than one in fifty of them will think of the risks of riding. How the girls jump on, and whip up, and canter off, without the least knowledge of the animal which bears them; not contented if they are not flying over the road, and half hysterical with excitement! It is an occasion of profound gratitude when they return and alight safely. The pell-mell style is the favorite method of ladies in riding.

Of course there are exceptions. You, dear madame and dearest miss—you are both exceptions. You know that a horse is as tender as a plant, and to be as delicately managed as a child. You neither jerk, nor fret, nor confuse your animal—nor urge him up hill and down at the top of his speed. You know how to soothe and encourage him—how to inspire him with sympathy, and teach him to be docile. Won't you remonstrate with the other ladies, and beg them to be more moderate? For if we men do it we are accused of cowardice.

The Japanese reception was very pretty as a military display; but it was not a pageant—it was not picturesque and suggestive. It was only a Fourth of July procession upon a great scale, with Japanese princes in carriages instead of the usual venerable men who have come down to us from a former generation. However, it was a very successful show; and the Easy Chair could not help remembering similar spectacles he had seen in other days and lands. He is garrulous in the warm summer morning. Will you let him speak of the past, and in his own person?

Let it be the fifth day of September, in Milan, thirteen years ago. I had come across Lombardy from Venice, lingering and loitering in all the pleasant places; and at Lodi, where I had stopped with my traveling friends to see the site of Napoleon's famous bridge, we had all been arrested by the *gens d'armes*, and carried before the police for examination. Do you ask if to be an American is to be a traitor in a Bourbon country? You might well suppose so. But this time it was only because one of the party had been observed by a sentinel draw-

ing the odd shapes of some chimney-pots upon a quaint house near the castle. The sentinel saw that we were foreigners—that we were drawing near the citadel—*aux armes!* a plot! a plot! The cursed strangers are drawing the fortifications, stealing our military secrets; and may the Lord have mercy upon our souls! So we were arrested on the spot, and, after a delay of some four hours, succeeded in persuading the most villainous-faced judge you ever saw that we were peaceful American citizens, traveling for pleasure, and entirely without designs upon the fortifications of Lodi. That is the kind of life a "paternal government" provides! *Viva Vittore Emmanuele, re d'Italia!* The tyranny of the dukes of the Middle Ages on the plain of Lombardy could not have been so bitter as that of the modern Bourbons.

All the Italian cities are charming in summer. The houses are very high, and the streets very narrow. Thus they are shady, and sluices for every breeze that blows. The Italians come to town in summer, as we go out of it. Upon the plains in the northern and central parts of the country the woods have been cut away, and the country houses exposed all round to the sun; and standing among parched and sandy-hued olive-groves, they are not cool retreats in an Italian July. Yet I have passed a summer in Italy as comfortably as any where. They prepare for summer there as we do for winter.

So it was delightful to stroll about the streets of Milan, even at the close of August. It is one of the oldest of cities, or rather of sites, but it has a half-modernized air, as if Paris had almost persuaded it to become a French city. Then it has the Cathedral, and Lionardo da Vinci's Last Supper, and the Ambrosian Library. Venice is proud of its winged lions—but these are the lions of Milan. The Austrian Viceroy used to divide his years between the two cities; but he did not love Milan, for the Milanese hated Austria. The nobility held proudly aloof from the German savages who held their city by force. They avoided the cafés at which the white-uniformed Austrian officers congregated; and the Austrian officers swaggered about, rattling their long scabbards upon the pavement. Whoever travels in Italy is apt to be an Italian for the nonce. How I did hate the Austrian officers!

When I came to Milan the city was busily preparing to receive a new archbishop, who had been consecrated, and was now to arrive and take possession of that splendid Cathedral and the wealthy see. Happily for Italy, which was full of a lazy, ignorant, picturesque people, in the calendar of the Church every day is a holiday. The Church and State were united; and while the Church tickled the people with shows the State picked their pockets of money, and tried to put out the fire of liberty in their souls. In those days the conspiracy seemed to be tolerably successful. But I remember also that the slopes of Etna were tolerably green. There has been an eruption of Etna since, and the Bourbons have lost Lombardy. In Sicily the working countrymen paid about eighty-seven per cent. of the value of their products to Government! More paternity, you see. And on the 27th of May, in the year of God's grace 1860, Garibaldi entered Palermo.

In the days of which I am speaking Garibaldi's name was known only as that of one of the revolutionists and exiles of 1834, and Milan was politically silent, but watchful. The new archbishop had entered the city at sunset of the day before, by a gate which was wreathed with green and gold, and decorated with hangings, and had driven directly to his palace, attended by the authorities of the city, and passing through streets lined with people.

Early in the morning I walked through all the streets along which the procession would move from an old church to the Cathedral. A spacious and stately pavilion of colored cloth extended from the great entrance of the Cathedral across the square in front, terminating in an arch of peculiar grace and beauty. I walked to and fro under this, and then turned a corner into the street by which the Archbishop was to approach. It was very narrow, and hangings of red and white were festooned across it from house to house, until far down the *vista* they closed together in the perspective and overhung the street like a low luminous cloud. Every window was draped with silk and satin, and every opening upon the street, whether window, or door, or recess, was converted into a pleasure-box lined and canopied with gold and crimson cloths, and crowded with the beautiful women of Milan in picturesque costumes, seated upon ranges of benches that receded and ascended from the front.

Every Italian city seems to have its characteristic beauty, and the women of each city their distinction. The faces of the Milanese are round, and the features delicate, giving them an earnest, domestic expression which you may see often enough in the German women. The girls of the middle class wear a black lace vail which falls behind over the high-wreathed hair as far as the neck, and in front hangs upon the bosom. The hair is drawn straight back for a little breadth upon the forehead, and crowns the head in a massive, simple braid, while in front it is brought forward in a broad band upon the cheek. Splendid dahlias were wreathed and bunched about many of the balconies—and their bright colors were matched by those of the dresses.

I swayed up and down the street with the wandering crowd of strangers and citizens, and passed under another arch, and turning again entered a broader street, which was canopied with rich wreaths of green leaves and flowers, stretching overhead from side to side, and every where the same balconies, and boxes, and beauty, nodding, smiling, and glittering—going down each side of the perspective.

Another pavilion of gold-fringed hangings was erected over the square, in front of the old church whence the procession was to move. A hundred green-houses seemed to have been despoiled of all their flowers, which were ranged upon the sides. There was quiet expectation and admiration in every face, and presently, when the bells began to ring, the crowd settled into its place, and I walked back to the seat whence I was to see the spectacle.

First came a guard pressing through the sluggish, staring throng, opening a narrow path, along which followed men who laid a broad white linen canvas upon the smooth pavement which extends across the street, for there are no sidewalks. The pavement had been carefully swept and the cloth was not soiled. Upon the white canvas they laid a broad colored carpet. A group of matronly women followed with needles and scissors to repair any chance rent, and men fastened the whole with long slim tacks to the hard dirt between the pavement stones. A guard of Austrian infantry preceded the procession.

The front ranks were composed of religious charitable societies, bearing crosses and banners, and attended by their beneficiaries, uniformed children, and feeble old men, who tottered by in couples, dressed

like state prisoners, and tremulously chanting Romish hymns. It is like the parade of captives in old Roman triumphs, this marshaling of objects of charity in their badges, to swell the show of a festival. After them came priests, in effective robes and monkish caps, with their hands held together before their breasts muttering prayers; and following splendid banners and more crosses, the banners of silk and satin heavy embroidered and tasseled with gold and silver—the crosses shining in the sun, and bearing high overhead, and in sight of all, the crucified Christ. A group of nuns, many of them young and lovely, with pure white vails falling backward from their foreheads and relieving the black dress, passed with hands clasped over missals before them, singing, and with eyes fastened to the ground. Their voices rang clear and sonorous in the attentive street, and swelled and died in the full harmonious burst, *In secula seculorum. Amen.*

Six trumpeters in gay gala-dresses, blowing trumpets that made a glittering music, preceded the city banner, a huge mass of embroidery, like gorgeous tapestry, with a full-length figure of St. Ambrose, the patron saint and former archbishop of Milan. The city dignitaries walked behind their banner, followed by a file of priests, two of whom in front carried a long basket of flowers, from which several beautiful children scattered odorous blossoms and herbs, cut rose leaves, thyme, rosemary, the summer savor of which perfumed the air. The bishops came next, in full canonicals, and after an intervening space, his gemmed and radiant mitre borne before, walking alone, with his head bent forward, and incessantly waving his hand in the apostolic benediction, came the Archbishop. The people cheered and clapped as he passed by. He was solemn and severe of aspect, and looked as if he might be a saint even where Ambrose and Carlo Borromeo had preceded him. More civic functionaries, in quaint costume, and another guard of cavalry closed the pageant.

At the edge of evening I walked through the city. Before every window, in every palace, burned solemnly a huge candle, and upon all the houses lamps and lanterns and candles of every size, color, and shape. There were conceits of fire fountains, transparencies, gay wreaths of glittering tinsel flowers flashing in the light, and the arches of doors and windows were outlined in jets of flame. But chiefly in the garlanded and canopied streets through which in the morning the procession had passed the show was finest. Beside all the hangings, quaint lanterns of every hue and device were suspended overhead so closely that they made a bower of colored light. The improvised triumphal arches were drawn in fire, and under the splendid pavilion, which inclosed the square in front of the Cathedral, clusters of magnificent chandeliers were suspended. The bands played in every square, so that the festive city murmured with music. Ladies and gentlemen crowded the illuminated windows and balconies; the admiring crowd swayed through the streets like gay guests through the endless bright halls and passages of a boundless pleasure-house, until, toward midnight, all the bands assembled in the great square before the Archbishop's palace, and amidst the clangor of hundreds of instruments, and pealing huzzas and vivas, and the solemn signing of the cross over the multitude by the prelate from an upper window, which was as brilliant as day from the light of the illuminated fountain in the square, ended the most gorgeous day that Milan had seen since the Emperor Ferdinand was crowned.

Only a really picturesque people can successfully undertake a pageant. Moreover, it is part of the policy of a "paternal" Government to amuse the people with spectacles. Of late years, since the hope of liberty has become a distinct possibility in the Italian mind, the fondness for festivals is disappearing. They have work in hand, and people anxious about the future of their homes are not so easily pleased with a bonfire and a string of tinsel flowers. When Victor Emanuel, when Garibaldi, came to Milan, last year, there was a festival, but of another kind. Carpets were not spread along the streets, but they were covered with a reverent, enthusiastic, loyal people. *Viva Garibaldi!* The hearts and hopes of the world are set upon him. *Viva Garibaldi!* who, in a country swayed by a sordid and superstitious despotism, stands for liberty without a thought of self.

The pealing bells of the Fourth of July have died away. We are now eighty-five years old. Some few men and women who saw the light before the Declaration still survive. There is one near the Easy Chair who remembers when her mother set her to read the great news of Independence. Since the famous Fourth in '76 how many a time clouds have gathered, and final darkness seemed to be settling upon our fate. But how surely, as a ship rises again upon the wave, have we lifted our heads and shone out again in our place!

Did any Fourth of July orator happen to agree with the Easy Chair in his philosophy of the reason of this perpetual reinvigoration? For was it any thing else than this, that the fathers were men who believed absolutely and implicitly in ideas: and in founding their state upon absolute principles, they secured its permanence for so long as those principles should be revered? Had they proposed a policy merely—had they shrunk from stating the great truths upon which they firmly relied, and in which they profoundly believed, the victory of England would have been easy. The patriots could no more compromise with their own convictions than with the crown of Great Britain. Thomas Jefferson was their type: at once an idealist and the most practical of men. It was because they were idealists that they were effective as practical workers. Nothing but the central fire of faith could have kept them from freezing at Valley Forge.

And it was this which made their movement a revolution, not a rebellion; an integral and influential event in history, and not a mere episode. The men who intellectually and morally led the revolution were extraordinary men. They were profound thinkers, learned scholars, and full of common sense. Their whole movement is the most illustrious historic proof that the right way is the best way; that the noblest principle is the surest policy.

The last volume of Bancroft's History, published a month ago, which concludes with the Declaration of Independence, sets this view forth in the most brilliant manner. It shows that the revolution was a result of celestial logic. It was a fruit ripening through long years and circumstances. The clear and profound scholarship of our great historian gives his work a peculiar charm of completeness. The panorama of the contemporaneous development of society in the chief countries of the world is so accurately tinted that the reader has never a sense of isolation, but feels that he is seeing the due proportion and relation of the story of his own country to the whole history of society. Mr. Bancroft has

now brought his work down to the year 1776. If, as he contemplated, he stops with the formation of the Constitution in 1787 he will require, perhaps, three more volumes. But he could not have fairly treated his theme in a shorter space. The great conflict of principles, of which our continent has been the theatre, required a generous detail of description that every American might know his own history well. And it will always be a cause of national congratulation that, at so early a period, while documents and even living witnesses were accessible, a scholar so peculiarly fitted for the work by sympathy, training, perception, and an unquailing industry, gave to it the flower of his years and powers.

Several years since Mr. Downing, who first opened our national eyes to the art of rural life, spoke warmly of the ailanthus-tree, and recommended it for planting, especially in the city. So every body went to work and planted the ailanthus. But when they were all planted they began to develop their characteristics, and the terrible truth appeared that the blossom, which by all analogy should express the utmost sweetness of the tree, smelled horribly! It was noisome. It was insufferable. Then it was observed that the form of the tree was awkward, scraggy, and straggling, and the fate overtook the ailanthus to which square-toed boots and coal-scuttle bonnets have succumbed—it went out of fashion.

For it is curious that there is a fashion in the dress of grounds as in that of their owners. About the beginning of the century Chancellor Livingston introduced the poplar from France and Lombardy. It was planted every where. Long columnar rows in avenues and public grounds, and single sentry trees at gates and by garden walls, picturesquely diversified with their slim, tall spires the rounded foliage of our native trees. But the fashion passed. The poplars were condemned as shadeless, stiff, and awkward, and last year a gentleman in one of the loveliest rural towns of New York, said to the Easy Chair that he had done during the summer what he supposed no other man in the country had done—he had planted an avenue of poplars. The old trees have been very generally cut down, but some of them remain as beacons and landmarks. They have rather a forlorn and dreary aspect, but it is not easy to say whether that is natural to them or merely the result of association with the neglect into which they have fallen, and the fact that they are exiles. No one who has been in Lombardy will think the poplar a dreary tree. But there, again, it is an association which probably redeems it. For the poplars are natural columns upon which the luxuriant grape-vines swing themselves. Leaping from tree to tree they festoon the road. And along the broad, noble military high-roads of Lombardy, built by the Austrians to transport cannon to repress the Italians, the vines upon the sides hang like tapestry.

So the ailanthus has been generally removed. It lingers in some gardens and in some of the city streets; but it is almost universally considered a nuisance; and the feathered belle of a dozen years ago is ranked with the witches now. Yet it has still an occasional friend. Some lady finds its luxuriant foliage a secure shade before her boudoir window, and endures the ungrateful odor of a week or two for the kindly shelter and sense of rural green that the tree otherwise supplies. In the country the ailanthus has been followed by newer fashions; the catalpa, and more recently the pawlonia.

But another word may be said in favor of the despised tree for city planting, and that is its freedom from worms. In the loveliest month of the year—in June—before "the world" has left town, the trees are covered and hung with the measuring-worm. It descends every where and upon all things, so that the fairest and the most delicate are not secure, and the pleasure of the parks and the streets is entirely destroyed. Yet the measuring-worm follows the fashion and despises the ailanthus, so that it is almost the only tree entirely untouched. So serious has the annoyance grown that the Common Council—always eager for the comfort, economy, and happiness of the city—has taken the matter in hand. It will not do to cut down the trees. They are the lungs of the town. And it is stated that a prominent physician has undertaken to cure them, within three years, without cutting down a single tree. Some of the papers suggest the importation of English house-sparrows. Of course, however, now that the Common Council are stirring, something useful will be done. Why do you laugh? Is not the Common Council the representation of the intelligence and integrity of the city? Is it not charged with the care of the civic health and peace and comfort? Does it not pursue those ends unswervingly?

Let us, however, have the sparrows and the prominent physician in any case. The trees are worth saving. Their beauty and use are inseparable. And although they will be many and splendid in the Central Park, we want them at hand also. We want to sit on the sidewalks in the warm summer evenings, and stroll in the leafy squares, without going to the worms before our time.

There is at least one good result of the great Presidential campaign which shakes the country every four years. It occurs in the summer, and it summons enormous mass-meetings in all kinds of pleasant places. In this way it gives the country a series of extra holidays—something of which it is always in need. And to relinquish hard work for a long, lovely day—to load the largest wagon with the family and neighbors, and, amidst hurrahs and waving banners and shouting people, to drive through the green country to some pretty rural spot, and there encamp and unpack the baskets, and give Jim a chance to look at Jane, and to say something to her which she only shall hear—and then, after the music and the cannon have stopped, to listen to some eloquent or facetious orator, saying the things which you think ought to be said—all this is not a hard thing, but a very pleasant thing to do; and it is done every four years by hundreds of thousands of people in this country.

There are a great many wise heads shaken over public political speaking. Old Gunnybags laughs immensely at the idea that such talk does any good. "Why, Sir," he says, "they all believe what they hear before they go. You don't come to my mass meeting if you belong to the other side; and I don't come to yours. Of course not. I know just what you are going to say, and I give you the credit of knowing what I will say. Save your money, Sir; save your money, and your time, too—if you value it!"

But the old gentleman is not quite right after all. Sympathy and enthusiasm do much for every cause; and when a good-humored neighbor finds his friend going to a pleasant place, he is very likely to go with him. Besides, it stimulates interest in the men of the same party to join in a general enthusi-

asm; and, above all, it enables a great many people to understand distinctly what they do believe, and why they believe it. The thinking, the study, the research, are always done by a few. The many feel, and the instincts of the many are just. But politics is a science of policy, precedents, and expediency; and therefore the men who have investigated, and who have marshaled the why and the wherefore systematically in their minds, are the people who benefit their side by public speaking.

If a great poet be he who says in the best way what every body thinks, is not the most eloquent speaker he who takes the dull ore of indifferent assent from your mind and returns it to you purified, burnished, and glowing—the precious metal of conviction?

Our Foreign Bureau.

EVEN as we write, two men of liberal faith—at least we have counted them such—two men, who have great military reputations and glorious victories in good causes for antecedents, are carrying into swift execution the plans of a new and larger strategy than has ever yet engaged their thought. The eyes of Europe are on them. They are both in the service of peoples who are strangers to them; they are both (avowedly) putting conscience into their labor. Furthermore they represent, in their persons and their respective causes, the two great contending elements of all European strategy, whether of diplomacy or arms.

The two men we hint at are Garibaldi and Lamoricière. Every body, the world over, knows Garibaldi, and what he fights for, and how earnestly he fights for it. Lamoricière is a Republican General of France, exiled by Louis Napoleon (endeared to over-liberal zealots by this fact only); a stanch Churchman withal, who, for conscience' sake, has hired out his sword in the service to the debasing tyranny of the Pope, and is bringing all his military skill to the furtherance of the worst cause he ever yet defended. Garibaldi, with conscience lighted by love for those who struggle and suffer under the worst form of European despotism, is making his red soldiery a fiery sword of retribution; and Lamoricière is commending himself to all the established despotisms—saving, perhaps, that of Louis Napoleon—by marshaling his raw Austrian and Irish recruits in defense of a monarch who has lost the affections, and who fears the enmity of his own people.

Garibaldi's triumphs all count for civilization and liberty. Lamoricière's triumphs—if he have them—will count only for a despotism that is poorly concealed by a weak and fetid odor of religion.

And yet, if Garibaldi fail, liberty will grow; and if Lamoricière fail, religion and a vital Christianity will gain.

Of course we watch them. Of course we listen to what the world is saying; whether the world speaks through Sardinian diplomatists, or Austrian officials, or English Parliamentary debates, or the mouthpieces of Louis Napoleon.

Our readers know where all these stand, and what all these will be saying. They know that Cavour and Victor Emanuel are for the emancipation of all Southern Italy from its thralldom; they know that Austria clings to kindred despots, of whatever name, as a sick man to the drugs that may make death easy; they know that England, with very much conventional and ceremonious courtesy toward existing privilege every where, has yet a decorously concealed and abounding sympathy for the oppressed as against the oppressors; and they know that France (represented by an Emperor who has made the French voice loud and the French arm strong throughout Europe) looks complacently upon the tottering fortunes of the Bourbons of Naples, and complacently upon the reorganization of a Romish army, which only takes strength by her august permission; and which rallies to the defense of a Church that is acknowledged and accepted as a political pet.

Of course we watch them; for not Sicily and Rome only, but European liberty and its development turn upon the result. Garibaldi represents the life and the hope of Southern Europe; and Lamoricière only its stateliest tradition.

Two other generals, who not long since were living in exile, have latterly drawn to their action the attention of the world. It is not long since the loiterer in Paris might have seen them sauntering together under the leafy arcades of the Tuileries Garden, and the knowing ones would have pointed them out as the Generals Ortega and Prim: the first tall, blond, open-faced—not so Spanish in look as his dark-eyed, earnest companion, the General Prim. This last has just now come back a hero from the Spanish war of Africa; all Madrid fêtes him: but his friend Ortega, lured into that sad Carlist outbreak which was so suddenly and bloodily hushed, has perished ignominiously. In the exile of Paris, the hopes and the fears of the two men were even; their friendship unalloyed; their chances for the future the same. One has played his game out and lost; the other is a winner.

There were volleys fired at the return of Prim to Spanish soil, and the hero of the day bowed his thanks graciously. Ortega had his volley too, whose echo was hardly gone when Prim came back; but the guns of this last volley were shotted, and poor Ortega was dead before the smoke had cleared.

But after all, Spanish affairs carry very little trail of public talk after them. The Peninsula that has been wakening into railways, and into payment of English claims, these few years past, has now its Algeria, with Tetuan. The decayed gentleman of Castile has given a new cast to his cloak, after paying, with a proud sneer, his last year's bill. The successive announcements that Barcelona, by royal decree, is to have its port enlarged and fortified—that the title of Infante or Infanta is to be conferred upon the child of the Duchess of Montpensier on the abdication of claim on the part of the immediate representative of the family of Don Carlos—attract no more than momentary attention.

If we look southward, it is to Garibaldi and Palermo. And how lies the city? Our readers have seen the views; but let us place upon our record this bit of vivid description:

"Long before you arrive at Palermo by sea you have before you a bold limestone mountain, standing there isolated, and resembling somewhat the rock of Gibraltar, but not so lofty. This rock forms the northern limit of the Bay of Palermo, and of the Conca d'Oro (gold shell), the fertile plain in which the town lies. The plain stretches out in a northwesterly and southeasterly direction, which is likewise followed in a circular sweep by the mountain chain. The plain may be about twelve miles in its greatest length, and from four to five in its greatest width. Between the isolated Monte Pellegrino and the rest of the chain the plain runs up to La Favorita, over which a carriage-road goes to Carini; on

the opposite side of the plain, skirting the sea-shore, runs the high road to Messina, passing through Bazaria, and close to the ruins of Solento. These are the two easiest outlets of the plain. Every where else a continued chain of mountains seems to close all outlet. Nearest to La Favorita a bad mountain road leads in a straight line by San Martino to Carini. To the left of this road rises a rugged, magnificent mountain, looking like the worn side of an extinct crater; it protrudes somewhat into the plain, and throws out a high spur in the same direction as the main chain. This spur is Monreale; and you can see the famous convent and church, as well as the greatest part of the village. Over this plateau passes the high road to Trapani. Behind the spur and plateau of Monreale the mountain forms a kind of amphitheatre on a colossal scale, the terraced cultivation helping to keep up the illusion. Where it ends, and the mountain begins again to protrude into the plain, you can see on the slopes two white villages; they are Parco and Madonna delle Grazie, over which a carriage-road leads to the Piana dei Greci and Corleone, two old Albanian colonies, established, like a good number in this part of Sicily, by emigration after the death of Skanderbeg. Another spur runs out into the plain, and forms another amphitheatre, more rugged and picturesque than that of Monreale, and dominated by the Geb-el-Rosso. In the dip a rugged horse-path ascends, called the Passo della Mazzagna, leading down to the village of Misilmeri, situate on the only high road into the interior and to Catania. The Geb-el-Rosso falls off toward the sea and Cape Zafarano, and in the lower depression is the high road from Palermo to Catania. It runs almost parallel to the road on the sea-shore as far as Abate, and then cuts across to the south. From this description you will see that the Neapolitans, possessing the command of the sea, had all the advantages of a concentric position, especially with an enemy who was weak in artillery, and who was chiefly formidable in the mountains."

So much for the grander features of the scene. Then there are the tortuous streets; the thronging, eager population — hopeful, yet scarce daring to hope; the calm sea yonder, with the black ships of the Neapolitan masters; the English Union Jack, and the American flag, and the tri-color of France, flying here and there amidst the spars—but no hope or help in them for the doubting Palermitans. The law, and polity, and treaties will keep these quiet, in sight of whatever chastisement the Neapolitan war-ships may wreak. The only hopeful glances are to the grim ranges of mountain that close in that golden lap of land where the city is lying. But scouts are coming in, and the news spreads like a fire that Garibaldi is come. Somewhere upon a little plateau, which commands wide outlook, there is a rude camp. Garibaldi has no tents, indeed; he does not tolerate an effeminacy of that sort; but his soldiers have stuck lances in the ground, and stretched blankets across them. Under this rude shelter "you may see the guacho saddle arranged as a pillow, and the black sheep-skin covering as a bed. As for every one else, there are the olive-trees affording shade, plenty of stones for pillows, and perhaps for every tenth man a coat or blanket. All around are picketed the horses, most of them entire, and behaving accordingly. The General himself is not there; he has taken one of his morning strolls; but in front of his tent are all his trusty followers—Colonel Turr, the Hungarian, although still suffering from the shot in his arm, received in last year's campaign, yet always ready where there is danger; Colonel Bixio, another trusty follower, and well-known officer of the Cacciatoria delle Alpi; Colonel Carini, the bravest of Sicilians, likewise an officer of that corps; besides a number of others, all brave like him, among them Garibaldi's young son, with a shot wound in his wrist, received at Calatafimi, and the son of Daniel Manin, wounded in the thigh. There is the ex-priest, Guzmaroli, a Romagnole, who has vowed the most enthusiastic worship to his hero, and follows him like his shadow, providing for his comforts, and watching his person in the moment of danger. There is a small cluster of guides, most of them of good Lombard families, meant to serve on horseback, but now on foot, and the foremost in the battle. Not the least remarkable among all these figures is the Sicilian monk, Frate Pantaleone, jolly, like the picture of a monk of the Middle Ages, but full of fire and patriotism, and as brave as any of the others. He has joined the force at Salemi, and does his best to encourage and comfort them. Several among the leading men from Palermo and its vicinity are likewise present among them, with several priests and monks, who are among the most sincere and energetic promoters of the movement. Well, all this motley crowd, increased now by two young American naval men, and soon after joined by three British naval officers, are collected round a common nucleus—a smoking kettle with the larger part of a calf in it, and a liberal allowance of onions, a basket with heaps of fresh bread, and a barrel containing Marsala. Every one helps himself in the most communistic manner, using fingers and knife, and drinking out of the solitary tin pot "

An eye-witness has given us this glimpse, and has followed it up with a personal account of the approach to Palermo, and of the entrance even as far as the old market-place, within the Porta di Termini, where first Garibaldi made a halt, and received the huggings and kissings of the Palermitans.

"It was just the first glimmer of dawn," he says, "when we passed the first houses, which extend in this direction a long way out of the town of Palermo. The squadri, who ought to have known the locality better, began shouting and 'evvivaing' just as if we had been close to the gates. Had it not been for this blunder the avant-garde might have surprised the post on the bridge of the Ammiraglio, and probably penetrated into the town without the loss of a man. As it was, the shouting not only roused those on guard on the bridge, but likewise gave an opportunity to the Neapolitans to strengthen the force at the gate of Termini, and to make all their dispositions for a defense from the flank. Instead, therefore, of surprising the post on the bridge, the avant-garde was received by a well-sustained fire, not only in front, but from the houses in their flanks. At the first sound of the musketry most of the Picciotti were across the garden walls, but not with the view of firing from behind them; leaving thus the thirty or forty men of the avant-garde all isolated in the large, exposed street which leads to the bridge. The first battalion of the Cacciatori was sent up, and, as it did not carry the position fast enough, the second was sent after it soon after. While these were driving back the Neapolitans, every one did his best to drive the Picciotti forward. It was not so easy, in the beginning especially, when the sound of cannon was heard in front, although its

effects were scarcely visible. However, the Picciotti, who remind me very much of Arnout Bashi-Bazouks, can be led on after the first unpleasant sensation has passed away, especially when they see that it is not all shots that kill or wound—not even the cannon-shots, which make so formidable a noise. They could see this to perfection this morning; for although the Neapolitan rifles are scarcely inferior to the best fire-arms, I never saw so little damage done by so much shooting. Every one put himself, therefore, to work to lead and urge on the Picciotti, driving them out of the sheltered places by all kinds of contrivances, and often by blows and main force. After some trouble, most of them were safely brought through the open space before the bridge; but the general tendency was to go under rather than above the bridge, which is, like all bridges over torrents, high, and was, in this instance, exposed to a heavy cross-fire from the Piana di Borazzo, where the Neapolitans had a loop-holed wall and some guns mounted, which threw a few ill-directed shells. The Cacciatori went forward with the bayonet, in spite of a heavy cross-fire. The young Sicilians showed great reluctance to cross the stradone, where the cross-fire was kept up, and all kinds of dodges were resorted to to make them risk this salto, which they thought mortal. I and one of the followers of Garibaldi held out one of the men by main force exposed to the fire, which soon made him run across. It was here, above all, that the bad firing of the Neapolitans told. I was looking on for some time, and did not see a single man even wounded. In order to encourage the Picciotti, one of the Genoese riflemen took four or five chairs, planted the tri-color on one of them, and sat down upon it for some time. The thing took at last decidedly, and you saw the Picciotti stopping on the road to fire off their muskets."

After this comes the retreat of foreigners to their ships, which lie in the offing, and the retreat of the King's troops; and then the Bourbon ships open fire upon the city, which is just rejoicing over its deliverance. Along all the streets on that first night are lighted lamps of illumination (for rejoicing), and across the sky the fiery bombs are bringing death and mourning. And next day, again, rejoicing and mourning are mated. But joy wins in the end. The bombardment ceases; Garibaldi has named a governing council; Palermo belongs once more to Sicilians; the Golden Shell by the sea is running over with golden promise; and from this distance we watch, and wait—we who love Italy—with our hearts in our eyes.

Of course the two great nations of the West have looked approvingly upon this struggle, and upon its present limited triumphs; but, as usual, England doubts the sincerity of France, and France doubts the disinterestedness of England.

"The real impediment in this, and in all other directions" (we quote a British journalist), "to the progressive independence of Italy, is to be found in the selfish jealousy and ambition of France. It is even suspected that the Emperor has had the audacity to fix on Genoa as the price of the annexation of Sicily, and in Naples itself he would undoubtedly thwart the efforts of Italian patriots by dynastic intrigues in favor of some dependent of his house."

The same journalist, however (*Saturday Review*), which speaks thus dogmatically, was most loud and steadfast in his assertion of the ambitious designs of the French Emperor in regard to Tuscany, and yet has coyly waved all mention of the late statements of the Count Cavour, to the effect that "France has not exercised the least pressure respecting the autonomy of Tuscany. She has limited herself to simple non-official diplomatic conversations, in which we have declared that the autonomy of Tuscany must disappear."

On the other hand, the French journals have eagerly sought to demonstrate that the expedition of Garibaldi was set on foot by English subscriptions; and that its aim has been to establish a Government under the protectorate of Great Britain.

Meantime the frenzied King has made appeal to all the powers of Europe; but among the powers of Europe there is just now not one which listens to him with love. Austria, indeed, might do so if she had ears for listening at all—save to the half threats and half flattery of her Hungarian subjects; and Spain might do so (by reason of the Bourbon tie), if Spain had not just now awakened to a dim cognizance of the growth and power of those liberal opinions which have planted her railway, which have paid her debts, which have given her promise of new life, and which warn her, by the bloody finger of Ortega, to venture upon no Quixotic defense of such claims as have their basis only in kingly traditions.

For the rest, the young King Bomba has proved himself so execrably bad, and so pitiably weak, that we await the main result with confidence, commending this little excerpt from *Punch* (carrying good spice and warmth in it) to all who detest a tyrant, and who love those who struggle against one:

"We respectfully invite the attention of his Excellency the Neapolitan Embassador to the following extract from that amusing and instructive work, Lemprière's 'Classical Dictionary.' The passage in question may possess an interest for his august master, to one of whose Royal predecessors it relates; namely, to Dionysius the Second, tyrant of Sicily, and son of Dionysius the first tyrant:

"'Dionysius was as cruel as his father, but he did not, like him, possess the art of retaining power.'

"Would his Excellency have the kindness to transmit, with *Mr. Punch's* compliments, the foregoing statement concerning Dionysius the Second to Bomba the Second, whom it concerns as much, and to whom it may convey a useful warning, if Bomba is not too pig-headed to be warned, and if it is not too late for him to mend?"

And from all this we whip away to a look upon Lord Brougham at Edinburgh, the old hero who, fifty years ago, took his place in Parliament, and who for thirty years has kept the attention of the educated and thoughtful every where; old in years, but with the vigor of youth quickening his intellect still—to this man we listen as he accepts his place as Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh.

Shall the old man, weary with Parliamentary tactics, weary with much study and with great weight of years, thank these Scotch people—students and teachers—for the honor they do him, and sit down? No; the old gentleman takes his two hours' talk—listened to every word of it; cherished every maxim of it; and now, as we see, thought worthy of French translation at the hands of a member of the Institute.

The *Examiner* says:

"His Inaugural Address was happily comprehensive. It excluded hardly any thing within the wide field even of his own experience. He began

by an affecting retrospect of the great men who had been his teachers or fellow-students within the University walls, now all passed away, but who had left their memory for comfort, their example for encouragement. He spoke of access to the classes and honors, universal and unrestricted as knowledge itself, afforded at Edinburgh to men of all opinions and every race. He enlarged upon the importance of concentrating attention on special branches of acquirement. He urged strongly the accurate study of mathematics, and the importance, with this view, of greater attention to the ancient analysis than it has lately been the practice to give. And with reference to the study and practice of oratory, he took occasion to repeat the opinion he has always held, and frequently enforced, of the necessity of careful study and preparation for the higher triumphs of the art. All that Lord Brougham says upon this subject is invaluable. Fluent extempore speaking —the kind of oratory that comes, as reading and writing came to Dogberry, by nature—is in our day nothing less than a calamity, daily becoming more and more intolerable. Does not every one recognize the class of insufferable talkers comprised in Lord Brougham's description?

"'I dwell upon the subject at present in order to illustrate the necessity of full preparation and of written composition to those who would attain real excellence in the rhetorical art. In truth, a certain proficiency in public speaking may be acquired by any one who chooses often to try it, and can harden himself against the pain of frequent failures. If he is a person of no capacity, his speeches will be very bad; but even though he be a man of genius, they will not be eloquent. A sensible remark or a fine image may occur; but the loose and slovenly and poor diction, the want of art in combining and disposing of his ideas, the inability to bring out many of his thoughts, and the incompetency to present any of them in the best and most efficient form, will reduce the speaker to the level of an ordinary talker. His diction is sure to be clumsy, incorrect, unlimited in quantity, and of no value. Such a speaker is never in want of a word, and hardly ever has one that is worth hearing—Sine hac quidem conscientia (says Quintilian, speaking of written composition) ipsa illa extemporè dicendi facultas, inanem modo loquacitatem, dabit et verba in labris nascentia (xliii.). It is a common error to call this natural eloquence: it is the reverse; it is neither natural nor eloquent.'"

With a rare faculty for an old man, he has the art of engaging the attention of the youngest; and when he recurred, as he did in the opening of his speech, to those days long gone by, when, with breathless silence and riveted attention, he received the instructions of his old teachers; and when he recalled the names of those fellow-students of his who had made themselves illustrious, and who, under the same teachers, "gained the accomplishments which made them the ornaments of society, and the solid learning and the practical knowledge which made them its benefactors," there was not a boy present who did not listen greedily:

"Nothing can be simpler or more homely than the advice which the great orator urged most earnestly upon his hearers. To economize the spare minutes of life, to master one thing at a time, and to master it thoroughly—to concentrate every effort upon a single branch of employment, and to make that the nucleus round which all subsidiary information may be arranged—such are the commonplace maxims which Lord Brougham thinks it especially necessary to impress upon the students of Edinburgh. A less distinguished speaker might have shrunk from them as below the dignity of the occasion, and might have gratified the ingenuity of an academical audience by metaphysical subtleties, or its vanity by some abstruse speculation. Lord Brougham could be content with a lower and less pretentious flight. His whole philosophy is eminently utilitarian. He values intellectual ability just in proportion as it contributes, not to the exaltation of a single individual, but to the increased happiness and comfort of the mass of mankind. 'The wisdom of ancient times, though it dealt largely with the subject of our passions and generally with the nature of man in the abstract, never stooped to regard as worthy of consideration the rights, the comforts, and the improvement of the community at large.' Lord Brougham warns his audience against so false a view of the objects of learning. He protests against the notion of an 'impassable space which separates the vulgar from the philosopher and the statesman.' He shrinks with horror from the cold and merciless theory which degraded the mass of mankind to the level of the brute creation. 'A sounder philosophy and a purer religion have in modern times entirely abolished all such distinctions.' The amelioration of society is, he thinks, no unworthy employment for the most exalted powers, and this genial and condescending temper gives the principal coloring to his treatment of every subject which falls within the range of his long and discursive address. In morals, it leads him to contend 'that it is beneficence rather than benevolence which can be regarded as a virtue, and entitled to confidence and respect.' In literature, it forces him to apostrophize writers in the language of Mirabeau—'Ah, would they but devote themselves honestly to the noble art of being useful!' The greatest rhetorician of his day sees in oratory only a means to the same unpretentious result: 'Eloquence,' he says, 'can only in these times be worthily employed for furthering objects little known to, or, if dimly perceived, little cared for by the masters of the art in ancient days—the rights of the people, the improvement of their condition, their advancement in knowledge and refinement: above all, for maintaining the cause, the sacred cause, of peace at home and abroad.' History, in the same way, is deserting her true and honorable vocation when, dazzled by splendor of genius, or the imposing scale of achievements, she forgets the real interests of our species, and holds up to admiration 'the worst enemies of mankind—the usurpers who have destroyed their liberties, the conquerors who have shed their blood.' Lord Brougham looks at once to the influence which such a mode of treatment is likely to exercise upon the actors in the affairs of life. The multitude are too often persuaded into being the accomplices of some illustrious criminal. 'Seduced by the spectacle of triumphant force, stricken with wonder at the mere exercise of great faculties with great success, men withdraw their eyes from the means by which the ends are attained, and lose their natural hatred of wickedness in their admiration of genius and their sense of power.' The splendors of a Napoleonic *régime* are but a poor equivalent, in Lord Brougham's estimation, for the crimes and miseries which its establishment entailed, and for the ruined liberties in which it resulted."

While upon the subject of the Universities—their

appointments and connections, we can do no less than mention the nomination of Mr. Kingsley to the chair of Modern History at Cambridge. Lord Palmerston is responsible for the nomination; and friends of the novelist and of his lordship of course commend it. But there are others who think differently: thus, we have just now under our eye a letter from Oxford, which says Cambridge people are rather amazed at this nomination. "We are used to call that gentleman (Kingsley) 'Froude's leavings;' I should like to hear his theories upon any given point in modern history." On the whole, this University (of Oxford) was rather disappointed when it heard of Kingsley's nomination, that it was not at the same time announced that Mister Thomas Sayers had declined the appointment. He is the true apostle of the muscular theory, even when the romance of past and present is fortified by the enchantment of medieval blackguardism.

This literary mention suggests the new book about Leslie, the artist, who died last year. It is a book of autobiographical recollections, edited, with some addenda, by Mr. Tom Taylor. Leslie was born in London, although his father and mother were both Americans. Robert Leslie (the father) was settled, in the year 1786, in Philadelphia, as a watch and clock maker. He was a man of extraordinary ingenuity, and good business talent; these together gave him such success that he took a partner, and leaving him in charge of the home business, he took his family to England, establishing himself in London for the purchase of goods for the Philadelphia trade. It was in London that Leslie was born, one year after his father's arrival. Subsequently the elder Leslie returned to America with his family, owing to the death of his partner. At this time the son was five years old. The voyage was made in an American ship, which, being overhauled by a privateer, gave fight, and put into Lisbon to refit. Of course there is something about Lisbon in that day derived from the "Recollections" of Miss Leslie. The father died in 1804, leaving his family poor. Robert (the artist) was placed in a bookseller's shop, where his facility in drawing soon drew the attention of his employer, who sent him to England in 1811, that he might have larger opportunities for the study of art.

Then came the struggles, and ultimately the success. West and Allston were his first teachers; and the first picture he offered to the British Institution was rejected.

Pleasant anecdotes of those we like to hear of are scattered up and down the volume. Thus of the great British sculptor there is this: "I had painted a portrait of a nobleman, of whom Chantrey had just made a bust, and I asked him if I could do any thing to make my picture more like. He had not formed a very high opinion of the inside of his lordship's head; and, pointing to the ears, he said, 'Make them longer.'"

Again, of Sir Walter Scott, whom it was the painter's privilege to know intimately, there is very much pleasant record, including this Tom Purdey scrap (all readers of Lockhart know Tom):

"As Sir Walter was leaning on Purdey's arm, in one of his walks, Tom said,

"'Them are fine novels of yours, Sir Walter; they are just invaluable to me.'

"'I am glad to hear it, Tom.'

"'Yes, Sir; for when I have been out all day, hard at work, and come home vera tired, if I sit down with a pot of porter by the fire, and take up one of your novels, I'm asleep directly.'"

There are good things about Sydney Smith, of which our readers may relish these:

"When a discussion took place among the clergy of St. Paul's as to the expediency of surrounding the cathedral with a pavement of blocks of wood, Smith said, 'If the bishops would lay their heads together, the thing would be done;' and this was so often repeated, and with so much unction, by the Bishop of London, that he was suspected of having invented it. . . . . Newton (the artist) told me that, at a dinner-party at Lord Lyndhurst's, at which he was present, the conversation turned on the custom, in India, of widows burning themselves, an instance of which was recent. When the subject was pretty well exhausted, Smith began to defend the practice, asserting that no wife who truly loved her husband could wish to survive him.

"'But if Lord Lyndhurst were to die, you would be sorry that Lady Lyndhurst should burn herself?'

"'Lady Lyndhurst,' he replied, 'would no doubt, as an affectionate wife, consider it her duty to burn herself, but it would be our duty to put her out; and, as the wife of the Lord Chancellor, Lady Lyndhurst should not be put out like an ordinary widow. It should be a state affair. First, a procession of the judges, and then of the lawyers.'

"'But where, Mr. Smith, are the clergy?'

"'All gone to congratulate the new Chancellor.'

"Many things were invented for Sydney Smith which he never said, among them the story of Landseer asking to paint him, and his reply, 'Is thy servant a *dog*, that he should do this thing?' This was in the newspapers; and Sydney Smith, meeting Landseer in the Park, said,

"'Have you seen our little joke in the papers?'

"'Are you disposed to acknowledge it?'

"'I have no objection.'"

And, once more, this—of George the Fourth:

"Sydney Smith related a pleasant invention, which represented Peel, when in the Ministry, and on a visit at the Brighton Pavilion, as called out of bed, in the middle of the night, to attend his Majesty in what—his dinner having disagreed with him in a very alarming manner—the King supposed to be his last moments. Peel was much affected; and the King, after a few words, which he could scarcely utter, said,

"'Go, my dear Peel—God bless you! I shall never see you again;' and as Peel turned to leave the room, he added, faintly, 'Who made that dressing-gown, my dear Peel? It sits very badly behind. God bless you, my dear fellow! Never employ that tailor again.'"

Apropos of posthumous letters, of which there are many in the Leslie book, we may mention that this of Humboldt's redeems his memory, and puts a new face upon the lately published correspondence with Varnhagen von Ense. It was addressed to the husband of his niece, General Hedeman:

"In case of my death, my dear friend, I have still one literary commission for you. Besides many older letters, written to friends during my travels, there exists, since I have become again settled at Berlin (1827), two thousand letters written annually by my own hand. Even now people begin to traffic with them; after my death some of them will be

sure to be printed under the pretext of biographies, etc.....In case any letters should be advertised, it would be good to publish in the newspapers what I have written to-day to a person who intended to prepare me an agreeable surprise by sending me a book in which some of my private letters were printed. This is what I wrote: 'I am far from calling it, with you, a misfortune that the printed sheets which you presented to me should not have surprised me on my birthday. Their appearance would have been extremely disagreeable to me, as every publication of letters which I have not myself intended for publication, and which have not been submitted to me before their publication. I deny a supposed right of property even in those to whom private letters are addressed, far more the right of publishing them, if by accident, gift, or purchase they have come into the hands of others; and I have taken measures that after my death my relations should protest in the public papers against so very indelicate an abuse.' A. HUMBOLDT.

"BERLIN, *Sept.* 23, 1856."

IN a late number of *Punch* there is a picture of a fine old English blood-hound seated composedly upon a door-step (of John Bull), who wears a great deal of dignity in his face, and what might be a coronet around his neck. A little way off is a burly bull-dog (with collar labeled "House of Commons"), which the Quaker Bright, with broad brim, and eye-glass thrust defiantly into his left orbit, is trying to provoke to an attack upon the stately and quiet blood-hound.

The picture means that Bright, and those who sympathize with him, are trying hard to make the Commons jealous of their privileges, and hostile to the Lords. The reason for the quasi-antagonism, stimulated by Bright, has grown more particularly out of the late question in regard to the tax on paper. Of Mr. Gladstone's budget we spoke in its time, and we particularly mentioned his intention of repealing the existing tax on paper, bringing a revenue of over a million pounds a year. This repeal Lord Derby does not favor; and with Derby are associated many barons who have heretofore voted with the Ministry. Mr. Bright and his friends, in outside speeches and pamphlets, have claimed that the House of Lords has no authority in the matter; that so far as all money bills go, it is a mere house of registry. Whereupon the Lords have taken up the cudgels, and after a long discussion, in which the venerable Lord Lyndhurst participated, solemnly declared their power to *reject* (though not to modify or amend) any money bill which might come from the Lower House. In the course of the discussion Lord Derby took occasion to pay the following elegant compliment to Lord Lyndhurst:

"With reference, in the first place, to the constitutional question, I should be perfectly satisfied to leave it on the footing it has been placed by the speech of my noble and learned and venerable friend (Lord Lyndhurst), who has signalized the close this day of the eighty-eighth year of his honored life by a speech in which was combined the utmost clearness of intellect with the most absolute precision of reasoning and knowledge of constitutional law."

Think of such argumentation from a man of eighty-eight in a debate which closes (Lyndhurst being present) at two o'clock of the morning!

However, upon the vote of the Lords rejecting the Commons project of repeal issue has been taken, and the street-cry raised against the "privileges" of the Lords. Bright leads the cry, and Bright sets on the Commons bull-dog to a clinch with the stately blood-hound. But the real fight will not come for a long time yet.

Much, however, as the pleasant *Punch* artist seems to lean to the authority of the statelier and quieter animal of the two, we can not help thinking that the right of the matter (notwithstanding the legal precedents which Lord Lyndhurst summons to his aid) rests with the Commons. Surely those who have power to levy taxes, and who alone have it, have power also to cut them off. If indeed they have not, but must wait the bidding or the willingness of the Lords, England is less free than we have reckoned her. Lord Lyndhurst may reason with admirable logic; but the basis of his logic are precedents, and Lord Lyndhurst is too old to accept the belief that legal precedents are not so strong as a people's will.

FROM all this we leap to mention of a late meeting of the Statistical Society at the Hôtel de Ville in Paris. M. Michel Chevallier was the new President, and in the course of his Inaugural Address took occasion to say that the study of statistics was the legitimate sister of political economy, and both one and the other afforded a vast field of research to the studious mind. After alluding to the present tendency of all nations to endow themselves with representative institutions, each under the form and in the measure suited to its genius, traditions, and the spirit of the people, he observed that statistics were one of the essential organs of representative régimes, as it enabled the people governed to form a right judgment of their affairs, and particularly as to the expenditure of the public money. The honorable gentleman then made particular mention of a work published every year by the British Government, called the "Statistical Abstract," and which gives all the principal facts relating to finance, exports and imports, navigation, credit institutions, pauperism, etc., and expressed a wish that a similar summary should be published in France. He alluded to the advantage which would result to statistical study from the adoption of a uniform system of weights, measures, and coins, and said that the greatest difficulty that existed in the adoption of such a plan had its origin in the national pride of some nations, who considered that it would be derogatory to their dignity to copy others. The honorable gentleman, after expressing a hope that such prejudices would be ultimately removed, went on to say: "The metrical system is at this moment the object of the general attention of the civilized world, and a number of states in both hemispheres have already adopted it. Among them may be quoted a vast monarchy, which, after having experienced many reverses, and been subjected to the most afflicting decadency, now appears to be creating for herself great destinies—I allude to Spain. About a year ago, also, an International Congress assembled at Bradford, in England, for the purpose of deliberating on the subject of a uniform system of weights and measures. Several of the most eminent men of Great Britain were present, and among others a veteran who has rendered himself illustrious by the services which he has rendered to the cause of progress in various ways—Lord Brougham, formerly Lord Chancellor of England."

It would be hardly necessary to add to mention of Lord Brougham—before an educated circle in America—"late Lord Chancellor of England."

We have quoted Chevallier, however, more specially to bring to notice once again that old topic of "uniform weights and measures." All men of science, all men of precision, all men of progress want it; and yet so simple a measure bides.

We have talked of dry topics this month; so we round our talk at the end with a couple of verselets from the just published poems of Leigh Hunt.

This—"To Hampstead"—written during the Author's Imprisonment, August, 1813:

"Sweet upland, to whose walks with fond repair,
Out of thy western slope I took my rise,
Day after day, and on these feverish eyes
Met the moist fingers of the bathing air;
If health, unearn'd of thee, I may not share,
Keep it, I pray thee, where my memory lies,
In thy green lanes, brown dells, and breezy skies,
Till I return, and find thee doubly fair.

"Wait then my coming, on that lightsome land,
Health, and the joy that out of nature springs,
And Freedom's air-blown locks; but stay with me,
Friendship, frank entering with the cordial hand,
And Honor, and the Muse with growing wings,
And Love Domestic, smiling equably."

And then this other, "To the Nile."

"It flows through old hush'd Ægypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream,
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roamed through the young world, the glory extreme
Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.

"Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake."

Editor's Drawer.

NEBRASKA has got ahead of us all. She has adopted a code of laws worthy of a young and rising empire. An attentive correspondent sends us a leaf from the statutes regulating the sale of intoxicating drinks, containing the following important provision:

"For the violation of the third section of an act to license and regulate the sale of malt, spirituous, and vinous liquors, $25; and on proof of the violation of said section, or any part thereof, *the Justice shall render judgment for the whole amount of fine and costs, and be committed to the common jail until the sum is paid.*"

Now this is admirable—"the Justice shall render judgment for the whole amount of fine and costs, and be committed to the common jail until the sum is paid!" Oh that we had such a law in the city of New York! What a capital plan it would be to clap the Justices into jail and keep them there till the rogues were punished. We have the "leaf" from Nebraska, and will cheerfully lend it to the Common Council.

AWAY on a bend of the Upper Missouri twenty-eight lawyers practiced the Iowa code. It so happened that supplies were short at Fort Randall, and a sixteen-mule team came over the prairie for coffee and corn. There were some old scores unsettled in the town, for whisky and other necessaries of life, and the creditor resolved to "get secured." The leader of the bar looked it up in the code, and filled out attachment blanks, in which it was sworn that "he had reason to believe, and did believe, the said *United States* were *about to leave the country* to defraud their creditors!"

Of course he got judgment, the Court thinking there was "no reason why defendants shouldn't pay their debts like honest men."

FROM the Texas *Christian Advocate* a Galveston contributor sends us the following advertisement, unique and interesting, as showing the progress of religion in that part of our beloved country. We hope Mr. Rabb will find a miller after his own heart:

A Good Miller Wanted.

HE must be an honest man: not a profane swearer, not a drunkard, not a dram-drinker, not a Sabbath-breaker. If he is a Christian he must be a Bible Christian, whose religion is in the heart, and not in the head, nor in the water: not a man "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." St. Paul says, "from such turn away." He must be a man who can dress Burr Stones so as to make the best of Flour, and keep the mill in good order. He must, also, be a man who can file a Shingling Saw and keep it in good order—or soon learn to do it—and run the machine; as the mill will not be grinding more than half the time. JOHN RABB.

FAYETTE CO., *May* 10, 1860.

"I SEE [writes North Carolina] that your Tennessee friend has sent the Drawer two very grotesque drawings of sign-boards to decorate the May number; and by way of showing that 'Old Tar-Pitch-and-Turpentine' is not behind her daughter, I send you copies of two which may be seen at the fork of a road about eight miles from the ancient, wealthy, and highly-cultivated town of Edenton. They are nailed to a post which stands on the main road leading from Suffolk, Virginia, to Edenton, North Carolina, and are as follow:

"IN days gone by—say fifty or sixty years before veterinary surgeons got degrees, and cured horses and cows scientifically—an old negro, Anthony B——, who had the reputation of being skilled in the cure of all diseases horse-flesh was heir to, did a thriving business in our goodly city, indisposed horses from far and near being put in his charge for treatment. Old Dr. Sharp had a favorite horse that had the heaves, and he was at once turned over to Tony's care. Some time after, while the Doctor was entertaining a number of friends at a dinner-party, a servant announced that Tony had come with the horse. The Doctor, not caring to be interrupted in his dinner, told the man to bring Tony in, and he very soon made his appearance, hat in hand, polite and prompt as a major, when the Doctor led off:

"'Well, Tony, so you've brought old Roan home?'

"'Yes, Sar.'

"'He is all right now, is he?'

"'Yes, Sar; jus as good as new.'

"'Well, Tony, how much is the bill?'

"'Oh! nuffin, Sar—nuffin. We gemmen ob de "'fession" isn't 'customed to charge each odder nuffin!' replied Tony, with a polite bow and the blandest face imaginable, which it is needless to say brought down the company, and resulted in Tony's getting an invitation to take a glass of wine, and leaving the house with a handsome 'gratuity' in his pocket in lieu of a fee."

The following lines were suggested by reading a piece written by a young friend, requesting that his body should be burned at his death: he asked no urn for his ashes—no tear to his memory:

"Oh bury me deep in the bosom of earth!
I would not the flame should arise,
And flicker and flash like a phantom of mirth,
To bear me away to the skies.

"I like not the pile that is reared for the dead,
Though the odors of Eden were there;
And the incense should rise like a column to spread,
In perfume, my name on the air.

"I love not the flame, 'tis the emblem of dread,
As it flashes and glows on the eye;
While the mark of its vapor floats over my head,
And hangs like a pall in the sky.

"I would not the winds in their frolics should spread
My ashes entombed o'er the ground,
To mingle with dross 'neath the unhallowed tread
Where all that is noxious is found.

"No, bury me deep in the bosom of earth,
Where my body to dust may return;
I ask for no marble to blazon my worth,
Nor sculpture to place on my urn.

"But plant ye a tree that shall wave o'er the spot,
Where the spring bird may carol his lay;
Where children may come to its shade in their sport,
And rest from the heat of the day.

"There leave me to moulder: I heed not the worm,
Though he revel and gorge on his prey;
For man's but a worm of more glorious form,
And riots like him in his day."

Harriet Stanton.

Mose Case, a negro Albino, was about as well known to General Taylor's army as the General himself. At Buena Vista Mose left early in the action, and found his way to Saltillo, where he remained until after the 23d. Mose would never admit that he ran—he only retreated in good order. A few days after his return to camp an officer was pressing him to know how fast he did retreat.

"Well, I'll tell you the truth, Captain," was his reply. "If I had been at home, and going after the doctor, folks would have thought the man was right sick!"

A lady, from whom we are pleased to hear, in a business letter says:

"You published in your Drawer a year or two ago some anecdotes concerning old Wing Rogers, of Danby, Vermont. I can certify to the truth of them, and also that the half was untold. I wish to add a couple more.

"There was a trap-door to his cellar, and in the autumn, while storing his pumpkins, his poor and patient wife was stationed underneath it to receive and put them away as fast as he dropped them in. While she was stooping down to pick one up, the old wretch would drop another on her back, or, to vary his amusement, on her head. Then, as if to add insult to injury, he would exclaim, in the blandest and most sympathizing of tones, 'Why, Becky, did it hurt thee?'

"With the exception of occasional journeys to Friends' meeting (he was a Quaker), riding on the trundle-bed drawn by oxen, she was seldom allowed to leave home. But once, being apparently in an obliging humor, he offered to escort her on a visit to her parents, who lived (as people traveled in those days) about the distance of a two-days' journey from Danby. So one morning they started off in decent and proper style. All day long he was unusually kind and pleasant, and she very happy, both in reality and anticipation. The ensuing night was spent at an inn; but when about starting in the morning, Becky noticed that the horses' heads were turned homeward. In answer to her appealing look and trembling voice he curtly and dryly remarked that he thought she 'had felt good quite long enough!'

"After tormenting poor Becky into her grave, it is gratifying to know that in marrying again he 'caught a Tartar.'"

There was living in Portland, Maine, some years ago, an old man who had been in the Revolutionary War, and at one time was a servant of Washington. He enjoyed a pension which made him very comfortable, with his small earnings by occasional jobs. One day he was at work at the house of a venerable lady, and fell down stairs from top to bottom. The old lady heard the noise, and opened the door to learn the cause. "Why, Kause," she said, "is that you? Did you fall down stairs?" "Yes, marm," said he; "and I thought I had lost my pension!"

The impudence of the fellow who figures in the story we have here is a little too much for one man to hold; but we give it as it comes to us from a correspondent in Mississippi:

"Old Judge Marsh (who was formerly a representative in Congress from the district just above ours) was on his return from Washington, when he was so unfortunate as to have to lie over at that very moral place, Cairo, Illinois. By-the-way, the Judge has a very red head, blue eyes, and fair skin—so sorry looking that, if his ugliness should strike in, it would kill him sure.

"The Judge walked from the boat to the hotel, took a seat in the bar-room to wait for supper, when in walked a tall, good-looking Kentuckian, who took a seat just opposite the Judge, and stared him in the face till supper was announced. When they went in to the dining-room the Kentuckian took a seat just in front of the Judge, looking him full in the face, frequently dropping his knife and fork and gazing at the Judge as if in utter astonishment. The Judge felt very much annoyed, left the table without finishing his supper, and took his seat in the bar-room. The fellow followed him up and gazed as before. The Judge by this time having his irritabilities fully aroused, called for a light, and went to his room and to bed. He was about in the arms of Morpheus when he felt the cover gently drawn from his head, and upon looking out, whom should he see but the Kentuckian, light in hand, who apologized immediately by saying,

"'Sir, you must really excuse me, but I am going to leave this place early in the morning, before you are up, and I could not think of leaving without one more look at you; blue eyes and a red head is

something seldom seen in these parts. Would it be too much trouble for you to get up and let me see you once more?'

"Here the Judge interrupted him by drawing a revolver from under his pillow and saying, 'Here is a friend of mine who wants to make your acquaintance.'

"'Let me beseech you not to exert yourself!' says the Kentuckian. And with that he backed to the door and out of the room.

"The Judge, in telling it afterward, says, 'The fellow did it with so much coolness I could not help laughing after he left the room.'"

"In passing through the town of C——, Putnam County, Indiana, in 1852, in search of a place for merchandising, I stopped into the store of R—— and C—— to make some inquiries concerning the village. It was at the time when ventilated hats were in full blast. I was invited to a seat on the counter. Mr. C—— was very talkative, and in his remarks he addressed me as Mr. Gossamer. After some conversation I notified him he was mistaken in the name.

"'Smith is my name, Sir.'

"'Ah, excuse me, Sir! I thought it was Mr. Ventilated Gossamer!'

"It is useless to say I had on one of Hayes and Cray's best, and upon the lining was inscribed in elegant gilt letters, 'Ventilated Gossamer.'"

Oregon furnishes the Drawer with the following actual occurrence, the town of Dalles, on the Columbia River, being the scene:

"A soldier of the garrison near the Dalles was under examination before the village justice, Squire Moody. The soldier had employed as his lawyer Joshua Sparks, the attorney and councilor of Dalles city. Sparks is a character who is indebted to nature and not to education for his legal attainments. Endowed with the 'gift of the gab,' and the most unblushing assurance, he makes quite a fluent speech, which contains much hard sense and more hard grammar. Such little peculiarities of pronunciation as *amediently* for immediately, *apeariently* for apparently, and the like, he considers do not affect the strength of his argument or the force of his facts.

"Another soldier, an Irishman, was a witness, and had just testified that the accused had made certain observations to him in the cook-house belonging to the company between the hours of 'retreat and tattoo.' These observations tending to criminate the accused, Sparks prepared to crush the witness in a cross-examination as follows:

"'Now, Sir"—in a very stern and impressive manner—'remember that you are upon your oath, that you have sworn to tell the truth, the *hull* truth, and nothing but the truth. You have said, Sir, that the accused said so and so to you, in the cook-house between the tantoon and the retreat. Now, describe to the court how the cook-house is situated with reference to the tantoon: is it to the right of it or to the left of it? and also which is the nearest to the cook-house, the tantoon or the retreat?'"

A Northwestern correspondent introduces Colonel Meek, of Oregon, in a series of entertaining sketches:

"Among the earliest frontiersmen who closely followed the footsteps of Lewis and Clarke across the great mountains, to seek a home in what may be most emphatically termed the West, was Colonel Joseph L. Meek. The Colonel came to Oregon, with two or three adventurous pioneers, in advance of the tide of civilization which, a few years later, poured itself into the beautiful valley of the Willamette, until it had truly made the wilderness blossom like a rose. Shortly after his arrival a British vessel came up the Columbia River to the trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, at Vancouver. This was truly an event in those early times; and when our backwoodsmen learned the fact, they took up their line of march to see something new in the world, as they had all been born and reared west of the Alleghanies, and had never yet seen salt-water, or 'the oak leviathans' that sport therein. They were a little struck with surprise at the size of the 'canoe;' and Joe, with his backwoods familiarity, immediately walked the plank, found himself inside of the gangway, and directly began a close inspection of matters and things in general. While thus engaged he was overhauled by the Captain, a bluff and impertinent specimen of the John Bull species, when substantially the following colloquy occurred:

"Captain. 'What's your name, Sir?'

"Pioneer. 'Joe Meek.'

"Captain. 'Where do you live?'

"Pioneer. 'On Inaltin Plains' (some twelve miles from Vancouver).

"Captain. 'Have you got any business to transact aboard this vessel?'

"Pioneer. 'Well, stranger, I reckon nothing in particular. I heard there was a sailing vessel here, and as I never saw one, I just thought to myself that I would come and get a look at it—that's all.'

"Captain [pointing to the plank]. 'Go ashore, Sir!'

"Although Meek is a perfect specimen of the backwoodsman—six feet two, and every inch full of fight—he wisely concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and so went ashore, but vowing vengeance on the Captain.

"Some years after this incident a Territorial government was extended over Oregon, and the Administration appointed Joseph L. Meek United States Marshal for the Territory. Shortly after his appointment news was brought to him that a British vessel was at Steilicoom, on Puget's Sound, unloading her cargo of smuggled goods for the Hudson's Bay Company. The Colonel instantly summoned a *posse* of men, and started immediately thitherward. He reached the vessel entirely unexpected to its officers, and without delay boarded it, and in due form declared it 'confiscate unto the State of Venice.' It was the very same vessel which the Colonel some years before had boarded under very different circumstances. The Captain, with the hopes of making the best of a bad bargain, approached, with his blandest smile, the Colonel, whom he recognized, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Captain. 'It seems that your countenance is familiar, and I believe that I have had the pleasure of meeting you before.'

"Colonel [straightening himself up to the full extent of his six feet two, and speaking with a voice loud enough to wake the Seven Sleepers]. 'Yes; you met me some years ago at Vancouver. Then I was nothing but Jo Meek, and you ordered me ashore. Now,' said he, stalking toward the Captain, 'I am Colonel Joseph L. Meek, United States Marshal for the Territory of Oregon, and you are nothing but a miserable, sneaking smuggler! Go ashore, Sir!'

"The Colonel had his revenge.

"The Colonel has rather a pompous way of

talking. Some years ago, while conversing with a couple of British officers at Vancouver, he dilated largely and eloquently on the changes he had witnessed since he came to Oregon. One of the officers, thinking he saw something rather green, asked him, with affected seriousness, whether he had seen any changes in Nature itself—whether the rivers had deflected from their accustomed channels, or the mountains had changed their configuration? The Colonel saw that the officer had mistaken him, and resolved to follow the sage advice of answering a fool according to his folly. 'Oh certainly, Sir,' said the Colonel. 'You see that mountain!' pointing to Mount Hood, whose snow-clad summit, some fourteen thousand feet above sea level, stood only some sixty miles distant. The officer replied that he did. 'Well,' resumed the Colonel, 'when I first came to Oregon *Mount Hood was nothing but a hole in the ground!*'

"Colonel Meek, like every one of the earliest pioneers, was obliged to choose his helpmeet from among the dusky maidens of the forest. During the early settlement of the Territory the Cayuse Indians were quite menacing in their demonstrations of hostility to the little band of pioneers—so much so indeed, that at a meeting of the settlers assembled to consult the means of safety, it was resolved to send two of their number across the mountains, to implore aid from the parent government. Colonel Meek and Squire Eberts were appointed, and they accordingly set out for Washington, across the mountains and the deserts, and in due time reached their destination. While there the Colonel was invited to a levee given by some one of the notables of the Administration. During the evening the Colonel was introduced to a fascinating lady, who, naturally enough, made inquiries about Oregon, the hostile Indians, etc., etc., which gave him a great chance to indulge in his favorite spread-eagle style, which he did to the best of his ability. During the conversation the lady inquired if he had a wife; to which he replied affirmatively. 'Why,' said the lady, 'I should think she would be *so* afraid of the Indians!' 'My wife afraid of the Indians!' exclaimed the Colonel. 'Why, madam, she is herself a *squaw!*'

"Your—no, our—Drawer, a few months since, contained an anecdote of Judge Williams, of Iowa. The Judge, like a good many other old Iowan politicians, 'crossed the plains' and settled in Oregon. During our Territorial pupilage he worthily served us as Chief Justice. Just before the State was admitted, at the last sitting of the Court in Portland, after the last case on the docket had been disposed of, and there was nothing to do but adjourn, a loquacious member of the bar suggested to his associates that it was incumbent on them to return thanks to the Court for its services, and professed himself willing to act as spokesman. Accordingly, just prior to adjournment, 'he took the floor,' and held it quite a while too, pouring out his adulations to the Court until he had thought of every thing he could say; when, after suggesting to the Court the fact that if it had any remarks to offer the bar would be pleased to hear them, to the great relief of all he took his seat. The Court arose to its feet, seized its hat in its hand, and with a comical smile said, in effect, 'Gentlemen, the remarks which I am assured the bar would be most pleased to hear would be an invitation to the nearest grocery to take a drink. Come on, boys!' The Judge led the way, the profession followed close at his heels, and the loquacious lawyer scarcely recovered his equilibrium in time to bring up the rear."

In the county of Anderson, in the good old State of Kentucky, lived a very eccentric old man by the name of Nicholas Leathers, known far and wide as "Old Nick Leathers." Having some land business, which called him to Frankfort in the dead of winter, he went to the house of the Secretary of State, who happened not to be in just then. The wife of the Secretary undertook to entertain him in the interval, and being a devoted Episcopalian and greatly interested in the distribution of tracts, she asked him about the religious condition of the people of his neighborhood, whether they were supplied with tracts, etc.

"Oh, yes, Madam, hog tracks, coon tracks, deer tracks, all sorts of tracks; I expect my boys are tracking rabbits now."

The peculiar voice and earnest rough manner of the old man contrasted with the refinement of the lady, imparted a flavor to the blunder which greatly amused her, and without wasting more time on her guest she made tracks from the room.

Bourbon County, Kentucky, has a *Paris* in it, and Paris has a famous hotel, of which old Mr. Talbott is mine host. During the French Revolution in 1848, an intelligent stock-dealer from Mason County went to Bourbon in pursuit of his calling, and staid all night with a farmer living within a few miles of Paris, the county-seat. During the evening the trader and farmer talked freely of weather, crops, stock, etc.; but those themes were exhausted, and a pause ensued, which was broken by the trader's remarking that there was dreadful news from Paris.

"You don't say so! What in thunder is it?" inquired the astonished farmer.

"Why," said the trader, "there has been war and bloodshed; the people of Paris have risen and driven the Bourbons off the throne."

The thunder-struck farmer replied, "Well, that is just what I expected; and I will bet a horse that old Charley Talbott is at the head of it!"

I'm a short word, 'tis true, but I waddle about
With three little ones in me, which you must find out.
When the first comes to light, in the whimsical elf
You will find, in my judgment, a type of yourself.
The next is a female both ugly and old,
A hag in her looks, in her temper a scold;
Yet her name you'll deserve if you find out my riddle,
And if you do not, you may hang up your fiddle.
The third's a disease you will have I am sure,
Till this puzzle you solve, which no medicine can cure,
And that you will ne'er do, unless by possessing
My first and my second they should aid you in guessing,
And then you will find what was told you quite true,
That I am the rod put in pickle for you.

In a rustic school, just outside of the town of Shakopee, which I happened to visit, I found inscribed upon the fly-leaf of a school-book the following, which illustrates, if nothing more, the pedigree Americans are most desirous of perpetuating and tracing out. The book was presented by the father of the child, who was, probably, by virtue of Revolutionary services, the recipient of a tract of land in the district.

"'Richard, William Henry, and Rebekah are the chil-

dren of William H. Thompson; the grand-children of Joseph Thompson, a man, while living, whose honesty, humanity, piety, humility, and liberality were proverbial; the great grand-children of William Thompson, a Revolutionary patriot; the great great grand-children of Richard Thompson; the great great great grand-children of William Thompson; the great great great great grand-children of Richard Thompson.'

"Upon another white leaf was the following:

"'Richard Thompson came from Scotland in 1625, accompanied by two brothers, John and Joseph. One of their descendants Secretary of the first Congress. All patriots in the war of the Revolution.'"

Mr. B——, one of the would-be prominent school committee residing at W——, near a shire town in Western Vermont, thus accosted his neighbor:

"I say, Sol, wasent that our new schoor marm?"

"Yes, that was her."

"Well, when I see she come up the lane I dident know as it was she or not she. But as soon as I see she go into the schoolous then I knew she was she."

An old Pennsylvanian, who emigrated to Ohio, took it into his head to be examined for admission to the bar. Court was then in session at Mansfield; and William Stansberry was appointed, with others, to examine the candidate. Stansberry propounded the following question:

"What is a homicide *se defendendo?*"

To which our Pennsylvanian replied, after due deliberation,

"It is where a man kills himself in self-defense!"

In the State of Mississippi we have a correspondent who sends us a hand-bill posted all over the county in which he resides. It makes a brief but very effective appeal for votes:

A. J. MARSHALL,
HAVING LOST ONE HAND,
IS A CANDIDATE FOR
ASSESSOR.

The following is an exact copy of a written "Notus," posted by the author, in a Western district of our enlightened country:

"the under assigner having quit the practice of medison takes this methud too inform thee peeople that tha nede not cum nur send fur him onteel tha se his cuard up

JOHN MOTT."

"One of our citizens," says a correspondent in a Southern State, "had the chills and fever, and was of a temperament ill able to bear the *shakes*. A physician was called in, who prescribed a tonic. The sick man wished to follow instructions implicitly, and fearing something wrong, wrote to the druggist who put up the prescription, and made the following inquiry:

"'How long am I to wait before I take the medicine? The doctor told me to "*shake* well before taking it;" and I have *been waiting all day to shake, and not much sign yet!*'"

Near the town of F——, in Kentucky, there lives a man by the name of Watson, who is in the habit of indulging too freely in the use of "old Bourbon," and on a certain occasion being too drunk to "navigate," he was taken into the court-house yard, where he lay sleeping till after dark. The court-house had a town-clock on it, and at a short distance from the court-house was a fire-engine house, to which was attached a bell, which in tone resembled the town-clock very much. Just after dark a fire broke out in town, and the fire-bell began to ring, which aroused him from his slumbers. Supposing it to be the town-clock striking, and being desirous of knowing the time of night, he commenced counting. He was heard counting nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, and stopping, said to himself, "Well, I declare, *it's later than I ever knew it before!*"

Our friend, Captain Thorp, who was once in the coasting-trade, tells the following very good story, which loses much of its spirit when he is not by to tell it himself. He says:

"One night, as my vessel lay in the river (Rumney Creek), I came down to it in a skiff later than usual—ten or eleven at night—and saw a bright light aboard. Rather late for cooking, I thought (only the cook and one of the hands had been left on board); there's some mischief up. It happened that the scow had been left lying under the stern; so rowing up carefully, I soon fastened the skiff to the scow and crept into the vessel through the cabin window, thinking to frighten them a little. On listening I found that the precious pair of negroes had been out on a foraging excursion, stolen a fat goose, which they had cooked and basted well, and were now on the tip-toe of expectation, jubilant as only a darkey, with the savor of roast goose in his nostrils, can be. Feeling happy, they were of course very polite to each other; for your true well-bred African does love dignity.

"'*Mr.* Casey, am de table set?'

"'Yas, Mr. Thompson; bring on de goose—all ready.'

"Goose brought on. Then C. went up for the gravy, and requested T. to go and get the pepper. The table was set in the cabin, where I had been lying unobserved, and now seeing my opportunity, I seized and instantly secreted the goose and myself. Old Noah Webster hasn't the word in his Dictionary that would adequately express the surprise, horror, and consternation of Mr. Thompson and Mr. Casey as they re-entered, sat down at the table, and simultaneously reached out a fork for the bird, at sight and realization of the dread vacancy where, but a moment before, had steamed a hot roast goose. The white orbs were fearfully dilated.

"'Where goose? goose was here when I went for de gravy!'

"'De goose here when I go for de pepper!'

"The voices now had a thrilling tone of superstitious horror, and the eyes glared around the cabin as if in fear of meeting the dread presence.

"'I told you no good eber come o' stealin'; now de debbil's aboard o' dis boat, sure!'

"Their eyes met, and each realized the dreadful fact. Beelzebub was fond of roast goose, he might like negro better—particularly the stealing kind; and both at once rushed up on deck, then plunged overboard, where the scow *did* lie, and my voice calling after them only added speed to their 'striking out' for shore. *Probably* they didn't steal again, but I had to hire two new hands."

"As the Drawer has embalmed some of the memories of Kentucky's great Commoner, it may not be amiss to commit to such good care an incident of the immortal statesman, as told by Thomas H. Marshall, whose wit was as keen as the blades of Toledo.

"There was an important suit before the Court of

Appeals. Clay was counsel upon one side, and Marshall upon the other. Marshall spoke first, and attacked with all his energy the positions he *supposed* Clay would assume. 'You can barely imagine,' said he, 'my intense mortification when Clay concluded a splendid speech, *without even alluding* to any thing I had said.'

"In that county of Kentucky where the rats spoiled some of the finest sheets of Audubon's portfolio, there once lived an eccentric individual named Hooker, who was blind in one eye. Hooker was residing with a friend; and one morning, while the woman of the house was getting breakfast ready, Hooker was sitting at one side of the fire-place, with a fishing-line and hook baited, angling for a rat in a hole in the hearth. The rat caught at the bait, and Hooker jerked sufficiently hard to bring the rat out and land him in the skillet frying the meat upon the coals before the fire. The fall was so sudden that the grease flew in various directions, and, among others, a small quantity into the sound eye of Hooker. 'There!' said he, 'I'm blind now! If it had only been my other eye I would not have cared a snap! *Oh, I wish I could die! Yes, I'll give* BOOT *to die!*'"

A WASHINGTON correspondent, from whom we expect good things, writes:

"We had a very exciting night session in the House of Representatives the night before last. At three o'clock in the morning the Sergeant-at-Arms was sent out for absentees. Among other calls he went to the room of an Hon. Member who boards, as many others do, at the National Hotel. Thundering at the door, he awoke the legislator, and announced his errand. Not liking to be disturbed, the Hon. Gentleman gruffly and briefly directed the official to journey to a place quite too warm for a summer residence. Returning to the House the Sergeant-at-Arms made his report thus:

"'Mr. Speaker, I summoned Mr. ——, and he told me to go to hell; and I have come—'

"Here he was interrupted by a shout of laughter which prevented the completion of his sentence, and left us in doubt whether the Member or the officer had most affronted the dignity of the House."

PROFESSOR B—— is a matter-of-fact man, whose grave aspect is generally considered proof against the assaults of the most inveterate joker. He is a man of exemplary piety; and while occupying a professorial chair in college, as he did for many years with distinguished ability, his voice was often heard in the morning exercises of the chapel. It happened, during this period, that a great Revivalist held a "protracted meeting" in the place. One evening, while passing through the aisle, and questioning those who appeared to be interested, as was his custom, his attention was attracted by Professor B——, who seemed to be regarding him earnestly, and he at once approached him with the question, "Sir, are you a professor?" The sharp gaze of the reverend gentleman was returned with a glance of equal penetration, mixed with no little surprise at the assurance of the inquisitor; and, after a momentary hesitation, "Yes, Sir," said he; "*Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering in the University of this city.*"

"You don't know Jerry Cooper, born and bred upon *Twin* Creek, Ohio? My own acquaintance with Jerry is very limited, else I might fill the Drawer with anecdotes of him, for an odd fish he is. An unflinching Democrat, he is proud of his allegiance, don't bother himself about Squatter Sovereignty or Congressional intervention, but votes for the nominee of his party, hit or miss. The time was when a citizen of Ohio could vote for President any where in the State by swearing that he had neither voted nor would vote at any other poll. At some Presidential election Jerry found himself at Cincinnati, a hundred miles from 'Twin,' having come down the river in a flat-boat. It wouldn't do to lose his vote; so he went up to the polls, and, after being sworn, one of the Justices asked him, 'Are you a native-born or a naturalized citizen?' This was beyond Jerry's comprehension, for he knew more of hoop-poles and tan-bark than he did of the dictionary. With a puzzled countenance he turned to a friend who had accompanied him: 'Which is it, Puntney? I was born on *Twin*.'"

"NOT many months ago, in a quiet neighborhood of one of our Eastern counties, a rumor came that a man had been found dead in the woods. On repairing to the locality designated we found some fifteen or twenty men assembled near the corpse, and awaiting the arrival of the magistrate of the beat, one Squire B——, who was 'ex-officio' coroner.

"Pretty soon 'his Honor' made his appearance, mounted upon a raw-boned Rosinante. The horse and his rider were in perfect keeping, however; and the long legs, lank form, and lantern jaws of the latter, combined with the cadaverous appearance of the former, presented a *tout ensemble* strikingly picturesque. Now the worthy Squire had a strong partiality for old rye: and on the occasion in question he carried behind him a pair of leathern saddle-bags, open at top, from one side of which was visible a corner of the 'New Code of Mississippi,' and from the other, by way of equilibrium, protruded the blue neck of a gallon jug.

"Having dismounted and hitched his 'nag' to a sapling, he seated himself at the foot of a tree and called for the 'law.' A son of his, the very miniature of 'pap,' instantly handed him the jug, from which he took a long pull of the article known in the Southwest as rifle whisky; after which he proceeded to freshen his memory with regard to the duties of coroner, as laid down in the Revised Code.

"In the mean while the body had been dragged up from the ditch in which it was found, and the natives were quietly seated around it. The Squire, having examined the 'law' apparently to his satisfaction, named certain of the persons present to act as a jury, and having asked a few questions, told them they might 'make up thar verdic.'

"From what had been said it was apparent that the man had died from the immoderate use of strychnine whisky, and they all agreed upon this being the *tenor* of their 'verdic;' but when they came to expressing it upon paper, they had the greatest difficulty in doing so to their satisfaction, but they finally succeeded in producing the following:

"'We the gury sumunsed to set on the boddy of a unknown ded man, do find him to be Jim Beers. We are also of a pinon decesd cum to his deth by his own im orality. Signed' etc., etc."

THERE is a world of good counsel to parents in the thrilling incidents below, for which we are indebted to an excellent lady:

"About half a century ago Mrs. Manvers lived

in a small country town in one of the Northern States.

"She had several small children, and lived in a large three-story house. There was a scuttle-door in the roof of the house, with a convenient stairway leading to it, and this door was often left open in pleasant weather.

"Mrs. Manvers had a good old neighbor living opposite, or nearly opposite, in just such a position, however, as to command a good view of Mrs. Manvers's garret windows.

"One beautiful summer afternoon, as Mrs. Manvers was seated in the large cool hall rocking her babe to sleep, neighbor Green came running in out of breath and pale with affright: 'Oh, Mrs. Manvers! your Willie and Geordie are a-teetering out o' the garret window! they have put out a long board and one is on the outside and t'other—'

"Mrs. Manvers waited to hear no more, but made her way as best she could up those long, long stairs, and putting on an appearance of calmness as she entered the garret, said, 'Sit still, Geordie; I only want Willie.' And taking hold of the end of the board where Geordie was sitting, 'Come in, Willie; mother wants you, now.'

"What she did with the boys when she had them safe, I won't say; but she was an excellent woman, and whatever she did was right.

"It might have been two or three years afterward, the same Mrs. Green made her appearance at Mrs. Manvers's door in pretty much the same way, only with a face rather more terror-stricken:

"'The Lord have mercy upon us, Miss Manvers! little Annie (who, by-the-way, was a special favorite with the good neighbor), your little Annie is walking on top of the house; I saw her just now walk out to the end, lean her hand against the chimney and look over!'

"'Merciful God, preserve my child!' said Mrs. Manvers.

"'What shall we do? what shall we do, Mrs. Manvers?'

"Mrs. Manvers stepped to the door where the child could hear without seeing her and called as nearly in her usual voice as she could,

"'Annie, come in now, dear! Mother wants you.'

"You could almost see the throbbing of her heart as she listened.

"Ha, the little feet come pattering down, and now the child stands by her side.

"'Thank God!'

"'Thank God!' echoed Mrs. Green, 'and don't let's be too hard upon the dear child, Miss Manvers.'

"I don't recollect whether Annie was very severely punished for her temerity, but I do know that she never ventured to take walks upon the top of the house again.

"These facts I can vouch for, as the little Annie of fifty years ago now occupies the same chair and writes with the same hand that I do."

Seldom has any thing livelier than this (from a new contributor) found its way to the Drawer:

Pat T—— and Jim D—— were both distinguished lawyers and favorite orators of the Gourd State. Alas! they are both now defunct—one having been taken off by death, and the other by a dispensation of the General Government making him Chief Justice of New Mexico. But at the time of which I write they were both alive and opposing candidates for a circuit judgeship. This was before men had learned to bring politics into a canvass for a judicial office, and our candidates were forced to resort to wit, repartee, anecdote, and pun, in order to show themselves off before the sovereigns. But they were both masters.

It so happened that a great mass-meeting was held in one of the river counties of their district, at which both our candidates were present and addressed the people. But before the hour of speaking arrived T——, who was one of the finest looking men of the State, moving among the masses, met a jolly, independent voter named Miller, who seized his hand and accosted him thus:

"And this is Pat T——! Well, Pat, I am glad to see you; and I intend to vote for you."

T—— replied, "I am happy to hear you say so, Mr. Miller. Being a candidate, of course I desire to be elected, and I shall need the vote of every friend I have."

"Well, Pat," said Miller, "you may depend on my vote. You are a large, portly, good-looking man, like myself, and I like to see such men in office—especially on the bench."

"Oh!" said T——, "if that is your only reason perhaps you had better not make up your mind till you see Mr. D—— and hear us speak, for you may regret it."

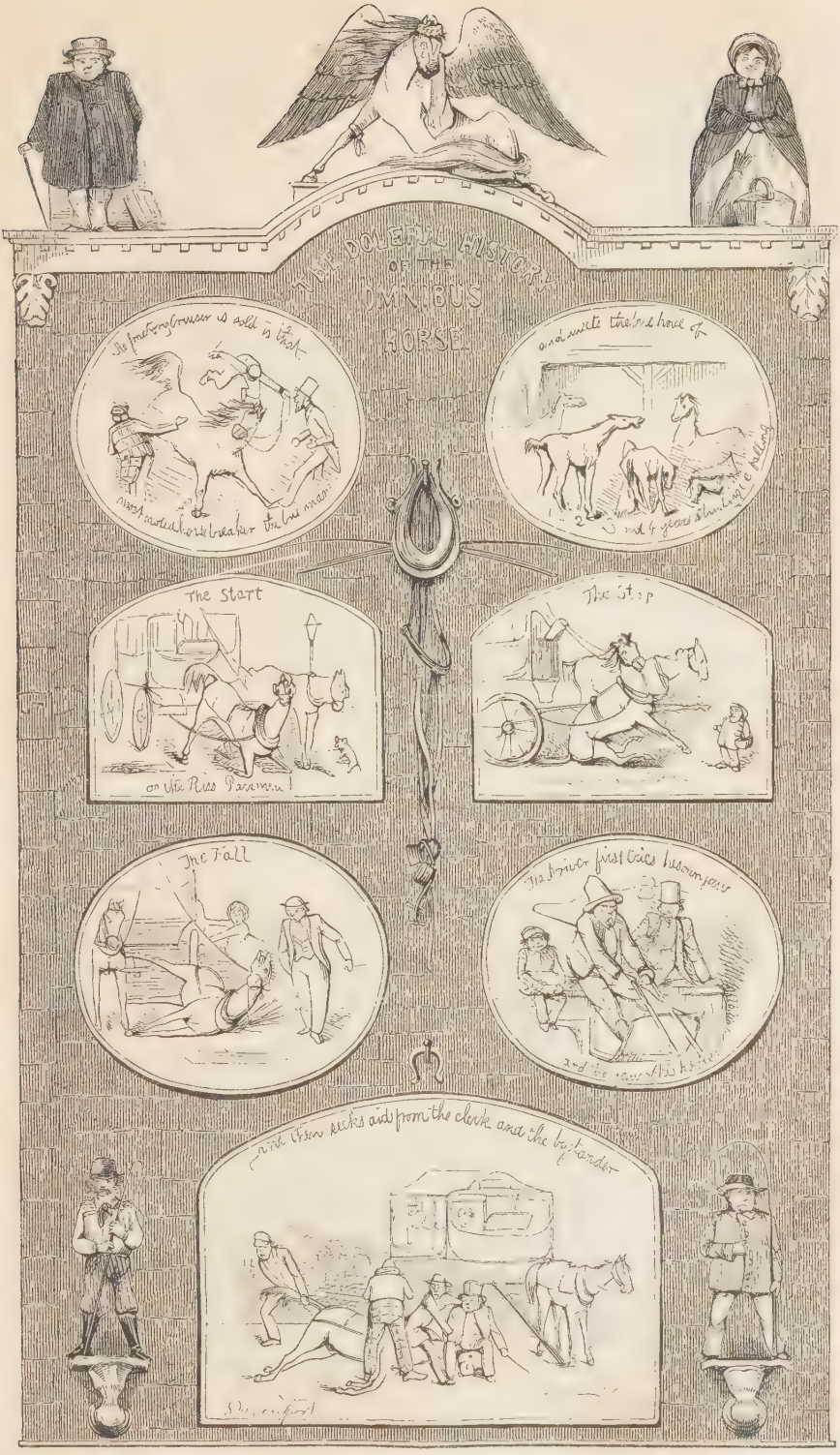
Miller answered, "No—I won't regret it. I am told D—— is a little, shriveled up, weazen-faced fellow, not strong enough to carry a pumpkin on his shoulders, and I'll never vote for such a man. I'm determined to vote for you."

T—— replied, "It is true Mr. D—— is not very large, nor very good-looking; but he is an able lawyer and an estimable gentleman; and I shall deem it an honor to be beaten by him, and a victory worth boasting of to beat him. But I will not electioneer for him. I shall need your vote and will thank you for it, whatever may be the cause of your support. But Mr. D—— is speaking; let us hear him."

D—— occupied his hour in his usual felicitous manner, electrifying the crowd with his eloquence and convulsing it with his wit. T——'s reply was equally happy, and closed with a spirited report of his conversation with Miller, which brought down the crowd in thunders of applause. As soon as the uproar ceased D—— sprung to his feet, and asked T—— for an introduction to his friend Miller. The latter being on the stand arose to receive the introduction, when D—— took his hand, and in his blandest and gravest tones addressed him thus:

"Mr. Miller, I owe you ten thousand thanks. You have relieved my mind of a weight that has been oppressing me all my life. When I was a school-boy the teacher told me I had a pumpkin head, and I have been laboring under that impression from that day till this. You are the first man to lift it from my soul, and I most sincerely thank you. But now, Sir, let me ask you—as a man, as a citizen of this great State, as a sovereign of this glorious republic, which would you rather vote for, a little, shriveled up, weazen-faced fellow like me, who is not able to carry a pumpkin on his shoulders, or a great big booby like my friend Pat there, who never carried any thing else?"

The effect may be imagined, it can not be described; and I will only add that, if the story itself raised a thunder-storm, the retort created a perfect earthquake.


A Dolefal History
of the
Omnibus
Horse
The first lesson he is told is that
and under the tuition of
The Start
on the Rise System!
The Stop
The Fall
The driver first tries humanity
and the conductor his horse
and then seeks aid from the clerk and the bystanders

At length C. learns to slide — but
Consequently is made to learn the Tyger
Delights of winter
THE LAST
HAT WAS HEARD OF THE
OMNIBUS HORSE.

Fashions for August.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*

Figure 1.—Dressing-Gown.

FIGURE 2.—BOY'S COSTUME.

THE PEIGNOIR, or DRESSING-ROBE, is so simple in construction that it is easily understood from the view taken. The back falls in large reversed plaits from the top at the neck. The sleeves have a *bouillonnée* at the elbow, and terminate with a moderately full frill. Instead of the cord and tassels, ribbon may be used to match with the ornament. The material may be of any preferred tissue; the one depicted is a cambric. The trimming consists of taffeta ribbon, drawn, of graduated width, arranged in a series of festoons, one overlapping the other; the places where their ends join are marked by *nœuds;* down the front of the robe there are, in the middle of each sweep of the ribbon, bows, with longer ends than those at the sides. When made of a semi-transparent fabric these ribbons may be drawn through the stuff, and form transparents. A light apple or pea green is the color of the trimming which we have represented in the preceding illustration.

BOY'S COSTUME.—Jacket of light-drab summer-cloth, elaborately ornamented with embroidery of braid; white pants. The details of the costume will be gathered from the illustration.

BREAKFAST CAP, of Valenciennes lace. If worn with the morning-robe represented in the illustration on the preceding page, the strings should be "*en suite.*"

FIGURE 3.—BREAKFAST CAP.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXIV.—SEPTEMBER, 1860.—Vol. XXI.

"HER THIN MECHANICAL HANDS SHE DROPPED,
AND GAZED AT THE WALL SO BARE AND BALD."

A CHIMNEY'S shadow, flung by the sun
As it sank in the west when the day was done,
Silent and dark as the noiseless bat
Crept through the room where the work-girl sat;

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Where she sat all day at her poor pine table,
Working, so long as her hands were able,
On shirt and collar and chemisette,
On gowns of silk and on vails of net,
'Till her busy thin fingers seemed to be
A skeleton kind of machinery.
The table was strewn with threads of silk,
With pearly buttons that shone like milk,
With gaudy stuffs of a thousand dyes,
And beads that gleamed in the gloom like eyes;
While in the midst of these beautiful things
Glimmered a Sewing Bird's silver wings.
But the blankets that lay on her bed were poor,
And cracks were plain in the crazy door,
The roof was low and the floor was old,
And the work-girl shivered as if a-cold;
And to judge by the veins in her wan white hand,
She did not live on the fat of the land.

Now when the shadow crept through the room,
Filling the place with a cheerless gloom,
So that the weary work was stopped,
Her thin mechanical hands she dropped,
And gazed at the wall so bare and bald,
Where the shadowy feet of the Twilight crawled.
If at that moment she dreamed at all,
Or peopled with visions the cold white wall,
She thought perhaps of that one bright day,
In the month of June or the month of May,
When, rich with the savings of many a week,
She felt fresh winds blow over her cheek,
As, with friends as poor and lonely as she,
She caught her first glimpse of the calm blue sea,
Or roamed by copses or sunny lea,
And learned how bright the world could be.

But I doubt if the poor are rich in dreams,
Or build fine castles by golden streams;
For want, like frost-bite, kills the grain
That Fancy sows in the teeming brain,
And it is not every dreamy stare
That is filling with fairies the twilight air.

Yet still she sat, and, it may be, dreamed—
I hope so—until there suddenly seemed
To sweep through the room a rustle of wings,
With a tinkling as if of silvery rings,
And then a low and a soaring song,
That every instant grew more strong.
She looked at wall and window and floor,
She peered through the gloom at the crazy door;

Nothing was visible any where,
And still the song was thrilling the air;
Then she turned her eyes to the table of pine,
And saw something shiver and dimly shine;
And lo! from the midst of the shreds of silk,
And the pearly buttons that shone like milk,
There came the song of the silver rings,
And the gleam and flutter of shining wings;
As up from the table the Sewing Bird sprang,
While singing it soared, and soaring it sang:

"*Follow me up, and follow me down,*
Hither and thither, through all the town;
For there are lessons that must be taught,
And there are changes that must be wrought,
And there are wrongs that the world shall know—
So follow, follow, where'er I go!"

Then the work-girl rose from her rickety chair,
And opened the door that led on the stair,
While swift overhead the Sewing Bird flew,
And caroled and fluttered as if it knew
That it led her spirit in threads as strong
As the chains of Love or the Poet's song;
While ever there rang through the corridor hollow
The silvery strain of "*Follow! Follow!*"

So down the avenue of Broadway,
Where the lamp-light shone like an amber day,
The Sewing Bird led the maiden along,
To the airy tune of its fairy song.
They came to a palace ornate and tall,
With marble pillars and marble wall,
And windows of glass so large and clear
That the panes seemed lucid as atmosphere.
The work-girl stopped as the crowd went by,
And gazed through the windows with wistful eye;
For the walls were splendid with paint and gold,
The couches were fit for the Sybarites old,
And the floor was soft with the Brussels woof,
And flowery frescoes ran over the roof,
While a delicate radiance from globes of glass
Fell soft as sunlight upon the grass.

Who are the Princes—the work-girl thought—
That dwell in this palace by Genii wrought?
She looked, and beheld some dozen or ten
Young and excessively nice young men;
Their faces were beardless, rosy, and fair,
An astonishing curl was in their hair,
Their feet were squeezed into shiny boots,
Their nails were pink, and white at the roots;

Their hands were as taper, their limbs as fine
As an Arab maiden's in Palestine;
Their waistcoats were miracles to behold,
Ribbed with velvet and flecked with gold;
And perfect rivers of watch-chain ran
Over the breast of each nice young man.
But you could not see in a single face
Of courage or manhood the faintest trace;
Through every feature the sentiment ran,
"If you please I would rather not be a man!"
One of them sat in an easy-chair,
With smirking, impudent, indolent air,
Blandly explaining, with smile serene,
The merits of Cantator's sewing-machine;
While others lounged through the gorgeous room,
Diffusing the odors of Lubin's perfume,
Or gossiping over the last new play,
Or their "spree" last week—and "Wasn't it gay?"

"BUT THE CROWD AT THE WINDOWS THOUGHT THEM SUBLIME,
AND WISHED THAT THEY HAD SUCH AN EASY TIME."

But the crowd at the windows thought them sublime,
And wished that they had such an easy time.

As the work-girl gazed at this splendid array
Of Cantator's young men on show in Broadway,
She gathered her shawl round her wasted form,
While her breath congealed on the window-panes warm,
And sighed, "Ah me! ah me! ah me!
This is the place where I should be!"

Then the Sewing Bird swelled his silvery throat,
And trilled through the air his crystalline note:
"*Follow me up, and follow me down,*
Hither and thither, through all the town;
For there are still more splendid marts
That never will warm the work-girls' hearts,
And the lesson is still to be fully learned
How woman's pittance by man is earned!"

"NO PATTERN IS LIKE IT—ON HONOR—IN TOWN,
JUST BECOMES YOUR COMPLEXION—SHALL I PUT IT DOWN?"

'Twas a vast, majestic dry-goods store,
Into whose portals from every shore
Came cashmeres, satins, and silks and shawls,
To flood the counters and fill the halls:
There Paris sent its delicate gloves,
With mantles, "such beauties!" and bonnets, "such loves!"
And China yielded from primitive looms
Its silks shot over with changeable blooms.
While India's golden tissues blent
With camels' hair from the Syrian's tent.
At each counter was something, not man not boy,
A sort of effeminate hobbledehoy,
And over the laces it simpered and smiled,
And blandly each feminine idiot beguiled
With "Charmingest fashion!" and "Isn't it sweet?"
"Just allow me to show you—remarkably neat!"
"No pattern is like it—on honor—in town,
Just becomes your complexion—shall I put it down?"
And its frippery fingers went dabbling through tapes,
And its glozing discourse was of trimmings and capes.
And to see its expressionless eyes you'd have thought
That its soul, like its tapes, had been long ago bought.

As the work-girl gazed on this muscleless crew,
Who were doing the things she was destined to do,
She sighed, "Ah me! ah me! ah me!
This is the place where I should be!"

Then the Sewing Bird swelled his silvery throat,
And uttered a piercing reverberant note:
"*Follow me here, and follow me there,*
Out through the free-blowing mountain air,
Up to the heart of the healthy hill,
Deep in the heart of the backwoods still;
For the lesson still remains for you—
To show you the labor that men should do."

Up in a wild Californian hill,
Where the torrents swept with a mighty will,
And the grandeur of Nature filled the air,
And the cliffs were lofty, rugged, and bare,
Some thousands of lusty fellows she saw
Obeying the first great Natural Law.
From the mountain's side they had scooped the earth
Down to the veins where the gold had birth,
And the mighty pits they had girdled about
With ramparts massive and wide and stout;
And they curbed the torrents, and swept them round
Wheresoever they willed, through virgin ground.
They rocked huge cradles the livelong day,
And shoveled the heavy tenacious clay,

"AND GRASPED THE NUGGET OF GLEAMING ORE,
THE SINEW OF COMMERCE ON EVERY SHORE."

And grasped the nugget of gleaming ore,
The sinew of Commerce on every shore.
Their beards were rough and their eyes were bright,
For their labor was healthy, their hearts were light;
And the kings and princes of distant lands
Blessed the work of their stalwart hands.

Then high o'er the shovel's and pick-axe's clang
Loudly the song of the Sewing Bird rang:
"*See, see, see, see!*
THIS *is the place where* MEN *should be!*"
And he soared once more through the boundless air,
While the work-girl followed him, wondering where.

She saw a region of mighty woods
Stretching away for millions of roods;
The odorous cedar and pine-tree tall,
And the live oak, the grandest among them all,

And the solemn hemlock—massive and grim—
Claiming broad space for each mighty limb.
Then she heard the clang of the woodman's axe
Booming along through the lumber tracks,
And she heard the crack of the yielding trunk,
As deeper and deeper the keen axe sunk,
And the swishing fall—the sonorous thrill—
And the following stillness, more than still.
Then, moving among the avenues dim,
She saw the lumbermen, giant of limb—
The frankness of Heaven was in each face,
And their forms were grand with untutored grace;
Their laugh was hearty, their blow was strong,
And sweet as the wood-notes their working song,
As they hewed the limbs from the giant tree,
And stripped off his leafy mystery.
They breathed the air with elastic lungs,
They trolled their ditties with mirthful tongues,
And to see it would do a citizen good,
With what unction they relished their homely food;

"THE FRANKNESS OF HEAVEN WAS IN EACH FACE,
AND THEIR FORMS WERE GRAND WITH UNTUTORED GRACE."

For their hunger was keen as their trenchant axe,
And their jokes as broad as their brawny backs.

Then the Sewing Bird sang, again and again,
As he soared o'er the sonorous woods of Maine,
"*See, see, see, see!*
THIS *is the place where* MEN *should be!*"
And he floated once more through the azure air,
And the work-girl followed him, wondering where.

Vast plateaus of loamy land she saw
Quickening with life in the early thaw.
The pulse of the waking Spring she heard,
And the broken trills of the gladdened bird,
And the teams afield with their heavy plod
As they dragged the share through the juicy sod.
Through the crisp clear air she heard the voice
Of sturdy plowmen and farmer-boys,
And a busy din from the farm-yards rang,
And she heard the spades in the furrows clang.

"THE WORK-GIRL SAT IN HER ATTIC ROOM,
COLD AND SILENT, AND WRAPPED IN GLOOM."

Then a sudden change swept over the scene,
As the summer sun with a light serene
Smiled over cottage and field and fold,
And reddened the harvests of waving gold.
Then down through the golden sea there came
The mowers swarthy and stout of frame;
And the cradle-scythe in their hands they swung
Till the hiss of the blade through the grain-fields rung
As they cut their way with a mighty motion,
Like sharp-prowed ships in a yellow ocean.

Then the Sewing Bird sang like a mellow horn,
As it soared over Ohio's land of corn,
"*See, see, see, see!*
THIS *is the place where* MEN *should be!*"

The work-girl sat in her attic room,
Cold and silent, and wrapped in gloom;
There was no longer a glimmer of day,
And the Sewing Bird still on the table lay;
The voice was silent that once had sung,
And silent forever the silver tongue;
But she pondered long on the strange decree
That she, wherever she turned, should see
Men in the places where women should be!

A SUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.

[Second Paper.]

Naushon, Nonamesset,
Onkatonka, and Wepecket,
Nashawena, Pesquinese,
Cuttyhunk, and Penikese.

SUCH are the uncouth and barbarian names that first salute the ears of the seaward-bound traveler, who having beheld the most Christian city of New Bedford fade out between sky and water, turns from his retrospections to consider that line of islands lying across the entrance to Buzzard's Bay, seeming to bar the outward passage. Collectively, they are called the "Elizabeth Islands," in honor of the Virgin Queen who reigned in England at the time of their discovery. Their individual titles were doubtless received from the aboriginal heathen, and woven into euphonious verse by some inspired Longfellow of the whale-ship's forecastle.

A New Bedford historian says, "Buzzard's Bay was discovered by the Northmen in the tenth century, and by them named Straumfiord; by Gosnold, in 1602, and named 'Gosnold's Hope;' and by the early settlers of Dartmouth 'Buzzard's Bay;' the latter name probably given from the fish-hawk (which in old works upon natural history is called the Buzzardet, or little Buzzard), as I suppose from the great number of this bird of prey being seen about the shores and islands of the bay."

We are also informed from the same source that "while the Northmen were living upon the shores of this bay a son was born in the year 1007, to one of the commanders of the expedition, Thorfinn, and named Snorri Thorfinnson. From this child the celebrated sculptor Thorwaldsen is said to be descended."

The train of reasoning which leads us to this conclusion, as exhibited in the foregoing paragraph, has at least the merit of brevity, and may be reinforced by a suggestion of my friend Dick, who thinks it probable that the talent for "sculping," so nobly developed in the Dane, might be fairly attributable to this early association of his ancestors with the American Indians.

Of the Elizabeth Islands we saw nothing more than the blue swelling outlines of the most distant rising above the sea line, the fresh budding forests of Naushon nearer at hand, and the sparkling pebble beaches of Onkatonka and Nonamesset, as we wound through the narrow and tortuous channel of Wood's Hole. Than this, there is no spot in nature where earth, air, and water seem more favorably combined to stimu-

CAPTAIN WEST.

late the body to vigorous and hardy health, or excite the fancy to bold and dashing adventure. Leaving this pretty chain of islands behind us, in the fast moving steamer, *Eagle's Wing*, we next churned the blue waters of the Vineyard Sound, the great thoroughfare of our coasting, trade—a Broadway of commerce, where craft of all grades and denominations are seen going and coming in continuous streams, whitening the whole horizon with their bleached canvas.

Over the breezy Sound, at length we enter the quiet and cozy little harbor of Holmes's Hole, and land at the white weather-boarded village at its head. A civil porter takes charge of our baggage and conducts us to the House of Entertainment kept by Mrs. Captain West, an old-fashioned country inn, and as full of comfort, tidiness, and snugness as all these old-fashioned places are supposed to be.

Holmes's Hole has six or eight hundred inhabitants, chiefly sea-faring men and their families, and as the men are generally absent, women and children bear rule. Quiet, good order, and cheerfulness seem to be the predominant characteristics of the community within doors and without. To account for this enviable state of things, Captain West suggests an explanation. He expressed himself frankly and unreservedly as if he had fully made up his mind to it—all the while pacing up and down a bit of paved walk in front of

the house; which pavement he facetiously calls his quarter-deck.

"I'm Captain aboard ship," quoth he; and pointing over his shoulder with his thumb toward the interior, "She's Captain on shore."

I expressed my approbation of this arrangement; but Dick, who is always doing or saying something rash, observed: "But suppose the women went to sea, who'd be Captains then?"

The burly sailor winked his right eye and smiled knowingly. "Women," said he, "don't take to a sea-faring life much. They can't dress up and go to church, and in rough weather they have mostly got to keep to their bunks; but on shore, d'ye see, they know the ropes and give orders."

In the afternoon of the day of our arrival we strolled upon the hills overlooking the town and harbor, and had for our pains a most charming view of the Sound and the opposite shores. Turning landward, we pursued our walk along grassy lanes and through the stunted forests that partially clothed the hills, coming frequently upon pretty fresh painted cottages seated amidst shrubbery and flowers, and tenanted by a quiet-mannered wife and a flock of rosy, bright-eyed children. Doubtless the nests of those eagle-hearted fishers of the deep, who, sailing in antipodal seas, may be at this moment dreaming of their Vineyard homes.

Intending to devote the next day to sport, we that evening engaged the services of an experienced fisherman to take us out against the black bass, which were reported to be plentiful in the Sound. Our boat-master called for us next morning by daylight, and before sunrise we were sailing with a fresh breeze far on our way toward the Yellow Banks, our proposed fishing-ground, near the Barnstable shore.

Perceiving several other fishing-boats already at work when we arrived, we lost no time in casting anchor and throwing out our lines. Scarcely a minute elapsed before I felt a nibble, and pulling up found there was a heavy weight to my line, but so dull and lifeless that I supposed I had hooked the anchor. However, as my game neared the surface, there was a struggle and a dart that nearly jerked me overboard: so to hold my own I braced myself against the gunwale until Dashaway lent a hand, and by our united efforts we drew in a thumping fish between four and five feet long. The new arrival was slender-bodied, with flaring fins, silver gray back, white belly, a queer-shaped semi-

CATCHING A SHARK.

circular mouth, and a most evil-looking eye, leaping and floundering about the boat, slapping with his tail, and biting at every thing within his reach with such fierce activity that I called the boatman to assist in unhooking him.

He looked up from the line he was baiting, and instantly seizing an oar, shouted,

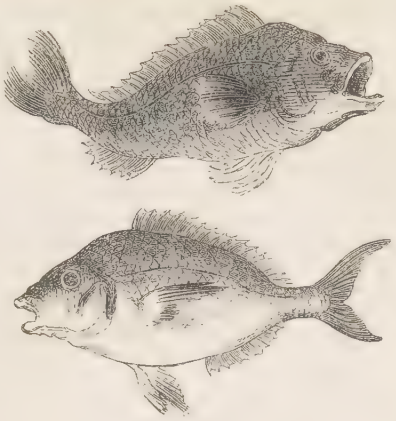
"A shark!—a shark!"

At the mention of this name, so awful to landsmen's ears, Dick and myself simultaneously performed the back somersault at a single spring, and recovering ourselves when out of distance, seized a stick and some ballast stones, and began belaboring the common enemy. It was like pounding a roll of gutta percha; but we at length succeeded in stunning him sufficiently to prevent his annoying us, and then throwing the ugly pirate into the fore part of the boat, we resumed our fishing. Dick made the next haul, and exhibited an absurd-looking creature on a smaller scale, which our skipper told us was called a "pig-fish." To prove the propriety of the nomenclature he pressed its head with his finger, when it cried like a sucking pig. My kind-hearted companion observed that the fish was too ugly to eat, and that its grunting softened his heart by reminding him of a pet pig he had at home; so the pig-fish was returned to his briny dwelling-place.

CRACKEE, WHAT A FISH!

As if Fortune willed a speedy reward for this act of mercy, my friend presently drew up a fine six-pound bass, which, as a legitimate prize, was consigned to the boat's cistern, and from that the fishing went on prosperously. In rapid succession we drew up more bass, scuppaug, skates, flounders, and other varieties which I can not pretend even to name, much less describe.

This amusement lasted several hours, and was very well as long as our curiosity was piqued by the novelty and variety of our game; but it must be considered tame work in comparison with the active and exciting sport of bluefishing. So, with the sun considerably past meridian and a



BLACK BASS, ETC.

favoring breeze, we turned our prow homeward, well satisfied with our day's experiences, and with stomachs decidedly qualmish.

A night of unbroken rest and a hearty breakfast on black bass were the agreeable consequences of our trip to the Yellow Banks. Not caring to go out to sea again, we passed the next morning with our obliging host the Captain, hearing his sea-stories and sketching his portrait. In the plenitude of his friendliness he bestowed upon Dick and myself the following articles, to be kept as remembrancers. Imprimis: the jawbones of a large fish thrown up by a sperm whale in his death flurry. 2. The skin of an albatross's foot, to be used as a tobacco pouch. 3. An ivory fid, wherewith he (the Captain) had taken the knots out of many a tough yarn. Thus having exchanged presents and compliments, we took leave of our kind hosts and the village of Holmes's Hole, and the same afternoon mounted the carriage of a friend who had called for us, and took the road to West Tisbury, a village situated seven miles inland, and near the centre of the island.

As we cleared the town we overtook a footman, rather stout and advanced in years, who, perceiving that our vehicle was not crowded, asked to be taken on board. He was accordingly accommodated with a seat, and we soon got into a lively and entertaining conversation, which turned naturally on whalemen and sea-captains.

Formerly, he said, Cape Cod and Nantucket furnished nearly all the commanders for the merchant marine of the United States. Such was the reputation of these men for skill, courage, and reliability that they were sought for by shipowners from all quarters to take charge of their vessels. As our commercial relations have extended these limited sources failed to supply the demand, and of late years Maine has been drafted, and still continues to furnish large supplies of sea-captains. Indeed when we look at these rocky and sterile coasts, consider the amount of population they contain, and the improvements that have grown up upon them, as it were, almost in the teeth of nature, we are struck with the aptness of the boy's answer, who when asked

what they did in this country for a living? replied, "We build school-houses and raise men."

At a point where the roads diverged, our talkative passenger took leave, and on doing so offered to pay for the ride. The proffered remuneration was declined of course. The stranger seemed somewhat surprised, but thanked us civilly and pursued his journey homeward. When he was gone, our entertainer turned to us smiling and said, "Rugged necessity has engendered among these people habits of exactness in their everyday business—an exactness which is often mistaken by strangers for parsimony; but which, on better acquaintance with them, you will find is not incompatible with a liberal public spirit and a generous private hospitality."

This habit, however, of attention to minutiæ is sometimes carried into extremes that are intensely ludicrous. Some years ago a party engaged in the United States Coast Survey were encamped on the Barnstable shore, when one of the young men wanting a signal-pole took a rail from a fence hard by. A few days after the party moved its quarters to a point about ten miles distant, and on the day following the removal the officer was surprised by a visit from a countryman, evidently dressed in his go-to-meeting clothes, but all dusted, sweated, red, travel-blown, and perturbed. "Capting," quoth he, taking no notice of the proffered camp-stool, "some of your men have committed a depredation and an outrage on my property." The speaker paused to take breath and the Captain looked grave. "Yes," he continued, with an indignant and injured air, "they have took down my fences to make signal-poles, and I thought the matter would have been settled before you moved; but you packed off without giving me any notice whatsomever; and the first I heard of it was this morning, and that's what I thought hard of."

"My friend," replied the chief, "you had better take a seat and some refreshment. You appear to be heated."

Farmer Sandy declined both repose and refreshment. He agreed that he was considerably "het up" by the walk of ten miles; but expressed his determination to have the affair in hand settled before he left the spot, for he did not know when they might leave the country altogether; and that people's property ought to be respected; and, moreover, that he was not to be frightened or cajoled.

The chief replied, in a soothing tone, that he had never countenanced any misconduct of that sort among his subordinates; and that whenever he had found it necessary to make use of private property, or had injured it unintentionally, he had been always willing to settle the matter on the most liberal basis, and pay all reasonable damages.

This concession of principle so mollified Farmer Sandy that he took a seat and prepared to go into an amicable adjustment of the case. The Captain, pleased at the prospect of saving the United States Government a knotty lawsuit and some thousands in damages, desired his visitor to state precisely the amount and character of the mischief that had been done—the damage resulting from the destruction of his fences—the number of rails taken—and what sum he would be willing to take in reparation of the wrongs he had suffered.

Sandy answered—"Wa'al, Capting, I can't exactly say that any body's cattle got into the field, and didn't do it any damages in pertickler that I know on; but paster is middlin' scarce on the Cape—a bunch of sorrel here and there—the ground being rather stunny; and I see a critter covorting 'round my field looking wishful over the fence at the low place where the rails was missing; and you see he might have got in and mussed up things tremenjous, but perhaps he wasn't able to jump. So, as there was nawthin' hurt, I rather guess there beant any damages due on that account—which, if there beant, is no merit of theirn that committed the trespass. And as for the rails they took—wa'al, I don't know on but one rail they took, and stuck it up on the pint. Now a new rail is worth perhaps no great sum, and that rail was not quite new, and so I guess I'd have no call to claim of you more than the value of a second-hand rail, which I guess may be about ten cents."

CAPE COD PASTURE.

The engineer rose hastily, and retiring to the farther part of the tent, fumbled among his instruments and drawings until he could compose his agonized countenance. Then returning to Mr. Sandy, drew the dime from his vest pocket, and paid it over.

Mr. Sandy thanked him and offered a receipt, which was declined. The invitation to refresh was repeated, and this time accepted.

"Capting," said the farmer, rising to go, "I'm a man that don't like to be put upon by any body, nor to lay under any injustice or mistreatment; but I'm none of

these pesky fellows that want to claim more than my dues, and that can't settle a difficulty when I meet with a liberal and civil spoken gentleman. If you or any of your people should ever be passing by my house I'd be glad if you would stop and take a bite with me. Good-day."

West Tisbury is a quiet rural village near the centre of the Vineyard, located on a high plain, in the midst of what appears to be the best agricultural portion of the island. Our sojourn here, although rendered memorable by the most charming and polished hospitality, was not marked by any of those notable adventures or exciting novelties so indispensable to the tourist's note-book. Yet to the lover of nature the views from the breezy hill-tops which rise to the westward of Tisbury offer varied and uncommon attractions. Around and beneath him he may see, looking eastward, the extensive plain that lies toward Edgartown, like a sea of green sward, with islands of stunted forest and white farm-houses dotted over its surface, like sails on the ocean. To the west is a tumult of hills, grass covered, specked with flocks of sheep, and broken with numerous detached and massive granite rocks, which seem to have no kindred with the earth where they are found, but are said by geologists to have been brought there by icebergs in former times. Perhaps they were; but who knows? Among the trees that flourish in the valleys one may see the occasional glitter of a lake, half hidden, like a coy maiden peeping from an embowered window. To the south, a long, straight line of yellow sand beach is visible, where the surf flashes and thunders eternally. Then above and around all the unbroken circle of blue, upon whose edge the dome of heaven fits as accurately as the cover of a soup-tureen, the magnificent panorama of ocean, sights and sounds sublimely impressive to the landsman, and which, like the snow-capped mountains to the Switzer, the wild prairie bloom to the Western Indian, the heather to the Scot—like all natural beauties and sublimities—become essential to the life of those born and nurtured within their influence.

Martha's Vineyard is the largest of the group of islands lying off the southern coast of Massachusetts, and, with the Elizabeth Islands, forms Duke's County of that Commonwealth. Its length from east to west is about twenty miles. It is ten miles wide at one point, although its

GAY HEAD.

mean breadth does not exceed five. On the north and west its surface is undulating, rising in ridges and hills to the height of two hundred feet or more. Toward the south and east it is a plain, chiefly covered with a growth of stunted shrubbery, and reminding one, in its general features, of the high levels of the Alleghanies. There is a fair proportion of woodland, the growth chiefly of post oaks, which seldom attain a greater height than twenty-five or thirty feet; and the only tree or shrub which seems to attain its full size under the influence of the salt winds is the lilac, which grows here in great beauty and profusion. The land produces good grass; and under a proper system of cultivation the crop of cereals is found profitable. Notwithstanding the efforts of several public-spirited gentlemen, who have established an agricultural society and cultivate model farms, the tillage of the soil is not a favorite occupation with the Vineyarders. The hand which has wielded the harpoon can not condescend to the ox-goad or hay-fork. He who has been wont to plow the illimitable fields of ocean will not turn up sand and gravel on this limited patch of *terra firma*.

From Tisbury we visited the Indian reservation at Gay Head, so called from a remarkable headland that forms the western extremity of the island. Here, on a dreary point, nearly cut off from the main body of the island by a couple of fresh-water ponds, dwells the scanty remnant of the aboriginal inhabitants of the land. The moment we enter the reservation the appearance of every thing indicates a thriftless and inferior people. The hills are treeless and shrubless; a number of ordinary cattle may be seen browsing upon the luxuriant grass; but no signs of cultivation or improvement are visible except a few lonely, unpainted, and unornamented wooden houses, and several sorry patches of corn or kitchen vegetables, weed-grown, neglected, and forlorn.

In pleasing contrast with this desolation is the appearance of the government light-house and surroundings, that stand upon the breezy headland overlooking the sea. This well-kept and cheerful exterior led us to seek shelter and hospitality within the Federal inclosure rather than from the natives, and the welcome we received from Squire Flanders, the light-keeper, was worthy of his personal fame and the glorious flag under which he serves.

Having rested and eaten, and partaken of a cup of coffee, equivalent to both, we went to visit the Head, which is an object of interest to artists, geologists, naturalists, and all sorts of practical and speculative philosophers, as well as to the unlearned curious.

It is an earthy cliff, about 130 feet in height, its base washed by the Atlantic waves, its top covered with green-sward to the very brink.

The rains have furrowed the face with deep gullies, leaving sharp and fantastically-shaped ridges between, and exposing various and bright colored earths—red, white, yellow, black, brown, and purple—which, in the sunshine, rejoice the eyes of the passing mariner, and have gained for it its name of Gay Head. These washings also abound in all sorts of fossils, from petrified quohaugs as big as your thumb nail to the skeletons of monsters that might have swallowed the whale that swallowed Jonah.

As the shades of evening deepened we returned to the light-house, and there were invited by the faithful guardian of the tower to go up and witness the lighting of the wonderful lamp. And a magnificent illuminator it is, the finest on our coasts, and perhaps unsurpassed in the world.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE, GAY HEAD.

SQUIRE FLANDERS.

The revolving lantern is composed of a thousand and three prisms, so arranged as to concentrate the rays of light at a vast distance; and if the atmosphere is clear the light shows brighter at twenty miles than nearer at hand. The lamp is of polished brass, with a circular wick, and consumes about three gallons of oil per night. The oil is pumped up and the lantern turned by clock-work, which requires winding up every half-hour. The whole is of French manufacture, exhibited at the World's Fair in London, and purchased by our Government at a cost of sixteen thousand dollars. If our pride of nationality was touched at learning that we owed this *chef d'œuvre* to the genius of a Frenchman, we were consoled by the reflection that the worthy keeper himself was a native production.

Squire Flanders is not only a man of consequence on Gay Head, but his renown has extended over the whole island; and to those who delight in observing the diverse phases of human character he is well worthy of attention. As a public officer, he has weathered the storms and changes of political affairs, immovable as the wave-beaten cliff upon which he dwells; yet his integrity has never been questioned, and his lamp has never gone out. The exemplary father of ten or a dozen girls and boys, all named after the Presidents, his household furnishes an epitome of our Federal history. A natural and moral philosopher, according to the teachings of Professor Agassiz and St. Paul, he lectures with equal clearness on antediluvian ichthyology and the ethics of Scripture. In short, notwithstanding some eccentricities of appearance and manner, no one can long sojourn with Squire Flanders without being touched with his obliging and amiable character, and impressed with his substantial worth and honesty. It is a matter of conscience with him to keep his lamp always trimmed and his light set upon a hill. Long may it shine, a luminous example to Federal office-holders, a beacon of safety to the homeward-bound mariner!

Next morning, as soon as I could get off from my geological and pharological lessons, I led my companion down to the seashore, that we might see the tide roll in upon a long stretch of sand and pebble beach. We climbed upon a huge boulder and sat for a long time in silence, enjoying what I have always considered one of the grandest scenes in nature.

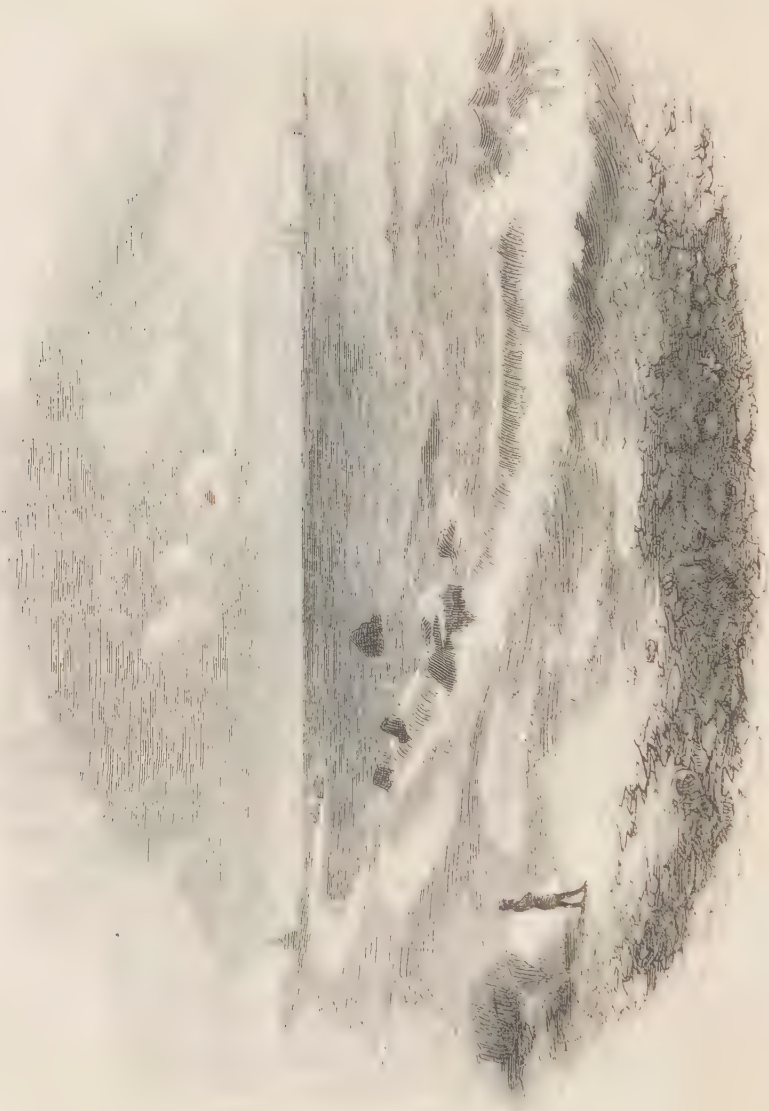
It is variety that charms in our lighter moods, when seeking enjoyment in the lesser beauties of creation—the hue of flowers, the leafage of trees, the plumage of birds, the tones and pauses of music; but to steep the soul in awe, to awaken in the mind the highest sense of sublimity, what is there like the oneness of ocean? The simple horizontal line that belts the globe; the deep monotone of blue; the measured surge, like the mighty pulsation of a living world; the sullen, cadenced roar; the solemn anthem of eternity.

"Great God!" exclaimed my companion, drawing a long breath, "does the sea roll in this way always?"

"So it has rolled unceasingly, my boy, from the beginning, since first 'the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters;' and so will it continue until the end, when the heavings of this restless bosom shall be stilled, this voice of thunder hushed—on that day when the great closing anthem shall be sung:

"'Dies iræ, dies illa,
Sæclum solvet in favillâ.'"

From the top of our boulder and this lofty discourse we descended to examine a strange creature which the waves threw up near us. It proved to be a king crab, or a horse-foot, as it is sometimes called, from its resemblance to the bottom



THE OCEAN SURF.

of a horse's hoof. From this we were led into a long and interesting stroll upon the beach, gathering shells, and examining with curious eyes the various specimens of animal and vegetable exuviæ thrown up by the tides. There were sponges, and mosses, and many varieties of marine *algæ* with whose names and qualities we were entirely unacquainted. Then among the masses of sea-weed were the dead bodies of various fish, young sharks, lobsters, crabs, star-fish, and strange, uncouth things, to which we found it difficult to assign a place, seeming the connecting links between animals and weeds. But long before curiosity was satisfied in this desultory search our own blood had caught the tumultuous spirit of the waters. We made a race-course of the smooth beach, chasing the billows as they retired, and escaping from them as they rolled in, all foam-crested and careering like the steeds of Neptune. Breathless with shouting and running, wet and salted, Dick threw himself on the sand and rolled over and over in his joy.

"Whoop! whoop! hurra! Cousin Bob, this is glorious!"

I felt as if I would like to join him, but, in consideration of my years, thought proper to moderate my extravagance. So, in a little while, under the inspiriting influences of the sea-air, soul and mind had entirely succumbed before the overruling vigor of animal life.

"Cousin Bob," cried Dick, "I'm as hungry as a shark; and the whole world smells of oysters!"

Upon this hint we turned our faces toward the light-house.

At night we mounted the tower, and visited the look-out gallery that belts it some distance below the lantern. Here we were surprised by a unique and splendid spectacle. The whole dome of heaven, from the centre to the horizon, was flecked with bars of misty light, revolving majestically on the axis of the tower. These luminous bars, although clearly defined, were transparent, and we could distinctly see the clouds and stars behind them. Of all the heavenly phenomena that I have had the good fortune to witness—borealis lights, mock suns, or meteoric showers—I have never seen any thing that, in mystic splendor, equaled this trick of the magic lantern of Gay Head. Then, when the delusion was explained, and we could turn our attention to other things, it was pleasant to sit upon the gallery to watch the lights that shone like mundane stars, twinkling in the cordage of passing vessels, or beaming with planetary steadiness from the distant light-houses of Cuttyhunk, Tarpaulin Cove, Dumpling Rocks, Clark's Point, Newport Island, and the double-lighted boat at the Sow-and-Pigs. To accompany these sights there was appropriate music in the sighing of the wind around the tower and the grand *bourdonné* of the sea.

Having thus far given our attention exclusively to the light-house and its surroundings, we resolved to see something of the Indians; and on the third day of our sojourn started out on a tour of observation. The only roads in the reservation (except the main road to the light-house) are narrow foot-paths through the grass, leading from house to house; and taking one of these, by the keeper's direction, we went to visit Hetty Ames, the recognized great-grandmother of the community. We easily found her hut, situated in a thicket of bushes or scrubby trees; but there was no one at home. We took the liberty of looking into her queer little cuddy of a dwelling, and saw it crammed with odds and ends of furniture, kitchen utensils, bundles of rushes for basket-making (in which art she is an adept); and in the cozy chimney-corner lay a cat with four kittens. The old woman is of pure Indian blood, near a hundred years old; and we wished, if possible, to gather from her some traditions of her people. But in this we were disappointed.

From hence, following a foot-path at a venture, we were presently led to another house, where we inquired for Hetty Ames and a glass of water—hoping thus to find opportunity for making acquaintance with the inmates. Here we were again balked by cold civility.

Continuing our walk, we at length met a man in the pathway, whose address indicated some acquaintance with the world; and in answer to our inquiry for dinner, he very politely turned and led us to his house.

It was a small but regularly finished wooden house, and altogether of a better sort than any we had yet seen. The parlor was respectably furnished, carpeted, and curtained; the mantle-piece and tables decorated with sea-shells, Daguerreotypes, and books. Among the latter were some illustrated annuals, but all of them of a moral and religious character.

Our host, Roos, we found to be a very intelligent and well-mannered person, a professional

GAY HEAD SCHOOL.

DEACON SIMON.

sailor, who had made his last voyage as first mate of a whale-ship. This is the occupation of most of the men of the reservation, and is the only pursuit followed by civilized men that the Indians or their descendants have shown any aptitude for. It is, in fact, nothing more than their original and natural occupation of fishing, extended and improved by the genius and enterprise of the white man. The few poor garden patches that we observed were doubtless cultivated by the women and children, after the Indian fashion.

Roos gave us a comfortable dinner, at which he and his wife joined us. After the meal we retired to the parlor, where he spun us some sea-yarns, and traded us some pretty shells which he had gathered in the Indian seas. The books on his table, he informed us, belonged to the schoolmistress, who was at that time quartered at his house.

Upon this suggestion we took leave, and wended our way to the Academy, where we found the school in session. Seated at the desks were some five-and-twenty younglings, of both sexes and of mixed blood, where negro, Indian, and white ancestry were jointly represented. Some few were pure African, and two or three only untainted aboriginals.

The schoolmistress, a good-looking mulatto girl of twenty years old or thereabout, received us with quiet civility, and at my request went on with the school exercises. As the races predominant in the assembly have never shown much aptitude for book-learning, we did not expect a brilliant exhibition, and were not disappointed. In fact, the creatures had that brow-beaten and jaded appearance that we observe in educated quadrupeds.

We next visited Deacon Simon, who, I believe, is regarded as the leading man in the community, holding authority by a mixed tenure—uniting the character of the Indian chief with that of the New England Deacon.

Simon is a man of middle age, tall, and of most chieftain-like appearance. His face is Indian in form and color, as is its crowning glory of shining black hair, that falls in heavy masses upon his shoulders. In his walk and all his movements the peculiarities of his race are unmistakably exhibited. In his manner there is a native dignity, which even his ill-made Christian garments can not hide; a bland and lofty

courtesy, which he could not have learned from his Anglo-Saxon conquerors, but which is, doubtless, an inheritance from a noble ancestry.

But while we are struck, at every motion, with the high-bred physique of the savage, in the expression of the face there is scarcely a trace of the Indian visible. The stolid, inscrutable countenance of the wild man, the snaky subtlety that peers from his restless and glittering eye, have given place in Deacon Simon's face to the mild and peaceful light of Christian civilization. The Deacon's mental capacities are good, and he converses on all subjects within his range with much good sense and native shrewdness. His opportunities, however, have been limited, as he has read little else than the Bible, and has left the island but three times in his life—twice to visit Boston, and once to see Salem. His discourse, therefore, turns chiefly to religious subjects and his experiences in the narrow world around him. As an elder and a thinker, the Deacon does not condescend to much manual labor, having no doubt pondered wisely on the text in Ecclesiasticus, which says, "Wisdom cometh to the learned by opportunity of leisure, and he that hath little business shall become wise."

Simon has no family, but lives in the house of a married sister—a poor shell of beams and boards, unplastered and unpartitioned, with a large crooked chimney built up through the centre. He is fond of talking with strangers, and, when the ice of ceremony is melted, there is a sincere and confiding simplicity about him that speedily wins both respect and good-will. He laments the decadence of his race, and speaks of it, not as the result of vices caught from the whites, nor of oppression and abuse, but simply as "the will of God." Philosophers who seek for a cause less comprehensive can see nothing more in it than the fulfillment of an inevitable law, whose existence is based upon all reliable observation, past and present—that the inferior race must perish before the civilization of the superior.

The population of the Gay Head reservation

JANE WORMSLEY.

numbers about three hundred, great and small. Very few of them are of pure Indian blood, as they have intermarried with negroes and mulattoes of every grade, who, in pursuit of that life of equality and lazy independence which they have sought in vain among the whites, readily associate themselves with these remnants of the aboriginal tribes. Notwithstanding these casual additions to the community its numbers diminish from year to year, and in a few more decades nothing will remain of them but the name.

TOAD ROCK.

As we shouldered our knapsacks to start on our way to Tisbury Deacon Simon volunteered to accompany us, promising to show us some objects of curiosity which he thought worthy of attention. The first was a tombstone, near the church, marking the grave of a deceased clergyman. The inscription, now nearly effaced, appears to be a mixture of the Indian and English languages, and although I can not perceive that there is any especial interest attached to it, to please our worthy conductor I copied it as nearly as possible.

OF SUCH ISOHHOK SIRSIH
SIL PAUL AOHTOBYOUTOK
AGED 42 YRS
NUPPOOP TAH AUGUST 24th 1787.

As all trace of the native language of the Gay Headers has been lost, the Deacon could throw no light upon the obscure passages in this inscription. We must therefore leave it to the Boston archæologists; and should these fail, perhaps some Spiritualist medium may be able to reveal its hidden meaning.

From the church-yard the Deacon led us to the cottage of Hetty Ames; but a second time we were disappointed in obtaining an interview. She was again absent, and this time her door was locked. Continuing our walk we next paid a visit to Jane Wormsley, an aged woman of the tribe, who, in her younger days, had been a Baptist preacher. Introduced by Deacon Simon, we found no difficulty in making acquaintance; but were disappointed in our hope of getting some information in regard to the history and traditions of her race. All recollection of their former life seems to have been entirely obliterated. The old woman had a grandchild with her; and during our visit a couple of her neighbors came in, a pair of handsome, well-made young women, whose husbands were at sea, and who treated us to the first ringing peal of merry laughter that we had heard on Gay Head.

Pursuing our walk, we next turned aside to see what our cicerone considered the greatest curiosity on the island. This was a great boulder, called Toad Rock from its resemblance to an enormous toad sitting on its haunches. Perceiving that Simon regarded this toad with a good deal of pride I made a sketch of it. A short distance beyond this, on the shore of the lake that bounded the reservation, our host took leave of us. On shaking hands with him I felt assured that I parted with a truly pious and estimable man. Making our way to the main road and crossing the water by a bridge and causeway, we strolled leisurely over the hills toward Tisbury.

This part of the island is entirely destitute of trees and shrubs (except where they have been cultivated about the farm-houses), and to eyes accustomed to the verdure of forests it looks desolate and dreary; yet the grass is fine, and from the amount of tillage visible, one may infer that it is fairly profitable.

As we passed the school-house of Chilmark the children were in the inclosure enjoying their mid-day vacation. On one side a crowd of ruddy boys were playing at horses, rolling and prancing over the green with merry shouts of laughter; opposite was a line of girls, with voices like bluebirds in the spring, singing

"Lady Queen Anne, she sits in the sun."

Several quieter ones conned their books; while here and there a more thoughtful youth and demure little maiden paired off, whispering together —cherishing, perhaps, in innocent and blissful ignorance, their first fresh-budding love. The little ones were all smartly and even tastefully dressed; and with their bright faces full of health and intelligence, I thought I had rarely seen a more pleasing sight, and could not but contrast it mentally with the seat of learning I had last visited.

After accomplishing a mile or two more of our journey, Dick began to complain of hunger. Boys of his age are always hungry, except when asleep, or when some excitement diverts their minds temporarily from the subject of eating. Seeing a cottage a short distance from the road, I proposed that we should test the rural hospitality of the land by asking for our dinner. Dick made no demurrer, and we directly presented our-

selves at the cottage door and made our wants known.

A middle-aged woman received us politely, and with cheerful alacrity set about preparing our meal, although the family dinner was over and the table had been cleared away. Good bread and butter, fried eggs and mutton bones, were quickly served, followed by a cup of coffee worthy of Delmonico's. As all remuneration for the meal was declined, social etiquette required that we should sit a while with our entertainer, who seemed well pleased with our society. Our hostess was the wife of a skipper then cruising for whales in distant seas. She doubtless thought of him as she prepared the meal for the strangers, and our grace after meat was a mental prayer that her Captain might speedily return with full oil casks; and that wherever he landed, should it be among heathen, pagans, or Christians, he might always find as kind a welcome as we met that day at his cottage on the Vineyard.

While we lingered I got out my sketch-book and commenced inking some drawings I had made on Gay Head. This attracted the attention of two children who were sitting in the room. The girl, who was about thirteen years old, was very pretty, but seemed to be rather a

CHILMARK SCHOOL.

froward piece, and, after observing my work for a while, exclaimed, impatiently,

"I wish I had a thousand dollars!"

"And pray," said I, "what would you do with a thousand dollars?"

"Well," she replied, "I know what I'd do. I'd go to New Bedford and have my likeness taken, and—and—"

She twisted and hesitated, so I supplied the rest. "You'd buy a diamond breast-pin, and half a dozen silk dresses, a carriage and horses, and what else?"

She replied, "Well, I guess I wouldn't spend it all at one time, but I'd keep some to buy whatever I wanted."

I observed that if she once got into the city stores the money wouldn't last her long.

"Ah," said the boy, "if I had a thousand dollars, I'd put it away, and only spend a few cents at a time."

"You selfish vermin!" exclaimed Dick Dashaway, "you have both disposed of your money and haven't done a generous thing, nor have bestowed a thought on your mother, nor on any one else besides yourselves!"

The children looked confused and hung their heads. At last the girl spoke up, sullenly, "I guess father can give her every thing she wants. This thousand dollars I wanted for myself."

Just then the door opened and a little maiden flashed into the room like a sudden gleam of sunlight. She was about nine years old and extremely pretty. Bonnetless and shoeless, she held in her hand an empty basket, apparently just returned from some errand to a neighbor's. The glow of rustic health mantling her cheeks, her eyes dancing with archness and intelligence, her bare feet models for a statuary. I thought I had rarely seen a lovelier picture. The mother was not slow to perceive my admiration, and interrupting the half-told message, desired Phœbe to pay her respects to the strangers. This she did with such a modest grace that I took her on my knee and kissed her.

Said I, "Phœbe, would you like to have a thousand dollars?"

The little one stared at me with amazement. "Indeed, Sir, I would not know what to do with so much money; and besides, as I have every thing that I want already, perhaps it would do me no good."

At this I looked solemn. "Now listen to me, child (you that are so beautiful and wise), and I will tell your fortune."

The brother and sister drew near with attentive ears, and even the housewife suspended her dish-washing to hear the prophecy.

"You go to the school in Chilmark, don't you?"

"No," said she, with a blush, "not this year; but I'm going next year."

"Very well; you will begin next year, and you will learn all that is taught in books quickly and cleverly, at the same time that you will learn at home to knit and sew, and to be an industrious little housekeeper; and now as I passed this morning, not far from the school-house, I saw a handsome curly-headed boy harpooning frogs in a pond. His name I do not know; but when that boy sees your blue eyes, and how quick and industrious you are at your tasks, he will fall in love with you, and during your school days you will go together to pick berries and gather shells upon the beach: you will read out of the same book during play time."

"That's Billy Fid," said the sister; "he walks in the lane with her, and gave her a string of fish the other day."

"It's no such thing," retorted Phœbe with spirit; "I don't care for him; and besides, his hair is not curly!"

"Well, it will come to pass in time that your little beau will go to sea; perhaps he will ship as a cabin-boy at first; but by industry and courage he will rise to be a harpooner, then a mate, and very soon, with good fortune, he will be a captain. Then he will make lucky voyages, and return with his vessel filled with oil; and when he becomes rich you will be married, and he will build you the most beautiful cottage, surrounded with shrubbery and flowers, with a white paling fence. The gate-way shall be made of a whale's jawbone, and on either side of the stoop there shall be huge East Indian shells for vases. The cottage shall be carpeted and furnished with Boston furniture. The mantles shall be adorned with corals, whale's teeth, and lovely shells. The walls hung with pictures of ships and whaling scenes; the tables covered

THE YOUNG HARPOONER.

RETURNING IN TOW.

with pretty books; and the rugs and door-mats shall be of the skins of white bears and spotted seals."

"That," exclaimed the breathless child, "is what I would like; but will we be rich enough to buy father a new ship in place of the one that he lost?"

"That was well thought of, child; but perhaps by that time he will be too old to want a new ship. But you will fit up his cottage for him as prettily as possible, and buy him a one-horse wagon that he may drive about to see his cronies, and tell great fish stories with the famous captains of Holmes's Hole, Tisbury, and Edgartown. The Luces, the Nortons, the Mayhews, the Smiths, the Peases, the Fishers, the Weeks, etc., etc."

"And when my Captain goes to sea," quoth Phœbe, "I can come again and live with father and mother."

"Bless the child!" cried the dame. "She don't want to leave us, even for the pretty house."

"And where am I to live?" asked the elder girl, in the indignant and petulant tone of a child robbed of its birth-right. "I'm not going to live in her house, I can tell you—the proud, stuck up piece!"

I whispered to Dick that it was time to go; so we shouldered our knapsacks, and making proper acknowledgments for the entertainment we had received, took the road for Tisbury. As long as the cottage was in sight, we could see the inmates grouped in the door looking after us.

It was near sunset when we came within view of the hospitable roof at Tisbury which we had left four days before. As we passed by a high boarded fence, my companion's attention was attracted by a calf that stood bleating at a gate. He thought it had been accidentally shut out from its mother, and proposed opening the gate. I opposed the suggestion, advising him not to meddle with other people's cattle. My companion thought otherwise, however; and in the goodness of his heart opened the gate. The calf rushed in, and the cow, who was submitting uneasily to the process of milking by a gawky youth, suddenly threw up her heels, overthrowing both pail and milkman on the grass, and rejoined her offspring with many demonstrations of joy and affection.

"There's a beautiful row I've kicked up!"

MILKING.

cried my cousin. "I have often heard that Yankee men milked the cows, but never believed it before."

I observed that he had acquired his information on the subject at somebody's expense, and that there was another more grave reflection suggested by the incident: that people who are only cognizant of matters on one side of the fence should be careful how they meddled with those on the other side.

On the following day we drove twelve miles to Edgartown, the chief town of the island and the seat of justice of Duke's County. It is neatly built of wood, contains about fifteen hundred inhabitants, is situated on a narrow channel that separates the island of Chappaquidick from the Vineyard, and, like all the other towns, cities, and villages in this region, derives most of its wealth and importance from the whale. The Marcy House, where we sojourned, is comfortable and worthy of patronage, being, like all the public houses we have seen in this county, neat, quiet, well ordered, and moderate in charges.

Although our hopes of a fishing frolic were blasted here by the prevalence of a northeast storm, yet with our indoor occupations and some talking with the Vikings, we managed to get through the *triste* spell without losing our patience. Among other civilities a citizen of the place gave us the opportunity of looking over some historic records of the island, which probably would not afford much amusement to the general reader; nevertheless, after the tour I had made, and my agreeable acquaintance with the people of the land, I read them with unfeigned interest.

Although the pursuits of these islanders are such as develop courage and hardihood in the highest degree, they have generally been non-combatants in times of war—owing, in some degree, to the influence of Quaker principles among them, but more, we imagine, to their exposed and utterly helpless position in the presence of such an enemy as our two great wars have brought upon our shores. During the Revolutionary struggle the maritime supremacy of Great Britain gave her absolute control over such feeble and detached portions of our territory; and to escape certain destruction they were forced to make such terms with the enemy as condemned them to neutrality: in return for which they were promised immunity for life and property. These treaties were kept as such compacts between the strong and the weak usually are. The English plundered and pillaged without remorse whenever it suited their convenience. The islanders submitted in silence, or remonstrated without receiving redress. Reduced to ruin and starvation by these outrages, their sufferings entitle them to a full share of that honor and respect won by their brethren, who, more fortunately situated, were enabled to render their country more active and brilliant service.

Nor are the annals of the Vineyard altogether barren of names whose active patriotism has sustained our national flag in war and glory. The late General Worth—although born in the State of New York while his parents were there on a visit—was a Vineyarder by blood and education, and both his father and mother lie buried in the cemetery at Edgartown. They also record with pride the name of one Captain Dimmock, who, during the darkest days of the Revolution, wrought the enemy much annoyance by his coast privateering.

Their traditions, too, may serve to swell the list of "Famous Women of the Revolution," as the following narrative will show. At one time a British transport fleet of eighty sail, under General Grey, made a descent upon the island and carried off ten thousand sheep, with all the swine and oxen they could find. To oppose this wholesale spoliation the islanders had no power, and they submitted in sullen and despairing silence, even assisting in some instances to drive away the captured flocks, hoping thereby to prevent still greater waste and outrage. A squad of foragers lighted upon the cottage of an aged dame dwelling alone with her little grandson; and, in spite of prayers and entreaties to spare the widow's living, they took possession of all her live stock—sheep, pigs, and cow. As they were about to move off a sergeant, who had an eye for delicacies, spied a sleek and well-fed grunter concealed behind the old woman's petticoats.

"Why, boys," he shouted, "you've left the fattest of the litter behind."

Immediately half a dozen grenadiers advanced to capture the coveted quadruped; but the good dame's prayerful tone was quickly changed for one of rebellious defiance. Seizing a heavy broomstick she flourished it in the face of the enemy in a manner terrible to behold.

"Away with ye, cursed seed of the oppressor,

PIGS.

despoilers of the widow and the fatherless! Take what ye have of mine, and begone; but this is Josey's pig, and not a hair of him shall ye touch."

Impervious to fear or pity, the iron-hearted men of war advanced upon the prize; but the old woman's broomstick rattled among their shakos and bayonets at such a rate that they were fain to call a halt. The pig still stuck to his cover, and the sergeant, handing his musket to a comrade, rushed in and attempted to seize the rebellious grandam by the waist. In this rash assault he received such a whack across his noggin that he saw rockets, and possibly mistaking them for signals from the fleet, he beat a hasty retreat toward the boats with his squad, followed by volleys of red-hot texts. At length Lord Grey, with his mighty fleet and armed myrmidons, sailed away, leaving the wasted island to want and sorrow; but he didn't get Josey's pig.

Among the county records is a petition sent to Sir Henry Clinton complaining of this raid, and asking redress; which was returned to the inhabitants with the following indorsement:

"The Commander-in-Chief knows of no arrangement between General Grey and the people of Martha's Vineyard in relation to the cattle as herein stated, and does not see fit to institute any inquiry into the matter at present.

"JOHN ANDRE, *Adjt.*

"For SIR HENRY CLINTON."

Another paper of much older date throws some light upon the early discipline of the island:

"At his Majesty's court houlden: December 29, 1674, Thomas Dogget complaineth against James Skiff, in an action of slander and defamation, to the value of one hundred pound sterling, for saying the said Doggett is a thief, a lyor, and knave, and other opprobrious words tending to defamation.

"Thomas Doggett, plaintiffe, James Skiff, defendant, the Jurie finde for the plaintiffe fifty pounds, or an acknowledgement, to the content and satisfaction both of bench and jury, to be made by the said Skiff in the open court, touching his rash, wicked, and unworthy speeches relating to the name of Thomas Doggett; it being the choice of James Skiff whether he will pay or acknowledge, the said Skiff paying the charges of the court."

"*James Skiff's acknowledgement:*

"I, James Skiff, doe acknowledge that I have sinned both against God and Thomas Doggett in sundry slanderous and opprobrious words, as calling him thief, liar, and cheating knave, and divers other words tending greatly to the dishonor of the good name and credit of a man in his place."

In looking back at these old-fashioned days, it may strike us as somewhat singular that a public man like Thomas Doggett should take offense at such mild and innocuous epithets, or that a jury should find against a man for using words, which, in our present golden age of civilization and refinement, form the chief staple of political argument—the most common ornament of popular oratory.

For our incidents in modern history we made acquaintance with the sea-captains and listened to their narratives of wild and hardy adventure,

THE DEACONS.

graphic as truth, terse and simple as the notes in a ship's log-book.

"I have been stove very often," quoth Captain Norton. "Once I had just raised my iron to strike a sperm-whale, and the next moment I was flying fifty feet in the air. When I plumped into the water I sunk some distance, and on rising again found myself in the midst of half a dozen hundred-barrel whales, so I swum for my hat."

"Good Heavens, Captain!" exclaimed Dick, "you thought of your hat at a time like that?"

"Well, the hat was a good one," replied the imperturbable skipper; "I didn't like to lose it, so I put it on and swam to meet the next boat that was coming up. They took me aboard and picked up the other men, and we went on and fastened another fish."

Then there was old Captain Spouter. When he was boat-steerer they had struck a large spermaceti, and were paying out at such a rate that the loggerhead smoked, when the line got a foul turn around his leg and he was carried down, down, down. But he was not a bit scared, not he, but was as cool down there as a Greenland seal. He didn't want to lose the fish, so he held on until his ear-drums burst, then he out with his boat-knife and cut the yarn. But as the cussed thing kept on sounding, and he kept on going down, he discovered he had cut the line on the wrong side and was still hung to the whale. Another cut loosed him, and he rose to the surface and was taken on board his boat, having been deep enough down to have seen the great squid.

There, too, was Captain Fid, who, having cruised unsuccessfully for a long time in the North Pacific, at length saw whales near the ship one evening about sunset. Contrary to rule he went out against them at this late hour, and as he rowed toward the nearest spout, a monstrous fish rose under the bow of his boat and bit a hole in the bottom. The water rushed in; but as the oarsmen sit with their backs to the bow, none saw the danger but himself. He quietly stopped the leak with a boat-swab and drove on. It was dark when he dimly discerned the black hump of a whale emerge from the water before him. Without pausing to consider whether he was head or tail on, the stout harpooner struck home. The fish darted and towed them all night, but by dawn the boatmen had their turn in towing the dead whale back to the ship which had followed in their wake.

A PLEASURE PARTY.

Upon such stories as these the young Vineyarder is nurtured. He is weaned upon ship-biscuit, and cuts his teeth upon a sea-shell. As soon as he can fairly walk he may be seen fishing from the wharf or throwing hand-lines into the surf. About the time that the young Virginian mounts his first pony for a ride around the paternal estate the Island Boy holds the tiller of his sail-boat, galloping over the salt-sea waves—the estate of his fathers. In youth, the fizgig and harpoon supply the place of the rifle and fowling-piece; and the great ambition of his life to be a Captain supersedes and swallows up all other ambitions—Congress and the Presidency included. In short, at Edgartown every thing smells of the sea; the weather-vanes are all whales and sword-fish. Every bevy of pretty girls you may chance to meet, walking or driving (and they are not few), are some Captain's daughters; every meek-eyed matron, fair and demure, is a Captain's wife. In the cemetery the tombstones are all to the memory of Captains and their families. The address of courtesy to strangers is "Captain." When these people take to the tillage of the soil, you may expect to see the sea-eagle scratching in the sand for roots and worms.

But it is high time we were in Nantucket. The northeaster has blown itself out, the clouds have rolled away, and, having hired a sail-boat to take us over the Sound, we embarked with our baggage and bade farewell to the Vineyard. Until we cleared the harbor and the sandy shore of Cape Poge, our progress was but slow: as our Skipper aptly observed, "We went like a toad through a tar-barrel;" but once upon the open sea our sail began to fill, and the water to hiss at our bows. As we had some thirty miles to travel, Dick and myself threw out our bluefish lines, and were presently engaged in the lively pastime of hauling in six and eight pounders. The breeze continued to freshen, and our light bark began to leap and career like a mettlesome steed, throwing the spray over her bows half as high as the mainsail. Even the impassive boatman's eye began to kindle. "Let this hold on," he said, "and I'll raise Nantucket out of the water before you hook another bluefish." Before many minutes had passed the bluefish was hooked, and Dick was hauling him in with all speed. "There," said the boatman, pointing to some faint blue points rising over the horizon's edge—"there's Muskeget, and there's Tuckernuck, and there's old Nantucket herself!"

SPIDERS:—THEIR STRUCTURE AND HABITS.

FIGURE 1.—THE WEB.

"Insidious, restless, watchful spider,
Fear no officious damsel's broom,
Extend thy artful fabric wider,
And spread thy banners round my room."

THIS invitation I have given for many years, and very various indeed have been the spiders who have accepted it: beautiful and ugly, industrious and idle, fat and lean, sly and cunning, honest and daring—all have been welcomed alike, and each shall now contribute something amusing or instructive to your entertainment, O patient and spider-abhorring reader!

As nothing is respected in the present century without a pedigree, I am ambitious that you shall understand that my guests are of the highest distinction and of the oldest genealogies. Their great progenitress, the famous young lady of Lydia, challenged the potent goddess Minerva to a spinning match, and was on the point of excelling her when the goddess flew into a rage,

FIGURE 2.—ANATOMY OF THE SPIDER.

a. Scales of pulmonary Mass.—*c*. Claw.—*d*. Male Palpi.—*e*. Abdomen of Lycosa: 1. Nervous System; 2. Stomach; 3. Large Silk Reservoir; 4, 6. Small Silk Reservoirs; 5. Intestinal Canal, 7. Egg Bag, 8. Liver.

tore up her work, and struck her on the forehead with a spoke of the wheel. Which disgrace drove the young lady to despair, and she went and hung herself. But even goddesses sometimes relent, and Minerva in pity turned her antagonist into a spider, and her old employment has descended to her posterity. Ovid says:

"Arachne thrice upon the forehead smote
Whose great heart brooks it not; about her throat
A rope she ties; remorseful Pallas stayed
Her falling weight—'Live wretch, yet hang,' she said."

A favor not very courteously bestowed for a celestial, yet in this extremity gladly accepted.

Thus, you perceive, this is no common personage I am desirous of introducing to you under such various forms, but one original identity. Scientifically speaking, spiders do not belong to the insect kingdom at all. They differ in so many respects, but particularly in being pulmonary creatures (that is to say, breathing with lungs), that they can not strictly be looked upon as insects, and are classed with the mites and scorpions. I have not space to enter into a discussion of the reasons for this classification, many of which are quite illusory. We will take her as we find her, and leaving scientific men to fight their battles out, try to extract something entertaining, and, I trust, instructing from her character, form, and habits.

And, first, a little word or two about the remarkable anatomical structure of the spider. Her nervous system is composed of a double chord running the whole length of the body; of ganglions distributing nerves to every part of it; of a liver and pulmonary masses, two or four according to the species, whose orifices are shown exteriorly as spiracles, just below the segment joining the abdomen to the thorax. Each pulmonary mass is composed by laying over each other small, extremely thin, white, triangular scales (*a*, Figure 2) around the mouth of the orifice. The intestinal canal is straight. The first stomach is made up of several small sacs: the second is in the middle of the abdomen. There is a large sac where the silk is first elaborated, and two smaller connecting with the nipples or spinnerules. The females have two ovaries, or egg sacs, under and near the liver. The frontal claws or mandibles are terminated by a hook, which folds downward, and shows a slit through which issues the poison, retained in a gland connected with the upper joint (*b*, Figure 3). The tongue is a single piece, external, and is square, triangular, or semicircular, according to the species. The legs are always seven-jointed, but differ in length. The first two joints compose the haunch, the next the femur, the fourth and the fifth the tibiæ, and the two last the tarsus or foot, to which is attached the claw, which is generally toothed beneath, varying in the species (*c*, Figure 2). The palpi resemble small feet. They are terminated in the female with hooks; in the male by knobs or terminal joints, which serve, in several complicated ways, to propagate the species (*d*, Figure 2). I will mention here that the male is very much smaller than the female, and that, after the honey-moon is over, they go to fighting in imitation of some animals of a larger growth; but the lady spider is always triumphant. She envelops her unfortunate husband in a delicate web and sucks him dry at her leisure; finishing the repast by chewing him up and discarding him in a little ball—an enviable achievement, I think I hear some reader murmur.

Of all fighting animals, the spider excels. They fight for the very love of it; and the vanquished is always devoured by the victor.

It is an impossibility to dissect a spider thoroughly, and the complications of the body are far from being understood even at this day. Treviranus, De Geer, Dufour, and many others, have added to our knowledge; but there is much yet to learn. The abdomen is a mass of mucus, which evaporates with electric rapidity, leaving the vesicles dry and crisp, melting into each other with amazing confusion; so that at one time you may catch a glimpse of one part, and at another a second section, but nothing in any way satisfactory to a thorough and complete dissection of the creature. The brightest and gaudiest colored are in an hour or so all faded and gone. You have at *e*, Figure 2, a mould taken by dropping melted suet into the abdomen of a *Lycosa*, even while it was palpitating with life. Do you wish a receipt for this cruel operation? You must excuse me; matters look always so infinitely more disagreeable repeated by the pen. We will make an apotheosis of fifteen martyrs to science, and I am grieved I can offer no more positive results for such cruelty.

Spiders have four, six, eight, and ten eyes, according to their species; and it is only by the number and the position of the eyes that they can be classed. Some authors have classed them by their nests and habits; but all such arrangements must prove illusory, as you will see as we advance. The most wonderful part of this little creature's body is that containing the spinnerets, or nipples, from whence proceeds the silk (*f*, Figure 3). Some have four, others six; some have them placed farther in the abdomen than others. The silk is a chemical process of the juices of the food, concocted in the laboratory, the large silk reservoir, and, as it condenses, passing into the smaller. It is used by the insect according to her wants. Each of the nipples has a thousand or more small tubes, called spinnerules, through which passes a thread; which threads are united, at the desire of the insect, into a large or smaller cable, composing a thread finer than any human mechanism has yet had the power to produce, and which M. Arago states is yet essentially necessary to the purposes of science, being used for the divisions of the micrometer, an astronomical instrument. Leeuwenhoeck says it takes four millions of these threads to make *one* as thick as a hair of your head. It is a mistake of authors to say that if she wants a thread she uses the entire four nipples at once. Nature is not such a spendthrift of forces as this; and the instinct of the spider teaches her to use economy in that which is necessary to her existence, and which can not be obtained without a generous supply of food. If you take any of the *Epeira* family, who are the best spinners, and put one under a glass—if she becomes content and you feed her well, you may watch her through the glass; and you will perceive that she ejects only as many threads as she thinks the occasion requires; while, if she wishes to swing up a fly or an insect double her

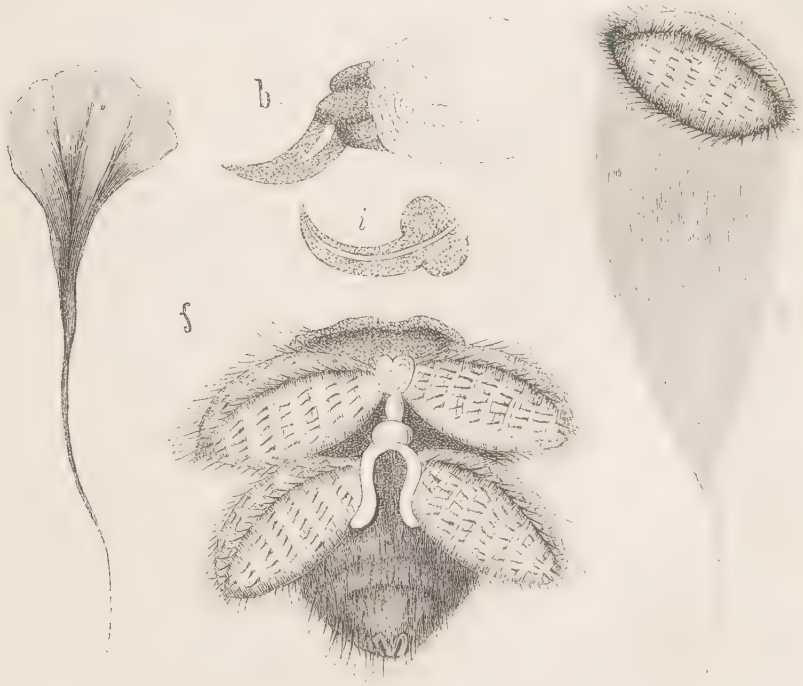


FIGURE 3.—ANATOMY OF THE SPIDER.

b. Hook turned back to show the Slit.—*f*. Spinnerets.—*g*. Threads of one Spinneret.—*h*. The four Spinnerets united.—*i*. Interior of the jaw

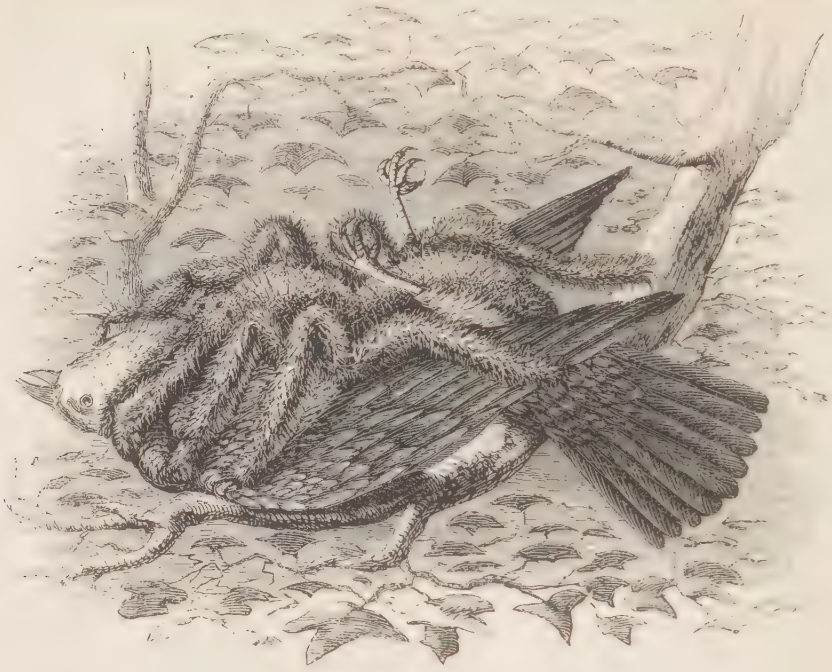


FIGURE 4.—MYGALE AVICULARIA.

weight, every spinnerule issues its silk until a cable of sufficient strength is formed; and if not disturbed, you will see her every day emptying a nipple at a time by spinning another addition to her abode. If food slackens, the gum is hoarded with a miser's care until she feels secure in using it. It is a singular fact that, after being fed for some time on meat, as beef or mutton, so much silk is elaborated that as she walks she spins out every nipple to relieve herself.

The ground-spiders, who have not so much use for silk as those who spin on trees and walls, do not elaborate such an elastic material, but it is infinitely stronger. A few days ago I took the threads of some silk spun by one on the paper under the glass where she is now living, and twisting them together, lifted a large key and a watch with it. But the want of continuity in this cable renders it useless, except for lining her nest and making her egg bag, the latter being the principal use made of their silk by all spiders. Those who possess six nipples do not spin any more threads than those with four. I feel assured the extra two are only gum-reservoirs, containing a secretion which is used by them to render their nests impervious to water and to strengthen their cables; for those possessing them are always found near damp places, where the larger insects abound. A spider in Brazil, whose name has not been yet determined, uses a large leaf for her nest, which is rolled up in a conical form and hung to a branch with many strong cables. This nest is so highly varnished that a piece of one I once saw I mistook for leather covered with a composition of some kind.

Let us turn to an examination of a few individuals. We will commence with the largest found on this continent, the *Mygale avicularia*, the Bird-Catcher. Figure 4 is a copy of the famous drawing of this spider made by Madame Merian from one she saw in Guiana, and which drew upon her the indignation of some of the savans of her day, who positively assaulted her veracity. But since those days travelers and naturalists have confirmed all her statements. It has been a question if we have a bird-catcher among us of the spider family. We most certainly have, but I am sorry I can not now show you a specimen. The largest spider I have seen came from Massachusetts, not far from Cambridge. I had one sent me, after many vain efforts, and asked the assistance of a young friend (telling her what it was) to liberate it from its box. She was only to place the glass over it as I let it out. But on its making its appearance she was so frightened she dropped the glass and ran: so did the spider; and in the effort to recover it, it was cut fairly in two where the thorax joins to the abdomen, and, singular to relate, the tenacity of life was so great that the head ran across the room repeatedly after being separated from the body. A servant hearing the cry of alarm, rushed in with a dust-pan in her hand, and in her eagerness to aid us, as she supposed, while I was securing the abdomen she threw the most important part into the blazing fire. It was a singular sight to see the large eyes all

FIGURE 5.—MYGALE FLORIDIÆ.

ablaze, and the legs the color of the red-hot coals, burning but not consuming for some minutes, when all went out and my anticipations also. The body was the size of a twenty-five cent piece, a mass of black and yellowish red hair, and its long strong legs were quite as stout as the quills of a fowl. I was amazed myself at its size, and my disappointment was, of course, proportionate. I have often, in the woods, seen the small reed and cane birds dangling in the air by a number of strong cables of spider silk, no doubt the work of these creatures. I was told by a gentleman that but a few weeks ago he saw a small bird on the branch of a peach-tree on which a very large spider was feeding, but she escaped him. They make their nests in the hollow of trees, under leaves, if thickly strewn, and in the cavities of rocks. It is a long tube, narrowing to a point at one end. The sac is of a very fine texture, and as transparent as muslin.

The *Mygale* of South America is quite three inches in length from its mandibles to the extremity of its abdomen, and can cover a space of eight or ten inches by extending its legs. Latrielle, speaking of a species he found in the West Indies, says: "The muscular strength of this spider is very great, and it is with difficulty made to let go whatever it seizes, even when the surface scarcely presents a hold for the claws with which the tarsi are armed, or for the powerful fangs which assist them to kill birds and lizards. Dampier mentions that in Campeachy they are as large as a man's fist, with fangs an inch long, *which by some people are used for picking pipes or as tooth-picks, particularly by those troubled with the toothache*, as they are said to cure the pain. The *Mygale* spins no web to entrap its prey, but springs upon it, lurking silently about for a fair chance, when with one bound it inserts its fangs between the skull and the first of the cervical vertebræ. If they do not consume the bird at one meal, like other spiders, they reserve it by hanging it to the branch by strong cables of silk until they are again hungry. She keeps her eggs in a cocoon composed of three layers of white silk the size of a large nut. Here the young come forth and undergo their first moulting.

The *Mygale Floridiæ* (Figure 5) is a large and ferocious creature, found only, so far as I know now, in the everglades of Florida. Her food consists, as you may perceive, of the larger insects, such as crickets, grasshoppers, but particularly the large Southern roach (Blatta)—no mean antagonist for her. Her nest and habits are similar to her congeners mentioned above. It is said that they possess many medicinal qualities, and are not only eaten by the Indians but are esteemed by them necessary to health. I have a story in point from a friend, who was much among them immediately after the ceding of Florida to the United States. He was something of a naturalist, and had obtained, among other specimens, some of these spiders, which, to preserve for a future day, he dropped into a bottle of whisky. This bottle was, among others, standing on a box when some of the chiefs paid him a visit in his tent. Fancy his dismay at seeing the principal man place the bottle to his mouth in ecstasy, and then passing it around to his companions. By the time the Commissioner of Lands had recovered from his surprise the bottle was drained, and the Chief was grunting with delight at his *bonne bouche*, the preserved spiders. This spider is seen sometimes, I have been told, in the neighborhood of the Florida coast, and creates much dismay among strangers.

Figure 6 is the *Lycosa fera*, the fierce *Lycosa*. I assure you she is a strong-willed personage, and the specimen whose portrait this is was only conquered at last, as we all are, by Fate. When she arrived she was exceedingly anxious about

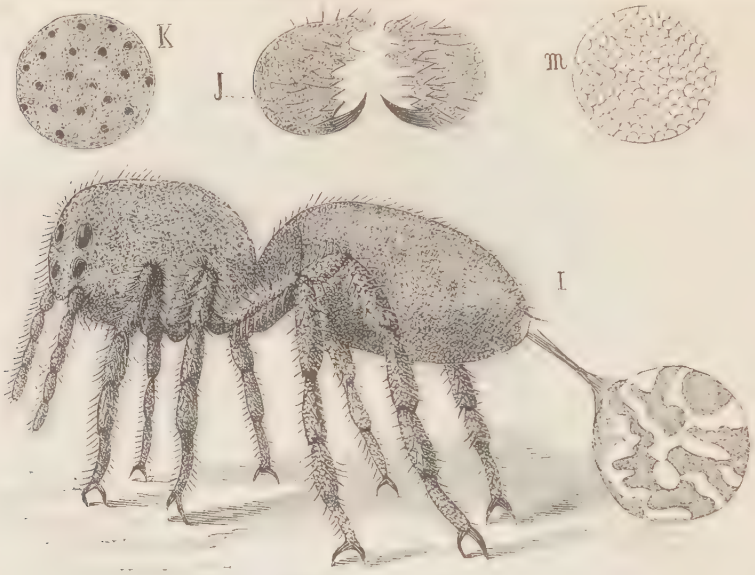


FIGURE 6.—LYCOSA FERA.

I. Ichneumon Bag.—K. Bag, after changing of Ichneumon.—J. Jaws.—M. Interior of Bag

the ball attached to her, and it was some days before she could feel assured it was safe. In time she found her glass-house very pleasant and a plenty of food around her, consisting of a piece of tender beef, earth-worms, rose-bugs, and flies for dessert. She would have been ungrateful to have shown any discontent. Her time was passed, like other ladies of leisure, eating, resting, and embroidering with fancy work the cradle of her darlings. Three weeks elapsed in this agreeable pastime, when one morning I discovered she had cut loose the precious ball, and was standing over it with a meditative and expectant air. Several pairs of human eyes joined in the watch of what followed. Fancy her dismay and our astonishment at seeing dozens of little black-eyed imps pushing each other out of holes pioneers had made in the ball. Out they scampered, wild with life, continuing to pour out all that day; and singularly enough, as if they knew they had but a short time to be merry, they plunged into life with right goodwill. No sooner had they stretched their limbs and taken one look round at their new world, than each pounced upon a mate, and dragging her from the crowd the *danse d'amour* began—they were "fast" couples these, and drained the passion to the dregs. The males died almost immediately. I perceived on this occasion that the state of single blessedness intervenes in the insect kingdom as well as in ours, and human passions must dwell there likewise, for no sooner did these virgins discover there were no Leanders for them than they pounced upon each other. Such wrangling, tearing, biting, and dragging about by the limbs! Never was a scene equal to this.

And what were these animals, you ask?

One hundred and seventy-two Ichneumes of the *Cryptus* genus, allied to the *Pezomachus* of Gravenhorst, had been thus faithfully but ignorantly nursed by this mother spider. This was giving comfort to the enemy most indisputably. The insect is small and apterous. When first emerging it is of a bright yellow color, but as they grew older they became black, marked on their legs at each joint, and on the body with light-brown bands. The ovipositor of the female is but partly exhibited. Many of them deposited their eggs on the old bag; but of course these will come to nothing, there being no moisture in the bag, and the food of the ichneumon in the larva state, the egg and the young spider, being both wanting. On the eighth day there was only one female alive. I put her on a flower-pot and have not seen her since. Now you will ask how madame, expectant of a young family of spiderlings, supported this *mauvais tour*. Credit me, if ever spider was in a rage, she was! Her actions were curses *en tableau*. "*Scélérat*," and other warm epithets, would have been heard if our poor human ears were not of the size and thickness of Bottom's on such occasions. She tore round and round the glass, scattering the young intruders far and wide. She bit at them, spurned them with her long legs; but at last, like a biped, she found loss of temper a blunder, and succumbed to her Nemesis. She crept away to the side of the glass, and for three days and nights retained the same spot and position. But at last one leg failed, then another, and another, and down she sank to the fell destroyer, her heart broken at not serving as a meal to her darling children. She stands

before me now, in all her magnitude, floating in alcohol.

The eye of the ichneumon, you perceive, is very peculiar. It is clear, with no facets, and from it spring three hairs uniting into one. The drawing will explain the other parts.

The habits of the *Lycosa* resemble those of the *Mygale*. They live on the ground, spinning but little, and only then to line their nests and make their cocoons. They differ in carrying about with them their egg balls, attached as you perceive. When they go hunting they devour the larger insects. One specimen sent me had a grasshopper twice her size in her jaws, and nothing could make her relinquish it until it was completely sucked dry. It was amusing to see her feasting on an earth-worm. I gave her one I thought she could not master; it was as thick as a quill and five inches long. How do you suppose she went to work to enjoy her repast? No doubt you fancy she spun long cables, manœuvred and planned a dozen stratagems? Not she. She walked up calmly, ascertained which was his tail, and coolly bit off a piece as a youngster would from a stick of candy; chewed it up into a ball until all the juice was extracted, rejected it; composed herself for a while; made her toilet, examining all her claws and cleaning them with her fangs; then walked up to the worm (poor worm, what a death!), took another bite, and so passed the long summer day. As the moon rose over the hills I watched her by its beams, consuming the head of her victim. She might have been alive now, but I put under the glass a bee, to see how they would act. She soon dispatched the bee; but it must have stung her, for she sickened and died the day after sucking it. These spiders fight like Zouaves: no quarter, but death to the vanquished. But they will not eat each other at these times. While they are in the hottest of the contest you may discover how very earnest they are about it by pushing a penknife between the combatants. You can distinctly *hear* their fangs rasping against the steel. If you like to spend a pleasant hour in such company observe those large round holes you perceive in meadows and fields, with some silk slightly spun around the opening. Digging down some inches you may find her at the bottom of her nest, or perhaps you may bring her out by putting a small stick into the aperture. They have a great deal of character: you might easily find worse company.

By way of contrast Figure 8 is a charming little fairy, the *Latrodecta chrusos* or *golden Latrodecta*. This spider is the most delicate and the handsomest I have ever seen. She is apparently all glass and gold, and quite transparent. Her eyes and claws are as black as jet; a dark orange stripe runs down her back; her whole abdomen is covered with an exquisite fine mesh, as if she wore a black lace dress over gold-colored satin. She is very nimble, very small, and not very common. Sometimes, when you recline on the hill-side looking along the grass, waving between you and the setting sun, you may perceive her web, brilliant as if spun with threads of glass between its spaces; an irregular affair, but answering to entrap her delicate fare, small midges and gnats. If she has not been disturbed for some time her web will wave back and forth, shimmering in the soft evening air

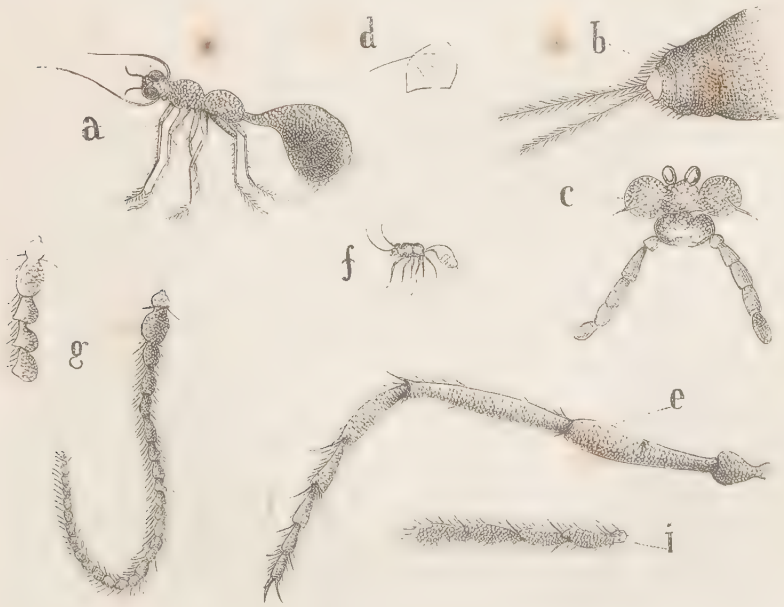


FIGURE 7.—PARTS OF ICHNEUMONS.

a. Pezomachus of Gravenhorst.—*b*. Ovipositor.—*c*. Head.—*d*. Eye.—*e*. Leg.—*f*. Male.—*g*. Antenna.—*i*. Palpi of spider

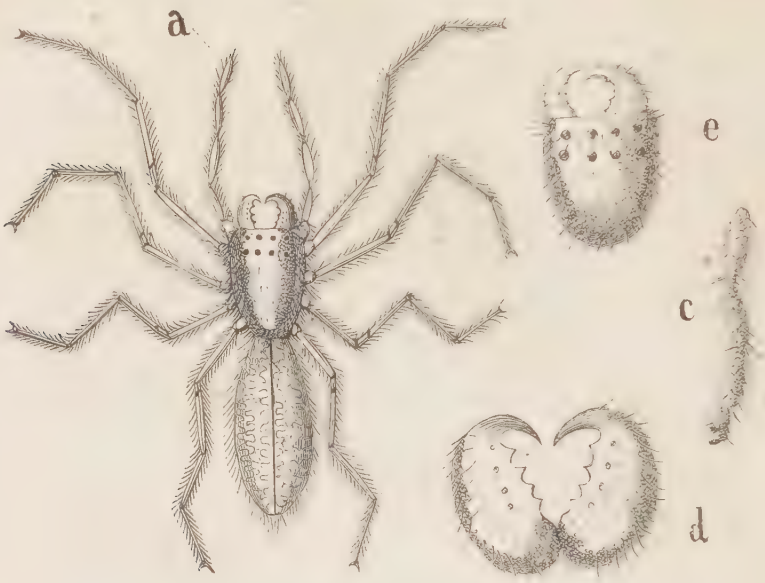


FIGURE 8.—LATRODECTA CHRUSOS.

a. The Spider.—*c*. Palpi.—*d*. Fangs.—*e*. Eyes.

like the shadow of an angel's wing flashed back from a cloud to earth, so covered will it be with the iridescent and glittering wings of her little victims. In dull and rainy weather she creeps away under leaves and stones until the sun returns, when she may be seen reposing on a stem of grass, like a fleck of gold, waiting for her evening repast. I could never detect her egg bag, but no doubt it was suspended near by wherever she is found. I have seen her in various parts of the country, and her certain residence is near the water on a hill-side, where the

FIGURE 9.—WEB OF LATRODECTA CHRUSOS.

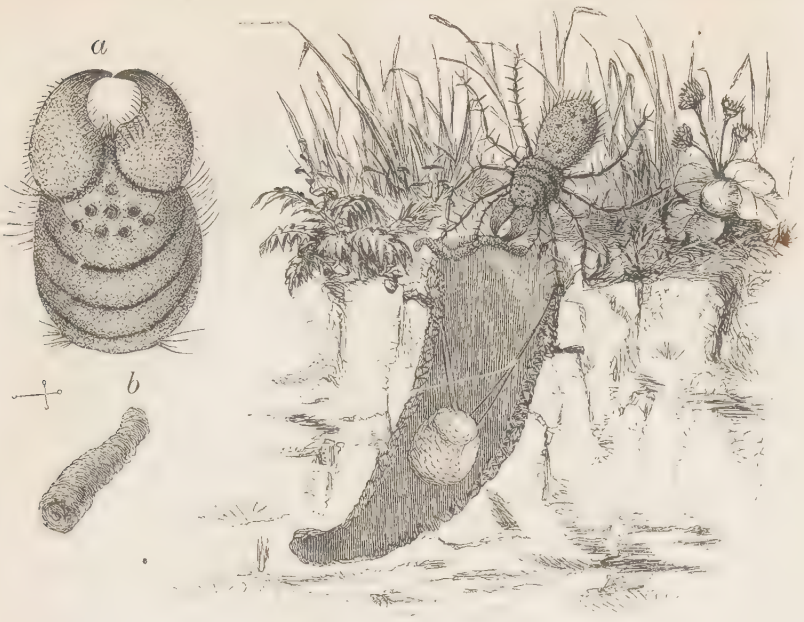


FIGURE 10.—ATYPUS MIKROS.

a. Head.—*b*. Worm.

grass grows high and luxuriantly. Like many of the family, as soon as she dies the light of beauty fades away; in an hour or so she appears naught but a small black speck, of the earth earthy.

Figure 10 is another little creature, the *Atypus mikros*—the small *Atypus*. After its own fashion it is pretty in its subdued colors. It belongs to the quadripulmonary division of spiders, and is of a dark drab color. Before it moults for the last time it is quite undecided in its markings: sometimes with none at all; at other times the spots very faint; but when arrived at maturity, when seen under the glass, they are composed of pale red hairs with a few white ones around them. It is a rare spider; seen at different times in various parts of the country, and some seasons not at all. They were some years ago more plentiful at New Rochelle, near New York, than I have since seen them. She burrows, in shelving turfy ground, a cell curved at the end. The grains of sand are neatly placed around it, and the whole tube is lined with soft white silk. Her bag of eggs is suspended from each side by strong cables; below it she places a number of small worms bound over and over with silk; so we may suppose her young live in the nest and feed there for some time after they are hatched. She is very timid, and, unlike her sisterhood, she will hide away, and even desert her nest if frightened. When this occurs it soon falls a prey to depredators, and this is the reason they are not more numerous. There are two congeners of hers—one to be found in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, the other near Richmond in Virginia; both very scarce and very handsome.

Our next, the *Pholcus phalangiodes* (Figure 11), is an old acquaintance. You must often have remarked her in the corner of your room, her long legs hooked into an irregular web; where, if you touched her, she would vibrate faster than your eyes could follow her. She has a long narrow body, of a dead pale livid color, and marked with a few black spots. The legs are very long and slender, having a white circle at the thighs and tibiæ. She glues her eggs together in a silky envelope, and wherever she goes, whenever she moves, she transports them in her jaws. I have had these spiders under a glass for months; and after the eggs are glued into a mass it is a rare occurrence to find the bag laid from her mouth. She takes little or no food, yet does not diminish in size. The only change of position with some is to hang from the top of the glass and vibrate to and fro, as if they were lulling their young ones to rest. At the end of two weeks the ball is relinquished, suspended by a strong cable. She drops down with the most resigned air to the bottom of the glass, and there she appears waiting an arrival. During the morning I thought I beheld a mist; faint indeed, but still there was a change at the top of the glass. I applied the magnifier, and there they were, two or three hundred I should think, little dots with eight fine threads hanging from them. The earliest forth came sliding down the silken thread and pounced upon the poor mother—the cannibals! She was soon sucked to a shell. Then they turned on each other; and though flies,

FIGURE 11.—PHOLCUS PHALANGIODES.

gnats, mosquitoes, rose-bugs, and *aphidæ* were supplied with a generous hand, nothing tasted so good as kindred flesh, and on it they feasted. The chase began at early dawn, and continued till dawn again; round and round the ball of mist was moving, as regularly as the earth, and diminishing daily. At the end of ten days there were five young spiders left. These moulted and ate up their skins. Then, as soon as they had rested, they pounced upon each other, three remaining possessors of the field. Now I got savage at this barbarity; flies and gnats were circling around them all three without getting any attention, so I put under the glass a grown old one. She pounced upon them, and soon no remains were seen of the murderers. I gave this old spider, for companion, an *Epeira diadema*, and this sturdy little body soon avenged my quarrel. So ended the last of this unfeeling family. I could not conceive that any creatures in nature could be so wantonly ferocious. But the law is triumphant even here. These spiders are the principal food of the wasp. She plucks off the long legs and packs them away in her larder for her young ones. Then, again, so many come forth at a time that it is perhaps well for us they have such an appetite. The greatest marvel is how so many can be squeezed into so small a compass. The largest bag is about the size of a pea; but if you cut one open you will see these long legs are rolled round the speck of a body like silk wound on a ball; and each is enveloped in a thin, transparent covering, which they bite open when they are ready to emerge.

Even on this dark picture glimmers a celestial light. There is no faithfulness which can compare with the mother spider's. Not even hunger will force her to remit her watch for a second; and she will fight like a Turco, holding the ball under her abdomen by four of her legs, while she buffets her adversary with the others; and somehow she always manages to be victorious, her long legs keeping the enemy from coming to close quarters while she is exhausting its strength. Then, when the battle is over, those long, awkward legs pass the precious ball on till it reaches the jaws, and the patient watch is resumed. Sometimes she will examine it all over, and, if necessary, spin another covering of silk over it. This is always darker than the other.

Figure 13 represents a little wanderer, the *Thomisis eremeus*. It is a small, brown spider. Whence it comes I can not tell. I classed it at first with the *Philodromos*, but its legs will prevent it from remaining among them. However, I will not detain you with scientific details. Toward autumn, when the leaves begin to fall, these little creatures make their appearance. You will see her on all our rivers and running streams at the close of day or early in the morning. She places herself on a leaf, which she bends with strong cables, as you see in our engraving. Oddly enough, let the wind be ever so high her boat does not upset. Here she floats away down the stream, running first to one side, then to the other, catching small insects on the water as her barge drops down with the tide. To see her you must look very close, for she is the exact color of the leaf she is on, and so quick in her movements it is almost impossible to catch her. I have thought at times she possessed something

FIGURE 12.—YOUNG PHOLCUS.

FIGURE 13.—THOMISIS EREMEUS.

of the power of the gossamer spider—that of being able to sail away on the wind—she has disappeared so suddenly. Whether this yachting is a constant habit with her, or only her practice when food becomes scarce on land, I am not able to decide. At the point of the leaf you may perceive a tent, loosely and carelessly spun, to which she retires ever and anon. Sometimes, but not often, you may find here, thrown carelessly down, a little silken ball, with very minute yellow eggs. Ere you have had even this scanty view she has passed, going down in her wonderful little barge, away to the ocean. Does she ever reach it? Or does her little skiff land her on some pleasant shore, where Winter sleeps in the lap of Spring, and the citron and orange are always blooming? Or does she serve for food for some gay fish wandering over the waters, "seeking whom he may devour?" This is the most likely result. Years ago I saw these spiders in numbers on the Schuylkill, and since on the Connecticut River. No doubt they may be found on most of our streams every autumn. More of their habits I have never been able to ascertain. At times I have concluded they were partly an aquatic spider; during the summer living under water; but as their instinct would teach them there would be little to live upon under our ice-bound rivers, they emigrate to warm climes, or get near the ocean, and hide away under stones till summer returns. But these are merely conjectures, and its history is a strange, mysterious leaf yet unstudied. Like the rest of their family, their lives, no doubt, are limited to a season, and thus they finish their career with the spirit of a Cleopatra—going forth to meet the enemy they feel they can not conquer.

Figure 14 is the *Epeira diadema*, the garden spidêr; she who spins those glittering, lace-like webs you find suspended from flower to flower, from shrub to shrub, sometimes from tree to tree, if not too far apart in your garden. There has been a great deal said by authors about the extreme exactness of the measurement of her web, the radii being placed with the nicety of a geometrician. It may be so, but our spiders must then partake of the hasty, the superficial, the impetuous character of the people which are near her; "go ahead" being the motive power of her life as it is of ours, for I have never yet seen a web thoroughly exact. The specimen I have figured (Figure 14) was closely copied from one suspended between two bushes, where she was prevented from being disturbed, where she had plenty of food, and where she could take her own time to her work. When she had completed it and moved to her place of observation at the end of the thread, which was carried under a leaf, where she concealed herself, on the watch for insects which should stray that way, I transferred her to a phial and her web to a damp piece of black silk, over which tissue paper was placed, and the lines drawn off as they had been placed by her. By this copy you can perceive that she has used no rule to measure with, and has built her establishment pretty much as ours are built—to serve for the time being, to meet the emergency of the moment.

Then, again, it is said she uses her limbs as a measure. Now her legs—the four, I mean, on either side—are of different lengths, and if you will take the trouble to apply the joints of any of these legs to the division of the radii you will find no correspondence in length or breadth.

This is the truth of the matter, yet no disparagement to the grace and beauty of her work. Irregularity, in some instances, is the basis of beauty. Perhaps this is the Yankee method the *Epeira* has of constructing her web; but I have no doubt that, if compared with that of her cousins over the water, if the truth is to be told, she is not a whit more careless or indifferent than they. But there is much in having a reputation to live upon.

She makes, generally, two deposits of eggs a year. If she survives the winter, she will live two years if taken care of. She wraps them in a soft white bag, which she keeps near her in a chink of the wall or fence. Toward fall another deposit is made; these are wrapped up more carefully, and over the white silk is spun another covering of strong yellow silk—the draining of her life-blood, for she generally dies as soon as she has placed her precious charge in a secure and warm place in the summer-house or a passage of our dwellings for the winter. In the spring, quite early, they are hatched. The egg is most elaborately carved and embellished with a raised pattern, but too confused to copy. It is quite an effort for the young spider to get relieved from it; it bites it open and forces its head out; and it may be seen for days trying to extricate the legs, till at last the feat is accomplished. Even now it is not quite set at liberty; it can neither spin nor catch prey, because it is enveloped in a soft, transparent casing, which it does not moult for some days, and then the weather must be warm and clear. As long as they retain this covering they require no food; but when it is cast off they become very ravenous, and will soon die if not fed. It is a singular fact, that if this spider is kept under a glass, and can find no *point d'appui* from which to hang her horizontal web, she makes herself very comfortable by spinning a round, rather thick, irregular chamber, where she reposes as if hung out on a small sheet. Then, again, the net is made closer to the glass sometimes, and if she is well fed she will so cover it with her silken ladders that it will be difficult to see her. She gives very little trouble in feeding, enjoying any thing, meat, fly, or bug—nothing comes amiss. I have one now who existed two weeks on earth-worms; her silk was quite plentiful during the time. She has now taken to a regimen of flies.

I wonder what would be thought by those authors who propose to class spiders from the construction of their nests, if they could see some experiments in web-making I have now before me. An *Arcana globosa*, who spins naturally

FIGURE 14.—EPEIRA DIADEMA.

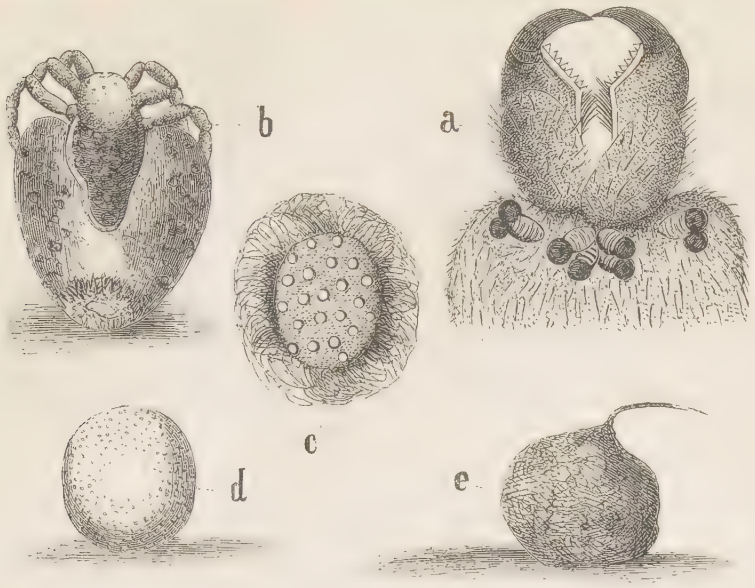


FIGURE 15.—PARTS OF EPEIRA DIADEMA.

a. Head and Eyes.—*b*. Young Spider escaping from the Shell.—*c*. Eggs in the Bag.—*d*. Egg.—*e*. Silk Bag.

very little, is too lazy to make any exertion, but has drawn down a piece of blue muslin at the four corners, under which she reposes during the day; while at night she comes forth to her repast, and is moving about all night. A long-legged wolf-spider, belonging to the genus *Oxyopes*, which spins a very strong thread close to the ground, and watches near by, scampering away at the slightest movement with astonishing swiftness, has elevated all the carcasses of flies and rose-bugs into a pyramidal chamber, under which she reposes during the day, coming out to feast at night. A couple of small *Epeira*, who generally spin a great deal, will not spin at all, but content themselves by swinging from the top of the glass on a strong thread, descending to eat, and then retiring to their aerial position. There is one, an *Epeira leucostigma* (white-spotted *Epeira*), who would out of doors spin a strong vertical net; but here you perceive what a full, white web she has constructed (Figure 16). All the space in the upper part of the glass resembles snow, and is divided into an upper and a lower house. The upper is again divided into two chambers, the entrances being at *a*. Just inside she reposes until she is hungry, when she descends her silken ladder at the sides of the glass, selects her dish to sup or dine upon, and then retires to her upper chamber. I rarely see her in the farthest off. Sometimes she cuts away the lower part of the house entirely, reconstructing it at her leisure. For days it will be missing; then to work she goes, and it is soon finished. I have been puzzling myself to find out its use. Watching her with a magnifier, you may see her often going over the ceiling and floor of her chambers, giving them a new tapestry of silk. When she is satisfied there is any thing still remaining in the insect which has served her for food, she allows it to hang as you see the fly suspended; but if it is all used up, the thread is cut, and it drops to the bottom of the glass. She performed a most extraordinary feat last week. I put under the glass a very rare piece of beef. She descended immediately and breakfasted upon it. Of course there was much more than she could consume at a time. Now she was puzzled. To leave this below was impossible; besides, she was annoyed at perceiving several of the sisterhood around her, not conceiving that there was a solid barrier of glass between her and them. At last she concluded to lift it with her mandibles. Two long hours she tugged at it, retreating backward up her ladder; but the piece of beef, when just clearing the bottom, would slide down and bring her along with it. After several unsuccessful attempts, she went up to her chamber, as we, the spectators, presumed, to rest. She made her toilet, came down again, dined—it being now near noon—and then another desperate effort was made to hang up the beef. She lifted it in her jaws, retreating upward more than an inch from the bottom of the glass, and actually retained it in this position an hour and twenty minutes! Consider the strength of these little jaws to hold up such a weight for such a length of time. At last, in despair, unable to draw it higher, she relinquished it, and it fell heavily to the bottom. Slowly and wearily she ascended away to the farthest corner of her castle, and I saw no more of her for two

FIGURE 16.—EPEIRA LEUCOSTIGMA.

days. She might have come forth during the night, but the flies and rose-bugs remained alive; so she did not feed during that time. The piece of beef measured an inch in length, not quite a quarter in thickness, and little more than half an inch in breadth. We all know how heavy meat is when very rare or raw; and her feat was as though a man should lift five hundred weight by his teeth. She was lionized for some days, of course, among those who did not consider her beneath their notice. She is now very busy repairing the injuries done to her abode this morning by a large fly. He is nicely trussed up to regale her when her labors are over.

I will give you one more native; and it must be my last. Are any of the younger generation acquainted with the match-breaking spider? *Dryasderia Rhodii** is her classical name. In my day she performed a most important part in the drama of life. Who does not know Paradise and other lovers' retreats around Newport? In these places they appeared to congregate for the express purpose of terrifying young ladies at the most *critical moment* in their lives. At the end of every season, when notes were being compared, you might hear, "Oh! I know he would have proposed if it had not been for that frightful spider. I screamed and ran off, so of course it was postponed; and so—" Or, again: "If it had not have been for those wretched spiders we would have waited until the moon was up; then it would have been so charming, he must have proposed. Heigho! but I could not abide those spiders." I may add that the last speaker afterward "blessed them." Oh! these pretty little red spiders, what have they not to account for! Perhaps more good than evil. They spin their webs, as you perceive (Figure 18), up against the rocks—a kind of tunnel in which they would hide. But no sooner was the grass touched than out they rushed in dozens. There were many stories afloat about persons having been "stung" by them; but this is all folly. They are very harmless. You can see that their mandibles are not very formidable or toothed. The long hairs with which they are trimmed are used as brushes, with which she performs her toilet. The hair on her body is short, thick, and bristly. As she runs along in the sun she has a very fiery and dangerous appearance; but is, in reality, a very pretty little creature. It is said she is the same as the *Dryasderia erythrina*, a small red spider found near Paris, in the Bois de Boulogne, on the Boulevards, and the gardens around. Whether she

FIGURE 17.—DRYASDERIA RHODII.

a. Fangs, greatly magnified.

* So named, it is said, by Dr. Lardner.

FIGURE 18.—WEB OF DRYASDERIA RHODII.

his finger. "It supported, at two different periods, a fast of nine days, without appearing to suffer." After all his care and tenderness the ungrateful creature took the first chance to make her escape. Her bite, which has made her so celebrated, is said to cause sickness, difficulty of breathing, faintness, and torpor; after which the person bitten becomes delirious, and is sometimes seized with deep melancholy. Now the music is brought in; tune succeeds tune, until at last up jumps the sufferer and proceeds to dance. This produces a copious perspiration, and the patient is cured. Now Serac Cerillo and other celebrated Italian physicians deny all this, and state that, after many experiments, neither man nor animal suffered any other complaint than a trifling inflammation, which gradually passed away. If the *Tarentula* can effect no injury, be assured none other can, for her fangs are quite as strong as those of the *Mygale*. You must be convinced long ere this that spiders have no "sting." For more than twenty years I have been following up every case which came before me through the newspapers or verbally, and have not as yet met with one authenticated instance of death ensuing from the bite of a spider. That predisposing causes and the effect of the imagination may have given potency to a spider's bite may be allowed, but a spider's bite never yet caused directly the death of a human being. In the first place, you perceive that the jaws are so constructed that they can lift nothing up to bite; it must be gathered, as it were, and be placed *between* them before any impression can be made on the object. Now how is it to draw up the human skin to puncture it with these teeth? And even allow this is accomplished, the teeth

enjoys the same reputation there as her congener here I have never heard. I have never met with her farther south than the country around Hurl Gate, on the East River; but all along these shores she can be seen among the rocks and grass quite in numbers in July and August, but gradually disappearing as the autumn advances. There is a constant war kept up between these little spiders and a large tribe belonging to the *Lycosa* family—an ugly, dingy black set of long legs, and very quick in their movements. It constructs a loose nest at the roots of turf, and in some seasons renders the *Dryasderia* very scarce; while at other times the latter is victorious. Of the two, the red spider is decidedly preferable, for the other is really an ugly-looking creature.

I can not close without taking a cursory glance at two of the most celebrated foreign spiders. Figure 19 is the famous *Tarentula*, deriving her name from Tarentum, in Italy, where they are the most numerous. She is wedded to fame in song and story, and is found all over the south of Europe. M. Leon Dufour published a sketch of this spider in 1834, from which I find that her habits differ very little from other *Lycosa*. She burrows a long, cylindrical tube in dry, arid situations, having a bend in the middle of the descent, which is the case with some others of the same family. Here she takes her station to watch for prey; but she goes yet farther into the building performance. On the outside of the orifice she constructs a tunnel, an inch in height, and two inches in breadth. This is composed of pieces of dry wood, united by clay, and lined inside with a web, which is continued throughout the whole interior of the burrow. M. Dufour kept his pet in a bottle for five months; and it grew so docile that it would come and take a fly from

FIGURE 19.—LYCOSA TARENTULA.

lack the length necessary to penetrate beyond the first skin, and consequently could not reach the blood. I have heard astonishing stories of numbed arms, etc., and have seen strong men prostrated ready to make their wills from the bite of a spider. One, I remember, gave away his watch, bade his friends good-by, and made every preparation for an early demise. He had been hunting, and was "stung" by the *Theridion veracundum*, a large spider found in Georgia; and his pointer received a parting nip in her ear at the same time. The dog and he must die of course! But a glass of old brandy gave him instant relief, and Fan (the pointer) survived the fright without that aid. She went round in a terrible state, flapping her ear and whining most piteously for a while; but after her ear was washed in whisky, and she saw her master drink his toddy, all danger in her opinion was over, and she composed herself for a comfortable nap.

Let us return to the Tarentula. M. Swinburne, in the latter part of the last century, spent much time in investigating every thing relative to this spider and the *Tarentali* (the people bitten). He pronounced the dance the remains of the rites of the ancient Bacchantes or priestesses of Bacchus (it is only women who are bitten), who were fond of indulging in frantic and lascivious dances. I recall to mind an incident told me by a surgeon of a United States vessel. They were all ashore at Naples, and heard of a celebrated Tarentali a little way out of the city. They proceeded to pay her a visit, and promised her an additional present if she would allow herself to be bitten by a Tarentula he had in a phial with him. At last she consented, exposed her arm, and while one of his companions kept her attention engaged, he made the application. She screamed, and appeared really terrified, called lustily for a glass of *eau de vie*, seated herself, and waited apparently for the effects of the poison. Some minutes elapsed. Meanwhile an old fiddler was scraping away in an opposite corner. Presently she began to loll out her tongue, roll up her eyes, see-saw on her chair, then go off into a stupor, the gentlemen standing round highly entertained of course. At last the music quickened; up she jumped, holding a soiled handkerchief by two corners; this she waved in her hands, bound it round her head, jumping and springing about, yelling most hideously all the time. The music became more furious; so did the dancer, and gave them "a regular break down." Never were seen such steps, such leaping, such frantic gestures. At last the fiddler gave out, and so did the patient, cured of course. The gentlemen were very generous, and paid well for the entertainment, the lady affirming she "had never been bitten so violently before, and never would allow it again; she was still fearful of the consequences," wiping the streaming perspiration from her coarse brown face the while. The Doctor, bowing, hoped "she would feel no bad effects; he would come and cure her if she did." Judge how the others were amused when he assured them the phial was empty—that he had no Tarentula—that the bite was merely a pinch of his finger and thumb nails! So much for the effects of *eau de vie* or imagination. They pronounced it one of the most disgusting sights they ever beheld, and agreed that the Tarentali of the stage never found their steps in Italy; there was not the slightest grace or poetry of motion

FIGURE 20.—MYGALE CEMENTARIA.

f. Nest from a Sugar-cane.

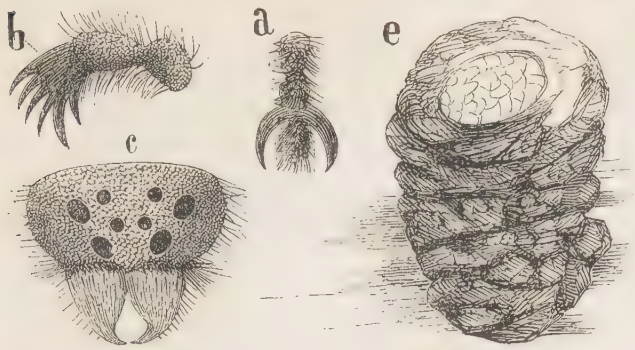


FIGURE 21.—PARTS OF THE MASON SPIDER.

a. Foot.—*b*. Claw.—*c*. Fangs.—*e*. Nest.

nor the wanton sportive laxity of the Eastern dancer conceived or attempted by this person.

Our last spider is the *Mygale cementaria*, or mason spider (Figure 20), found in the south of France. She selects a place bare of grass, and sloping in such a manner as to carry off the water. Here she digs a gallery about two feet deep, sufficiently wide to allow her to pass easily. She lines this, says Professor René, "with a tapestry of silk glued to the walls. The door, which is circular, is constructed of many layers of earth kneaded and bound together with silk. Externally it is flat and rough, corresponding with the earth around the entrance, for the purpose, no doubt, of concealment. On the inside it is convex, and tapestried thickly with a web of fine silk. The threads of this door tapestry are prolonged, and strongly attached to the upper side of the entrance, forming an excellent hinge, which, when pushed open by the spider, shuts again by its own weight without the aid of spring hinges. When the occupant is at home, and her door forcibly opened by an intruder, she pulls it strongly inward, and even when half opened often snatches it out of the hand; but when she is foiled in this she retreats to the bottom of her den as her last resource."

Figure 20, *f*, is a nest drawn up with a sugar-cane root from the earth near Matanzas. It had an opening near the joint of the cane. The spider was absent, and her nest appeared long deserted; but it serves to show the manner in which some of them suspend their cocoons.

Many efforts have been made by Reamur, Bon, and Kolt, and others, to render the silk of spiders useful to man, but without success. M. Bon flattered himself that he had succeeded; but beyond a few pairs of gloves and stockings he could not advance, and these cost more than their weight in gold. The experiment ruined him. There are many reasons for this failure, the most important being the difficulty of obtaining food; the restlessness and ferocity of the spiders themselves; their cannibalism; and, lastly, the inferiority of the silk. Reamur was sent by the Academy to report on M. Bon's establishment; and after a patient and complete examination sums up the whole thus: "That the work of twelve spiders is equal to that of one silk-worm, and a pound of spider silk would require for its production 27,648 insects. If the bags are used after washing, with this loss of weight, it would take 55,648 spiders to yield a pound of silk. Thus the work of 280 of these would not yield more silk than the produce of one industrious silk-worm, and 663,552 of them would furnish only one pound of silk." This report extinguished M. Bon in France, but the project was revived repeatedly in England after this. Swift has Gulliver, in his matchless satires against speculators, to visit the Academy at Lagado, where a spider projector assured him he would have spiders spin threads of all hues to suit every one's fancy as soon "as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistency to the threads." Spiders are not useless, however, in the economy of nature. They are the food of many barbarous nations: the Blackfoot Indians and several tribes of the Southwest use them as such, as well as those of Florida, already alluded to. Travelers tell us that they are eaten in Africa. Speerman says the Bashie men consider them a dainty, and it is said they are eaten by the natives in South America. The inhabitants of New Caledonia spend much of their time, says Labillardière, in roasting a large, long spider over the fire and eating it. Another use they have, which every school-boy knows as well as Bottom: "Good Master Cobweb," says he, "if I cut my finger I will make bold with thee."

And now, gentle and patient reader, give me, as my meed, the assurance that I have brought you *all* to the same conclusion so naïvely expressed by Pindar's Susan—

"Strange that I've been so blind to form and feature,
I think a spider *now* a comely creature."

LEGEND OF MICAH ROOD.

A STRANGER, turning over the musty archives of one of our Connecticut towns, a few years since, found the following record:

"November 16, 1760, Micah Rood *died awfully*."

"Well, how did he die?" The record nowhere told.

The question was propounded to the town clerk, who was a new-comer, and not a native resident, and who could tell nothing of a circumstance which took place so long before his time. But the stranger's curiosity would not rest satisfied. *Died awfully* was ringing in his

mind continually, until another question suggested itself.

"Have you any very aged persons in town?" was his next inquiry.

"Some, I reckon," was the answer of the parish notary. "There's Simon Backus, who's an old Revolutioner—and they are gitting scarce. Then there's the Widder Molly Carver, who's amazin' old, and nobody's fool nuther. She remembers back into colony times, and tells heaps of stories to the youngsters round here. She'll talk forever without stopping. Zeb Spicer says *when she goes up* she'll 'stonish them there, and *their time* will be none too long for *her stories*."

"Where does she live?" the stranger asked.

"Two mile, more nor less, on the Providence Turnpike. Next house but one arter you've passed the *gate*. Low, brown house, gambrel roof."

Thus definitely directed, the gentleman started for the abode of Molly Carver, which he readily found; introduced himself, and made known his inquiry.

"Lor' sakes! *Have I ever hearn tell how Mike Rood died?* Why, man alive! I remember about it myself same as though 'twas yesterday, though I warn't any bigger than this great-grandchild of mine here when it happened. It had been kinder snowing and raining all day, and not much of either; but a plenty of howlin' wind, sich as the mouth of no month in all the year can blow like November. 'Tis the most disagreeablest of all months to my mind, and always makes a body think of suthin' dreadful. Father 'd ben to town arter a pipe for granny; and when he come back, says he,

"'There's the orfullest thing happened you ever did hear on, mother!'

"'And what is it?' said she, turning dreadful white, while I stood looking up at him, all ears, you may depend.

"'Mike Rood's hung himself,' he said, 'on that very arly apple-tree there's been so much talk about, in his mother's orchard.'

"'Did he leave any confession?' granny asked.

"'Not's I heard tell on; though the jury hadn't got back when I was down town. He must have did the work very arly in the morning, for when they found him he was cold and stiff as any thing.'

"Then father went out; and I run up close to granny, half-afeared I should see the dead man, or something else orful; for children's mighty easily scared in them days, though dear knows 'tain't so now.

"'There ain't nothin' to be afeared on, Molly,' my grandmother said; 'though I guess, if the truth was all told, there has been them that feared Mike Rood living.'

"'What for, granny?' I asked her.

"'Never mind to-night, child. Some long winter evening, when there's snow on the ground, I'll tell you all I've ever hearn about it.'

"I didn't let her forgit her promise, I'll warrant ye; for I was mighty fond of terrible stories in them days."

"And what did you hear?" the stranger inquired, determined to learn the whole story.

"That's what I'm goin' to tell you, soon as ever I git my breath a little; for you see I can't talk right on as I could fifty years ago. It's a queerish story; but every body believed it in these parts. We'd jest ben in the midst of the old French war, and folks had reason to be afraid of their own shadows. Mike was a strange chap, and nobody never knew exactly what to make on him. Some folks thought he warn't very *cunnin'*; others said he had wit a plenty; and I guess they was both partly right, for he used to do and say a great many smart things in a very foolish way.

"He lived alone with his mother, who was a widder. His father died a few years afore, fightin' French and Injuns; arter which all the sperit Mike had in him was turned agin the French.

"In the fall of '59 a peddler come into town, bringin' all sorts of forrin notions; and every body set to wonderin' who he was, and where he come from.

"'*I know*,' said Mike, who overheard the talk. '*He's a Frenchman and a spy*—that's jest what he is; and I dare warrant, if the truth was known, he come straight down here from Canada. But—' Mike went away whispering to himself the unfinished sentence, 'Dead men tell no tales! Likely 's not mother 'd like some o' his toggery. Anyhow, I'll ask him to call.'

"Nothin' was ever seen of the forrin peddler arter he went to the Widder Rood's that night. Some said he'd got all the information he wanted out o' folks, and was gone where he come from; others whispered it among themselves that Mike Rood might have used him unfair. But afore winter was over every body would have done talkin' about it, only Mike himself could never let the subject rest.

"'What makes the blows on the arly apple-tree look so *red* this spring?' he would ask the little children, as they went by to school. It was one of Mike's foolish questions. How should the children know? Then he went away whistling, laughing, and looking very wise.

"'Why didn't the old robin come back to her tree *this* year, as she always did afore?' he inquired of them, another day. 'There ain't another sich crotch for a nest in the whole orchard.' The children couldn't tell that nuther; and when they asked their parents, they said Mike didn't know himself—he was half-witted.

"When the apples was ripe, the fust of August, all the children went up, one noon, from the school to beg some.

"'The apples is pizon this year,' Mike said, shakin' his head when they asked him.

"'I know better; we'll resk 'em,' said Betsy Forrud.

"'I'll bet a copper you darsn't eat one on 'em,' said Mike. '*There's a drop o' blood in 'em all!*'

"'Show it, and then we'll believe it,' Betsy said, 'and not afore.'

"So Mike went and brought his hands full of great meller apples, and begun to cut 'em up. 'There! look, now,' he said, when he come to the red spot; 'didn't I tell ye? You may eat 'em all ef you want to. *I don't.*'

"Not a child dared put a tooth into an apple, for, sure's I'm alive, every single one had a drop of fresh blood in it, jest as Mike said.

"The young ones all went home and told the story; but no person believed a word on't till they went and examined them for themselves. Then every body, from the minister down, said 'twas a special meracle. Maybe 'twas cause the hand that planted the tree was cut off by the blood-thusty innemy. Mike said he knew suthin' uncommon was the matter when he saw the *red blows* in the spring, for the 'arly tree' always blossomed white as snow afore.

"Toward the last of October suthin' turned up that set all the town thinkin'—and talkin' too, for the matter of that. A reward of *forty pounds* was posted up for any information of Hank Karner—a young German who left Philadelphy with an assortment of fancy goods the fall afore. The last time his friends heard from him he was traveling with his trunks in Eastern Connecticut. His person and dress was both described, and the above reward was to be paid for any news on him, *dead* or *alive*.

"Every body that read the notice said straight off, 'That was the forrin peddler; but what had become on him was another thing.' Nobody liked to make a stir about it, whatever they might think. But when Mike read the notice with the others, and saw a great many sarching eyes upon him, he said to himself, 'They'll hang me now, sure's fate, and git the forty pounds besides, which is a heap o' money. I never should a touched the feller, only I thought he was a cussed Frenchman—one o' the very same as knocked down the old man. Ef I could only manage, now, to git that forty pounds for poor old mother, and then tie the knot in my own halter, they might call Mike Rood half-witted as long as they have a mind to.'

"Revolving the matter in his own mind, Mike went home. That night, as the winds blew and howled round the old house, and his mother sat paring apples and stringing them up on strings to dry, he cut a leaf out of his father's account-book, got down the lead inkstand, and sot down himself to write—and the most cur'us writin' it was you ever did see, I guess. It looked so the letters was every one copied off of a tea-chest; and yet, as the Widder Rood looked up from her work, now and then, to watch her only child, she had a feelin' as though he was kinder smart. Not a bit of the managin' and schemin' part of Mike's natur did he inherit from his mother, who was as mild as a May morning, and could be made to believe a'most any thing her friends wanted her to. Mike could lead her with a tow string—though never to do wrong, if she knew it, for there warn't a better meanin' woman, or one with more friends, in the whole town.

"'Look here, mother, now! You jest write your name down here,' Mike said, holding out the goose-quill with which he had been figuring for a long time. 'I've a'most forgot how it looks written, it's so long sence I've seen it.' And the woman sot down her dish of apples, right pleased to grant his request.

"'I declare,' said Mike, examinin' the really fair hand-writin', 'ef you ain't the best writer of your age in town, mother!'

"The widder smiled upon him, pleased by his praise, and said, as she went again to her apples, 'That's what your father used to say, Micah.'

"When he'd amused himself long enough with his writing he folded up the paper and put it in his pocket.

"'Got any arrant up street?' he then asked.

"'Not to-night,' his mother answered. 'What makes you go out, Micah, when 'tis so cold and windy? The air feels as though we was a goin' to git snow.'

"'Left one of my "cow-hides" at the shoemaker's this mornin', mother, and he promised to have it done by eight o'clock.'

"Then Micah went out, and set his face toward the town, talking to himself all the way as he went. 'Now,' says he, ''tis all fixed right, and mother'll git that forty pounds as sure as my name is Mike Rood; for didn't they promise it for any information on him, *dead* or *alive?* And 'ain't she told them ef they'll come and dig under her arly apple-tree—the fust on the right side o' the house—and ask her no questions, they'll find what they're looking for—dead enough, I guess, too! I'm awful sorry I hurt the wrong feller; but it can't be helped now, and there's no use in cryin' about it. Let me see. The post-rider will git my letter to Philadelphy in about a week, and by that time I'll git all mother's wood cut for the winter, and be ready to "step out" afore they're here to sarch.'

"Poor Mike, like all boys, bad or good, foolish or witty, loved his mother; and ef she'd only mistrusted what was in his mind all that week, as he went round doing every thing he could find to do for her, her tears would have dropped for sorrow instead of joy. But the sorrow came soon enough to her poor, loving, broken heart; and the joy never came back at all after her boy was found dead on the arly apple-tree—hung by his own hands—for that was the way Micah Rood died."

The stranger thanked the widow for her story, and went away satisfied.

NOTE.—The "Rood apple" is still a great favorite in many parts of New England; and the curious may yet find in every one the mysterious *red drop* which has given rise to many homely stories. In one of the small towns in New London County Micah lived and died in the manner above described.

THE CRUISE OF THE TWO DEACONS.

A TALE IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VI.

DIFFERENT DEACONS HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

IF you have ever been at a little party where two amateur tenors were introduced to one another, each of whom sang as well as Brignoli ('pon the authority of the first musical critics, I assure you, Sir!)—if you have ever seen a couple of cats upon a single house-top—if you were ever present at a supper of Mrs. Blummerie's, when that excellent woman had invited Miss Flummerie unbeknown to Miss Glummerie, and Miss Glummerie unbeknown to Miss Flummerie—both of them her second cousins, and third cousins to each other, and both of them mutually hostile to a degree that had precluded all intercourse since the last remark that Miss F. made with reference to Miss G. upon the inconsistency of short sleeves and a certain age; and the excellent woman, Mrs. B., had now brought them together with the laudable desire for reconciliation of the conflicting F. and G. interests, and both of them experienced strong resentment at Mrs. B. for the amiable ruse, at themselves for being invited unbeknown, and at each other for being invited at all—then you can measurably understand the mental attitude of the two Deacons on board the *Esmeralda*.

At first Deacon Townsend, steering violently away into the widening sea, entertained suspicions that this interview with Deacon Allen was the result of some long-preconcerted arrangement between lukewarm professors of the Old and New School Meetings, who wished to merge doctrinal in social distinctions, and by this forced contact bring about a reconciliation which should confuse the stern boundary of faith and error. At the same time Deacon Allen became aware of similar misgivings blending with the column on the "Duties of Professors," as he sat grimly reading against the mast. Simultaneously these two good men resolved that no combination of circumstances, however delusive, should bring about that triumph of the weaker human feelings over the immutable moral principles—that they severally would not commune, beyond absolute necessity, with a man who held to Predestination and a man who didn't. But hardly had this resolution been formed before the absurdity of the hypothesis on which it was based became evident to their strong common sense. That any body, however sanguine, should have conceived the possibility of outwitting *them* in such a way was too ridiculous; still more ridiculous that Mr. Peavey, and the two other young men in pantaloons like Mr. Peavey's, should be the emissaries selected for such a purpose.

Instantaneously a new resolution supplanted the first in the minds of both the Deacons. They would be civil to one another, as they always had been, in the way of business, but would entirely avoid all subjects that might bring them into belligerent contact. There was the *Esmeralda* to be talked about, if they had to talk at all—the probable value of such a craft on the sea or in the market; her sailing qualities, the strength of her spars, the model of her hull, the cut of her canvas. There was no need of their making it disagreeable aboard; they would not refer to any questions on which they might tacitly agree to differ. So they would talk—so they would do.

But in the tenth chapter of St. Matthew, and the nineteenth verse, it is thus written:

"Take no thought how or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak."

And He who gave that commandment to his Apostles doeth likewise at this day to all good men who profess to hold and speak his truth, be they apostles or deacons; and very often, even when the *precept* of the verse is negligently disobeyed, takes care that the *promise* shall be fulfilled—supplanting the cunningly premeditated oratory of his disciples by some impromptu utterance of a very different kind, forced from their lips by what seems the blind necessity of the occasion.

After Deacon Allen had composed himself in his final resolution, he arose and went aft. Mr. Hodge had just come up the companion-way, and was declaring the fact of supper.

"Suppose you go daown fust, Deacon Townsend," said Deacon Allen, "and I'll spell you at the wheel while you're eatin'. The three young men kin stay below, tew; ef I want 'em to mind the sheets, or any thing, why, I kin call 'em."

The Christian politeness of this offer, assisted by the more earthly motive of a very perceptible savor streaming up through the companion-way from a gridiron, where Mr. Peavey's talents had at length found active vent in the shape of several pounds of beef-steak, so far mollified Deacon Townsend that he replied,

"Wa'al, I don't know but I will, thank'ee, Deacon Allen."

And putting the spokes of his tiller under the prestige of the other Meeting, he descended to the cabin.

It was impossible to induce Mr. Hodge to accompany him. That enthusiastic young person felt too weighty a sense of responsibility to permit of his leaving the steersman alone on deck. He considered himself imperatively called on to keep hold of the sheet, although it was belayed; and, moreover, the absence of all his equals in maritime knowledge would present an unparalleled opportunity for learning a large number of sea-terms from the Deacon, which he might play off hereafter upon Messrs. Reeve and Peavey as the result of his own immemorial naval experi-

ence. Accordingly, he sat down on the taffrail, just free of the helmsman's arm, and let the other members of the crew go down to the first table. As soon as the clatter of knives and forks indicated thorough absorption in selfish occupations below, he took courage, and began conversation with the Deacon, in language as little maritime as possible, that he might provoke no contempt of any unconscious deficiencies in that direction.

"You've followed the sea a long time, I imagine, Deacon Allen?"

"Jes' so; ever since I was a boy."

"Were you ever across the big pond—on a voyage to Europe, I mean?"

"Wa'al, no. Coastin' and fishin', principally."

"You have a vessel of your own, I suppose?"

"Exac'ly. I did hev *tew;* but arter I tuk more farm-land I sold off the biggest—a sloop of about ninety ton—and kep' the other for fishin' parties, or goin' tew the Banks, and sich. I sha'n't be able to do much hard work off shore, naow as I grow older; and though it's nat'ral to be to sea, it's a kinder comfortabler to be on land. My son will do most o' the hard fishin' business arter this summer, I kalkilate."

"I don't wonder you feel like having a quiet home at this time of life. You've been in some pretty bad storms, I suppose, since you first went to sea?"

"Wa'al, I *hev* seen some weather."

"Were you ever afraid in a storm, Deacon Allen?"

Mr. Hodge sank his voice into a mysterious undertone as he said this; for he wished the question to be quite in confidence, not knowing but it might be an effeminacy.

"The fust time I ever sailed on any thing of a vy'ge, I went from Portland, Maine, daown to Savannah, on a small fore-'n-after. We had a load o' white-pine plank and jice aboard; and though that is jist abaout the safest cargo a vessel kin carry, I *was* orful skeered goin' round Hatteras. We got into one o' them blows that goes raound and raound in a cirkittyous manner—cirk'ler storms I've heerd 'em called sence, though I hadn't no idee then what they was, except that I thought they was suthin' providential to send us all to the bottom. We lay in the trough, driftin' under bare poles, for forty-eight hours; and all that time there wasn't a patch o' blue sky the size o' your hand, nor the sun, moon, nor stars, to be seen nowhere."

"How did you know where you were?"

"Wa'al, we didn't. Of course we couldn't take no observation, and dead-reck'nin' couldn't do us no good, driftin' that fashion."

"Couldn't you see land?"

"Land? No, *Sir*. Though I'd ha' gin all my share of that air lumber, which was all I had in the world, tew, to hev hed a standin' place in the middle o' a dry acre. But as fur the rest, land was jist about the last thing they wanted to see, or any sailor either in a gale; an' ef we didn't get blowed onto Roman shoals and git bilged, why, they'd be very thankful."

"And haven't you been afraid since?"

"No, Sir; not sence."

"What do you think cured you, Deacon Allen?"

"Wa'al, there was a number o' things. Arter that vy'ge I learned more o' the sea, and found out that it ain't every wave that swamps ye, though it be big. Moreover, I got used to blows. And then agin, what did it more'n any thing," the Deacon added, solemnly, "was that afore I went to sea the next time I got a change o' heart, and when gales come, I knowed that He who holds the waters in the holler o' his hand sent 'em and could manage 'em."

Mr. Hodge sat silent for some time. He had not been used to hearing this variety of talk any where out of church. Least of all was he prepared to hear it from a man, whose type he generally supposed represented by hard swearing and pantaloons like Mr. Peavey's. So he did not know exactly what to say in reply.

The Deacon, being as little used to *his* type, construed his silence somewhat inaccurately, and supposing him to be affected as he himself would have been by the hint of another's religious experience, warmed to him secretly, and continued in an earnest voice,

"I hope *you* know what the blessedness of that feelin' is yourself, Mr. Hodge?"

"I'm sorry to say, Deacon Allen, that I don't belong to the church."

"Wa'al then, jest let an old man say to ye, that till ye *dew* hev the comfort o' lookin' up to God in the darkest o' nights and callin' him Father, though ye can't see the sky fur clouds and rain, ye'll never know what it is tew be *rale* happy afloat or ashore."

"I believe what you say is true, Deacon Allen; but then it isn't every body that can have that feeling: some people are born with a dread of such subjects that they can't get over."

"It's a dread to every body accordin' to the nat'ral heart, my young friend (hadn't ye better trim that sheet a little closter? the wind's hauled abeam a pint or so"). With great alacrity Mr. Hodge obeyed.

"That'll do—belay there. We're all afeard o' our best friend till we make up our minds to come nigh Him. It's with Him jest as it is with the deep sea we were talkin' about a leetle while sence. The landsman's orfully tarrified at the idee of it; but when he's made his fust vy'ge and gits experience, he comes to know that it's the shoals and the breakers he's rightfully to be afeared of, and to look at the big ocean where eye can't see shore nor lead find bottom as his best friend. And ef he can only keep to that when the winds blow and the waves roll, he knows he's safe as long as his ship holds together. And the ship that sails on *that* sea—*His* sea—al'ays does hold. For He's promised, 'When thou goest through the water-floods they shall not overflow thee.'"

"I wish I could feel that way, Deacon Allen."

"Well, Deacon, what sort of company do you find this young man?" exclaimed a hearty voice through the companion-way, and the next moment Mr. Reeve stood on deck between the two. "Do you think you can trust the sloop to the rest of us, Hodge, while you go below and have some supper?"

"We were talkin' about a Power with whom we can trust every thing," said the Deacon, soberly.

Just at this instant Mr. Peavey came up, followed by Deacon Townsend.

"Yes," said Mr. Hodge, "Deacon Allen has seen some very bad weather in his time, and he's been giving me a very interesting account of it."

There is a great antipathy in the Puritan mind to the appearance of feeling ashamed of serious subjects. So that when Mr. Hodge made this representation of the staple of his conversation with the Deacon, that good man instantaneously felt called upon to correct the impression that his voyages were all they had talked about. So far as he was conscious this motive alone, and not the stimulating presence of a Deacon from the other Meeting, was the actuating one in what he proceeded to say.

"And in regard to those vy'ges, we were thinkin' how impossible it is for a man to feel safe and happy, on sea or land, without the comfort of a sure hope in Him who is over us wherever we be."

It was some time after sundown, and the sky, from its hollow sweep of burned-out gold, threw just light enough upon the group for them to see each other's faces. All but Deacon Townsend's wore a look of curious, unwonted interest as Deacon Allen said this, and *his* had the expression of listening without meaning it.

"Well, Deacon Allen," said Mr. Reeve, "I'm very glad you're giving Mr. Hodge a good talking to: he's a hard boy, and *I* can't do any thing for him."

"There ain't nobody that *kin* do any thing for any body else," continued Deacon Allen, solemnly. "Each of us has his own reck'nin' to make up while time lasts, and when time's over each has his own reck'nin' to settle."

"Very true," said Mr. Reeve; "but we can help each other to set about it." Deacon Townsend's lips moved, but he kept silent.

"Jes' so. We kin do as the 'Postle Poll did, and when we see our acquaintances keerless, tell 'em to work out their own salvation with fear and tremblin'."

"For it is God who worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure," spoke for the first time the solemn voice of Deacon Townsend.

It was known to neither of the three junior partners that this text, in the mutual adaptation of its two clauses, had been the ground-work of many a doctrinal sermon from the pulpit of each of the two Meetings of Muskeogue, and that the diversity of its construction contained the whole marrow of the controversy between Old and New School. Had they known it, the slight change in Deacon Allen's tone would have been explained to them as he replied, still seemingly directing his language to them,

"Exac'ly. He works in us to will and to do whenever we turn our hearts tow'rds Him. His grace is a free gift, open to all; for He will have all men to be saved, whenever they will call upon Him."

"Whom He hath predestinated, them He also called," said Deacon Townsend, with sober emphasis.

"Deacon Townsend tells us kerrectly—his words are the very Scripter," rejoined Deacon Allen, restraining all impetuosity in his tone with an effort which none who did not know the two good men and their mutual relations would have noticed. "Ef a single man on us ever hes a right thought or a right desire, it's because the Lord foreknowed it from the beginnin', an' put it intew a natur' otherways corrupt. So it's the more reason that we should al'ays hold ourselves ready to labor with Him, seein' that He's ever ready Himself and our unwillin'ness shouldn't be shamed."

"And it's our dooty also to wait his app'inted time."

"Which is any time. He says distinc'ly that He is nigh at hand unto all them that calls upon Him in truth."

"But there is some that He has gin over to judicial blindness."

"That is the fault o' sich, then."

Hitherto the conversation of both the Deacons had been directed to the three young men, though at each other. It now selected its direct objects.

"But even the New School hold to the election of men, Deacon Allen, notwithstandin' they put their own construction upon it."

"They put the construction of the Scripter upon it, leanin' rayther tew that than tew the Catechism," answered Deacon Allen in a warmer tone, which made even Mr. Peavey assume an appearance of intense interest for the time being.

"'Tain't often, Deacon Allen, that you and I hev the chance to compare notes on these subjec's, so I'd like jest to put one leetle question to you; don't you believe what the Scripter says upon Predestination?"

"Wa'al, them who knows me hain't no doubt o' that, I guess."

"Precisely. Don't the Scripter assure us that those who are saved are elected first?"

"It does, sartainly."

"Wa'al, then, if all men ain't saved, which I ain't a-goin' to be so oncharitable as to s'pose you hold to, isn't it the unelect that isn't saved?"

"Say it is—what o' that?"

"There's this of it: That them that's elected God will draw to him; and ef there's one that isn't elected, he won't be drawed. So what's more onbecomin' then than to see a poor creatur' that's dependent on the Lord for his breath o' life and all things he hes to enjoy, settin' himself up, in the pride o' his own vain intellect, to say whether he shall be saved or not, and what the

app'inted time shall be, so long as it's all in the hands of his Maker? That's what there is of it."

"Let me ask you a question, Deacon Townsend. Ef you were to fall overboard to-night, don't you suppose it's jest as much predestinated whether you'd be saved from drownin' as whether you'd be saved from sin and death?"

"Wa'al, as I said, it's all in God's hands—yes."

"Supposin' I was to throw ye a line, would I be takin' your app'inted time out o' God's hands, or would you if ye was to ketch it?"

"I woulda't ketch it ef it wa'n't the will o' the Lord."

Mr. Hodge smiled broadly—a little audibly, perhaps. Deacon Allen cast a stern glance at him over the wheel, and he grew sober instantly.

"Haow would ye know whether it was the will o' the Lord?"

"By whether I ketched it or not."

"Would ye try?"

"Deacon Allen, 'taint no kinder use o' our talkin'. We tew hold the Scripter very different ways. When the great day comes, and the secrets o' all hearts is revealed, we'll see who's right an' who's wrong."

"I'm afeard there *ain't* no use, Deacon Townsend. Ef a man will talk fair, and not for argyment's sake, I kin reason with him. Otherways skeercely. But to shet one's eyes, and run agin suthin o' one's own invention, and then call it a myst'ry, and a 'Divine obstacle,' and Scripter, why, I never could understand that, and I don't naow."

"Very wall, Deacon Allen; ef there's any comfort in bein' called a Calvinist and bein' an Arminian at heart, I hope you hev it."

"It's quite as much comfort as bein' an Emmonsite, I kin assure ye."

"Wa'al, we've talked enough."

"I guess we hev, Deacon Townsend."

"Well," said Mr. Peavey—who, in accordance with his assumed character of languid gentleman, kept out of the broil of polemics, and reserved whatever he had to say to the last, for a sort of "postea," or judgment record, speaking legally—"well, I don't know what an Arminian is, and I'm equally in the dark about the 'Emmonsite:' but I suppose they're both something very nice and pleasant—like alligators, for instance. As for this fuss about names, it don't mean much after all. You're both right. As Deacon Allen says, a man can turn round and be good any time he likes; so what's the use of his raising a row about it just now while the beef-steak's getting cold? And as Deacon Townsend says, Heaven will do it all up for him whenever it is done; so he can just hand the matter right over, and dance and fiddle till getting good happens to him. Deacon Allen, you and Hodge had better go down to supper."

At this impartial resumé of their individual doctrines, both the Deacons stood aghast. Was it possible that this was the way in which those doctrines really seemed to an outsider? Was it possible that a perfectly thoughtless, worldly man, as they would both agree in calling Mr. Peavey, deduced such conclusions from the arguments of their quarrel? Quite thunder-struck, neither of them could logically see where he had done them the injustice any more than they could see the flaws in their own reasoning. Yet each felt a sincere pain strike him to the heart at the words of the young man.

In the wretchedest state of mind Deacon Allen relinquished the wheel to go down to his supper. In the wretchedest state of mind Deacon Townsend took it. All sorts of inmost self-smitings, without any clew to them in the shape of a syllogism, destroyed the digestion of the Deacon who had supped, and the appetite of him who was about to. Could this really be the light in which men calling themselves Christians were looked at in their differences by men of the world? Alas! alas!

CHAPTER VII.

A PARADOXICAL CHAPTER; IN WHICH THE TWO DEACONS, THOUGH AT SEA, BECOME CLEARER IN THEIR VIEWS THAN EVER BEFORE.

At one o'clock in the morning Fire Island light lay on the port quarter of the *Esmeralda*, and was rapidly going astern. Deacon Allen was again at the wheel, and Mr. Reeve kept the watch with him.

The sea to-night was on fire with phosphorus. The water-line of the sloop was drawn in oily flame. Under the counter—about the rudder, where the back-water joined its two streams—every bubble and curl seemed a jet of microscopic fire-works celebrating some submarine Independence-day of the animalcules. Mr. Reeve went forward, and leaning over the low bulwarks, half wondered that he heard no explosion from that leaping blaze which the bows threw off as they cleft the sea; and listened for at least a faint crackle from the tiny tinder-sparks that rolled to the top of the black water, and then ran away, in endless changes of figure and brightness, to the stern.

The wind was still abeam, but had freshened up considerably since midnight when the other watch turned in. By advice of the Deacon the topsail had been hauled down, and a single reef taken in the mainsail. With this precaution the sloop lay over to leeward quite as much as was pleasant for an amateur sailor; and it required considerable increase in their angle of bifurcation to keep the pantaloons like Mr. Peavey's upright in a state of motion.

The sky was full of low, shapeless, heavy clouds—here and there broken in patches, so that the stars looked through them as through the deep walls of a ragged camera—but with the general appearance of intending, sooner or later, to come together and tumble bodily into the sea. Already, far ahead, they had fulfilled the first part of this intention, and entirely closed over the distance into which the Deacon was steering with a dense black ceiling, whose broken abutments rested on the sea at either side. Still

the breeze freshened as the sloop approached their darkness.

Mr. Reeve left his pyrotechnic entertainment while it was in full blaze, and staggered aft, holding on by the bulwarks.

"She heels a good deal, Deacon. Sha'n't I take another reef?"

"Wa'al, I donno; she rolls some, nat'rally, bein' in the trough; s'pose you try easin' off the sheet jest a leetle instid."

Mr. Reeve followed the Deacon's advice.

"Do you think we're going to have a storm, Deacon Allen?" said he.

"Wa'al, we may get a tech o' suthin' stronger, when we get under that thick scud forred. But I guess 'twon't be much, nohow. Ye oughter a hed more ballast in afore ye started to carry all the sail ye spread, though. How much *hev* ye got?"

"About twenty tons."

"Thirty wouldn't ha' been a mite tew much. Ef it keeps fresh'nin' this way we'll hev to take another reef afore long. Have you looked at the barometer lately?"

"No. I'll go and do it now."

Mr. Reeve crept down the companion-way softly, so as not to disturb the three sleepers, and found that the mercury had fallen an inch since he looked last. As he was ascending again Mr. Hodge thrust his head from the berth, and said, in a loud whisper,

"Are we going to have a storm, Reeve?"

As the gentleman addressed was at that moment engaged in choking down the same question, he felt the vexation natural to human nature at the man who resuscitated it.

"Storm! No, you goose! Go to sleep till you're wanted!"

"I think I'll dress myself and go on deck. I don't care to stay in my berth with such a wind blowing."

It was hardly a matter of option with Mr. Hodge, as he lay on the windward side, and for the last half hour had been gallantly holding himself in bed by the screw of his bull's-eye, under the delusion that he was enjoying his nap splendidly.

It was well that he came on deck, for during the next fifteen minutes Mr. Reeve had another reef to take in the mainsail, and would have found the job somewhat difficult without him.

Still the wind freshened; still the sky grew blacker, thicker, and more demonstrative of the intention to tumble. The *Esmeralda* lay down to her gunwales, and every now and then the comb of a wave broke over her from windward, and on its sliding away in search of the scuppers wet the Deacon and his two fellows in the watch through and through. Still the Deacon steered grimly on into the darkness, as if it were some theologic mystery which he courted rather than dreaded; and still Mr. Hodge and Mr. Reeve kept silence — partly because the Deacon did, partly lest any attempt at conversation should lead one of them, unawares, in the presence of the other, to ask the Deacon if there was any danger.

An hour after Mr. Hodge came above; Mr. Peavey and Deacon Townsend were also on deck. It was now nearly two o'clock.

"Well, Deacons both," said Mr. Peavey, whose calm self-esteem precluded any feeling of shame at being caught in the question, "do you think there's any danger?"

But for the wind two sighs of great relief could have been heard escaping from the breasts of the two other junior partners at the sound of this question asked by some one else than themselves.

"Wa'al, not jest yet," said Deacon Allen soberly.

"There mebbie bymby," said Deacon Townsend, simultaneously.

The *Esmeralda* seemed to fly. Scarcely any thing of the water around her was visible except the great white crests of the waves, which, like ghosts of the drowned, kept flitting hither and thither in the air, rather than rising and falling on the bosom of an unseen sea. Yet in herself, and without reference to outside way-marks, the little sloop had the feeling of swift motion, and as they heard the taut sheet strain and creak, the junior partners began to feel as if they were rushing through the dark into ruin.

As they stood together leaning against the windward side of the house over the companion-way, the *Esmeralda* seemed suddenly to drop from the ridge she had been poised on a moment before, with a jerk that gave them the feeling of suspension in the air, and their binnacle, bow, and mast-head lights showed them a smooth hill of water, reaching fore and aft as far as the eye could see, whose summit edge looked twenty feet above the gunwale. Down this sheer slope the wind rushed as down a hill in rolling land up country, struck the double-reefed mainsail like an iron hand prying upon a lever, lifted the windward side of the *Esmeralda* till the three partners lay on their backs upon the house, and at the same time the hill itself, with an avalanche rush, slid headlong, crowded the sloop one moment almost out of water, and the next made a clean breach across her deck and laid her nearly on her beam's end.

To luff up and let the sail shake out if it would, was rather necessity than choice, for the wheel was almost knocked out of the Deacon's hands. Slowly the *Esmeralda* righted as she fell off and half-blinded with water the junior partners. Deacon Townsend set about furling the mainsail. A difficult task even for the Deacon—for the three landsmen a terrible one. To stand across the seas, with the pitching consequent on that position, even though the head must lie to the wind or the sail not befurled, was a necessity to their young experience as formidable as rolling in the trough.

This manœuvring accomplished, the four returned to their former position at the companion-way, and the sloop, considerably eased, held on her way, steered by the jib.

None of all that crew knew what the sea had done for them. Neither junior partners, with all the business talent of Pine and Warren streets

—neither Deacons of the Old and New School, with all their wealth of doctrine and of seamanship—were aware, as they grouped themselves aft in the misty light of the binnacle lamp and shared the sweet relief of the righted *Esmeralda*, that the little plank that for hours had been standing between them and the realities which will not be argued with by any School, Old or New, or any business, had done its best and last, and the *Esmeralda* had sprung a leak.

Or at least, for some time they did not know it. The waves came to them, passed under them, with a gentler shock and swell. Little by little the thick darkness opened ahead till an arch seemed making for them under which they might pass into the slowly growing light of day. The wind, though it did not lull, blew steadier, and the painful stretch of nerve with which landsmen wait for flaws died out in the bosom of the junior partners. Mr. Peavey lit a pipe and began to talk of turning in again. Deacon Townsend relieved Deacon Allen's arm at the wheel, though the heart of each was still a heavy, smoldering grate which words did not, could not, relieve.

About an hour from the furling of the mainsail, as Deacon Allen sat against the bulwark, a strange question came floating across the current of his deep, painful thoughts. He arose and looked over the side. And then, rather soliloquizing than speaking to his nearest shipmate, Mr. Hodge, he said:

"Seems to me she lays pretty low in the water. I guess I'll try the well." He walked midships and staid for a long time. When he returned there was a stern expression visible on his face in the lamp-light—stern even for a Deacon, and he spoke quietly to Mr. Reeve.

"Ef Deacon Townsend don't want none o' you young men, you'd better come and take a leetle turn at the pump 'long with me."

"Sprung a leak?" asked Mr. Reeve, breathlessly.

"Wa'al we *air* gettin' a leetle too much water below," said the Deacon.

In a moment every body knew what had happened, and Deacon Townsend ordered his crew to the pump. The four took their places with arms bared to the shoulder. Up, down; up, down: not a spout—not a gurgle!

Reeve took his hands from the brake and looked at Hodge with a bitter soberness.

"Hodge," said he, "did you have that valve repaired before we started?"

"My God! I forgot it."

"Then," replied Deacon Allen, grimly, "this craft has but an hour above water; and those that hasn't prepared to meet their God had better seek Him now, if so be that He'll have mercy upon them."

And the four went aft again.

The consciousness of having but an hour to think and act in had a different effect upon the three partners. In bitter silence Reeve looked out upon the sea, and saw for the first time how black it was. Hodge, burying his face in his hands, moaned like a child. "Forgive me, O God, forgive me!" Peavey and the two Deacons formed a council, and talked together in low, earnest voice.

It was resolved to launch the surf-boat. She might live, she might not: it was their last chance.

Hastily bringing up their thickest coats, a small keg of water, and the fragments of the last night's supper, the three partners got into the life-boat that hung at the cat-heads, and the Deacons lowered away.

"We will come down by the tackle," said Deacon Townsend, over the stern; "and as soon as we drop, you unhook fore-'n-aft directly."

In his excitement all that Mr. Hodge, sitting at the stern, heard of this order was the command to unhook, and as soon as the boat struck the water obeyed it by main force. The *Esmeralda* was still lurching ahead; and the effect of Mr. Hodge's act was nearly to sink his end of the boat. "Pay out, pay out! for God's sake!" cried Mr. Reeve, to Deacon Allen, who was holding the rope with hands of iron. In an instant the Deacon thought of his wife, from the day he married her till now; of Lish, and what sort of a son he'd make for a widow; of the three immortal souls in the boat not yet prepared to meet their God—*and payed out*. Some one in the boat cast off the hook at the bow. In the stormy twilight the two Deacons stood face to face and alone.

"Wa'al," said Deacon Townsend, "God's will be done."

"Amen!" replied Deacon Allen.

But sometimes at the worst that Will coincides with Man's. Just inside the companion-way were slung half a score of bright sharp axes, which the *Esmeralda* had never needed before. Each Deacon took one of them, and, adopting the same instantaneous thought, laid himself steadily to work against the roof of the house. Little by little it yielded. Nail after nail gave way, and in ten minutes more it was pushed from its place and lay upon the deck no longer a roof but a raft. Around it they passed and repassed a coil of rope, nailing each turn at the edges to keep it from shifting, and dragging it to the bulwarks, poised it, lay down upon it, grasped the hold-fasts, and bearing their precious burden it fell over. Its splash went up as the last prayer of hope for two sleeping wives, who might wake widows—two slumbering children, whom the day might dawn on fatherless.

The raft swam well. Wave after wave demonstrated that, by passing under it with a roll like moving mountains—now in their overflow only smiting the faces of the two with a whip-lash of fine spray—now quite soaking them with a wider, heavier sheet. But these were nothings—to float was all.

When death began to hover a little farther off, Deacon Townsend, for the first time, solemnly broke the silence:

"Deacon Allen, I have been an orful sinner against God and you."

"Oh, Deacon Townsend, ye hevn't sinned as I hev! agin light and knowledge!"

"I have said that of you that a Christian should be ashamed and afeard to say!"

"And I have reviled the Lord's chosen, and opened His wounds afresh, and put Him to an open shame."

"When I think of last night, and those three souls that I might ha' led to Him, that I druv from Him and caused to make a mock."

"When *I* think of it! Oh, how can I meet Him with their blood upon me? Ef their boat, as is more'n likely, is swamped long afore now, they're standin' in His presence and pintin' down to me an' sayin', '*He* made religion a by-word an' a hissin' to us—He whom thou didst ordain to teach men the way o' Life—*He*—'"

"'Twas *I* begun it; I took the blessin' from their mouths when you were tryin' to feed the dyin' souls! O God, be merciful to me a sinner!"

"O God, be merciful to me!"

"*Brother* Allen, will you lead us in prayer?"

Clasping his two hard hands over the rope, at once for life and in supplication, Deacon Allen lifted his choked and humble voice above the roar of wind and sea, and said,

"Our Father who art in Heaven—though we are unworthy even to draw nigh into thy presence, and our sins do cover us as doth a garment—because thou henderest none from comin' to thy mercy-seat, and because we are the chief of sinners, utterly lost without thy help, we dare to pray unto thee in the name of thy Son. O God, we have ben dreffal sinners against Thee! Our wickedness stares us in the face, and we are not able to look up. Thou hast commanded us to love one another, and we hev gone right direct agin thy command and hated each other. Thou hast told us to give no place unto wrath, and our he-a-a-rts have ben so full o' wrath that there was no place for thy Spirit! On airth thou revildst not again; and we, who dare to call ourselves thy lowest, unworthiest o' children, have reviled agin an' agin! We hev taken thy name upon our lips in prayer, while anger was in our hearts; yea, out o' the same mouth has come blessin' and cursin'. While we said 'Thy kingdom come' we have hendered thy kingdom. The blood of souls is upon our skirts, O God! We have driven away the world from thy cross by our strifes and jealousies; but last night we made thy name a mock afore those whom we might have led to thee. Ef there be mercy with thee for sich as we, O God come over the mountains of our sins and help us! Ef it still be possible, *save* those young men whose precious souls we hid thy light from with our darkness; let them not rise up in judgment agin us, ef so be thou canst only bring them safe to land, and awaken their never-dying souls to the knowledge o' thee. Save *them*, and let *us* sink; only give us a low place at thy right hand, where we can humbly praise thee forever, out o' sight of all the holy who have lived to serve thee, and thy name shall have all the glory forever. Amen."

"Amen!" answered Deacon Townsend, fervently.

"Brother Townsend," said Deacon Allen, after a pause, during which a large wave swept clean over them, "ef it should be God's will that only one of us should reach the shore, and that one should be you, will you tell Miss Allen that I want her to keep the old house; and Lish, that he must stick by her jest as long as she lives; and that the farm and the smack goes to him, and whatever personal property there be to her for her lifetime, arter which tew him also?"

"And ef the Lord has foreknowed that you be saved and I perish—though not forever, I hope, through His infinite marcy—please you say to Miss Townsend that she and Becky is to share all, and that my last request was that they'd al'ays be as good mother and daughter, each to t'other, as they hev been good wife and child to me."

"And Brother Townsend, supposin' only one on us lives to see land, let that one take it on himself to make our two Mectin's love one another as much like true Christians as they kin, teachin' 'em by example and precept not to forsake the assemblin' of themselves together, and that there be no strifes and doubtin's among 'em."

"And let that one teach our tew wives to be good friends; and let the one that's left a widow never be without a kind woman soul to come to in the one that's spared a wife; let them *raly* love one another."

"*And haow abaout the children?*"

Deacon Townsend looked earnestly into Deacon Allen's face as the latter asked this question; then put his arm still further through the holdfast, and took his companion's hand in his.

"I take your meanin', Brother Allen. Let *them* love each other jest as strong as ever they kin; an' God's blessin' be upon them, and upon their seed, and their seed's seed, from henceforth, even forever!"

"Amen!"

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCLUSION.

The life-boat swam well, and lived to be picked up, at ten o'clock of the morning after its launching, by an in-bound pilot-boat, not far from Sandy Hook—though carrying a larger weight of water than of men.

It was late in the afternoon of the same day—when both the Deacons had begun preparing themselves for another night upon the sea, which should be, perhaps, their last—that they were taken from their raft by a lobster smack, bound for Islip, but driven off the coast by last night's blow.

It was the next morning after their rescue that both the Deacons came each to his own house in Muskeogue.

It was two minutes after that coming that each knelt down with his wife and child, and saying, "Let us pray," told the story of deliverance and the burden of thanks in one and the same great outpouring.

It was fifteen minutes still further on that Mrs. Townsend and Mrs. Allen, like Mercy and Truth, met together—like Righteousness and Peace, kissed each other.

It was two months yet further, when, at the wedding in which Miss Becky became Mrs. Allen, the pastor of the Old Meeting joined their hands, and the Stated Supply of the New assisted with a prayer; after which Daddy Pringle and the New School Chorister sang, off the same book,

"Blest be the tie that binds,"

to a tune they both knew.

Messrs. Hodge, Reeve, and Peavey were there by especial invitation. Are they better, more earnest men than when we first knew them?

"Wa'al," says Deacon Townsend, "they're tryin' to be—which goes a great way to'rd *bein'*, for us poor sinners."

SOMEBODY'S LOVE-STORY.

"I'M sure, Margaret, people make a great mistake in supposing that it is so very difficult for ladies to travel alone."

"You think so, mamma?"

Mrs. Bell did not notice the questioning dissent implied, but went on with her own train of reflections.

"Why, we have met such remarkably kind people. There was Doctor Shackelford, to begin with, in Charleston."

"Yes?" Mrs. Bell seemed to forget for a moment the rather heavy tax Margaret had paid on the Doctor's attentions; the necessity of enduring his ponderous compliments; and, finally, of refusing an offer unexceptionable in a worldly point of view, and regarded rather anxiously by her mother, who thought it high time for her daughter to make some choice of a protector and a home.

"And the chambermaid on the Fernandina boat, don't you recollect what a nice cup of coffee she brought me, and how thoughtful she was to recommend us a hotel?"

Yes, Margaret remembered it perfectly, and the "two bits" she had paid the girl, besides seeing the landlord of the dirty, wretched Wesley House to which she had directed them, holding a private consultation with her, and putting more silver in her brown palm. But Mrs. Bell had a very comfortable memory; she had already forgotten the aggravations of that stay at Fernandina; in fact, she had never known half of them, or of the manifold annoyances Margaret had endured from first to last since leaving home.

"And that young man, too—I wonder what has become of him; he was quite a gentleman."

Margaret felt her face flush a little—not so hotly as it had done on her first encounter with the "young man." It was on the boat at Charleston, just as her father's old friend, Colonel Miller, was rallying her on refusing Doctor Shackelford. There was no one else in the saloon at all near them, and she did not notice the new arrival, in the warmth of her retort at this last thrust of the Shackelford persecution.

"I *never would marry a widower*, if there were no other reason!" And then she looked up to find this handsome strange face directly before her, an amused smile arrested by politeness on his lips, but shining out of his dark eyes as the gentleman said, "I beg your pardon, but I believe this is my state-room."

Yes, she had been leaning against the door of No. 12—a number that corresponded to the key he carried in his hand—and as she moved he disappeared into the narrow uncomfortable closet, and deposited a gray shawl with sundry other highly respectable traveling equipments.

What a contrast he was to Doctor Shackelford, who stumbled over him as he made his way out again! The Doctor carried an eye-glass and ignored spectacles as elderly; but for some unadmitted reason he never followed a direct route, but meandered through a room, managing to come in contact with every stray article it contained. Margaret was watching his progress toward her in no very amiable mood, and could not help noticing the contrast presented by the two men: the Doctor's closely mown face, for instance, and the stranger's silken beard: the one tall, lithe, and graceful in carriage; the other short, angular, not to say stiff, in every movement.

It was but natural that, with such an introduction, Miss Bell remembered the face perfectly when she saw it again at the breakfast-table, and noticed, with some little curiosity, the name conspicuously painted on the canvas-covered trunk claimed by him on their arrival at Fernandina. F. Howland was not inelegant, and the well-beloved "N. Y." that followed it was recognized with the interest that only travelers can know for their far-off homes. She felt terribly unprotected and disconsolate that morning. The captain had just told her that they had missed the train for Jacksonville, and must stay at this uninviting spot for twenty-four hours; her mother was feebler than usual, from the inevitable *mal de mer;* and she had passed a feverish night herself, thinking of the small white face laid on the pillow beneath her, and hearing the restless movements that betokened sleeplessness. The dim lamp just revealed the involutions of the life preserver above her. What if there should be an accident? how lonely and helpless they should be, in peril that of itself made all men selfish! Or, at best, if this last hope, a Southern winter, did not restore her mother, what was to become of her, without a single near tie in life? The close, grave-like berth, and the monotonous wash of the waves as they plowed through them, stimulated her ever-active imagination to picture and live through a year of agony. She saw the thin lines

of that dear face fade and sharpen; she heard the hoarse cough that startled her now, deepen into hopelessness; and felt the slow grasp of death steal on silently, till she turned, with a start and chill, to find how her fears had mocked her.

Mrs. Bell did not dream of these tormenting fears, or see how Margaret shrank, till the last moment, from going to look after their baggage. She so dreaded those arrivals and departures, which her mother looked upon with all tranquillity, sitting quite still until Margaret told her it was time to go, and then walking ashore or on deck, as the case might be, without a moment's concern as to minor arrangements. Margaret had always stood between her and any encounter with outside forces; she had done so since her father's death, though only sixteen when it had occurred. She was like her father, reliable, thoughtful—a little proud and reserved perhaps; but her mother never knew of the heart-sinking with which she went forward to clear a path for the frail invalid. It came over her that morning at Fernandina: how well she remembered standing in the hot glare of that Southern sun, in the midst of a motley throng, gentlemen passengers, negro hands, and the loungers about the wharf, who had already made their way to the deck of the *Gordon!* Mrs. Bell had been advised by so many kind friends as to her needs in a Florida campaign that her baggage had increased alarmingly since leaving home; but all was found at last, not before Margaret had been overheated, rudely scanned by the consignees of sundry boxes and bags which had endangered her safety, and jostled by the boat hands, who trundled about their drays in a heedless and distracted manner peculiar to the Southern negro.

All this was recalled by Mrs. Bell's remark as the stage, which had contracted to deliver them and their luggage at the door of the Emerald Spring Hotel, moved heavily through the sandy road. Margaret had ceased to look up to the feathery pine tops, and had traveled back in thought to the forlorn day at Fernandina, and remembered what a relief it was to find that Mr. Howland's trunk was piled up with their own in the hall: if any extremity came, there was a fellow-townsman at hand, a gentleman that she was certain of, to call upon. And the extremity overtook them, not there, but in the next day's travel, when her mother was so worn out, and the unexpected detention at Baldwin made Margaret feel quite wild with responsibility, so far from a physician, or even the bare comforts of life.

It was not much, to be sure; but Mr. Howland's prompt offer of assistance, his knowledge of the route, which he had passed over before, and his evident good-will had impressed Mrs. Bell most favorably. Margaret would not have cared to confess the despondency and disappointment that came over her when she saw him borne away by another train, their routes separating then and there.

"That is the worst of traveling," remarked Mrs. Bell, after a lengthened meditation. It was her peculiarity to follow a train of thought in her own mind and presently give utterance to some conclusion, expecting other people to understand the foregoing reasoning or reflections perfectly.

"Not knowing whether we shall be able to find rooms?" suggested Margaret, out of the depths of her own past experiences and present uneasiness.

"Oh, no; we always do seem to find them, somehow. I think we have been very fortunate in that respect; but meeting people, pleasant people, and losing sight of them so soon. I was thinking of that young man you knew, Mr. Aspinwall."

"Mr. Howland, you mean?"

"Oh, yes; those two names always get confused in my mind, I have seen them so often on your father's books and papers. There was another Mr. Howland, a distant connection of that firm. I have just happened to think of him. I met him at Saratoga the year before I was engaged to your father, and was quite pleased with him; indeed, if it had not been for having met with your father at Albany the winter before, there's no knowing what might have happened. I heard afterward that he was a widower, with one child, but I never would believe it."

"I detest widowers!" Margaret was thinking of Doctor Shackelford again, and of a certain Mr. Borden, with his four small children.

"I wonder whether the hotel will be full; perhaps the driver can tell us." Mrs. Bell came back to the unromantic present. "I think you had better inquire." So Margaret lifted up her voice so as to be heard above the crashing of the wheels and the driver's animated encouragement of his horses. He thought it was doubtful, but could not tell. Now and then it was full, and then again room was plenty; information quite as definite as one need look for in Florida.

"I hope it is not much farther, at all events;" and Mrs. Bell gave a little sigh of fatigue.

"Why, I think we are having a delightful ride; I am not in the least hurry to arrive."

There was the rest, to be sure, if rooms could be had, and the beds were tolerably comfortable; but before that there was the interview with a strange landlord—a tiresome battle in words for the comforts that were absolutely necessary to her mother—encountering a set of strange faces, not one of which she had ever seen before or felt the least interest in: all the dreariness incident to a new arrival, and which Mrs. Bell knew very little of. Margaret always found out the names of people for her, and told her who were pleasant, and who to avoid. The gentlemen never looked after *her* curiously, if she happened to cross the piazza or dining-room alone; and the ladies found nothing in Mrs. Bell to call forth rivalry or—shall we say it?—spite.

As to the present, it was very agreeable; a large roomy vehicle quite to themselves, an exquisitely blue sky overhead—so different from the murkiness they had left at Jacksonville. The

road wound down through hummocks of wonderful beauty, where trailing garlands of yellow jessamine swept within their reach, and great clumps of pink and white azalea scented the air, then out again, through stately pine woods or along strangely desolate tracts, where the dead monarchs of the forest had been gently draped by mantles of gray moss. Each change had its own peculiar interest, and the charm of novelty was over all.

Margaret was beginning to think there might be some just claim to the name of "Florida" after all, as she recognized shy violets lifting up their sweet faces in the sere grass, and drank in the perfume of the garlands that swung their golden bells of incense on the perfumed air. The whole ride had been exhilarating; and there was the place of their destination at last. Not the unpainted wooden barrack she had pictured, but a large, many-pillared house gleaming through the trees, with a promise of neatness and comfort altogether unlooked for. She put down her vail and busied herself with her packages as they drew up before the door; for there was the usual crowd of gentlemen on the piazza to see them alight, and she prepared to make as desperate a rush past rank and file as propriety would admit. The landlord assisted her mother with unusual courtesy, and Margaret was following them up the steps ladened with such parcels as could not be trusted to the servants, when she encountered at least one person that she had seen before. It was Mr. Howland's pleasant face that looked out from under the broad felt hat, a little fuller and more sunburned, but still the same friendly countenance, and all the more remarkable from their late conversation.

Margaret was startled into a very warm recognition, so much so that she felt provoked at herself the next instant; for, after all, they knew nothing about him, except that he came from their own city and had very kindly appeared in their behalf at Baldwin, where ten minutes' conversation at the very most had taken place, and that chiefly directed to her mother. However, the loungers on the piazza saw it, and set them down as old acquaintances; so did the landlord, who proceeded to assign them seats at the table exactly opposite to Mr. Howland's. So did the ladies, who were, of course, politely unconscious of their presence while they waited five minutes in the parlor, and discussed every feature, gesture, and article of clothing the moment they left it.

Perhaps Mr. Howland noticed it; if so, he did not make any allusion to the circumstance in his communing with that devoted confidant—himself—while making his toilet for dinner, but he certainly took more interest in turning down his collar than he had done since his arrival, five days before, and hunted to the very bottom of his trunk for a new neck-tie, which he proceeded to arrange with remarkable precision. There was a little murmur of voices in the next apartment while he did so, which announced to him that the new arrivals had been placed there; very indistinct, but really companionable, and the tones could be readily distinguished—now a low, rather questioning voice, and then a cheerful, assuring utterance, that marked the mother and daughter, all unconscious of their neighborhood. Mr. Howland took up a book he had been reading with unusual interest earlier in the day, and sat down by the window after giving his dark hair a final stroke, but somehow his mind wandered from it — not drawn away by the hoarse screaming of the gaudy flock of parrakeets that fluttered near the house, or the delicious gush of music his favorite mocking-bird sent forth from the stunted pine, but unconsciously noting the steps and voices, the opening and shutting of drawers and trunks in the next room, that already made the lonely corridor homelike and cheerful. It was certainly very odd that they should meet again in this out-of-the-way place. Mr. Howland took a retrospect, much as Margaret had done earlier in the day. He noticed her first on the boat as he came up the cabin searching for his state-room, and thought what a stately air she had, for all she was not too tall to be womanly. He supposed Colonel Miller was her father then, and when he found the ladies were quite unprotected next morning, longed to offer his services to Margaret, annoyed and disturbed as she was about the trunks. It was not quite by accident that his own went to the Wesley House; he had an undefined idea of being near them in case of emergency; though he did not even have a fair view of the younger lady till they were on their way to Baldwin. His seat was nearly opposite theirs in the small, uncomfortable cars, and he noticed what care Margaret took to arrange her mother's so that she should not suffer from the iron-bound framework.

Perhaps he noticed little things more than most men. Then, too, he had been amused at her vehement decision on the widower question the night he first saw her; and he liked the cheerful tone in which she always spoke to her mother, as if it were a habit to make the best of every thing, and not go through life fretting and fault-finding as some women did.

There were no "illustrations" in the volume before him, but Mr. Howland saw very plainly a graceful figure in a Carmelite gray traveling dress and cloak, its plainness relieved by the delicately fresh border of a bonnet cap, with a blue velvet bandeau crossing the smoothly parted hair, and a ribbon of the same color tied under the oval chin. The lady's eyes were turned away, of course, or his own would not have lingered long enough to mark the dark and clearly-defined eyebrows and lashes; but they were gray, he was quite sure of that; gray eyes always belonged to that peculiarly rich complexion.

"Mrs. and *Miss* Bell" were recorded in the office books. Well! — and just then the dinner-bell dispelled all illuminations from the margin of "Myas Leigh;" and Mr. Howland walked into the dining-room to find, after a little time, the same face exactly opposite once more, look-

ing very fresh and bright, too, by contrast with its neighbors.

There was the usual variety one finds at similar places; nearly all the gentlemen thin, stooping, and hollow-eyed. There were a few exceptions, of course; those husbands and fathers that were in attendance upon an invalid wife or daughter; rare, however; for what husband ever considers a wife's claim paramount to business, unless loss stares him plainly in the face? Whereas when a man droops, the nursery and the household get on as they may; but he can not take the chances of a lingering recovery at home, or of a journey without that long-suffering appliance, a wife, to add to the comfort of his journey.

Mr. Howland, therefore, lost nothing by the present contrast — no more than he had done with Doctor Shackelford as back-ground; but his apparent robustness awakened the first emotion of curiosity Margaret had felt with regard to him. He could not be in pursuit of health, and business ventures were out of the question in this locality. She found that she was not alone in her questionings, when she began to fall into the ways of the house, and loiter a while in the parlor after meals, or by the beautiful spring after the daily draught of its healing waters.

The pale young lady in the purple morning dress, who was first to make advances toward the new arrivals, told her that they "had all been dying to know what kept him here;" and gave a significant look which Margaret did not choose to see, implying that her arrival had cleared up the doubts. "We were sure, Mr. Hunter—that's the landlord, you know—knew all along," added the purple morning dress, confidentially; "he always looked so mysterious when we asked him!"

Every one seemed to take their previous acquaintance for granted. The mother of the dyspeptic young lady, who seemed inclined to unite the business of life with its pleasures, and remained ever watchful of such stray ventures as might cross her path even here, inquired privately "the name of the firm," and whether she thought there was any truth in the rumor that an unhappy love affair had driven him to seek change of scene! Mrs. Packington — "Mrs. Augustus Packington, *not* Mrs. Anthony," as she emphatically informed Margaret — thought there might be a foundation for it, as he so seldom came into the parlor and seemed to avoid ladies' society. "But now that *you* have arrived, my dear, we shall hope to see more of him. What connection did I understand your mother to say there was?"

A very odd connection indeed Mrs. Bell had discovered in the course of a walk to the spring, at which they had encountered Mr. Howland, who very politely offered to show them a pleasanter path than the beaten track, ankle deep in sand, and most destructive to clean skirts. Mr. Howland proved to be the son of the Saratoga gentleman, and Mrs. Bell, looking back through the mists of twenty years, wondered that she had not discovered the likeness at once.

"Such a very remarkable coincidence, my dear!" Mrs. Bell said, turning back in the path to acquaint Margaret with it. "Only think! Mr. Howland came so very near to being my step-son!"

She had taken his arm, the better to ascend the little hill, and leaned on it with evident satisfaction; and quite naturally at that moment, Margaret, pushing her way through tangled blackberry bushes and varnished evergreens, looked up at them, scarcely knowing whether to be vexed or amused; but she thought to herself that she wished she had such a brother to make a clear path for them, if it were only a step-brother, as Mr. Howland had threatened to be.

However, it broke down all remaining formality between them, Mrs. Bell accepting the young man's paternity as his credentials, entirely oblivious of his own personal career, and receiving the little attentions, which were always offered through her, quite as a matter of course. She found herself decidedly comfortable in her new quarters: there was a feeling of permanency she had not experienced since leaving home; she could unpack the various comforts and delicacies provided for the journey, which it had been impossible to do, of course, when they were most needed. After so many weeks of trunks and carpet bags she reveled in bureau drawers and pegs for her dresses. The landlord was uncommonly civil, and the chambermaid obliging. Mrs. Bell took to her knitting-pins, her naps, and mild parlor gossip quite as if she had been in the fashionable boarding-house, Irving Place, where she had lived since their own house had been given up. She disliked any great exertion; but fortunately Margaret did not mind walking alone in the least, and was so considerate as to take the long rambles on which her health and cheerfulness depended early in the day, before Mrs. Bell had finished her morning sleep and required Margaret's assistance at her toilet. It was very pleasant to find that loving face, flushed with air and exercise, bending over her when the dressing-bell rang, and she liked the wild flowers that brightened the room quite as well as if she had gathered them. How much the simple but ever-fresh vases added to the plainly-furnished, inelegant apartment! Mr. Howland thought so; the door was daily left wide open for ventilation when the room was not occupied—the fashion of the house—and he could not always strain his head about to look at the blank wall opposite. Perhaps he may be pardoned if he did really and intentionally glance in, having once caught sight of the little table between the windows, with its impromptu drapery of a blue and brown checkered shawl, the above-mentioned wild flowers, azaleas, jessamines, great tufts of elder flowers, and trailing tendrils of heart-leaved vines in the larger vase, while blue violets and some sprays of the flowering haw were placed by themselves in a straw-stained wine-glass. There were books piled about them—the Bible and devotional volumes. He could always distinguish that evening reading from any other

by its low resonant cadence, though even then, when all was so hushed, not the words. There was a certain little work-basket, manufactured of pine burrs and lined with blue silk, that made its appearance in the parlor every evening, as Mr. Howland had fallen into the way of doing—he knew that very well, to the pockets where the gold thimble was hidden away on one side and the ivory-clasped needle-book on the other.

Of course he did not stop to make this inventory, but he noted the home-like air Margaret drew around her every where; and more than that, he had seen one day two little bronze kid dressing-slippers lying carelessly together, as if their owner had slipped them off hurriedly; and though they were "only that, and nothing more," they made his heart beat quicker than it had done for many a day, and drew his eyes that way forever after: but he never found them there again.

He saw their owner—oh constantly—at every meal, always fresh and tidy in her toilet—no soiled fine dressing-gowns, or hastily-smoothed hair, no morning-dress at dinner-time: if the change were ever so simple; he had nothing else to occupy him, waiting, as he was, day after day, and he came to know Margaret's favorite collars and knots of ribbon, and to notice their presence or absence.

But what was he waiting for? It was a sad and touching errand, as Margaret strangely discovered in one of these very morning walks. There had been some arrivals the day before; among them, a gentleman that Mr. Howland recognized and had a long and earnest conversation with. Margaret noticed it; she could not well help it, as the occurrence was the chief theme of conversation in the parlor, where Mr. Howland and the stranger did not appear. They had driven off together at dusk toward a landing on the little river where small boats sometimes touched; and he came in late, after Margaret had retired to her room, and walked back and forth for a long, long time, as if something had disturbed him; she fell asleep, wondering whether he had received evil tidings.

There was no one but the servants astir when she went out for her walk the next morning. A solitary walk it was; for this habit was looked upon as marvelous and quite out of the way by all the other ladies, and indeed Mr. Howland was the only gentleman she had ever encountered before the breakfast bell. Time passed too heavily with most of them to desire to begin their "long, long weary days" a moment before it was positively necessary. It was a wild, peculiar landscape, turn which way she might: dark belts of pine-trees, impenetrable thickets where the land sloped into the rich alluvial swamp or hummock lands—deserted cabins of earlier settlers, perhaps once tenanted by those who came in the track of the army when these very woods sheltered the pitiless, treacherous Indian—long, lonely post-roads, hewn out by the advancing troops, or scarcely-distinguishable trails, leading to some rough farm-house or hunter's cabin.

Margaret followed these as fancy guided her, sometimes rewarded by a picturesque opening in the woods, where a little lake mirrored the blue sky with its fleecy clouds, or finding her advance suddenly barred by a dreary hollow covered with coarse grass and rushes, where a dark and dirty pool slowly filtered down into the earth again. But if there was only the fresh air and the solitude, the tall smooth shafts of the pine-trees, the wild flowers, and the birds, she always came home with renewed buoyancy of spirit and a more elastic tread.

There was one lonely spot that she had come upon a few days before which gave her the heart-ache whenever she remembered it: a little, unsheltered, uncared-for place of graves; the graves of strangers chiefly, who had died away from home, as some of the few headstones made plain; but even those that had been thus marked were trodden down by browsing cattle or sunken almost out of sight. There were no flowers there, no close clovery turf, only coarse weeds and brambles and the dead fringed leaves of the pine-trees overhead—loneliness, forgetfulness, decay, death in its saddest aspect.

And when she came near it that morning another tenant had been brought to this lonely resting-place; so she thought at first, and stood irresolutely hesitating to intrude on unknown sorrow, yet longing to pay the tribute of a stranger's sympathy to the stranger dead.

But it was a different errand that had brought the little group together at this early hour; they had come to remove one of those forgotten ones, to bear the dead to its own country and among its own kindred. The rude pine coffin was laid tenderly in a costly receptacle, while the soil was replaced in the tenantless grave. Margaret stood still and drew her breath quickly, for a familiar face stood out among the rest, and seemed chiefly busied in this last office of friendship or love—which might it be?

She saw him cut fresh, green boughs of cypress and pine, and place them carefully before the outer lid was closed—it was a tender thought thus to break the rude jar and jostle of careless hands—and whoever "his dead" might be, even if it was some one who had closed his heart to all other love, Margaret longed to add her freshly-gathered flowers. But she could not intrude; she could look no longer, for their task was almost ended, and her eyes were misty with tears—tears that were not all for those who had lain down to die away from friends—a yearning sadness had fallen from the shadow of their grief, and went heavily with her all that day.

The stranger was gone, and she heard them speak lightly of his errand. He had come for some friend who had died at Emerald Spring the year before; and now *her friend* would go: evidently it was this he had been waiting for. There would be a terrible blank without him; they had been thrown constantly together; and he was so companionable, never offering her the commonplace coin of compliment, or obtruding the little services he had rendered to her mother and her-

self. They did not even call forth the strictures of Mrs. Augustus Packington, the attentions were paid so quietly, and so quietly received. When Miss Packington played, Mr. Howland was always ready to turn the leaves for her, or join in the choruses of the glees and "popular melodies;" and she had noticed, with peculiar satisfaction, that he had never offered to do this for Miss Bell: on the contrary, he more frequently remained on the piazza, with his hat drawn down over his eyes, and his feet most indifferently elevated to the rail, contemplating the pine woods by moonlight. Then, too, on the last riding excursion, when they went to see the Twin Lakes, he did not ride in Margaret's neighborhood, but left her to the placid attentions of Mr. Loder—a discreet, middle-aged admirer, who had a mild asthmatic cough, and rather disliked a Northern winter than needed a Southern climate.

Mrs. Packington tried to cheer her young friend, in a very motherly and friendly manner, the day after the scene to which Margaret had been an unbidden witness. He had not appeared in the parlor for two evenings, and she gave him to understand, in the most flattering manner, that "Aurora, poor child, had felt deeply interested in the mournful event he had been called upon to pass through," and added many trying commonplaces on the uncertainty of human life. Indeed Mrs. Packington declared that the frailness of her own hold upon existence was ever present with her, and the thought of Aurora's future, so young, so unprotected, and so exposed to the schemes of fortune-hunters, was her chief trial. Mr. Howland looked toward this tender plant, who was at that moment dealing cards for Mr. Loder, her whist partner, with a meditated display of hand and arm; and as he did so remembered Mrs. Packington's weight, when last the inmates of the hotel had passed a cheerful hour in endeavoring to believe that they had gained innumerable pounds since their arrival—a favorite source of amusement through the entire region peopled by Northern invalids.

A hundred and eighty-four conveyed no suggestion of frailness to his mind, nor did he connect the ideas of extreme youth and inexperience with the daughter. Margaret knew very well what brought the light to his eyes as they sought hers—just such a smile as the one she had first seen in them. The blue-lined work-basket stood there, and quite unconsciously Mr. Howland began to inspect its contents, as Mrs. Packington was called off to make up another rubber.

"I can scarcely believe it is two weeks since you came," he said, in rather an absent way, for there was nothing at the moment to suggest it. "I have been here three, almost; I should have been miserable when I first came at the idea of such a detention."

He did not say that it has proved otherwise than miserable; yet while he sat there, deepening the lines in the little ball of white wax he had abstracted from the basket, he did not look very much *ennuied.*

"I am going to ask a special kindness of you and of your good mother. She has trusted me so far that I may be over-bold; but I am going home, and New York is a wide place: I may lose my friends altogether there. You know children are always indulged on the eve of being sent from home, and I want to take that ride once more to the Twin Lakes. Will you go with me? Will your mother allow it if you will?"

It was not such an overpowering kindness that he asked. He had driven Miss Packington to the wild-orange grove three days before, and Margaret had shared Mr. Loder's buggy on two several occasions. Where the only vehicles were one-seated wagons that precluded the possibility of a driver, ladies must either take the reins themselves, or accept such friendly invitations as the custom of the place made quite consistent with propriety. Mrs. Bell saw no possible objection, and rather urged Margaret to accept it, not that her daughter needed any great amount of persuasion; and indeed her first morning thought next day was sent toward the sky, as if it ever stormed in Florida. There had not been so much as a shower since their arrival; but the wind was fresher than usual when afternoon came, and Mrs. Bell insisted that Margaret should wear the gray traveling dress, and take a shawl with her.

Mr. Howland had thought of the shawl. As Mrs. Bell had often said, he was the most considerate *young* man she had ever seen, and must have been brought up with sisters—he seemed to remember every thing. He had spread his own plaid on the seat of the unromantic-looking vehicle, and stood waiting for Margaret when Mrs. Bell and her daughter appeared on the piazza. There was quite a little crowd to see them off; any thing was an event in this out-of-the-way, inland watering-place.

Mrs. Packington leaned over the railing of the upper piazza, and bid Margaret take good care of herself; the fair Aurora beamed forth from under a bewitching garden hat, and kissed her hand—to Margaret, of course, as Mr. Howland handed her in. Mr. Colburn and Mr. Bassford, who were always smoking at the door of their room, exchanged opinions on the forlorn steed, that stood hanging down his guilty head as if aware of his lack of speed and symmetry; and Mr. Loder walked off rather disconsolately, for he had depended on driving out Miss Bell himself in the only other conveyance that the hotel could boast.

It was a delicious afternoon, all the more balmy for recalling, as they did, the frost and, possibly, snow that at this very time reigned in the atmosphere at home. The sky so deeply blue—the breath of the wild flowers ladened the air. Even the little burial-place seemed "to wear to-day its sunniest side," and Margaret saw that Mr. Howland looked earnestly that way as they passed it. She had been so buoyant before, she had almost forgotten yesterday's heaviness.

"I did not tell you about my friend," he said,

as he urged the lagging steps of their "red roan." "I found from Mrs. Packington last evening that my errand here was known. Poor fellow, it was all we could do for him!"

"Poor fellow!" Margaret did not respond to the little sigh with which this was said. She felt unconsciously relieved.

"I thought the gentleman who left us yesterday had come for his sister."

"Oh no, it was his brother, my dearest college friend. I came South with him last year, though I had to leave him here alone; but I promised to see him laid by his mother. To-morrow I must follow them North. Mr. Powell should have been here two weeks ago, but sickness detained him. They are a doomed family."

It was a passing cloud to the brightness of their day; and this trait of fidelity only deepened the interest with which Margaret had come to regard her fellow-traveler. Ah, if Dr. Shackelford had shown such generous, kindly traits! She looked no further that way. She was not ready to give an account of herself. It was the last day she should have this pleasant friend near her—the first hour in which they had not been subject to constant supervision and interruptions—and she meant to enjoy it as much as possible.

Their road lay through a desolate tract just then, a long reach which had been burned for pasture land; the charred and blackened trees gave no shade, the sere grass had gone down like tinder, and the coarse-jointed roots of the saw palmetto, with the spreading fan-like leaves, stood out like gigantic snails creeping and mining every where; then out among bleached and skeleton pines, with their Druid robes of moss, and so to the borders of the Island Lake, a fair, wondrously clear sheet of water rippled by the fresh breeze into a diamond brightness, quivering and sparkling as if sown with myriad brilliants where the bright sunlight touched it. It was almost a magical change from the dreary barrenness they had passed through. The shores sloped gently upward into grassy knolls, and young oaks, and pines with their fresh foliage, clasped it in an emerald setting. It was so very lovely that neither of them cared to call it beautiful, as they slowly skirted the lake.

Mr. Howland had lapsed into a mood as dreamily enchanting as the scene before him. It was transported to a milder climate, a less burning sun; a fair and stately mansion gleamed through the trees on the highest bank; a pleasure-boat, with white sails unfurled, rocked idly on the water; he heard the laughter of little children at their play on the smooth lawn that sloped to the water's edge; he saw a white-robed figure looking wistfully out for him, as he hastened to the Paradise of Home, after the chagrins, the disappointments, the fatigues of the day! And the eyes that brightened when they meet him—ah, they were very like those into which he looked a moment after, to see them change and falter for the first time beneath his own.

And then they rode silently along till the Island Lake was left behind, and they had passed a residence far less picturesque than Mr. Howland's *chateau en Espagne*. The rude cabin of a settler, with the rough fence of logs, inclosing a homely garden ground, and beyond a "clearing," which was by no means clear, since he had but burned the foliage and outgrowth from the present trees to plant his first crop, and girdled the giant trunks in the wood beyond with a white, death-like wound from which the rich life already wasted. The settler had his helps to Paradise also: two little flaxen-headed urchins ran out to stare at the infrequent sight of a passing vehicle, and the Eve of the picture came and stood in the door, bidding them "make their manners" to the strangers.

After all, life is much the same in cabin and villa, in what goes to make up its dearest happiness.

It made them smile, this very thought coming to one at least, and broke the spell of enchantment the lake had thrown over them.

"We leave the main road here," Mr. Howland said. "I remember this cabin—the peach-trees were in blossom, you recollect, and those great tufts of elder-flowers you admired so, and how well they looked in your hair! I must depend on your good memory a little, for the track was very slight, and I gave myself up to Mr. Loder's piloting."

Margaret remembered the cabin and the elder-flowers, but thought the turn into the woods was not quite yet; and Mr. Howland accepted her judgment for the next half mile, where a very decided trail led toward the heart of the woods. It was broad and easily followed for a while—a rough, time-wasting track, making long curves to avoid fallen trees which no one ever thought of removing, and then stretching away to a very unnecessary and unlooked-for angle. But the dense shade was very pleasant after the hot glare of the sun, and Margaret discovered mistletoe high up among the slender oaks that had strayed away and been almost lost among the pines; and then there were the young pines themselves, with their straight white shoots of spring growth, "like tapers on a Christmas-tree," Margaret said: perhaps the mistletoe suggested the comparison. Such pleasant glades, too; where there was really a turf and delicate spring foliage, and such an abundance of violets that they gathered great handfuls and bound them with white star-like flowers, and the pink bells of the tight-eye, clustering buds of the crimson Judas-tree, and blue lilies by the water-courses that crossed their path. Now and then they thought they caught a gleam of the lakes they were in search of; but busied with the flowers, or watching the graceful flight of some snow-white solitary crane, they forgot how the hours flew by, or to wonder that they did not reach it, until forced to pause and consider "their ways and their doings."

"We have missed some way-mark, surely; the road can not go through this hummock—it is too dense; we might as well try to penetrate a cane-brake!"

Mr. Howland looked perplexed, and Margaret tried to remember; but every thing was unfamiliar around them, and they had certainly lost the trail. Half an hour or more went by before they could find a clew to skirt the dense swamp that had arrested them. Margaret began to feel alarmed; but they could not be very far from the hotel, at all events, even if they abandoned their first purpose, which she proposed. It was easier to go forward, rough as their progress had become. Mr. Howland was self-convicted of carelessness, and he knew very well how difficult it would be to retrace their way. The wood must end somewhere; they should soon strike the shore of the lake now; and then they came out on the open post-road. Margaret was reassured, and thought she saw the gleam of water through the trees; and so she did, but it proved to be a pond neither of them recognized, and even Mr. Howland was dismayed. Not that he allowed her to see it. He still talked cheerfully of "their little adventure," and pointed out quite a distinct track skirting the shore of the pond. They had followed such trails before, to find them end in some partial clearing where wood had been cut for charcoal-burners, or crossed in the most confusing way by other tracks, but this promised better things; he was determined that it should, and pushed on bravely. The strange, solitary cry of the crane sounded drearily enough now in this unbroken solitude, so new in Margaret's experience, and of itself depressing. She looked out eagerly for some trace of human habitation—some mill, some settler's cabin, the hut of a negro, who could have directed them—but she only saw by the denser shadows that the sun was sinking, and the swift darkness of a Southern evening was rushing down upon them. She tried to smile and talk with unconcern, and of indifferent topics; but if the road was so difficult and uncertain now, how utterly hopeless in the darkness? And she saw her mother already watching for her return, and growing frenzied, perhaps, if the night went on and they did not come.

But there was hope at hand—the rough walls of a cabin in the distance. It was a greater relief than either of them owned; a long way off, but still a landmark toward which they turned, certain now of guidance. They could see the well, with its roughly-hewn cattle-trough, the garden inclosure, the sheds, the open door; but no gleam of fire on the hearth or shining through the unglazed windows, no low of kine, or quick barking of a dog—no stir, no movement about the house itself. The gate had fallen from its hinges; a shattered pine-tree lay rotting into fragments by the very door. It was years since a footstep had crossed the threshold.

They had come upon one of the many deserted cabins they had remarked scattered all through the country, and already a murky twilight made every object indistinct. They both felt it on the instant, and Margaret proved the braver of the two.

"It is better than the open woods," she said, quietly; "it is quite dark now. I must trust to my brother's care. You were to have been my brother once, you know."

"Oh, thank you—I have been so distressed! You see how impossible it is to go on; how dangerous, with those innumerable sinks and ponds. You do not know how much I thank you for your brave confidence!"

Knowing all Margaret's anxiety for her mother, and feeling for her the manifold annoyances of the position his own lack of care had placed her in, this absence of complaint or murmur touched him deeply: he had expected to bear the sight of her distress and soothe it as best he might, but he found her quiet decision upholding him instead.

"It is worst for mamma; but I believe she will be helped to wait patiently. Perhaps they will send to look for us."

Mr. Howland caught at this hope.

"You are a brave, good girl!" he said, as she sprang lightly to the ground; and then they both put away all uncomfortable thoughts, so far as expression could go. There was a certain excitement, when they had accepted their position, in inspecting their new quarters. Margaret explored them—while Mr. Howland sheltered the tired horse and removed all that could be taken from the vehicle—and met him at the door with the welcome of a hostess.

"I have made a grand discovery;" and she held up two dry-looking biscuit. "Only a fortnight old," she said. "You will think me careless enough when I tell you they are the remains of mamma's luncheon on the road, but my bag was filled past crowding with odds and ends, and the dress has not been on since."

It suggested a similar exploration of the deep pockets of Mr. Howland's shooting-jacket. A box of matches and two cigars afforded most cheerful prospects. There was the empty fire-place, and fuel in plenty at the door. Mr. Howland went out to gather it, and, when he had done so, cut an armful of stout palmetto leaves to carpet their dwelling, in emulation of the rush-strewn floors of olden time. Then the lightwood fire sprang up with its cheerful glow, lighting every crevice of the low room, and throwing a dusky brightness over Margaret as she arranged the shawls and cushions on either side of the hearth—at once a lamp and beacon for the benighted travelers.

They could laugh merrily by the time the blaze danced up, and an ample supply of fuel was piled near it, complimenting each other on their mutual handiwork and their comfortable prospects, eating the dry biscuit with a relish; and then Margaret begged Mr. Howland to light his cigar, and make himself as comfortable as circumstances would admit. They talked away cheerfully for some time, till the fire died down, and dusky shadows stole in to keep them company. Not till then had Margaret allowed a thought of maidenly feeling to trouble her; but the evening was already far advanced, and all hope of rescue seemed dying down with the fire.

She looked across the hearth to Mr. Howland

as he stooped to replenish it. The light flashed up again upon the dark wavy curls, that he tossed back with a quick, boyish gesture.

"You are quite sure that my cigar does not annoy you?" he said, noticing that she watched him.

"Oh no; it is so pleasant, so home-like!" she added, unaware, only bent on making him feel that she was not unhappy.

It was a pleasant picture, for all their rude surroundings. Mr. Howland thought he had never seen Margaret so lovely as she looked just then, seated on the low cushion in the fire-light, the soft bands of hair pushed back carelessly behind her ears, as she often did when weary. There was something home-like about that too, and it quickened both speech and pulse.

"I am glad it seems so to you; it has been so all the evening with me—all the evening. It is a long time since I have been alone by the fire-light with any one I cared for; and *you know* I care for you."

If she had not felt it before she could see it then in the earnest—but could it be mournful?—look with which he regarded her. If he *did* love her, was there any thing to come between them?

He had read her questioning look aright.

"Margaret—you are my sister, you know. I have never told you that I once had a fireside of my own."

Her heart sank down, down like lead; then throbbed again, with a new, fierce pang of jealousy. All that afternoon, since they passed the lake, he had seemed so near to her, and had grown more dear from the moment her eyes had seen in his that he loved her.

She would not believe him less honorable even in that moment of horrible doubt. But she had lost him; he had seen some other face in hers all that evening; and she—God help her!—cared for none but his. She pressed her hands tightly together, and felt her lips stiff and parched as she tried to speak to him naturally.

"No, you did not tell me."

"But it has been on my mind very often. I wanted to speak to you of it before. I loved you when I thought of you as a pleasant friend. I did not mean you should hear it to-night, or to say what I have just said—but could I help it? You know I could not; you will believe me and forgive me. I must not lose you now—shall I tell you all?"

She motioned assent. Her head was bent down, and she sat looking straight into the fire-light. She had heard, yet did not hear, that he loved her; she felt clearly enough that in some inexplicable manner she had lost him.

"I was married five years ago—I am only twenty-five now—married and buried the gentlest child that ever claimed care or succor. I told you the family was doomed. I knew then she would die, and I found she loved me; and they all hoped that if I took her to a milder climate she might recover. Do you see?"

"I am listening;" but her voice sounded strange and harsh, even to herself, as she said it.

"But you do not understand that it was pity and sympathy, not love? Not this love that I have for you. I could have been her brother, Margaret; I never could be yours; but I thank you for calling me so to-night. I *will* try to be your brother, if that is all I may be;" and his tone softened again to a pleading humbleness.

It was a blind, vehement struggle that made his listener dumb. She loved him, yes, yes, more with every impassioned tone—all the more that he had forgotten self in trying to save the sister of his friend; but could she take it upon her to sit near him as his wife, feeling that his arm had once encircled another? Could she rest her head peacefully where another's had been pillowed? Could she be content to share his devotion with a Memory and a Regret? She could not answer for herself.

"I have thought of the first words I ever heard you speak, so many, many times: but lately I have trusted to your lofty nature. You are so proud, Margaret, that I have doubted whether you could stoop to hear the world say that you had taken a second place, even though you knew, and believed, as you do, you must, at this very moment, that no woman has ever been to me what you might be, what you are, and ever will be!"

He rose up and leaned against the low mantle as he said this, looking down at her bowed head with a yearning, unutterable tenderness.

"If you only knew that the lack of more than brotherly love in my heart toward her had awakened and deepened and purified that which I recognized for you. Oh, Margaret! Margaret!"

The words "drew her face up like a call." The unworthy contest was ended, the doubting spirit cast out.

"You have had a dear sister; I will try and love her too. Tell me more of her, poor child!"

It quieted them both to turn to that frail, faded life, and they talked on earnestly until far into the night; of her and of themselves, and of the mother to whom a son would be such a priceless treasure; talked until the moon rose up clear and silvery, flooding the dark pines and the dreary pool beside the cabin with silvery brightness. And then Margaret lay down tranquil and assured; for the one who watched before the door of the little cabin, too strangely happy for sleep, was henceforth of right her guardian. Not even a kiss of betrothal had sealed their compact—a benediction holier than that, an evening prayer in the low voice he had so often listened to, invoking peace for the anxious heart that waited for them, and for themselves, that they might "love unto the end." It was his thought and wish; and though Margaret's voice faltered at first, it seemed quite right, and as it should be, to kneel with her hand clasped in his.

There was an earlier breakfast than usual at the Emerald Spring Hotel; for the party that had been out all night searching for the missing pair came in nearly famished, especially Mr. Loder, who had been the first to discover the red light through the unglazed windows, at almost

the same moment that he came upon Mr. Howland, unromantically employed in gathering lightwood by moonlight to feed their beacon. Mr. Bassford repeated, for Mrs. Packington's benefit, the eleventh time, how quietly Miss Bell was sleeping, wrapped in two blanket shawls, with her head on the leathern cushions of the buggy; and expressed his opinion that she had "the right kind of pluck."

Mrs. Packington was as charitable and lenient in her views as one lady usually is of another's conduct, where there is the slightest rivalry existing; but she took good care that her remarks should not reach Margaret's ears. It furnished conversation for the remainder of the winter; being detailed to all new arrivals, when Miss Bell was *not* in the room, how they had looked and looked for them, until ten o'clock, Mrs. Bell almost going distracted, before the gentlemen went out in search, and then had fallen asleep, lying in her wrapper on the outside of the bed, and not hearing a sound till Miss Bell came into the room at daylight! The heavy sleep of exhaustion, poor lady! but a blessed one to her.

Indeed it was Mrs. Packington's favorite story, the past season in Havana, where she has been with her son-in-law, Mr. Loder. Nearly every inmate of Mrs. Almy's was made familiar with the romantic tale, which they will doubtless recognize in our simple history.

"They were married in the fall at St. Bartholomew's, just before we left, quite privately; nothing to be compared to my daughter's wedding," Mrs. Packington always says. "It astonished some of her friends very much, I assure you. Not but the young man was highly respectable, and quite well-off, I believe; but nobody ever supposed Margaret Bell would have married a widower!"

But it would not make Margaret's cheek flush even if she heard it. She has conquered all unworthiness; and as she sits this fair summer day, with the blue-lined work-basket on the deep ledge of the window that overlooks the tranquil loveliness of her country home, there is a picture which her eyes often rest upon, among the chief ornaments of her tasteful morning-room. It is that of a young girl, almost a child, with large blue eyes, and an exquisite flush upon the fair cheeks, very lovely, but foreshadowing her doom.

There are no more dreary, unprotected journeys to disquiet her. None of them wish to travel now; not Mrs. Bell, who is perfectly restored, and very happy in having Mr. Howland for her son, after all; and certainly not Mr. Howland himself, who never cares to leave his home. "He knew how home-like Margaret would make it," he tells her; "for she always made every place seem so, even the cabin where they first went to housekeeping."

EATON'S BARBARY EXPEDITION.

CUBA, Mexico, and the Central American States lying upon and adjacent to our frontiers, have so much occupied the attention of the American people for the last few years, as to give rise to the impression that our intermeddling with the internal affairs of other states dates from the time when filibusterism commenced against these countries. We forget that soon after the formation of our Government, or nearly sixty years ago, we endeavored to help a despot, the other side of the Atlantic, to overthrow the usurper of his throne, and came very near reinstating him in power. For this purpose we furnished a commander-in-chief to the land forces, money, and a fleet. The fact that this extraordinary movement on the part of the United States resulted in comparatively nothing, and hence figures very little in our history, proves by no means the incapacity of those who had direct charge of it, or that the expedition itself was a failure. It was arrested by a pusillanimous Government in its triumphant progress, and a humiliating peace was made with the barbarous despot it was attempting to overthrow.

After the American in charge of the expedition had traversed six hundred miles of an unknown desert, and planted the stars and stripes on the second city of the kingdom he had invaded, and was about to thunder with his cannon at the prison-doors of American captives that awaited his coming, the Administration made peace by buying up its own seamen with gold, and treading under foot its solemn compact made with an exiled sovereign who had confided in its word.

The disputes which we had with the Barbary Powers at the commencement of the present century belong to history. The stranding of the ill-fated *Philadelphia* before Tripoli, and the capture of her gallant commander, Bainbridge, with his entire crew, and the brilliant exploit of Decatur afterward in driving the conquerors into the sea and burning the noble frigate under the very guns of the Tripolitan forts, are well known.

It is equally well known that WILLIAM EATON, of the Army, under sanction of the United States, organized an expedition in Egypt to avenge our wrongs and release these captives. Marching across the Lybian desert, he took Derne, the key of Tripoli, carrying consternation into the tyrant's palace at the capital; and here, on the very threshold of victory, was met by a civil commissioner, who consented to let the tyrant keep the crown he had usurped from his elder brother, and pay $60,000 for the release of American seamen.

This little piece of history made some noise at the time, but it was hushed up as quickly as possible. Had this occurred at the present day —thanks to the American press—it would have sunk the Administration of which it formed a part beyond plummet's sounding.

But though the expedition of Eaton is known

as a historic fact, a detailed and connected narrative of it has never been written. Yet, for energy, high courage, indomitable resolution, as well as for the scenery amidst which it was carried out, and the characters that formed it, it stands alone among the marvelous adventures and expeditions with which the American annals are crowded. Doniphan's famous march from California across the country to Mexico has been compared to Xenophon's renowned retreat, and it deserves all that has been said in praise of it. But it must be remembered that he led *Americans:* not merely men of judgment, intelligence, and resolution, but men who felt the necessity of discipline, and cheerfully yielded to it; while Eaton led an army of wild Arabs over an untrodden desert, and through barbaric tribes that had never before seen the face of a white man.*

William Eaton—a New England man—early entered the United States Army, in which he rose to the rank of captain. He afterward resigned his commission, and was appointed, in 1797, consul to Tunis. Besides attending to the ordinary duties of consul, he was authorized, in connection with the consuls of Algiers and Tripoli, to alter a treaty which a Frenchman by the name of Famin—acting as United States agent—had made with the Bey of Tunis. His conduct in the negotiations that followed reveal clearly the character of the man. Impetuous in his feelings, and chafing under the delays and deceptions of diplomacy, his actions were often intemperate and daring. He was of the Jackson type, scorning all diplomacy except the simple truth, and looked upon every mode of obtaining his country's rights beyond in a straightforward and manly one, as unworthy of an American officer. The wily Bey of Tunis and the base Famin did not know what to do with him. They saw the complicated webs they had so artfully woven, and which they deemed it would require so much skill and time to unravel, cut with the sword of the soldier. He told the amazed Bey to his face that he was betrayed, and made a fool of by his confidential adviser; he horsewhipped Famin in the public streets, and kicked an insolent Jew down stairs. The treacherous Bey could not understand this new style of diplomacy, and called him mad. Eaton was undoubtedly too passionate and irritable under provocation; but his errors in this respect were not half so injurious to our credit abroad as the timidity of the Government at home. After years of vexatious delays on the part of the Bey of Tunis, and irresolute action on that of the Administration, Eaton found his labors abruptly terminated by being recalled.

Tripoli in the mean time had declared war against the United States. The Bey was the younger brother of Hamet Bashaw, whom he had driven into exile, and whose throne he had usurped. Before Eaton's recall he had succeeded in rescuing Hamet from exile, who immediately began to organize a force with which to regain his dominions.

When Eaton reached the United States he took advantage of this state of things to urge on the Administration the policy of assisting the exiled Bashaw to recover his throne, on condition that he should release the nearly three hundred American seamen in prison, and ever after maintain good faith with the Government. A letter from Hamet himself to the President, offering to share the advantages of his recovered power with him, gave such weight to Eaton's proposals that it was decided to aid the dethroned Bashaw with necessary supplies, some field-artillery, a thousand stand of arms, and forty thousand dollars in cash as a loan. Eaton, under the general title of Agent for the several Barbary Powers, was to have charge of the expedition.

Before his departure, however, news came of great reverses to Hamet, compelling him to retire to Alexandria in Egypt. This so alarmed Mr. Gallatin that he advised the cabinet to abandon the expedition, and, instead of maintaining the rights of the country, to pay tribute to the piratical usurper for the release of the prisoners. Vacillation and delay followed; but Eaton, though unable to obtain any specific directions from the Administration, which wished not to be compromised in case of disaster, received permission to depart, and arrived in Malta in the early part of September, 1804.

The commander of the fleet in the Mediterranean was sorely puzzled to know what to do under the vague and contradictory directions brought by Eaton. The latter, however, with his accustomed energy, no sooner found himself on the field than he set to work to organize the expedition against Tripoli. He reached Alexandria in the latter part of October, and immediately set out for Cairo. He had with him two boats: in the advance one were Lieutenant O'Bannon of the Marines; Midshipman George Mann; his son-in-law, Eli Danielson; Mr. Farquahar; Selim, a janizary; Ali, a dragoman; and six servants, all fully armed. Captain Vinent, with about the same number, had charge of the second boat, which was mounted with two swivels, and carried a large number of muskets, pistols, and sabres.

The Nile was not at that time, as it is now, a highway for travelers; and this armed invasion of its sacred waters created the most profound astonishment, and, on one occasion, open hostility among the inhabitants. Reaching Cairo, Eaton found there Hamet's Secretary of State, and two of his ex-governors. From them he received the disheartening intelligence that Hamet, in sheer despair, had joined the Mamelukes. At first this seemed to render Eaton's contemplated expedition out of the question; for the Mamelukes were in rebellion against the viceroy of Egypt, without whose firman Hamet could not leave the country; and this it did not seem at all likely he would give. But Eaton was one of those few men whom unforeseen obstacles, in-

* The incidents of the following narrative are mostly derived from Eaton's Journal, and from his private letters and public dispatches and correspondence.

stead of dispiriting, arouses to greater exertion and resolution. By skillful management, he succeeded in winning over the viceroy to his friendship, and obtained from him a letter of amnesty, a passport, and safe-conduct to Hamet Bashaw.

The next difficulty was to get the Bashaw away from the Mamelukes. Having at last succeeded in this also, Eaton obtained an interview with him near the ancient Lake Moeris. It was a novel meeting, not only from the characters brought together, but from the strange region in which it occurred and the object it had in view. Eaton, with two American officers in full uniform, and an escort of twenty men, came forward on a gallop, and drew up before the wild encampment of Hamet. The latter was prepared for the proposals that were presented by the former in behalf of his Government; but when he made them known to the swarthy chieftains around him a murmur of disapprobation was heard. Those children of the desert could not understand why a Christian leader should come so far to lead their forces and help put their exiled monarch on his throne; and looked upon the whole movement with jealousy and suspicion. This was not surprising, for the strange spectacle of barbaric Moslems and enlightened Christians striking hands together in the deserts of Egypt for the purpose of placing a Mohammedan despot on his throne, and the blending of the crescent and the stars and stripes in a common cause in that wild land, might well have staggered more civilized heads than theirs. Eaton, however, with his accustomed energy and impetuous daring, overcame all obstacles. Articles of convention were drawn up and signed by him on behalf of the United States; the Bashaw having affixed his signature also, the alliance was completed, and measures were at once taken to organize the expedition. There were fourteen articles in this convention, of which the following were the ones of chief importance to Hamet:

"*Article* 2. The Government of the United States shall use their utmost exertions, so far as comports with their own honor and interest, their subsisting treaties, and the established law of nations, to re-establish the said Hamet Bashaw in the possession of his sovereignty of Tripoli against the pretensions of Joseph Bashaw, who obtained said sovereignty by treason, and who now holds it by usurpation, and who is engaged in actual war with the United States.

"*Article* 3. The United States shall, as circumstances may require, in addition to the operations they are carrying on by sea, furnish to said Hamet Bashaw, in loan, supplies of cash, ammunition, and provisions, and if necessity require, debarkation of troops also to aid and give effect to the said operations of said Hamet Bashaw by land against the common enemy," etc.

Eaton, having thus committed the flag of the young republic to the fortunes of this barbarian despot, endeavored to infuse into his Mohammedan ally some of his own energy, and succeeded so well that by March an army of 500 wild warriors were assembled near Alexandria ready to start. He could have raised one of 30,000, if he could have found subsistence for them in the inhospitable region he was to traverse; for he had taken the bold and novel resolution to march across the Libyan desert six hundred miles, and attack by land Derne, the city next in importance to Tripoli in the province, while the fleet should co-operate by sea. He had with him but nine Americans and some twenty-five Greek Christians and cannoniers, whom he proposed to keep as a nucleus, around which the Arab host should gather, and by which it should be held together.

On the 10th of March, 1805, with the crescent and the stars and stripes in front, the disorderly host set out on its extraordinary march. A hundred and seven camels, with asses and horses, carrying the provision and baggage and ammunition, made up, with the vast multitude of servants and camp-followers, an imposing caravan. The first day's march gave Eaton a foretaste of some of the difficulties he would be compelled to encounter in the attempt to carry that half-savage, wild, and lawless crowd across the Libyan desert. They had advanced but a few miles when the owners of the camels and horses mutinied, declaring they would proceed no farther unless paid in advance. Eaton applied to Hamet to restore subordination and compel the drivers to march forward; but the latter was irresolute, and did not dare to exhibit any authority, and, as the forenoon wore away, and the drivers still refused to stir, became low-spirited and desponding. Eaton, finding that he could not prevail on him to use any force, and that persuasions and promises were useless, ordered the drum to beat to arms, and, placing himself at the head of his little band of Christians, bade Hamet Bashaw farewell, telling him he must recover his throne without aid, as he should return to Alexandria. This had the effect intended. The drivers, finding that the expedition was to be abandoned altogether, and the engagement with them dissolved, immediately returned to their obedience, and promised to go on if Eaton would not desert them. After exhibiting a little well-assumed hesitation he at length yielded, and the march was resumed.

The next day they entered the desert. This vast and desolate tract—a thousand miles in length north and south, and six hundred miles wide from east to west—was then almost wholly unknown to the civilized world. Commencing in the interior at a considerable elevation, it descends in vast terraces of sand, divided by rocky ridges, to the shores of the Mediterranean. No far-off mountain skirts the horizon. Not a clump of trees relieves the dreary aspect of the burning plain the whole distance from Egypt to Derne.

The cavalry of this strange expedition was commanded by a chief named Chick-il-Tahib. The superb animals which composed it, with the picturesque yet fierce-looking riders, contrasted strangely with the firm, compact little knot of Americans around which it circled. The ample turbans, loose flowing robes, and disorderly movements of the one, and the close-fitting uniforms and exact military movements of the other,

were a perfect illustration of the different characters of the two races that now trod the desert side by side. Indeed every step of their progress revealed, in the strongest light, the strange extraordinary extremes that had met there on the Libyan sands. The Americans, when they pitched their tents at mid-day, or bivouacked at night, did it with the same precision and quiet order that they would have displayed in a regular campaign with disciplined troops; while the Arabs—warriors, drivers, and camp-followers—prepared their miscellaneous encampment with shouts and cries, and in all the confusion of a wandering tribe of savages.

With his eyes steadily fixed on the end of his expedition, and to give as great efficiency as possible to the little band about his person, on whom he knew the weight of the final struggle would come, Eaton, after the halt each day, had the drum beat for drill, and went through the evolutions prescribed by the manual, to the unbounded astonishment of the Arabs.

For three days after the mutiny was suppressed the march was uninterrupted, and on the last of these they made twenty-five miles by two o'clock in the afternoon, the whole distance being over desert plains and through long sandy valleys. The tents had been pitched for the mid-day halt, and the noise and confusion of the assembling tribes and closing caravan had given way to the quiet and repose of a Moslem noon, when Eaton's attention was called to a cloud of dust in the distance caused by a swift rider bearing directly down on the encampment. The chiefs sallied out to meet the new-comer, who brought the exciting intelligence that Derne, the city before which they expected to meet a determined resistance, had declared for Hamet Bashaw, and the governor, to save his life, had been compelled to shut himself up in the castle. In an instant the whole camp was in an uproar, and as the news flew from lip to lip a clamor arose and continued to swell till the desert shook with the wild joy. The chiefs mounted their steeds, and, amidst the discordant cries and tumultuous movements of the vast multitude, caracoled about, now charging with headlong fury, and again executing feats of daring horsemanship, to exhibit their joy at this unexpected good tidings. But before night another courier arrived, announcing, to their great chagrin, that the news was false. The unbounded joy and excitement of the army changed at once into corresponding gloom and despondency. Eaton, however, did not share in the general discouragement that followed, any more than he did in the enthusiasm that preceded it. Indeed, it is very doubtful, if the truth was known, if he was not rather displeased when he heard that the object of his expedition was accomplished without his help.

The next morning, at daybreak, he ordered the bugle to sound. The stirring blast echoed afar over the desert, and soon the long caravan was again in motion. After marching twenty-six miles through the sand they came to a rocky ravine, at the head of which they found water standing in cavities where it had been gathered from former rains. Here they encamped. But their tents were scarcely pitched, when a fierce, cold wind came sweeping over the desert, accompanied by a driving storm of rain. The night set in dark and gloomy, and passed wearily away. It was succeeded by a still wilder day. Low black clouds came rolling up over the plain; the wind increased to a tempest till the tents threatened to be swept away by its fury. The thunder shook the desert, the startling peals, seeming to come from below as well as above, bursting on every side, while the rain fell in floods. The day was turned into night, making this desolate region still more desolate. At length the descending torrents filled the ravine and inundated the entire encampment; so that in the midst of the pitiless storm they were compelled to break up and pitch their tents on higher ground. The encampment presented a sorry aspect in the blinding storm, and the day passed gloomily to all.

The second night was no better than the first. The tempest lulled before morning, but the rain continued. Eaton, however, resolved to march; and ordered the bugle to sound. But the Arabs, whose plotting heads had not been idle during this long halt, refused to stir unless they were paid. The whole forenoon was spent in expostulations and entreaties. But at length, by dint of lavish promises, Eaton prevailed on them to march.

After going twelve miles they encamped in another deep ravine. The next day they came to a vast valley filled with ruins, in the centre of which stood an old dilapidated castle that served, in its solitary grandeur, to enhance the desolation of the barren waste. There had once been in this plain a large city filled with a busy population; but now its ruins lay half-buried in the sands of the desert, and not a living soul broke the monotony of the scene. Here Eaton, to his surprise, learned for the first time that Hamet, expecting to encounter some friendly tribes on the way, had engaged the caravan no farther than this point, and, moreover, had not paid them one dollar. Of course the drivers would go no further without pay. He endeavored to persuade them to advance to Bomba, where he said he should find the ships, when he could pay them liberally; but they utterly refused to move, and said that as soon as they had eaten their dinner they should return to Egypt. He then promised to pay them himself for the distance they had already come if they would continue on for two days longer. He expected in that time to reach a friendly Arab tribe, which Hamet told him was not far in advance, and from which they could hire another caravan. To this they consented, and Eaton endeavored to raise the sum requisite to fulfill the contract made with them by Hamet. He took all his money and borrowed the residue from the Americans, $673 in all, and gave it to the Bashaw, telling him to pay the drivers. He did so; but the rascals—all but forty—having got the money, made off as

soon as it was dark, leaving the army without any means of transportation whatever. Even the forty that remained behind would not go on, and the next night they also decamped.

Eaton was now in a painful dilemma; for he could move neither backward nor forward without the means of transportation; and he asked the Bashaw what was to be done. The latter replied that he saw no other way but to stow the baggage in the deserted castle, and seek the protection of some friendly tribes. But the circumstances must be desperate indeed in which such a man as Eaton would abandon at once all hope from his own resources and courage, and look to chance or charity alone for succor. He refused to do any such thing.

In conversation with the other chieftains, and from information gathered by some of the officers, he soon ascertained that the drivers were not alone in this mutinous movement—that it was a conspiracy extending throughout the army. The chiefs had heard that the news of their approach had been received at Tripoli, and that eight hundred cavalry had been sent out to assist the garrison at Derne. Alarmed at this intelligence, they resolved to proceed no farther until they received positive information of the arrival of the American ships before the latter place.

As soon as Eaton had fully assured himself of this cowardly plot, and that it embraced the Bashaw as well as the subordinate chiefs, he made up his mind what to do. He knew that it would not do to repeat in the heart of the desert the ruse he had practiced on its edge. The threat to abandon the expedition, which then awakened alarm, would now be received with a laugh of incredulity. He therefore apparently retracted his decision, and fell in with the Bashaw's proposal, and ordered the baggage to be transported at once into the castle. The provisions he had from the first wisely kept under the sole charge of his little band of Christians, and subject to his direct control. These, always carefully guarded, were now still more closely watched, and as soon as the baggage was disposed of he gave directions to have them removed to the castle also.

When both were safe within the walls, and before the Arabs could comprehend his purpose, Eaton took possession of the castle with his handful of Christians, and at once stopped the rations of the entire army. He knew that the chieftains had power enough to compel the drivers to keep their agreement with him; and he therefore, as soon as he discovered the combination to force him to halt there in the desert until favorable news were received from Derne, determined to effect by starvation what he could not carry out by force. It was a bold movement; for although he and his handful of followers could hold the castle as long as the provisions lasted, when these failed they would be at the mercy of the Arabs. But he knew, also, that present necessities would plead louder with them than the desire for future revenge; and this sudden stoppage of provisions, together with the dead lock to which it brought the entire enterprise, would stagger the chieftains as well as their leader. He was not disappointed; Hamet and his followers were taken entirely aback by this counterplot. They supposed that they had Eaton entirely within their power, when they dropped him thus in the midst of the desert. If he had been less resolute and fearless they probably would have resorted to threats, but they knew too well the character of the man they were dealing with to attempt any such thing. They had penetrated two hundred miles without seeing a human habitation or track of man, and to a person of ordinary nerve the prospect was appalling enough. But Eaton looked at it without flinching, and the Arabs knew it. The courage and resolution exhibited in this fearless attitude, with only a handful of friends to back him, filled them with astonishment, and they yielded at once to his demands and sent after the drivers.

The next day fifty returned, and agreed to go on two days longer. Eaton then emerged from his castle, and taking down the American colors, which he had kept defiantly floating above the time-worn strong-hold, once more set forward with his motley host.

On the second day they had made but twelve miles, when they came upon the encampment of three tribes of Arabs, numbering in all some three or four thousand souls. Their white tents were scattered over an area twenty miles in diameter, sprinkled in between with herds of cattle, horses, and camels, innumerable. The enlivening spectacle extended as far as the eye could reach. It seemed, after the solitude and desolation of the desert, like suddenly coming to civilization. The strange flag, and the strange beings that bore it, created the most unbounded astonishment among these primitive tribes, none of whom had ever before seen the face of a white man. Eaton resolved to halt his army here till he could dispatch a courier to Bomba, where he supposed Captain Hull of the *Argus* to be waiting for his arrival on the sea-coast.

In the mean time Hamet's friends were busy among the Arabs, endeavoring to beat up recruits for the army. Their efforts were so successful that next day forty-seven tents were struck and moved over beside those of the army, and one hundred and fifty warriors swelled the ranks of the exiled monarch.

The next day, instead of news arriving from Captain Hull at Bomba, a courier came from Derne, saying that five hundred cavalry were marching on that place to defend it, and would be there before the Bashaw could possibly reach it. This disheartening intelligence spread like wild-fire throughout the encampment, and created such consternation that the camel-drivers mounted their animals and disappeared in the desert. The Bashaw was completely discouraged, and began to think of abandoning the effort to recover his throne. In this dilemma Eaton called a council of war, which assembled in his marquee. As the chiefs came in one after another and took their seats on the ground, Eaton saw by their dejected countenances that he could receive no

encouragement from them, and must fall back on himself or abandon the expedition. The latter alternative he had no idea of adopting; yet having called the council together he proceeded, through his interpreter, to ask the opinions of each chieftain. Chiek-il-Tahib, the commander of the cavalry, declared boldly that he would not stir another step till he heard from the fleet. No persuasions, expostulations, or promises could move the stubborn barbarian. Eaton, after exhausting every means in his power to make him change his purpose, at length lost all patience, and told him that he was false to his own pledged word and a coward to boot. This bitter taunt and accusation threw the chief into a tempest of passion, and, turning on his heel, he strode out of the tent, saying that the Christian would see his face no more. Mounting his horse, he galloped among his followers, and bade them follow him; part did so, and turned toward the desert.

The council being thus broken up in confusion, Eaton began to cast about him to see what step he should next take. The night that followed was an anxious one both to him and to the Bashaw; for the expedition seemed about to break up there in the heart of the desert. The morning, instead of bringing relief, only increased the perplexity; for Chiek-il-Tahib sent secret emissaries into camp, who created an insurrection; and by night half the army had struck their tents and started for Egypt.

The Bashaw, now thoroughly alarmed, hastened to Eaton, and begged him to dispatch a messenger to Chiek-il-Tahib, and implore him to come back. Eaton sent the messenger; but instead of instructing him to make the request asked by the Bashaw, bade him tell the chief that he, Eaton, had a rifle and a sabre, and the time might yet come when he could use them on him in chastisement of his present conduct. Instead of retorting on Eaton, the indignant chief sent his curses to the Bashaw and his Christian sovereigns, as he called them.

Notwithstanding this desertion, Eaton did not for a moment hesitate in his course, and next morning early ordered the march as usual. About noon a messenger came up from Chiek-il-Tahib, saying, that if the army would halt early he would join it. Eaton at once ordered a halt; and in about an hour and a half the Chief, with a chagrined look, came into camp. As he did so he remarked, in a half-deprecating, half-defiant tone, "You see what influence I have with my people."

"Yes," replied Eaton; "and I see also what a disgraceful use you make of it."

This difficulty being adjusted, the Bashaw's old fear of his brother's advancing forces again seized him, and he declared he would advance no further till he could hear from the fleet. Eaton's patience, never very remarkable, was getting quite exhausted, and he fiercely told the Bashaw to leave him if he wished; and, riding to the front, ordered the troops and baggage to advance. The Bashaw was at first confounded at this prompt action; but, instead of following, turned back to join the mutineers. Two hours later, however, he again joined Eaton, and, with true Eastern hypocrisy, complimented him on his firmness and decision, and said that he was compelled to appear to be undecided in order to keep control of his men.

After marching about twelve miles, a messenger galloped to the front, saying that all the Arabs who had joined them from the friendly tribes they had just left had decamped for Egypt. Hamet Bashaw immediately dispatched a general officer with a squad of horsemen to overtake them and persuade them to return. The night passing without their reappearance, it was determined to remain in camp till the return of the officer. About four o'clock the fugitives—some 200 in number—came riding into camp, hailed with loud shouts by their companions.

The next morning, early, Eaton started forward with his band of Christians, leaving the Bashaw to follow with the rest of the army. Before the latter got under way, a quarrel arose between his chief of cavalry and Chiek Mohammed about the distribution of some money the former had received. High words followed, threats were interchanged, and the dispute finally ended in the withdrawal of Mohammed with a part of the Arabs. Hamet entreated and implored him in vain not to leave him; and at last, finding all his efforts useless, he left an officer to expostulate with him, and followed on after Eaton.

The camp was pitched that evening at five o'clock, and immediately afterward Hamet, who was distressed beyond measure at the desertion of Mohammed, took horse and went back himself after him. The next morning, finding that he had not returned, Eaton resolved not to move forward, but wait in camp for him.

The expedition was now approaching the sea, the refreshing breeze from which revived the Americans after the stifling air of the desert. The morning was deliciously cool and grateful; but at noon angry clouds began to roll up the sky, their dark masses incessantly searched by the lightning, while the uninterrupted roll of thunder shook the heavens. This gathering of the elements was followed by a hurricane of wind and rain, before which the tents shook like reeds in the blast. In a short time the tempest passed by; and as Eaton sat in his marquee, listening to the sullen retiring uproar, he saw Chiek-il-Tahib and five other chieftains slowly approaching him. He knew at once by the expression of their countenances that it was not to be an ordinary visit of compliment and consultation. He, however, received them courteously, and was not long kept in suspense respecting their object; for the chief of cavalry abruptly and haughtily demanded an increase of rations. Eaton refused, and a sharp altercation ensued. The chief, exasperated, began to use threats, to which Eaton replied only with scorn. Irritated beyond control by the imperious bearing of this fearless American, Chiek at last burst forth: "Remember you are in the desert, and in a country not your own. I am a greater man here than either

you or the Bashaw." To be bearded thus by a barbarian in his own tent was too much for the hot blood of Eaton. Springing to his feet, and pointing to the entrance, he exclaimed, "Leave me! But mark, if I find a mutiny in my camp while the Bashaw is absent, I will put you to *instant death.*" The chief turned away with a fierce gesture, and, leaping into his saddle, disappeared in the desert. During the afternoon, however, he came back again quite humbled, and asked for a reconciliation, with true Eastern sycophancy.

The rain and storm had been followed by a cold, raw wind, which gave a chilling aspect to the desolate scenery, and shed additional gloom over the encampment. The night passed without any tidings from the Bashaw, and Eaton was in doubt whether to proceed or remain longer where he was, when the missing monarch made his appearance accompanied by Mohammed. The Bashaw had shown more energy in this volunteer undertaking of his than Eaton had before given him credit for. He had been two nights and a day in the saddle, riding all one night in a pouring rain, in the mean time eating nothing except some dates and milk, which the friendly Arabs on the route had given him.

That evening a grand council of all the chiefs was called at Eaton's tent to decide on some specific course of action. Eaton knew that these constant quarrels, mutinies, and desertions must cease, or the whole expedition be broken up. After they had all assembled he made them a speech, in which he explained their present position and his future expectations and prospects. He gained nothing by the council; for although, while the chiefs were in his presence, they assented to every thing he said, and promised every thing he required, they had not the slightest intention of being influenced by either in their future conduct. Peace, however, was restored for the present; and the next morning at daybreak the bugle roused the sleepers, and by six o'clock the disorderly host had packed their tents and were moving slowly over the sandy plain.

The army numbered now nearly seven hundred warriors. The camp-followers and drivers swelled the entire force to twelve hundred. These, with the long train of animals, made an imposing display as it moved across the desert, and presented as novel and extraordinary an array as ever pressed after the flag of the Republic. They had gone but ten miles when they pitched their camp for breakfast. This was meagre enough, for provisions were now getting low. The chiefs, becoming alarmed at this state of things, insisted on sending off a caravan into the desert after dates, and declared that they would go no farther without provisions. Eaton expostulated with them, telling them that the best course was to push on to Bomba, where they would find provisions in abundance. They refused to run any such risk; and he finally threatened, if they persisted in their refusal to march, to take the Christians and go to Bomba with them alone. The chiefs, to compromise matters, begged him to halt for a single day till they could get something to eat. To this request Eaton finally gave a reluctant consent, saying, as he did so, that if, after that, they delayed him any more, he would embark at Bomba on board of his ships, taking the Bashaw with him, and leave them to their fate.

In the mean time the caravan that was to go in pursuit of provisions started off, promising to join the army again at Bomba. The next three days the march was uninterrupted and nothing eventful occurred, except the marriage in camp of a girl of thirteen to an old man, the ceremony being accompanied by lascivious dances, merriment, and revelry, which served to keep the chiefs in good spirits for the remainder of the day. On the 6th of April Eaton pitched his camp within four miles of the sea-shore, and ninety miles from Bomba. The march of the last two days had been a severe one, for it had led directly across a barren desert, and for the last forty-two hours neither horses nor men had tasted a drop of water. When at last they reached a well, so intense was their thirst that they crowded around it like madmen, jostling each other fiercely aside in their eagerness to obtain a single swallow.

The next two days the army kept along the sea-shore, Eaton, with the American officers, moving in advance with their glasses to reconnoitre. On the 8th, after having rode far ahead, he stopped to await the approach of the army. Finding it did not arrive, he rode back, and to his astonishment found the camp pitched. On inquiring the reason of this, he was told that the troops were exhausted for want of food, and could march no farther without something to eat. On closer investigation, however, he ascertained the real reason to be that they wanted to send to Bomba to see if the ships had arrived there. Eaton replied that the only food that remained was six days' rations of rice; hence their only safety lay in pushing on as rapidly as possible. The Bashaw said it was useless to remonstrate, for the Arabs would not move. Eaton curtly replied they might starve then, as they liked that better, and stopped their rations altogether. This summary action, coming as it did in the midst of their distresses, threw the army into a state of excitement bordering on open rebellion. The chiefs gathered in angry groups, and pointed threateningly toward Eaton's tent, over which the stars and stripes floated defiantly; while the hungry Arabs only waited the signal to rise on the Americans, murder them, and, seizing the provisions, seek safety in the desert.

The day passed tumultuously; the Bashaw and his chiefs were in a state of the highest excitement, while Eaton sat in his tent, if not cool and indifferent, at least dogged and savage. An explosion seemed inevitable. What destructive form or direction it would take Eaton and the American officers could not tell, and seemed not to care. Their patience had become completely exhausted at the treachery, falsehood, and childish peevishness of their allies, and they were now ready for whatever might happen. Awed by the

imperturbable coolness and quiet scorn of this little band of officers, the chiefs dared not propose force and seize the provisions. So at three o'clock in the afternoon they compelled the Bashaw to pack, mount, and depart with them, leaving Eaton to his fate. They thought this movement would wring some concession or proposition from him. But he looked quietly on, without saying a word. He had played that game on the Bashaw too successfully to become a victim of it himself. Maddened at this continued cool contempt, the chiefs finally made a movement as if to *seize* the provisions. This broke the spell of Eaton's apparent indifference. His countenance changed instantly. His hitherto quiet, scornful eye shot forth fire, as, springing to his feet, he shouted out the order to beat to arms. The rapid roll of the drum brought his little disciplined band of twenty instantly to his side. Hastily forming them in a line in front of the baggage tents, he sternly awaited the further action of the Bashaw and the chiefs. These, with their followers, boldly approached to within a short distance and halted. The swarthy, wild-clad masses seemed able, by mere force of numbers, to crush Eaton and his few companions to the earth; but awed by the moral power of that handful of fearless, self-collected men they paused and hesitated to advance further. For half an hour Eaton and his group of officers on one side, and that host of untamed barbarians on the other, stood looking at each other without saying a word. It was a thrilling spectacle to see the Moslem and Christian thus standing breast to breast, and witness the silent, motionless struggle between civilization, backed by a handful of men, and barbarism, with a host to give it countenance.

The Bashaw at last, by dint of great effort, persuaded the Arabs to abandon their purpose, and they withdrew and dismounted. The excitement, however, was far from being over, and they stood beside their horses conversing in angry tones, and making the most ferocious threats against the Americans unless their rice was restored to them. Eaton, however, thinking the trouble was all over, ordered his men to go through the manual exercise, as it had been his custom to do every day since they entered the desert. This daily drill had become a familiar sight to the Arabs, and he did not dream its repetition at that moment would create any alarm. But in their excited state the Arabs could not see any military movement on the part of the Christians except in a hostile light, and immediately cried out in affright, "The Christians are going to fire on us!" Without stopping to think on the utter improbability of such a thing, the Bashaw instantly sprang into his saddle, and putting himself at the head of two hundred horsemen, all shouting their war cry, came down in a furious charge. Eaton, astonished at the sudden movement, but not in the least intimidated, ordered his men to stand to their arms. They did so, and stood and watched the onsweeping, clattering storm, motionless and calm, as though it was only a part of an ordinary review, though all saw the perilous crisis at hand. Those two hundred wild horsemen, and their not less wild steeds, charging on a run, was a spectacle that might have appalled the stoutest heart; for they knew perfectly well that, unless that onset was arrested in five minutes, they would be ridden down and trampled to the earth. The fiery squadrons never drew rein till within close pistol-shot, when the whole column suddenly halted, and each rider unslinging his carbine leveled it at Eaton and his comrades. In an instant the word "Fire!" fell on the ear like a thunderclap. A moment more, and half of that brave little band of Americans would have been stretched on the sand, and the other half hewing their wild way to the grave through crowds of their foes. But no sooner did the order to fire escape the Bashaw's lips than several of his officers suddenly cried out, "For God's sake don't fire on the Christians; they are our friends!" Another instant, and it would have been too late. As it was, one of the Arabs snapped a pistol at Mr. Farquhar's breast; but by a lucky accident it missed fire. Had it gone off, that day would have had a sad ending, for Farquhar's fall would have been the signal of a death-struggle which would not have left an American alive, although before it ended it would have heaped the sand with the dead bodies of their untamable allies.

But the sudden arrest of the fire did not end the danger. Eaton, however, taking advantage of it, advanced alone toward the Bashaw, with a gesture of caution. In an instant a column of muskets was leveled at his heart. The Bashaw, instead of interfering to save him, seemed beside himself, and acted like one distracted. Eaton shouted to the Arabs to hold; but their wild clamor drowned his voice. He gestured to them, but in vain. The tumult grew wilder, when a resolute chief, with drawn sabre, spurred his steed between him and the leveled muskets, and waved the mutineers peremptorily back. The uproar then began to subside, and order was fast being restored, when one of the Bashaw's officers turned to him in an excited manner and asked if he was mad. The Bashaw in reply struck him with his sword. In an instant the tumult broke forth again, and a general fight seemed inevitable. But in the midst of it Eaton walked up to the Bashaw, and, beseeching him to dismount, took him by the arm, led him away from the crowd, and talked to him alone. The Bashaw at once saw how rash and inconsiderate he had been, and frankly expressed his sorrow at what had occurred. He then returned, and requested the Arabs to retire to their quarters, while he accompanied Eaton to his tent.

A long conversation ensued; but the Bashaw told Eaton that nothing could be done toward effecting a reconciliation with the chiefs unless he restored the rations of rice. But Eaton had not passed safely through the fearful scenes of the past hour to yield at last; and replied very

kindly, but firmly, that he could not, unless they would agree to march at the beat of the morning reveillé. This the chiefs finally consented to do. Peace was once more restored, and the day that threatened to end in blood passed quietly away.

The next morning at the reveillé the Arab army, true to the promise of the chiefs, struck their tents, and recommenced their weary march over the desert. They came to only one well during the whole day, and in that they found two dead men. Repulsive as it was, they were compelled to drink the water or go without entirely. The next day, April 10th, they marched only ten miles, and encamped in a lovely valley, between two mountains, the first they had seen for a month.

But events were drawing to a crisis, which even Eaton, with his indomitable will, felt he would be unable to meet. For the last three days, or since the suppression of the mutiny, the Arabs had had nothing to eat but rice and water, and only half rations at that. Starvation was now staring them in the face, and Eaton well knew what famine would make of men already half savages. They could not remain where they were, and he knew they would not continue to march forward till the last morsel was gone, unless certain of relief at the end. But he could hear nothing of the ships, and he was utterly at loss what next to do. As a last resort he called a council of war of all the chieftains. A common suffering had made these men more considerate, and the consultation did not consist of trickery and deception on one side, and the exhibition of an iron will on the other. To go on farther without knowing that the American vessels were at Bomba with the promised provisions, the Bashaw said, was madness, and he would not consent to it. Eaton, without any recrimination or fault-finding, acknowledged the force of his objections, and asked only that he would march forward two days longer; and if no relief came in that time, he would consent to halt and wait till they heard from the ships. To this proposition the chiefs refused to listen for a moment, and the council broke up in gloom and despondency.

Eaton had now exhausted all his resources, and was compelled to trust to fortune alone to help him out of his difficulties. Against treachery, deceit, and pusillanimity he could oppose his firm will and unshaken courage; but he could not conquer famine. There was not enough provisions on hand to carry them, even by rapid marches, to Bomba; and he knew it was in vain to attempt to force those wild chieftains to the desperate efforts they would be compelled to make to reach it, if nothing but famine awaited their arrival there. The sun went down over the desert, and as its last beams fell on the stars and stripes that drooped from the flagstaff above Eaton's tent, which he had borne with such high courage for nearly six hundred miles over the desert, he thought with bitterness of spirit of the utter failure which now seemed inevitable. Tossed with conflicting emotions, he sat down in his tent and pondered over his position, and revolved various plans for his future conduct. About seven o'clock an officer approached him with the military salute, and reported that a mutiny was organizing in the army. Eaton made no reply; he expected it, and knew, ever since the council broke up, that before morning those wild warriors would be far away in the desert.

As he sat perplexed and irritable, not knowing what to do, a courier suddenly dashed on a full gallop into the encampment, and, pressing straight for the American flag, drew rein in front of Eaton's tent. His brief message was like life to the dead. "The American ships are before Bomba!" was the inspiriting news that he brought. In an instant it traveled through the encampment, setting it in a blaze of excitement. The morose and sullen countenances of the chiefs suddenly became radiant with joy. They had not been deceived after all; the vessels of war were awaiting them; and not only did visions of victory usurp the place of suspicions and doubts, but the certainty of provisions in abundance, now within their reach, banished all feelings but those of confidence and joy. Mounting their steeds they spurred through the encampment, waving their sabres and shouting their exultation in loud discordant cries. An indescribable scene of wild, uncontrollable enthusiasm followed, to which all their former extravagant demonstrations were tame, and the night that foreboded such gloomy disasters rung with savage shouts to Ali and to the brave Americans. Eaton threw himself on the floor of his tent with a light heart, for his good star was once more in the ascendant.

But in the morning, when the reveillé beat to arms, he was met with the sad news that the Bashaw was sick and could not travel. He did not attempt to conceal his irritation at this unexpected obstacle to his advance. The vessels were awaiting him, and might at any moment leave the coast, giving him up as lost, or at least concluding the expedition to be abandoned, so long had he been buried in the desert. He determined therefore to proceed at all hazards, and the march commenced. They had advanced however but five miles when the Bashaw gave out entirely, and they were compelled to encamp and wait till he should be able to proceed.

That day was a long one to Eaton, and he chafed like a caged lion under the delay that might blast the hopes which had been so suddenly excited. Independent of the fear that the ships would leave the coast before he should arrive, he knew that he had not provisions sufficient to last them to Bomba, even if not an hour was lost. A halt of two days would reduce the army to starvation. Yet the Bashaw might grow worse instead of better, and possibly die on his hands. But there was no help for it, and he was compelled to sit down in idleness, a prey to the keenest anxiety. To kill the time he

drilled his little band of Christians, and in the intervals visited the Bashaw, and thus wore away the day as he best could. Toward evening, to his great relief, the Bashaw grew better, and Eaton determined next morning to move forward. At daybreak, therefore, the bugle rung cheerily out on the desert air, and soon the army was pressing eagerly, cheerfully after the Christian banner, which now waved them on to sure relief.

Eaton urged his barbarous allies vigorously all day, making twenty-five miles, and camped in the barren plain, without water or fuel. The last half ration of rice was then doled out, which the hungry warriors were compelled to eat raw, and without a mouthful of water to wash it down. In the morning they started off without breakfast, the abundance in advance standing in the place of discipline to keep them marching. The want of food, however, soon began to tell on them, and they were compelled to halt and rest, when the Bashaw ordered one of his own camels to be killed and d stributed to them. Refreshed by the slender morsel each received they again moved forward. Passing through a tribe of friendly Arabs, the Bashaw traded off a second camel for some sheep, on which they might survive another day. Exhausted by the low rations they had been kept on so long, the troops marched wearily, and made only fifteen miles this day. The next morning early they were again roused by the bugle call, and without breakfast pressed after the little band of Americans, who seemed impervious to fatigue and insensible to famine. As the sun mounted the heavens the arid desert, combined with the want of food and water, drove the poor wretches almost to despair. All effort at order was lost, and the soldiers scattered themselves like sheep over the sandy plain in search of something to eat. As far as the eye could reach bowed forms were seen snatching at the sorrel and wild fennel and such other herbs as they could find with which to stay the pangs of hunger. But Bomba was near, and hope kept them alive and impelled them on.

All day long they staggered forward, panting with thirst and weary with hunger, till at length, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the minarets of Bomba were seen flashing in the distance. A wild clamor suddenly rose from the whole army —the despairing grew light-hearted, the weak strong, and with shouts and laughter they pressed forward till the walls of the town arose before them. Eaton immediately dispatched an officer to the hill-tops to look out for the vessels. He returned with the disastrous tidings that they had gone. Fate seemed determined to try this brave man to the utmost. The effect of this disastrous news on the Arabs was fearful. The prospect of relief had hitherto kept them up; but now starvation, disappointment, and despair made them savage and reckless. To stay there without food was impossible. To attempt to reach friendly tribes in the desert, in their present suffering state, seemed an almost equally desperate alternative. The latter, however, offered the only chance of escape; and they resolved, in the morning, to break up their camp and turn their faces once more to the desert.

Eaton knew that all attempts to dissuade them would be in vain. Neither promises, entreaties, nor threats could supply the place of food. Nothing but the expectation of finding it at Bomba had kept them together under the trials and privations of the last three days. Still he would not despair. With that strange tenacity of purpose which refuses to yield to fate itself, he would not yet abandon all hope; and taking with him some officers, he repaired to the summit of the highest hill, and gathering together a large quantity of combustible materials waited till darkness had settled over the sea and land, and then set fire to it, hoping the vessels might see the light, though far out at sea, and take it for his signal. The tropical stars came out upon the sky, the scattered tents of the encampment gleamed white and tranquil below, the fresh breeze stole gently inland from the sea, the towers and minarets of Bomba rose dimly in the distance; but the only object that attracted Eaton's eye and enlisted his thoughts was the column of flame and smoke that rose steadily in the night air and shed a lurid light into the valleys below. He remained all night on that lonely hill-top, and when the first streak of dawn appeared in the east, he turned his eye toward the sea. As the light broadened he swept it anxiously with his glass; but not a sail could be seen except the little coasting vessels moving tranquilly along the shore. At length the sun arose flooding the blue Mediterranean with light, and it heaved bright and beautiful below him; but no sail appeared to cheer his aching sight.

The Bashaw and his chieftains had now resolved to abandon the expedition altogether, and appointed eight o'clock as the hour for the final breaking up of the encampment. Eaton therefore descended reluctantly to his tent to witness the painful event. His heart sunk within him as he saw the preparations for departure. Still he would not even yet abandon all hope, and kept look-outs constantly ascending the hills to see if the vessels could not be discerned on the distant horizon. But the report was always the same: "No sail in sight."

The Bashaw had at length marshaled his army. The tents were all struck, and the camels loaded ready to start. That was a bitter hour to Eaton, and his impetuous, unyielding soul rose in rebellion against the dark decree of fate. This, then, was to be the pitiful end of all his hopes and efforts. He had crossed the ocean, had over almost insurmountable obstacles organized his wild army in Egypt, and traversed for six hundred miles an inhospitable desert, endured toil, vexations, and suffering, periled life itself, only to be left alone on the sea-coast to find his ships as he might. Such an utter failure was crushing, and he could not consent to it. He would not even yet believe he was doomed to such a remorseless fate; and at the last moment

sent an officer, for the last time, to the hill-top to see if he could not detect on the deep some sign on which he might hang a single feeble hope. Watching him eagerly through his glass, he suddenly gave a start, as he saw him wave his hat and leap into the air. The next moment the officer came bounding down the hill, shouting that a vessel was just visible on the northern horizon.

Instantly jumping to the conclusion that it was one of the American vessels of war, Eaton persuaded the Bashaw to delay his march for a little while, and hastened himself to the hill-top with his glass, and gazed long and anxiously on the distant stranger. He soon discovered that she was bearing directly down on the coast. Gradually looming larger and clearer on the sea, her dark hull at length rose into view. Bowling along before a gentle breeze, she continued to approach till Eaton could distinguish from her mast-head the broad pennant of Hull, who commanded the *Argus*. With an exclamation of satisfaction, and a countenance beaming with a stern and quiet joy, he closed his glass and descended to the army with the welcome news. Unused to control their emotions, the Arabs broke forth into frantic shouts and cries of delight, accompanied by the most extravagant gestures. More disciplined natures than theirs might easily be pardoned for giving way to unwonted demonstrations of joy; for to pass at a single bound from starvation and despair to hope and sure relief is enough to bewilder the strongest head.

The watch on board the *Argus* had seen, the night before, the beacon-light of Eaton, and reported it to Captain Hull. The latter suspecting it might be Eaton's signal that the expedition had reached the coast, he immediately ordered the sails to be squared away, and stood down toward it; arriving, as we have seen, just in time to prevent the army from disbanding.

Before noon the *Argus* had come close enough to send off a boat; and at twelve Eaton went aboard to consult with the commander on their future operations. Provisions were immediately landed; plenty reigned once more in camp, and all was bright and hopeful again, while Eaton felt as if a mountain had been lifted from his heart.

The next day the *Hornet* arrived. But that part of the coast which the army had approached being found bad for landing provisions, and furnishing a scanty supply of water, Eaton moved the army around to a spot twenty-two miles distant, where the landing was excellent and water was abundant. It lay encamped here three days, to recruit and land provisions sufficient to last them in their march to Derne.

The 23d came, with rain and a fierce wind; and the vessels, afraid of being driven on shore, put to sea. Eaton, notwithstanding the storm, determined to march; and the army struck its tents, and, drenched to the skin, moved slowly over the hills in the direction of Derne. The country through which they passed was cultivated, yet no marauding was allowed. The second day they came to a beautiful valley, and a fine grove of trees—the first they had seen since they set out from Egypt, nearly two months before. They encamped here, preparatory to their march on the city, only five hours distant.

But toward evening the camp was thrown into a state of the wildest excitement and alarm by the arrival of a courier, who stated that not only had the Governor refused to yield up the place and was fortifying himself, but that a large army of relief from Tripoli was marching on the city, and would be there before them. This disheartening news brought on one of those sudden transitions of feeling to which all untutored races are subject; and where, an hour before, all was high hope and confident courage, now terror and despair reigned. Two of the principal chiefs immediately mounted their horses and sped off to the desert. The Bashaw himself lost all heart; and there, right on the very verge of success, every thing seemed about to be lost. All the chieftains and the Bashaw assembl d in private council, and remained in consultation all night. Eaton was informed of the meeting, and, fearful of the effect of their fears on each other, sent word requesting to be admitted. But they bluntly refused him. This looked ominous; and again and again he sought admittance, in order to interpose his strong will against any resolution to retreat or disband. He could effect nothing, and remained all night in a state of the most painful uncertainty.

But as soon as day dawned he ordered the *generale* to beat, and watched with deep anxiety to see the result. As the stirring call rolled through the camp a part of the army marshaled into line; but the Bedouins refused to strike their tents, and sat as unconcernedly as though it was a trading caravan to which they were attached. The chiefs, too, were on the verge of mutiny. But Eaton, by making a bountiful distribution of provisions, and promising them $2000 if they would keep on, prevailed on them to march; and soon the army and caravan was again in motion, and wound reluctantly up the neighboring heights in the direction of Derne. At two o'clock they reached a range of summits that overlooked the city. A shout arose at the sight, while Eaton looked long and anxiously on the object toward which he had been so long toiling.

The tents were pitched in view of the town, crowning all the gray heights that surrounded it. Soon as the camp was put in order, Eaton started with some of his officers to make a careful reconnoissance of the place. He discovered that its defenses consisted of a water-battery of eight nine-pounders and some temporary breastworks, extending half-way round the town. The houses were also loopholed for musketry, while the Governor had a ten-inch howitzer on the terrace of his palace that looked threateningly down on all the surrounding country. The city was divided into two distinct departments, one of which—the second—remained loyal to its old

ruler, Hamet; and in the evening sent a deputation to him proffering their allegiance. Eaton occupied the last hours of the twilight in sweeping the sea with his glass to see if any of the vessels were in sight, but without success.

The next morning he ordered smoke signals to be sent up from the highest mountain summits. The long spiral columns, as they wreathed gracefully upward, caught the land-breeze, and leaned gently toward the sea, making a picturesque back-ground to the wild encampment on the lower ridges. At two o'clock the *Nautilus* hove in sight, and soon from her spars fluttered an answering signal. At six Eaton spoke her. Next morning the *Argus* was signaled. Eaton, knowing that all the vessels would now soon be before the place, sent a flag of truce to the Governor offering him the most liberal terms if he would give in his allegiance to Hamet Bashaw. The laconic, Spartan-like answer came back—"*My head or yours.*"

The vessels having arrived, Eaton, on the 27th, determined to advance on the city. The *Argus* landed one field-piece, which was dragged with great difficulty up the rocks, and planted so as to command the place. The *Nautilus* and *Argus* took up their positions where their guns could sweep the space over which the army intended to advance on the town, while Lieutenant Evans stood boldly on with the *Hornet* till within pistol-shot of the battery, when he deliberately anchored. As the gallant little vessel swung to her cables, her broadside opened on the battery with a fierceness that astounded the barbarians. They, however, returned the fire with spirit, and the incessant explosions shook the shore. While it was flaming and thundering seaward, Eaton and the Bashaw, with nearly twelve hundred men, came down from the heights with colors flying and drums beating. Lieutenant O'Bannon, at the head of twenty-six Greeks, twenty-four cannoniers, and some Arabs, took up his position directly opposite where the enemy, screened by parapets and a ravine, lay in greatest force. The Bashaw threw himself into an old castle that overlooked the town; while his cavalry stood marshaled in the plain below waiting the first opportunity to charge.

The battle soon became general. The shot and shell from the ships fell so rapidly, and with such precision, within the battery, that in less than an hour it was silenced though not abandoned. Many of the defenders, finding their guns useless, went over to help their comrades opposed to Eaton and the Americans. Here the fire was very hot; for the enemy, protected by the parapets and ravine, stood their ground firmly. Eaton had a single field-piece with him, which was worked with great rapidity and effect. But in the hurry of loading and firing the rammer at length got shot away, when its fire of course slackened, as the gunners could load it only with such substitutes as they could lay their hands on. Encouraged by this the enemy increased their fire, which soon became so scourging and destructive that the Arab allies were thrown into confusion. Eaton moved among them, exposing himself recklessly, in hopes, by his example as well as words, to make them steady. But, unused to discipline, they grew more disorderly every moment; and Eaton, seeing it impossible to keep them any longer under the fire, ordered his little band of Americans to charge bayonet. He himself carried a rifle, and, being a keen marksman, made every shot tell. With a thrilling cheer this handful of brave men threw themselves fearlessly on the enemy. A shower of balls received them, one of which piercing the wrist of Eaton rendered his rifle useless. It was one against ten; yet the overwhelming numbers could not resist the fierce onset, and gave way.

The vessels of war saw the charge, and immediately stopped firing. O'Bannon and his men rushed on after the retreating foe, and, breasting the enveloping fire that was poured on them from every place of concealment, finally scattered them in all directions. Keeping on his victorious way, he stormed the battery, and carrying every thing before him, cleared it with a shout, and planted the stars and stripes upon it. As the flag swung off to the breeze cheer after cheer rose up from the little band, to which loud answering cheers came back from the delighted crews of the vessels.

The enemy in the mean time had thrown themselves into the houses, from which they kept up a scattering and galling fire on the Americans. On these the vessels now directed their guns, and the heavy shot went crashing through the walls with such fatal effect that they were speedily deserted, the fugitives escaping into the open country. Then came the turn of the Bashaw's cavalry, which, with the wild shout of the desert, came thundering down on the flank of the disordered host, riding them down and sabring them without mercy, completing the overthrow and the victory. By four o'clock the battle was over, and the strange spectacle was witnessed of the American flag floating over a foreign fortress and a fortified city. Time has not diminished the novelty of that event, and at this day it stands alone and unique in our history.

Eaton at once turned the cannon that had attempted to repel the shipping toward the country; for he had received intelligence that a large army was advancing from Tripoli, and was already within fourteen hours' march of Derne. In collecting his killed and wounded, to send the latter on board the vessels, he found that a third of his own little force had fallen.

Several days now passed in strengthening his defenses and preparing for the approaching conflict with the army from Tripoli. On the 2d of May it appeared in sight, swarming over the neighboring heights. The Bey commanding it pitched his camp on the very spot which Eaton had occupied previous to his descent on the place. The inhabitants of Derne were terribly alarmed at the apparition of this army, nearly five thousand strong, hanging in such threatening array over their heads. Nothing, however,

was done on the part of the Bey but to attempt to create an insurrection in the city against the conquerors, till the 13th, when the entire force displayed on the high grounds with streaming standards, and at a given signal began to pour down the sides of the hills to the sound of their discordant music. A detachment of Hamet's cavalry—a hundred strong—was stationed about a mile from the city in a plain near the sea. On this the enemy in heavy force advanced rapidly. Though vastly inferior in numbers, the little detachment stood firm, and bravely fought every inch of ground. It was slowly driven back by the increasing masses that were precipitated upon it. The retreating battle at length brought the enemy under the fire of the vessels, when the round shot came rushing across the plain, tearing up the earth in their passage, and crashing through the astonished ranks. The assailants, however, kept firmly on. They had ascertained that the Bashaw was in the old castle, and they were determined to make him prisoner. So resolute and persistent was this unexpected attack, and so close did the enemy approach the castle before their purpose was detected, that their success for a moment seemed certain, when a nine-pound shot in full sweep struck two men on horseback who were approaching the gate, killing them instantly, and hurling their crushed and mangled bodies, with one of the horses, into the road. The destructive effect of this single shot so terrified those following after that they instantly sounded the retreat; and the panic spreading, the whole, though on the very verge of victory, turned and fled in affright. Hamet's cavalry, seeing them retreat, wheeled on their flying traces, chasing them again with loud cries under the shot of the vessels. By three the battle was over; and the Bey, enraged at his defeat, and the loss of eighty of his troops, retired to his camp.

Elated by this success, Eaton now proposed to make a night attack on the camp itself. But the Bashaw would not give his consent to the project; saying that his people would not fight by night. Skirmishes between detached bodies were now of almost daily occurrence. On one occasion Eaton, at the head of only thirty men, attacked a body nearly a hundred strong, and chased them so close to camp that it beat to arms. Finding the whole army advancing, he sheltered himself, as he fell back, behind the hills, so as to conceal the smallness of his force, and prevent the overwhelming attacks of cavalry that hovered threateningly on his rear. He thus kept them in check; and the force that was able at any moment to crush him by a single blow followed at a respectful distance for more than a mile, and then sullenly retraced its steps to camp.

Eaton, however, grew perplexed and anxious under this slow progress of affairs; for he knew that at any moment a storm might drive the vessels to sea, depriving him of their important aid. He was not strong enough to advance against the enemy's camp; and how long they would keep him cooped up there he could not tell. The commander of the Tripolitan forces wished to bring on a decisive action as well as himself; but the Arabs had acquired a mortal fear of the Americans, and refused to advance against the place. They said they were willing to fight men who made war like themselves, but would not fight the Americans, who fired such big balls that they carried away a man and his camel together, and who would rush on them with bayonets, without giving them time to load.

At length, on the 3d of June, a great commotion was seen in camp—marching, and counter-marching, and displaying of standards. The arrangements, at length, seemed to be completed, and the entire force came steadily on toward the edge of the slope. It advanced but a short distance, when it halted and began to manœuvre. Now forming into solid squares, and again unrolling into line, while clouds of cavalry swept along and around the glittering formations, they presented an exciting spectacle. A grand attack was apparently at hand, and those formidable masses, that literally covered the slopes, filled the town with alarm. Eaton, supposing that of course the Bey intended to bring on a decisive battle, sent for Lieutenant O'Bannon and the Americans who were stationed near the battery to come over to the other side. As the little detachment passed through the town, with the American flag at its head, the inhabitants streamed out of their houses, women and children yelling and shouting, "Long live the Americans, our friends and protectors!" They evidently relied more on this mere handful of Americans than on the whole of the Bashaw's army. The imposing movement of the enemy turned out to be a mere military display; and the hostile force retired to their camp, having spent the day in ostentatious manœuvres and clamorous, barbarous music.

At length the besiegers grew weary of such a barren war, and the soldiers began to desert in great numbers. On the 9th the second officer in command, and commander-in-chief of the cavalry, with a few adherents, seized the military chest and fled to the desert. But this defection, which at first threatened serious consequences, was more than repaired, two days after, by the arrival of a large reinforcement from Tripoli. As the troops came swarming over the heights, rank upon rank, their arrival was greeted with frantic shouts and cries by the besiegers, and soon all the surrounding hills were alive with the moving masses. The leaders determined to take advantage of this sudden enthusiasm, and bring on a general battle. After a short consultation among the chieftains, the bands struck up a wild and warlike strain, and the combined forces, falling into order of battle, moved briskly forward along the mountain slope, evidently seeking for some place to descend on the city, without being exposed to the scourging fire of the vessels of war. An accident brought on the engagement prematurely, and on the last spot

which the besiegers would have selected. The declivity was so steep—being, in fact, but little less than a rocky ledge—that the cavalry, in a body, could not descend, except in one spot, and that two miles and a half from town. From the base of this hill a rough and broken plain, a mile wide, stretched along the sea-shore to the city. This plain was completely swept by the guns of the *Argus*, except where a rocky elevation furnished temporary shelter. Upon this plain, half-way from the town to the pass, down which the cavalry were compelled to come, the Bashaw had posted videttes. A body of the enemy's cavalry attempted to cut these off, who, when they detected the movement, instead of falling back on the town, bravely stood their ground, and a sharp encounter followed. Neither party would yield, and reinforcements were immediately ordered forward from both sides. As the combat deepened, these were followed by others, and they kept coming in, section by section, till the entire armies were engaged. Captain Hull, from the deck of the *Argus*, could distinctly view the whole scene, and see the rapid gathering of the storm.

It was an exciting spectacle to behold those seven or eight thousand men, flanked by their superb cavalry, coming in, like successive waves of the ocean, toward the vortex of the battle, until they stood in splendid array on the plain between the mountains and the sea. The officers stood grouped on deck, and the gunners leaned over their pieces, watching the deepening contest, as reinforcement after reinforcement was hurried forward. Their inaction lasted but a few moments. The guns of the *Argus* swept this plain; and soon her well-directed shot went plunging through the ranks of the assailants; while at every opportunity the cannon from the town swelled the deafening uproar. Above the rattle of small arms, and the din of barbaric music, could be distinctly heard the wild yells of the Arabs. Gay standards undulated over the fight, but the stars and stripes fluttered where the battle raged the hottest.

Enraged by the obstinate resistance with which they met, and scourged into madness by the galling fire of the *Argus*, the enemy made desperate efforts to push on, and his splendid cavalry was hurled again and again, with headlong valor, on the Bashaw's troops; but they never yielded an inch. Those peerless riders charged through the cross-fire of the ships with the steadiness of veteran troops, and heedless of the ugly rents made by the cannon-balls plowing through their squadrons; again and again closed gallantly up, and fell like a loosened cliff on the steadfast ranks, but as often were rolled back in confusion. The plain and the sea were wrapped in clouds of smoke, and shook to and fro; and for four hours there was no cessation to the determined strife. At length, finding it impossible to break the firm array before him, the enemy turned and fled to the mountains. Eaton then ordered the bugle to sound the charge, when the Bashaw's cavalry, breaking into a furious offensive, fell with loud shouts on the flying squadrons. Many fell before the keen sabre, and the plain was strewn thick with the picturesque uniforms of the mixed races that had struggled and fallen on its bosom. Some, to escape their pursuers, were compelled to leap from their horses, and take to the sides of the mountain; while, from the ships, cheer after cheer was sent up by the excited crews. Lieutenant O'Bannon, to complete the overthrow, requested permission to lead his little band of Greeks against the disorganized army; but Eaton thought it not best to hazard such an unequal contest. He was well satisfied with the result of the fight, and now felt sure of Tripoli, on which he determined at once to lead his victorious troops.

But at this juncture, in the very moment of triumph, and just as he began to feel compensated for his long march across the desert, with all its vexatious delays and hazards, he received word from Captain Hull that an official dispatch had arrived announcing the conclusion of a treaty of peace between the United States and Tripoli. It turned out that the Government had sent Mr. Lear as Peace Commissioner, to settle, if possible, the difficulties with this barbarous power. Eager to have the honor of terminating hostilities, and fearing, from Eaton's progress, that this would soon be done without his aid, he was willing to accept of almost any overtures, even at the sacrifice of the honor of his country. The usurper at Tripoli, trembling for his throne, was equally anxious to arrest Eaton's progress by diplomacy, as he saw no prospect of doing it by arms. He found the American Commissioner more eager, if possible, than himself for peace; and with a sagacity that puts Mr. Lear in a pitiful light, exacted and obtained the terms of a conqueror. Mr. Lear agreed, on the part of the United States, to let him retain his ill-gotten throne, and pay him sixty thousand dollars for the American seamen that he held captive.

Relying on the word of the President, and trusting implicitly to the convention that Eaton made with him on the part of his Government, Hamet Bashaw had crossed the desert with his followers and fought battle after battle under the American flag. The chiefs also put implicit confidence in the good faith of the Christians; and now that same Christian Government, without consulting them, and on the very threshold of success, had put its seal to a treaty that sent their rightful sovereign again into exile, and themselves wanderers over the desert. Eaton was totally overwhelmed by the disgraceful news. He had borne up nobly through all the trials of his long and tedious march; had fought his way heroically over every obstacle; and now, just as he saw his promise to Hamet about to be redeemed, and success within his grasp, and the flag of his country certain to be vindicated, and the tyrant who held so many of his fellow-countrymen in bondage receive his reward, he must stop and retire, mortified and humbled, from the very scene of his exploits, and from the field itself of victory.

All this was the work of his own countrymen, acting under the authority of Government—of one weak, selfish man, intrusted, in an evil hour, with power he was unfit to wield. Nor was this all. Eaton felt his personal honor at stake. In every crisis his most solemn promise to Hamet Bashaw and his chiefs, reiterated again and again, that his Government would sacredly perform its part of the treaty, was now shown to be false. All this rushed over the heart of the gallant man like a sudden flood, and the strong nature, that nothing seemed able to subdue, gave way; and clasping his hands, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, he exclaimed, "*My God, what shall I do with the poor fellows who have followed my fortunes through the desert!*"

Completely overwhelmed by the catastrophe, he sent for Hamet Bashaw, and communicated to him the astounding intelligence. There were no explanations to be made—no excuses to be offered—and no remedy to propose. Hamet, who had seen his rightful throne once more within his reach, was struck dumb by this unexpected overthrow of his hopes, and at the same time shuddered at the new abyss that opened at his feet; for he knew the announcement of this hateful treaty, and its conditions would be the signal of vengeance to his troops. Eaton told him that his only course now was to get off to the ships before it was divulged. Hamet acquiesced in his plans, and yielding like the criminal who bows his head submissively to the axe, shut himself up in despair. This was all he had gained by trusting to the word of a Christian Government. Into this gulf he had fallen by following the banner of the Republic.

Eaton now strained every nerve to save the prince who had trusted his fortunes to his care. He issued his orders and stationed the troops as though he were preparing for a grand attack on the enemy's camp. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and all was high hope and courage among the chieftains, who little dreamed that their doom was sealed and their prince once more an exile and a fugitive. In the mean time Eaton made arrangements with the commander of the *Constellation* to have her boats sent ashore as soon as it was dark. The afternoon wore anxiously away, for he knew that the news of what had occurred might at any moment reach the camp, when an explosion would follow that would involve him and his friends in a common ruin. As darkness began to settle on the sea he saw the boats push off from the *Constellation*, and soon they lay alongside the wharf. He then, in dead silence, marched down his company of Greeks and the cannoniers and embarked them. The movement was seen by some of the chieftains, who could not comprehend its import, and inquiries began to circulate freely on every side.

Eaton's last hope of making any resistance, should an outbreak occur, had now departed, and he stood alone with the prince whom he had determined to save or perish with him. He felt his critical position, and watched the progress of the boats with an anxious heart. Still he wore an unconcerned countenance to those about him. But the moment he saw the boats again leave the ship he dispatched a messenger to Hamet. The latter arose at his entrance, and, without saying a word, mounted and rode dejectedly to Eaton's quarters. Here he dismissed the servant with the horse, for he no longer had any need of the good steed that had borne him across the desert. Eaton was anxiously waiting for him, and the moment he arrived started for the boats. Without saying a word Hamet stepped into the boat assigned to him, followed by the American officers.

Every thing was done quietly, but with dispatch; for already an ominous murmur, like that of a rising storm, was heard in the city. When all was ready, the boats were pushed off, and the rowers bent to their oars. Eaton did not embark, but retained a small boat for his own use—determined to be the last on shore. The murmur in the city had now swelled into a loud clamor; shouts and cries were heard growing angrier every moment, as the tumult surged downward toward the sea. The final debarkation of the officers, with Hamet in their midst, and the simultaneous disappearance of the American flag from the fort, proclaimed at once that they were abandoned to their fate. For a moment they were stunned by the frightful catastrophe; and then the terrified, despairing inhabitants and maddened soldiery poured in one wild torrent through the streets. Eaton listened a moment to the coming storm; and then, with a countenance dark with wrath and scorn, stepped deliberately into his boat, and ordered the rope to be cast off. The despairing, exasperated crowd were already in sight, and the boat had shot but a few lengths from the wharf before they crowded the shore with frantic gestures, and uttering the most piteous cries. The troops were distracted at this sudden desertion of their leaders, while the populace were overwhelmed in despair. Some called pleadingly on the Bashaw to come back, others on Eaton; while others uttered the most piercing shrieks, and ran up and down like men bereft of their senses. And well they might, for behind them, on all the heights, lay their exasperated foes, to whose tender mercies they were now abandoned.

Hamet gazed with the fixedness of despair on the terrible scene, while Eaton's heart was one moment wrung with pity for the poor wretches who had come to look on him as their saviour, and the next moment ready to burst with rage at the treatment he had received, and at the conduct of the commissioner Lear.

As the boats continued to increase the distance from the shore, and the certainty of their dreadful fate forced itself upon them, a new feeling seized the multitude, and they turned and fell with savage ferocity on the tents and horses, and prepared for instant flight. A scene of the wildest confusion followed, and continued all night. Before daylight the Arabs were off for the desert, accompanied by most of the inhabitants. In the forenoon a messenger from Tripoli arrived,

who went on shore with a flag of truce, offering favorable terms to the remaining inhabitants. But he was received with sullen defiance.

As far as Eaton was concerned, the drama was now over, and the expedition ended. Great effort was made by the friends of the Administration to cover up the disgraceful transaction, by endeavoring to prove that Eaton's prospect of taking Tripoli was very poor at best; and that it was far better and more economical to close the war, even if Government had to pay $60,000 ransom for its seamen. Granting this to be true, it does not by any means relieve the Government, and especially the Commissioner, from the disgrace attached to the treaty of peace. For, in the first place, no one doubts that Eaton could have obtained far better and more honorable terms if he had been let alone. In the second place, a nation's honor should be maintained at any cost; and to betray a fallen prince, and pay a ransom for its own seamen, is a burning disgrace to any Government. What was the market value, in dollars and cents, put by Mr. Lear on the plighted word of his Government? How much money did he consider as a fair offset to the contemptible attitude of the Great Republic, in going into the public shambles of a little piratical power, and buying its own gallant seamen, and asking that peace should be one of the conditions of the purchase? Eaton would have scorned to execute such a commission, even though peremptorily ordered to do it by his Government, much less have assumed the responsibility of such a deed of shame. The Commissioner who would dare at the present day to commit his Government to such a transaction would be hooted out of the land, and the Administration that would sanction it disappear in the universal scorn of the people.

As a fitting appendix to this disgraceful transaction, Government hesitated to indemnify Eaton for his personal losses; and the delay and irritation accompanying the prosecution of his claims, acting on a nature that rebelled fiercely against injustice and deception, drove him into dissipated habits, and cut short a life that ought to have been spared to his country; for men of such executive force and indomitable resolution are not so plentiful that they can be sacrificed to meanness and incapacity.

He had the satisfaction before he died, however, of hearing that Hamet was installed Governor of Derne, the city on which he planted the colors of the Republic.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

IT was a fine spring morning: the balmy air was sweet with the odorous breath of early June, and from the morning room at Rutherford Place the thin white mist might be seen drifting gracefully across the smoothly shaven lawn; or, as the light summer wind, creeping tremblingly through the young leaves, brought down a sparkling shower from the branches surcharged with the past night's rain, the vail of silvery vapor would be lifted for a moment and show a glimpse of the noble river thickly dotted with white sails, and here and there an ungraceful steamboat, with its long, heavy, trailing pennon of thick, black smoke.

Rutherford Place was a fine old mansion-house, built in the stately and imposing fashion of the olden times. Smile not, reader! we use the words *olden times* understandingly; for age is relative, and the house had stood nearly a century, and that *is* antiquity in a country like ours, where cities spring up as by magic in a single day, and spread like the coral-reefs before one has time to notice their existence.

The morning room, or breakfast room, into which we shall take the liberty of introducing our friends without any delay, was a fair and lofty apartment, large enough for the purpose for which it was intended, and singularly well proportioned. It was finished in a style rather gone by now, but very handsome, the walls being of a light green, richly ornamented with wreaths, rosettes, and long, narrow compartments or panels of white stucco work, each of the panels containing a design of fruit, or flowers, instruments of music, war, agriculture, or the chase, suspended by long wreaths, all of the white stucco.

The mantle-piece was of white statuary marble, and richly wrought—a head of Hebe being the central ornament, supported on either side by mythical monsters, griffins, and those queer fish, the fabulous dolphin possibly, who have the obliging habit of standing upon their heads for an indefinite period of time, and making obeisance with their tails; though *why* they do it remains a mystery, the grace of the execution not seeming to be commensurate with the exertion, for it must be confessed they do make awful faces about it.

Above the mantle-piece was a large convex mirror, in a gilded oval frame, supporting two branches for wax-lights, and ornamented with abundant chains of large gold balls, the superintendence of which seemed to devolve mainly upon a bronze eagle, who, perched upon the top of the mirror, held the chains viciously in his beak, and with solemn eyes, outstretched neck, and spread wings, like a brooding hen disturbed by a hawk, seemed resolved to do his duty, ready to do battle for his weighty responsibilities, and die, if need be, at his post.

The carpet was a rich Turkey fabric, of brilliant hues, and heterogeneous pattern, in the soft, thick pile of which the foot fell noiselessly, and the gilded French clock, Indian cabinets, and *real tapestry* screen, were all of a corresponding date and richness.

But still, amidst all the multiplied comforts and luxuries of the room, there was *something* wanting—something which would have betrayed to the first glance of an observant eye that woman was not the presiding genius of the place. The heavy green brocade curtains which draped the lofty windows were full and rich, but they were put back by no woman's hand, not grace-

fully looped up with tassel or band, but twisted up into a hard roll, and tucked aside in a summary manner to let in the morning sunshine. The tables were littered with *passée* newspapers, books, and *pamphlets*—those abominations in the eyes of all tidy, housewifely womankind. The breakfast table was still standing; all its appointments were good; the silver upon it was abundant, massive, and rich; the old family plate, bearing, besides the crest and cipher of the owners, the "Tower stamp," which was once regarded as the test of extreme purity; the china was rich and old, though slightly mixed in kind; the cut ham, the juicy beef-steak, the broiled chicken, the hot rolls, the omelet, and hominy, told of healthy masculine appetites and untroubled digestions; but a silver fork had been officiously doing duty on the ham conjointly with the carving-knife, the butter-knife had been confiscated to the service of the omelet, and a small lake of coffee had flooded one end of the silver tray. These were but *trifles*, undoubtedly, but they were *suggestive*.

There were three gentlemen in the room—perhaps we might have said four, for a very gentlemanly pointer lay on the rug before the wide marble hearth, and with his front paws hanging over the low brass fender, and his nose resting thoughtfully upon them, seemed quietly watching the wood fire as it fell in white ashes before him.

The three gentlemen (we ought to beg their pardon for having named their dog first, although we are by no means sure they would not have done the same thing themselves) were the three Messrs. Rutherford, Brothers; the joint occupants and proprietors of Rutherford Place, which had been in their family since, in the early colonial days, it was conferred upon their ancestor for some state service.

The gentleman who sat near the table, dressed in a loose morning coat, with his right foot upon his left knee, where his left hand caressed it, while with his right hand he was carefully balancing his gold egg-spoon on the edge of his coffee-cup, was Mr. Oliver Rutherford, the eldest of the three brothers: he was the heart of the firm, the housekeeper, the commissary-general; in fact, the head of the family—cool, dispassionate, cautious, and thoughtful. On a couch, dressed in a nondescript garment, half frock coat, half shooting jacket, lying back with his heels rather higher than his head, with a sporting paper in one hand and a cigar in the other, lounged Mr. Herman Rutherford, the second brother; he was the farmer, the gardener, and sportsman of the family; an independent thinker, speaker, and actor; affecting a supreme disregard for externals, but singularly enough manifesting it by the invention of strangely-cut coats and outre neck-ties. He was, possibly, a little less polished than his brothers, but still "a gentleman every inch of him!" So said Mrs. Harris, the housekeeper, and she ought to know, for she had been in the family ever since he was a thing of inches.

Deeply ensconsed in a large arm-chair, like one who has retreated from the noisy world, sat the youngest brother in a flowered dressing-gown and worked slippers, with a book in his hand. This was Mr. Roland Rutherford, the gentleman (par excellence), the scholar, the reader of the family, the master of ceremonies, if ceremony ever came into their free, *sans souci*, bachelor abode.

There had been silence for a few moments, and then Roland spoke, closing his book and yawning slightly,

"What a glorious morning! Are either of you going into town?"

"I can't," said Mr. Herman, looking up from his paper. "I promised Bennet I'd show him about those trees to-day. I expect him every moment."

"I am not," said Mr. Oliver, dropping his spoon; "but I shall send James in with the wagon this morning. Have you any errands for him to do, either of you?"

"I believe not," said Roland; "I may ride in myself this morning."

"What a day for fishing this would be!" said Herman. "I wish I had not told Bennet to come to-day; I would be off to the trout streams. The fish would bite to-day for very enjoyment."

"I wish you would go again," said Oliver; "those last trout were excellent."

"Weren't they, though? And we had fine sport taking them."

"Have the letters and papers come yet?" demanded Roland, looking up from his book again.

"I don't know—I dare say they have," said Oliver, glancing at the clock, and he touched the table bell.

"Have the papers come yet?" he asked of the sedate-looking man-servant who answered his summons.

"I don't know, Sir; I saw James coming just as you rang. I will inquire."

In a moment he reappeared, with a small silver salver in his hand, upon which lay two or three papers and one letter, and handed them to Mr. Oliver Rutherford, who took the letter, and motioning him to leave the papers, commenced a deliberate survey of the envelope.

"Who is it for?" asked Mr. Herman.

"It is addressed 'To the Messrs. Rutherford, Brothers.'"

"In their corporate capacity?" said Mr. Roland; "and who from?"

"I do not know," said his brother, still turning the letter round and round; "but I see it is a foreign letter."

"Ah, indeed; quite an interesting occasion," said Mr. Herman. "Don't know the hand, Oliver, hey?"

"No," said Mr. Oliver, still continuing his cautious investigation; "I don't *think* I do."

"Excuse me, my dear fellow," said Roland, with the slightest touch of sarcasm in his tone; "but might I be permitted to suggest that you could have greater facilities for ascertaining all that if you took the trouble to open the letter?"

"Possibly I might do so," said Oliver, com-

posedly doing as his brother had advised. "It looks like a lawyer's letter," he added, glancing his eye over the closely written page.

"Alarming, very," laughed Roland; "a writ of habeas corpus, probably; do you think they will take the body corporate?"

"If they take *any* body," said Mr. Herman, joining in the laugh, "I think they will undoubtedly take Oliver's—he is in the best condition, certainly."

"He looks troubled," said Roland; "I think he anticipates a sheriff."

"Pshaw!" said Oliver, who had been busily reading the letter. "Boys—"

The two mature and dignified gentlemen addressed by this juvenile appellative turned toward him in evident expectation.

"Tom's dead," was the laconic announcement of the letter-holder.

"Is he indeed? You don't say so!" said Roland, dryly. "I am immensely sorry—grieved to the heart; but it would give a more intense interest to the occasion if I knew precisely *what* Tom it was."

"Tom! *what* Tom? Tom *who?* and where did he die?" asked the more matter-of-fact brother Herman.

"In Florence; why, you know, of course—Tom—our Tom—Cousin Tom—Tom Rutherford."

"Pshaw! — Tom Rutherford? You don't mean so! Tom Rutherford! Why, Oliver, he was younger than either of us." Herman Rutherford said this with a slight tone of pique, as if it was a preposterous and rather presuming thing on the part of Cousin Tom to take such a decided step as dying without the sanction and example of his older kinsman.

"Poor Tom!" mused Brother Roland; "he was a handsome fellow, and a pleasant companion too. Do you remember that last Christmas he spent here, when we were boys? What a capital skater he was, and what a fine, generous, merry fellow!—and dead!—ah, well, poor Tom! What does the letter say about him, Oliver?"

"Well," said Mr. Oliver, looking up with a perplexed and troubled face, "it says a great deal. It is written by poor Tom's lawyer and man of business; and he says he writes in obedience to Tom's last orders, to say, that being then in straitened circumstances, and unable to make any suitable provision for his only child, Miss Rutherford, he bequeathed her to us, his nearest of kin, begging us, for the sake of the old love, and the old family name, to receive her as a daughter, and give her a home among us."

"Receive her as a daughter!" repeated Roland. "Having never been called upon to appear in that interesting relationship, and consequently our course of conduct under such trying circumstances not having been tested, it would not be easy to determine with accuracy what it might have been."

"Preposterous!" said Herman. "What! send her here to live, without so much as 'by your leave,' and then to go and *die* right out of the way, before we could refuse—I *do* say that is the coolest thing!"

"What else does the letter say, Oliver?" asked Roland.

"Oh! the young lady and her maid will be here by the 22d," said Oliver. "There, read it for yourselves;" and he tossed the letter to Roland, who, having read it attentively, tossed it over to Herman.

"How old do you suppose the girl is?" he asked, when he too had read it.

"I am sure I don't know," said Oliver. "Let me see—Tom was married the year after sister Kate was, and that was twenty years ago. Don't you remember his writing us of the death of his wife, leaving him one little girl? This must be the one. Bless your soul! she must be sixteen or seventeen at least!"

"A very pretty legacy to leave to three old bachelors!" growled Herman.

"But did not he marry again?" said Roland. "Surely he did, and this may be the second wife's child."

"I think not," said Oliver. "I remember hearing he lost two or three fine boys after his second marriage—poor fellow!"

"It seems almost a pity this very interesting survivor hadn't—hum!" said Brother Herman. "I *mean*, you know, it was hard for her to outlive all the dear companions of her infancy—and all that sort of thing—*you* understand, Rolle?"

"Exactly!" said Mr. Roland, "and share in your unselfish regrets."

"But now," said Mr. Oliver, "what is to be done about it?"

"It is absurd and ridiculous, the thought of our having her here," said Roland.

"It's a confounded nuisance!" said the kind-hearted but rough Herman. "We can't *have* her here. Can't she be pastured out somewhere? Ain't there boarding-schools for such young animals, I wonder? But then," he added, correcting himself, "the girl is poor, it seems, and she mustn't want for a living."

"She's a Rutherford," said Mr. Oliver, grandly; "and she must not want for a home to shelter her."

"She's a woman," said the chivalric Roland; "and she must not want for a protector."

"Of course not," said they all. "There is no help for it; she must come."

"But what a house for a lady to come into!" sighed Roland. "Think of our drawing-rooms — scarcely opened since Kate was married. Think of our chambers—desolate bowers for a young lady to inhabit, truly!"

"Oh, I don't care for that," said Oliver; "a little money can soon rectify all that. But the housekeeping—ah! *there's* the rub!—how will Mrs. Harris stand it? She has held undisputed sway for nearly twenty years, 'with never a woman to say her nay.' *What if she should leave!*"

"It is an awful bother," said Herman. "I suppose I shall have to move all my traps out of the library; and then to have a young lady, all

flounces and furbelows, always about the house, meddling and interfering in every thing! I can hear her now, mincing and wincing: 'Oh, Uncle Herman, see here! You've flung down your hat and gloves on my jiggermerees, and tumbled all the ruffles of my thingumbobs, and crushed the ribbons on my what-do-you-call-it!' O Lord, I never can stand it, I know! And then the lady's-maid prancing round in *her* double flounces and her hooped petticoats, like a ring-tailed baboon! I *know* I can't stand it. I'll go off—I'll go to California."

"And to have to dress for dinner every day," broke in Mr. Roland. "No more lounging round in dressing-gown and slippers."

"And the dinners, too," mourned out Mr. Oliver. "What *do* young ladies eat, I wonder. I suppose she'd faint away at a boiled leg of mutton, or a corned shoulder of pork. No more deviled turkey, and beef-steak, and hot bread, for breakfast," he continued, ruefully eying the plentiful table before him. "The wing of a partridge possibly, sloppy tea, rolled bread and butter, and marmalade; and for dinner—let me see: white soups, sweet-breads, sillabubs, and trifle. Well, boys, how do you like the bill of fare?"

"And to come upon us so suddenly, too," said Mr. Herman. "No mercy shown us—no warning—no preparation!"

"True," said Roland. "And to come upon us poor fellows full-grown, too, in all the white muslin terrors of young ladyism! If we had only known her as a child—if she had grown up among us, as Kate did—I would not mind it so much—she wouldn't be half so awful!"

"I know it," laughed Herman. "We should be like the old woman who, having lifted her calf every day of its life, continued able to lift it when it was a cow."

"Just so," said Roland. "I could not express it half so well."

"But now, boys," said Mr. Oliver, "leave off fooling, and attend to business. The young lady *is coming;* there is no escape from it; and we must all do our best to prepare for her. The time is short, and much is to be done."

We need not give in detail all the conversation which ensued. Fortunately the Rutherfords were wealthy and liberal. The needed expenditure of their money on the occasion was a thing of no moment to them; and the debate ended by each one taking his part of the general preparation, and working upon his own responsibility.

Mr. Oliver's first step was to see Harris, and confer with her. He approached the subject with cautious delicacy and many misgivings; but, to his great surprise, and still greater relief, the faithful housekeeper took to the idea kindly.

"It was full time," she said, "that there *was* a lady in the house. The young gentlemen had lived like heatheners ever since their ma died and Miss Kate got married. She *had* hoped one of 'um would bring home a young lady of his own; but if that wasn't to be, who'd a better right there than Mr. Tom's daughter? Remember Mr. Tom? Yes, indeed, she guessed she did! He wasn't a gentleman to be forgotten. Yes, indeed, she'd like to see Mr. Tom's daughter. She wondered if she looked like him, and had such bright eyes, and his merry laugh. Poor Mr. Tom!"

This wonderfully lightened Mr. Oliver Rutherford's burden of care; and although he had a great deal to do indoctrinating John in all the little minutiæ of etiquette, which had gradually fallen into desuetude in their free, *sans cérémonie*, bachelor mode of life, and had to make sundry visits to the city, and lay in stores of foreign fruits, preserves, wine-biscuits, anchovies, sweet wines, and various other condiments, and little delicacies for the table, suited, as he supposed, to the very refined appetite of a young lady, still, with Mrs. Harris's advice, co-operation, and encouragement, he got along famously.

Mr. Roland had a harder task. He undertook the refitting of the drawing-rooms, and the new furnishing of the suit of rooms up stairs, for the use of Miss Rutherford and her maid.

Back and forth to the city went he—back and forth from the city came the upholsterer. Long conversations they held, with closed doors, and with doors open. Then came various artificers, and pots of paint, and whitewash, and varnish; and next, great vans and furniture wagons came and went, depositing fat rolls of carpeting, and long, slim rolls of matting and canvas, and new furniture, carefully vailed from vulgar eyes in mats and boxes; and then the noise of hammers was heard in the land, and dusty-looking men, in paper caps and short aprons, were seen at intervals, and the stately drawing-rooms shone out in renewed splendor.

The Corinthian capitals of the white pilasters had all been regilded; the draperies all taken down and renovated; splendid new carpets replaced the time-faded old ones; the furniture had been newly polished, the couches and chairs new-covered; and a few new articles tastefully selected; the pictures were revarnished, their frames, and the sconces, and mirror-frames newly burnished; the grand piano tuned, and supplied with new music; the leathern cover taken from the harp; and a brave new ribbon hung to Sister Kate's guitar.

But it was upon the upper rooms that Brother Roland had laid out his utmost skill and taste. Rumor said that Roland had been deeply in love in early life, and death had deprived him of the object of his heart's tenderness; and this might account for his chivalrous devotion to woman in general, although he remained unwedded; and it was, perhaps, as much in memory of the past as in preparation for the future that he furnished the rooms—lavishing upon the apartments of the expected *Miss* Rutherford all the comforts and ornaments which his love had once designed for the intended *Mrs.* Rutherford of long ago.

His taste was exquisite, and it was a perfect

bower of beauty; from the soft carpet of richly blended mosses, whose varied greens were relieved by a tiny flower or bright colored shell, to the pretty French paper, whose moss roses climbed in graceful profusion over a unique trellis-work — from the bed, with its cloud of snowy white draperies, to the white marble toilet-table, with its mirror quaintly framed in fretted silver, where a snow-white brooding dove held up the rich lace curtains, looped aside with a single blush rose, it was faultless.

The mantle and toilet ornaments were of the purest Parian marble, exquisite in workmanship, and recherché in design; and the flaçons of perfumed waters on the tables were selected by a fastidious taste. The dressing-room and the boudoir were corresponding in richness, and a room next adjoining, prepared for the lady's-maid, was pretty and neat enough for most ladies.

But perhaps the hardest lot of all fell to Brother Herman, for he had been the greatest aggressor; while the bachelor habits of his brothers had been negative, his had been positive—his *traps*, as he called them, were all over the house, and to clear the Library was like cleaning the Augean stables! Day after day he might be seen working zealously with John and his own little negro-boy Sadi, half-smothered in a cloud of dust, removing guns, fishing-rods, great coats, maps, pictures of sporting-dogs, prize-pigs, and race-horses; models, seeds, and specimens of geology, conchology, and ornithology, most of them worthless rubbish, which the hand of a devoted wife, "cruel only to be kind," would happily have relieved him of, at stated periods of weekly or spring cleaning, but which had accumulated in this sanctum, year after year, undisturbed. Now, standing tip-toe, like an ancient Mercury on the top of the carpeted steps, straightening the books or arranging the busts on some top shelf; now bending like Atlas beneath the weight of one of the globes; now dispatching Sadi with fencing-foils, mask, and boxing-gloves; now cheering John's heart by an unconditional surrender of personal property in the shape of shoes, boots, and old hats. At last the room was cleared—all the strange, heterogeneous mass of extraneous matter was removed, the globes were lifted to their pedestals, the books were in their places, the study-table and chairs disencumbered, and the room was fairly abandoned to Mrs. Harris and her underlings to sweep, and clean, and dust at their pleasure.

But this was not all that Mr. Herman Rutherford had to do. *All?* Bless your heart, no! not the half of it. He had the garden to see to; the pond had to be cleaned out, and the fountain repaired; the statues and urns had to be washed, and the summer-house put in order. Oh that summer-house! *that* was a day's work in itself. Herman and the gardener had between them made a seed, root, and tool-house of it; bags of pease and beans, bunches of seed-corn and grains, dried herbs and hanks of twine, hung against the pretty frescoed walls; dahlia roots, bulbs, seeds, sticks, and tallies filled the tables; the statues were crowded out of their niches with odds and ends, hammer and nails, matting and listing; the windows full of cobwebs above and flower-seeds below; and the floor littered with small tools, garden-trowels, clippers, saws, and pruning-knives. All this came under the care and supervision of poor Herman, who worked, and fretted, and laughed, and scolded, and held up the expected Miss Rutherford before the mind's eye of the gardener, until he fairly caught the contagious spirit of improvement, and rose early and worked late, giving extra hours to clip the live hedges and boxwood to a long unknown state of perfection. He *did* contemplate clipping one tall bush into a Goddess Diana in compliment to the young lady, but failed in the attempt, and decided to turn it into a Washington; but baffled again in this patriotic endeavor, he made a very pretty sugar-loaf of it; and *that* was very well for a man so hurried and harassed, "in mind, body, and estate," as he was by Mr. Herman Rutherford!

At last the important day of arrival came, and all was in order. The young lady was expected in the afternoon, and a late dinner had been ordered. It cost Mr. Oliver and the housekeeper a world of thought to arrange that dinner—light and elegant enough for the lady's delicate taste, yet solid enough to meet the requirements of his brothers; but even this was settled at last—there *is* no impossible to the persevering spirit.

The hour approached. The gentlemen were all in full dress for dinner—three elegant-looking men they were. The housekeeper told the butler in confidence, it really did her good "to see our three young gentlemen dressed for dinner, and looking like themselves again, and things as they used to be, before Mrs. Rutherford died, and Miss Kate was married."

As Mr. Roland left his own chamber he opened the door of Miss Rutherford's room to take one more look at the beauty which he had created, and which was henceforth to be sacred, even from his intrusion. How beautiful it was in its soft green light!

> "There seemed a presence half divine
> Floating unseen above,
> The shadow of calm thoughts, the sign
> Of maiden faith and love;
> As if some spotless heart had shed
> A dew of pureness there,
> Which brooded o'er the placid bed
> And glorified the air."

A vase of white lilies stood on the centre-table, filling the air with fragrance; a little of the golden pollen from one of the snow-white chalices had fallen on to the white marble slab. Mr. Roland bent down his stately head and blew it aside. There was nothing else he *could* find to do.

He descended the stairs—the house seemed under martial law. Flounce and Juno, expelled from good society, were whining mournfully in the stables; not a fallen leaf lay on the steps or

the smooth graveled approach; he looked into the dining-room, the plate upon the sideboard had been rubbed to an unnatural brilliancy! The table was laid for four: in the plate at the head lay a superb bouquet of hot-house flowers, indicating that Miss Rutherford would fill the place once occupied by his mother, and then by Kate.

John, in full company trim, but with his white gloves *in*, not yet *upon* his hands, was busy arranging something at the sideboard; and Mrs. Harris, brisk and buoyant, dressed in the brown cinnamon silk she had received at Kate's wedding, and her best cap and brave pink ribbons, passed him as he came out, with a pleasant, satisfied smile, and a respectful courtesy.

He entered the drawing-room: his two brothers were there before him. Each smiled approval of his own and the others' external condition: and certainly, carefully dressed as they then were, they made an imposing appearance; tall, dignified, graceful, and commanding, they were a credit to the old name they bore.

They waited a few moments. "Miss Rutherford makes it late," said Mr. Herman. Oliver compared his watch with the drawing-room clock, and thought nervously of his fricassees and patés.

Another pause: then Mr. Roland got up, and changed the disposition of the window curtain, and smelled of the roses in the vases: wheels were heard. "There she is!" exclaimed all three of the gentlemen in a breath; and they all rose and advanced to the drawing-room door and paused, for there seemed to be some delay. John was parleying with some one in the hall. A voice with a foreign accent was heard. Possibly it was not Miss Rutherford, then, after all. What was amiss? John came up.

"Who is it, John?" asked Mr. Oliver Rutherford.

"I don't know, Sir; it is a woman with a child, Sir, asking for you," replied John, gravely.

"Asking for us? A woman and a child! It must be some mistake. What can it mean?" asked Mr. Oliver, turning to his brothers.

"I don't know, my dear fellow," said Herman, dryly. "Hadn't you better go and see about it? Don't keep the lady waiting."

"Go down *yourself*, Herman, if you please, or *you* Rolle," said Oliver, with some asperity. "*I* don't know any thing about her!"

"She did not ask for *us*, but for *you*, you will please to remember," said Brother Roland, with mild gravity.

"For *me?*" said Mr. Oliver, nervously, turning to John. "John, did she ask for me, for *me* particularly?"

"She did, Sir," said John, demurely. "She said she had a—a claim—I think she called it, upon Mr. Oliver Rutherford."

"You see," said Herman.

"I don't know any thing about her," said Mr. Oliver, hastily. "Come with me one of you, can't you?" And he went out.

In the dim light of the hall stood a well-dressed woman with a large bundle under her cloak.

"What do you want, my good woman?" began Mr. Oliver, blandly. "Did you ask to see me? I think you have made some mistake."

"No, Sir!" said the woman, decidedly; "no mistake at all. Is not this Rutherford Place?"

"It is," said Mr. Rutherford, waving his hand with dignity.

"And are not you Mr. Oliver Rutherford?" continued the woman, drawing nearer.

"Certainly I am."

"And were you not expecting us to-day?" said the strange woman.

"No," said Mr. Oliver, gravely; "upon my word, no. We expect no one to-night but my niece Miss Rutherford and her maid."

"I thought so," said the invader, triumphantly. "All right, Sir; *I* am Miss Rutherford's maid."

"You?" said Mr. Oliver, bewildered and surprised, "you? bless my soul! and where then is my niece?"

"Of course she's with me: only she's fallen asleep, tired with the ride."

"Oh, yes! I understand, in the carriage," said Mr. Rutherford, recovering himself, and hastening forward; "I will go and assist her out."

"No," said the woman, quietly intercepting his progress. "She is not in the carriage, Sir."

Mr. Oliver's patience began to give way. "What in thunder—" he began: "I mean, where *is* Miss Rutherford?"

"Here!" said the woman; and flinging open her cloak she laid a very diminutive but very pretty golden haired little girl in Mr. Rutherford's arms.

Brother Oliver was a brave man: had it been a young grizzly bear, a bomb-shell, or "an infernal machine," he would have borne it—*but a baby!* Never in his whole life had he held a baby in those strong arms before; and here was the little soft cheek, all flushed with slumber, resting against the glossy surface of his immaculate black coat! Just at this moment his two brothers, brimful of mischief and quite unable longer to restrain their curiosity, came out into the hall. Roland came first. "Is it all right, Oliver?" he asked, with a half-smothered laugh. "And where is Miss Rutherford?"

"Here!" said Oliver, transferring the child to Roland's arms almost as adroitly as the nurse had given her into his: but Roland was quicker yet—repeating the magical "Here!" he passed her over to Herman, who was just behind him. Herman did not speak; but he was a naturalist, given to the investigation of all new specimens; and he showed such unmistakable signs of an intention to take her by the nape of the neck, and hold her up at arm's-length, as he did his young dogs, that nurse instinctively drew near, and regained her little charge.

"And this is Miss Rutherford, is it?" said Mr. Roland, in a tone of pity and contempt. "This is Tom Rutherford's daughter?"

"Yes, Sir, she is," said the nurse, tossing the now awakened child in the air.

"How old is she?" asked Mr. Oliver, looking at her through his eye-glass.

"Can she trot? Sit her down on her hind legs, will you?" said Herman.

"Can she talk any?" inquired Brother Roland.

"She's got a good eye," said Herman, surveying her with the air of a connoisseur, "and a fine, thick, bright mane," he said, laying his hand on the little girl's golden tresses; "and nicely groomed too, by George!" he added, with an approving nod at the nurse.

"Can she eat? What does she feed on?" asked the provident Oliver, the family man, thinking of his larder.

"Oh, indeed, any thing that comes along, Sir; but mostly bread and milk and potatoes," said nurse: "and indeed it is quite time the poor baby had her supper, and was asleep, poor thing! she's had a long ride. Kiss your uncles 'Good-night,' Miss Rutherford; and well you may, they are so like your own dear papa, poor dear gentleman!" And taking up the little girl again, she held her out at arm's-length to each of the gentlemen in turn, as if presenting her for baptism!

If the gentlemen were unused to caress children, certainly the child was used to caress gentlemen; and possibly some family resemblance they bore to her lost father stirred dimly in the heart of the little one; for it was laughable to see how resolutely the little, dimpled, white hands held fast the faces, and how persistently the sweet rose-bud lips sought out the lips of those grave, dignified, bearded men, and crushed out upon them their own wealth of laughing sweetness. Laughable too it was to see how these grave men received this pretty and unwonted tribute.

Mr. Oliver was the first victim; but his sufferings were short. *He* was spared the pain of anticipation. The kiss was given and over "before he had time," as children say, "to know what hurt him;" and he stood, breathing short, and shaking himself like a great Newfoundland dog just out of the water, while the nurse and baby passed on.

Mr. Roland's turn came next; but he met his fate bravely. He was, as we have said, the very soul of chivalry, and devoted to the memory of woman. Young as the child was, she was an incipient woman, *and a Miss Rutherford*, and to be treated with honor due in both capacities; so he bent to her caress with an air of graceful empressement, and kissed gayly in return the little hand scarce bigger than a rose-leaf.

But Herman—ah, poor brother Herman!—he was the greatest sufferer. He saw the blow impending, and could not escape it. Like all nervous and bashful persons, he doubled his own embarrassment, and prolonged his sufferings by a useless attempt to evade them—in vain. The child, screaming with laughter, emboldened by his resistance, and excited by opposition, held him tightly by his whiskers, and gave him a double portion of kisses, until, in answer to his half-breathless cry of, "Take her off, take her off!" the laughing nurse again took possession of her.

"And now, if you please, gentlemen, may I take her up stairs?" said the nurse.

Roland thought of his "bower of beauty," with its graceful and costly adornments, and hesitated. He looked at the child. She *was* a Rutherford; she had the Rutherford smile, his father's brow, and Cousin Tom's eyes, and he himself showed the way up stairs.

When Mr. Roland came back to the drawing-room he found his two brothers standing, one on either side of the chimney-piece, with an arm of each resting on the marble, like the drooping figures seen doing weeping duty over some monumental urn in mourning pieces. He came up to them, and silently placed a hand upon the shoulder of each. Had Canova seen them standing thus, the world of art might have possessed a male companion piece to his "three Graces;" but *he didn't*.

The three brothers Rutherford looked in each other's faces:

"Rolla!"

"Herman!!"

"Oliver!!!"

And then they laughed long and loud.

"Fairly *done!*" said Herman, at last.

"And so *that* is Miss Rutherford!" said Brother Oliver.

"And 'the ring-tailed baboon!'" said Brother Roland.

Herman rang the bell. "Serve up dinner, John; Miss Rutherford will not dine with us to-day," he said, trying to suppress a smile.

"And here, John," said Brother Herman, "tell some of them to untie Flounce and Juno, will you? And tell Sadi to hunt up my cigar-case."

The next morning, when Mr. Roland opened his chamber door, there ascended, with the rich aroma of the coffee, a strain of music not heard for many years before in the old house at Rutherford Place—the careless, clear-ringing, free-hearted, joyous laughter of a merry child. So infectious was its merriment that Mr. Roland unconsciously laughed too, though unknowing what he laughed at. With his hand upon the balusters, he descended the stairs, feeling as if every step was on "the baseless fabric of a vision," and opened the door of the morning room. Miss Rutherford, all duly beflounced and beribboned, becurled and becoraled, and screaming with laughter, was riding, man-fashion, on the back of Juno, held on in her perilous and rather uncertain position by the strong arms of Uncle Herman; while Uncle Oliver, with his napkin tucked into his button-hole, and with a bit of sausage on the end of a fork, was on his hands and knees trying to tempt the dissatisfied-looking steed into a brisker motion!

"Herman, Herman!" said Mr. Roland, standing just inside the door transfixed with astonishment—"Herman, remember the furbelows,

flounces, and what-do-you-call-ums! Beware of the ring-tailed baboon!"

"Oh! never you mind her dress, gentlemen," said the delighted nurse, charmed with the attention bestowed upon her little charge. "Never mind the ruffles; I'll see to all that. It does my heart good to hear her laugh so, a darling! I have not heard her so merry not once before since her own dear papa died."

Little more remains to be told. The faithful and good-tempered nurse (who, by-the-way, being a recipient of nature's free bounty, and rather Dutch in her build, never wore stiffened skirts) made herself a general favorite at Rutherford Place. She was an able diplomatist, and gained the good-will of the housekeeper by offering to clear-starch her caps whenever she got up Miss Rutherford's dresses. She won over the butler by helping him rub the plate, and John by mending his shirts and darning his hose.

She never suffered "Miss Rutherford" to annoy her uncles, or to be in their way; but she was always on hand, nicely dressed, whenever they called for her. The little girl herself, pretty, innocent, frank, loving, and intelligent, won her way quickly to all their hearts. As Herman had laughingly said of the old woman and her calf, she glided so gently from childhood to girlhood and womanhood, they scarcely marked the change, save by some newly-added charm or grace; and, loving the child, they forgot their dread of her when she reached the period of *white muslin young ladyism*.

She found in her uncles three most indulgent fathers, and she gave them back a daughter's devoted tenderness. She read and sung and drove and walked with Uncle Roland; rode and sketched, and gardened, and farmed, and saved specimens, and drew plans for Uncle Herman; read aloud to Uncle Oliver, kept the family accounts (much to his relief), and presided over their household with so much quiet grace, dignity, and sweetness, that one and all agreed that poor Tom Rutherford's unwelcome and unexpected "legacy" was the charm and comfort of their Bachelor's Hall.

MY JOHNNY.

I CARE not how you have been blest—
No maiden ever yet possessed
A lover like my lover.
His eyes were of a dancing blue;
His chestnut hair was just the hue
That flecks the golden plover.

'Twas on a dreamy night in June,
When earth and heaven throbbed in tune,
When first he told his passion.
Together we were sauntering down
The lonely road that led to town,
In most romantic fashion.

He took my hand in his, and placed
His other arm about my waist;
His heart went clicky clacket.
And midst an incoherent flow
Of protestations deep and low,
He pressed me to—his jacket.

I eight-and-twenty years had seen,
And Johnny was not quite thirteen;
Yet justice I must render:
'Mid all the swains I've had since then—
And some of them were charming men—
I ne'er had one more tender.

He swore he loved me more than life;
He'd die if I were not his wife;
I was his only jewel;
He dreamed of me by day and night;
I was his sun, his star, his light—
In fact, all kinds of fuel.

I dared not let him see the smile
That glimmered on my lips the while
He madly was entreating;
For worlds I would not cause to smart
The honest, manly little heart
That in his breast was beating.

Then he—ah! cunning little Jack—
Rehearsed a speech from Telemaque—
A fact he did not mention;
While I, with half-averted face,
Kept listening with the utmost grace
And most profound attention.

He wished to fly to some far isle
Where summer skies forever smile,
And fruits were in profusion;
And there, away from haunts of men,
We'd live the golden age again,
In exquisite seclusion.

The sun of love our days should gild,
And stalwart he, would straightway build
A beautiful pavilion;
And we would live on deer and fish,
With grapes as much as we could wish,
And kisses by the million.

I listened gravely to his plan—
The loving, noble little man—
So earnest and so funny;
Then hinted that to reach this haunt
Of wedded bliss, why, we might want
A little ready money.

The blow was fatal: Johnny's face
Grew lengthy at a fearful pace,
And silently we parted.
I went my way: he went to bed
Revolving finance in his head,
And nearly broken-hearted.

I need not say we did not fly
To that eternal summer sky,
So far across the water.
I hear no more of Telemaque,
For I, in short, may say that Jack
Is married to my daughter.

SOME OF MY TROUBLES.

MY DEAR MONTHLY,—I have been a pretty constant reader of magazines for a number of years, and, indeed, I may be said to have mastered that style of literature. One result of my perseverance has been, confirming my opinion that editors are a patient, long-suffering, laborious, and, under the circumstances, a tolerably truth-telling class. Yes, I think I ought in justice to say so, considering the basket-loads of sickly sentimental poetry from unfledged juveniles that "You'll please correct any mistakes and insert in your journal;" and the wishy-washy love-stories which you are called upon to return with the never failing, "We have given the MS. you were so kind as to favor us with a careful perusal"(?)—save the mark!—"and although it is not without merit—graceful, easy style, etc., etc.—yet is not quite adapted to the pages of our periodical."

In the main you are, as the world goes, tolerably honest to have so constantly a devil at your elbow (printer's, of course). Even newspaper editors are not so bad as they are represented. You do have provocations. Every disappointed scribbler who is not suffered to occupy the columns of your *Weekly*, or fill the pages of your *Magazine* with leaden articles, suddenly finds your paper growing dull, and stops his subscription, or vents his spleen in spiteful criticisms in some third or fourth rate journal. As a genus, your sufferings have been too much overlooked, nobody seeming to reflect that, like other men, you have your own cares and sorrows; but you are expected to be at your post, and cater for the enjoyments of others, as if the months came around for you laden only with pleasures and profits, without the usual freight of perplexities, sickness, disappointments they bring to the homes of other mortals. You are not supposed to be oppressed by the weary, anxious face of your overburdened wife, nor the illness of your darling child. All this, I repeat, has been too much overlooked; but as misery loves company, they say, I thought it might love sympathy too, and be relieved by finding out the consoling truth that there are hundreds of others worse off in the world. There is another class, Mr. Editor, whose trials are quite as much underrated, if even they are regarded at all. I mean housekeepers; and I thought the surest way to secure yours was first to bestow a little commiseration. Now I am coming to the point, and if it did not seem to savor too much of ignorance on my part, I would like to inquire why it is that all the world appear to fly to you to suggest remedies for all the evils under the sun. Perhaps I am confounding you too much with the species newspaper. Pray excuse my long preamble: I wish to tell you my trials, but I must do it in my own way or I shall soon grow confused, not being much accustomed to writing of late, all such things having been driven out of my head by the more matter-of-fact details of life.

I must tell you something of my early life and the manner of my bringing up, or you will not so readily understand why I found so much to try me in a situation which I have since discovered might have been assuaged by a little of what my neighbors used to term "gumption;" by which I think they intended to convey the ordinary meaning of our English word tact. But to return: I was an only child, much beloved and pampered by wealthy parents; my father died when I was quite young, leaving my widowed mother only myself as a comforter. There were a variety of opinions quite freely expressed in private on that subject, whether I was likely to prove more of a comfort or torment to her declining years. However, nobody ventured to suggest to her—as she was wealthy and kept a fine establishment—that I was any thing but a love of a darling, who would supply the place of her husband and the half dozen children whom she had buried. I don't suppose I was any worse than other juveniles; in fact, I sometimes even believe that I must have had quite a fund of native goodness to have resisted all that the indulgence of interested persons continued to do to spoil the generosity and docility of my temper. It was not strange, amidst so much petting and flattery, that I should have entertained the agreeable delusion that the world was made for me, and that it was an absurdity to imagine that any of the ills and grievances that visited my less fortunate neighbors could ever touch me. In these halcyon days my mind was not open to the conviction that trouble is the common lot of humanity. I was affectionate. It was no trouble to be so. Every body said they loved me; taking that for granted, I loved every body quite naturally and easily; and because I was never crossed or contradicted, I fancied also that I had an extremely amiable, equable temper.

In the course of time I fell in love, as other girls do, and married—made what the world calls a "suitable" match; he had money, and so had I, and of course we were bound to be happy. What should hinder? We were to have a fine house, plenty of servants, and every thing becoming our rank. *Mais l'homme propose, et le bon Dieu dispose.* Man can not always control his own affairs. Banks and insurance companies have an awkward fashion of disposing of people's interest money, and leaving their owners minus the means of furnishing houses with velvet carpets and satin-damask curtains and easy-chairs. Horses and splendid equipages, somehow, are driven off at other people's bidding. In short, one finds one's self shuffling along on foot through dusty highways and muddy, splashy streets, without being all at once able to feel quite convinced that walking is a more agreeable mode of locomotion than the luxurious roll of a softly-cushioned carriage. So at least it proved in our case. It required some considerable time to be reconciled to the altered mode of living which these mutations of human affairs rendered necessary. In plain English, we were in "reduced circumstances," and we didn't like it. My husband began to wear a thoughtful

countenance; and one day talked to my mother, in a cautious sort of way, of the chances of improving one's fortune in a newer settled State, etc., etc. She understood him; but it was a sore trial to her, in the delicate state of her health, to propose taking her to share the hardships and exposure of such a life; and, on the other hand, to separate her from her only child seemed equally impracticable. My husband was young, full of health and high hopes, not deficient in energy and activity; and he soon made the discovery that he possessed powers that, if brought into exercise, might make a man of him, and restore our fallen fortunes.

It was settled at last that he should start off to seek the means of independence elsewhere, and that I should remain, for the present, with my mother. After some months' absence he wrote me his determination to settle in a retired mining and manufacturing district. My mother decided not to go with us, at least for the present. It would have been highly amusing to one more experienced than I was to listen to the expressions of condolence and real commiseration and pity poured out upon myself and my mother. That her daughter, nursed in luxury and affluence, should be compelled to waste her existence in the obscurity of the country! One would have thought that I was going to dwell among cannibals and savages. For myself, I knew nothing of deprivation or inconvenience of any sort. In my utter and blissful ignorance I dreaded nothing; and having a strong affection for my husband, I was ready to follow him. The only drawback to my anticipations was the thought of leaving my mother, to whom I was fondly attached; but it was not to be thought of subjecting her to all these inconveniences. So I resolved to remain with her for a year, and then rejoin Edward. But, alas! before the year was ended my dear mother had passed away; and I was left alone, and glad to cling to and follow the fortunes of my husband, who proved to be—notwithstanding all that fickle Fortune had done to spoil a noble heart and temper—a tender and judicious friend to me. He came to me before my mother's death; and after all was over I commenced to make my preparations to go to my new home. He endeavored to prepare my mind for the great changes which had been wrought in my destiny; but it was incomprehensible to me, although I had firmly believed myself fully prepared and capable of practicing great self-denial. I resolved to prove to him that he was mistaken in supposing that I was dependent on the mere luxuries and conventionalities of life for my happiness; and bravely determined to show the dear five hundred friends who pitied me so much that I was superior to the loss of money, and that I could find my happiness as well in a wild sequestered spot as amidst the glare and falsities of fashionable life. I was very busy selecting and superintending the packing of my furniture; and because I stirred about until I tired myself and every body else to death, and gave a great many contradictory orders, I was firmly persuaded that I had done a great deal of labor, and fancied myself very useful, in which delusion my husband good-naturedly indulged me; only attempting, now and then, to suggest that such and such articles would be more useful and appropriate than those I had selected. However, he seemed fearful of damping my ardor, and allowed me to please myself.

After many tearful adieus, and promises of eternal remembrance and friendship, we departed to our new home. It was not in the far West, but it is not necessary to the interest of my true narrative to say where it was.

I was quite delighted on my first arrival at my pretty little cottage, which was ready for my reception. Our fine furniture had preceded us, and been arranged in our domicile, more with a view of affording it shelter from the wind and weather than with any design of displaying taste, or setting it off to the best advantage—so at least I judged, from the hasty glance I cast around on my first entrance. I forbore to speak of it, though I could not help perceiving that most of it was unfortunately chosen for the house. It was very like packing a splendid French bonnet into a gentleman's hat-case. Our elegant book-case had been sawed off at the bottom, to enable it to maintain an upright position in the only room of any size of which the house could boast; and my piano had been pushed into a corner to make way for a marble table which stood beside it; and the rich mahogany chairs were huddled closely together around the walls, with scarcely an inch between them, looking as heavy and solemn as expectant relations at a funeral.

As my eyes ran hastily over the room, the arrangement and proportions of the pictures were nearly as incongruous, and did not fail to bring to my mind the good Vicar of Wakefield's; and I could scarcely help laughing, as the thought occurred to me, if I had only added the green goggles to my speculation the resemblance would have been nearly complete. However, I thought there was room for improvement in the internal arrangement of things, and I expressed nothing but delight and satisfaction. I had made up my mind to meet difficulties, that the predictions of my friends, that I would return in six months, should not be verified. But I really expected to encounter nothing but smiles and sunshine for the remainder of my days. There was something delightful in being the mistress of my own house. I shall never forget the first night I spent under my own roof; it was pure, unmixed delight—blissful ignorance of the trials which awaited me.

At home I had always been a perfectly useless creature, and knew no more of the mysteries of housekeeping than I did of Greek. The first few days went off very well. I had the furniture to re-arrange, and experienced pleasure from the decidedly improved aspect of things; where they were manifestly beyond cure I passed them over the best way I could. My husband had succeeded in obtaining a servant girl for me—or

a "help," as they were termed in that part of the world—and as I had brought with me a young girl from the city, I thought I should do very well. For several weeks things went on tolerably well. It is true the meat did sometimes come on the table looking very much as it did when the butcher brought it to the house, and the green pease looked very black and hard. I did not find it so easy to overlook this latter mishap—I have a weakness for green pease. I felt puzzled to know, and frequently wondered why my "help" made so many more mistakes than ever my mother's servants did; but the idea that the fault was in any manner my own did not just then find its way into my brain. I concluded matters would mend in time, so said nothing. My "help" was so very plausible, and so desirous that I should be suited, that I was forced to remain silent.

One evening I went to the chamber they occupied to visit the little girl, who had been quite unwell all day, and about whom I had felt considerable anxiety. I found her in a gentle sleep, and evidently much better; and as I was turning to leave the room I was attracted by the sight of one of my own embroidered handkerchiefs hanging from the inside of my "help's" trunk. I was very much surprised, as I had reposed the utmost confidence in her; and though I had several times missed little articles, my suspicions had not been awakened. I stooped, and raising the lid, saw, to my utter amazement, that it was filled with my own things. I was so confounded and agitated that I could not decide on the instant what to do; so I flew down stairs to my husband, pale and nervously excited, to tell him my discovery, and ask his counsel in my difficulty. At his suggestion I returned to collect the stolen things, and had just reopened the trunk to complete the survey when my "help" entered the room. I attempted to speak to reprove her for her baseness and ingratitude, but my efforts were unavailing. My excitement was so great, and my horror at the discovery of such duplicity where I had so implicitly trusted, that, completely overcome, I burst into a flood of tears.

The bold creature, glad of an excuse to say something, and taking advantage of my weakness, came up, and in soothing tone began consoling me, begging me not to "give way so."

"Don't cry, dear," said she, in the tender tone one would address to a petted child. "Don't cry, dear!"—as if *I* were the culprit and *she* the injured person.

My dignity was so completely upset by this termination of the affair that I felt I never could regain it, and that it was best for us to part immediately.

I found, after she was gone, that, to add to her other pleasant performances, she had run in debt on my account at the store about eight dollars more—I had been simple enough to give her an unlimited order at the store where some of the "hands" were paid, when she had asked for one to get a pair of shoes. I had previously overpaid her wages. There was no help for it, and so I pocketed my experience as best I could.

The next morning my beauty departed, leaving me utterly helpless again (in more senses than one). The weather was extremely hot, Ann was too unwell to rise, and the nervous excitement of the previous night had prevented me from sleeping; so with languid and heavy steps I dragged about the house, endeavoring to do what I did not understand, and realizing, for the first time in my life, how little the various accomplishments I had so highly valued before could alleviate the discomforts of my present condition.

There were no other "helps" to be obtained for love or money, and I really felt that the sunshine which I had flattered myself was going to last forever had departed in good earnest, and left in its place clouds cold and thick enough to obscure the sun of my horizon.

My kind neighbor, Mrs. Hartnell, came and assisted me, and endeavored to initiate me into the mysteries of bread-making; but there was a profound agony in a pitcher of "milk emptens," as it was called (to this day the very name nauseates me), which I never could surmount; and though I afterward became quite an adept in the art of making hop yeast, it still remains among the hidden things to me.

But it is needless for me to dwell on these miseries. A fortnight passed away in this uncomfortable manner, though during that time my heart was gladdened by the kind offices of my neighbors, who, commiserating my situation, sent me various little dishes, and one in particular I remember. Just as we were sitting down to tea one evening, with rueful visages regarding the solid material before us, and forced to fancy and for the occasion denominate bread—though I confess my own imagination most perversely rejected the delusion, notwithstanding, under present exigencies, it would have been far better to submit to it—a little girl entered the gate, bearing in her hand a plate covered with a snow-white napkin; she walked modestly up to the house, and presented it with her mother's love. It proved to be some of Mrs. Hartnell's tempting work. If it had been a plate of gold, I should not have been so thankful; and often has that kind-hearted woman made me feel, that it is not the value of the gift, but its seasonableness — the affectionate consideration that prompts the offering—which renders it most acceptable.

One sultry morning there appeared at my door a brawny, coarse Irish woman, about forty-five years of age, who said "she understood I was in nade of a girl, and that she had come to see; if she liked the place she would stay."

I had been too completely humbled by my ignorance and dependence to be particular about the mode of address, and told her that she might remain. I discovered at the end of a week who was to be mistress; but as she could wash and iron very well and cook tolerably, I concluded it was better to submit to her jurisdiction than to starve on my own resources. One Monday

morning I had quietly seated myself before an unfinished picture, and was so much engrossed by my occupation as to forget all such everyday matters as dinner, when suddenly the head of Bridget was thrust in at the door with the startling inquiry, "What is it ye'll be having for yere dinner the day: there's no fresh meat in the house, and it's eleven of the clock?" Every housekeeper in a small country village knows the meaning of this inquiry at that hour of the day, when there is no market, only occasional supplies from the butcher's cart, perhaps two or three times a week.

This was descending from the clouds with a bounce! After I was fairly made to understand the case, I told her, as we were quite by ourselves, it was of little consequence, and we would endeavor to get along with something else for one day. What that something else was to be was the question; for we had not then even the usual resources of the pork-barrel and broiled ham, which older housekeepers possess. "Well, ma'am," said she, "if ye can do without entirely the day it'll jist suit me as well, for I'm busy wid me washing. Maybe it's till tea ye'll wait;" so saying, she flew off without my reply, for which, indeed, she rarely thought it worth while to wait, and, shutting the door with her peculiar grace, left me to resume my occupation. I did not pursue her to give any other directions; for only a day or two previous, when I was in the kitchen engaged about something I did not understand (not an uncommon circumstance, by-the-way, for I really do think it must have appeared to a disinterested observer that I went there for the express purpose of burning my fingers, and spoiling whatever I touched), she had told me, "as the kitchen was very small, you had better lave it." I felt it was not worth while to follow her; for the one idea of "no dinner" had by this time obtained such permanent hold of her brain that it would be a fruitless task to attempt to dislodge it. I had gradually yielded to her, little by little, until it was very plain to us both who was mistress. I could not conceal the fact that I was afraid of her.

So I returned to my painting, and had again become deeply engrossed when my attention was attracted by a little bustle at the front gate, and, looking up, to my consternation beheld descending from a carriage several of my friends who resided at some distance from town, and among them one whom I recollected had the reputation of being a most superior housekeeper, perfectly skilled in all the various branches, and with a reputation for neatness that was a perfect terror to all tyros.

I really liked her, though I must own I had lately grown painfully nervous on the subject of housekeeping; but as I had been hospitably entertained at her house, I resolved to make the best of the matter. I greeted her cordially, made some hurried apology for the disorder of my parlor, where my easel and other implements were scattered about. At her request I took her to a chamber where she might refresh herself with a little cool water after a long, dusty ride. But it seemed as if that day was destined to be one of mortifications. The room had not been opened for some time, and from one end to the other the furniture was covered with fine sand, which had been driven by the high winds through the crevices about the old windows. The fact could not be denied or concealed. The white marble top of the wash-stand had assumed a dingy brown hue; and an industrious spider, as if to administer a more effectual reproof, had woven a thick web in the inside of the water-pitcher. In the middle of the room stood a chair, upon which were hung, in a straggling, careless manner, the bed-clothes, which Bridget sometime before had snatched from the bed to obtain the linen for the wash, and with a grace certainly peculiar to herself had left in the way described.

With mortification and distress known only to inexperienced housekeepers, I stammered forth something about being so troubled to keep the dust out; but I inwardly resolved never to sit down to paint, on a Monday morning especially, until I had seen my house swept and dusted from beginning to end.

But all this while the thoughts of dinner haunted me like Banquo's ghost, and all my gayety was forced. I dispatched Ann to my friendly neighbor, Mrs. Hartnell, to make known the depth of my distress, and to beg her to share with me if she possessed any thing which could be pressed into my service. I was soon relieved by the return of Ann, not only with a nice joint of meat, but nicely cooked, followed by a little girl with a pie, the top thickly strewn with sugar. My delight was inexpressible. I flew to the garden, and, with the aid of melons and some other "fixings," contrived to set off my neighbor's dinner to the best advantage, and to give my friends a pleasant welcome; and to this day they don't suspect that they robbed my kind Mrs. Hartnell of her dinner. I can smile at it now, but it was too serious a matter for a joke at that time; and I can assure you I considered it a pretty good test of friendship, and I should not be afraid to trust the friend in a grave matter who proved herself so faithful in a minor difficulty.

The next morning after the visit of my friends I rose early, with the intention of arranging my house, and putting every thing in the most perfect order. Great was the array of brooms, scrubbing-brushes, pails, etc. The windows were to be washed, and I had previously procured a large sponge, which had been put into water to moisten, and after it had been well cleansed I had laid it on the little grass embankment beside the house, and had been called away to attend to something else. I dispatched my precious Bridget to bring it to wash the windows. Directly she came flying back, with a wild-looking face, declaring "that it was herself who felt great reluctance to touch it."

Supposing it another of her unreasonable whims, I prepared myself to encounter a fresh storm of words; for this morning I was quite

resolute, from the lesson I had received the day before, and so I began by asking her why she should feel reluctance to comply with so reasonable a request.

"Och, marm, I do indade feel great reluctance to touch it—it's so like a hedgehog it's looking."

"A hedgehog, Bridget?" said I, laughing. "Where did you ever see one?"

"Many's the time, ma'am, in me own country. I had a brother who was very fond of fowling. He used aften to go out uv a mornin' and bring home a hedgehog at night."

Numerous were my trials, and various the blunders and mistakes I made; and as Bridget was no more enlightened than the generality of her country people, she made many amusing mistakes. But my greatest distress arose from her outrageous temper and conduct, and I resolved at last to endure it no longer; but before I had finally mustered resolution to dismiss her, she came to me, and with many attempts at blushing and a variety of little airs that sat about as gracefully upon her as a saddle upon a cow, told me that she was "sparking an Englishman, and intinded to be married very soon:" so it proved. The man was a poor drunken creature, and young enough to be her son. I advised her not to think of such a thing, as he would only squander all her savings, and make her situation very uncomfortable; but in this, as in all other matters, she utterly disregarded my suggestions, and finally married him. She did not leave me immediately, nor indeed until my predictions had been fully verified: her money he spent directly, and returned to his old habit of beastly intoxication, and at the expiration of a few weeks left the place. She resolved to follow him, and our parting was quite affecting. She bade my husband adieu with tears; and "Mrs. Malvern," she said, though twenty-five years my senior, "ye've been a mother to me;" and, approaching, threw her arms about me, and before I was aware of her intentions, with an embrace like a bear she imprinted a kiss on my cheek.

With Bridget's departure came the renewal of my former trials, though they were somewhat mitigated by the experience I had now acquired. I sought every where for new help; but some were afraid to come. One told me she had heard we were "dreadful poplar folks, and didn't think a sight of our hired girls." I never could make out what the phrase "dreadful poplar" meant; but it must have been something very frightful in their eyes. I had almost made up my mind that I must submit to necessity, and do without any other assistance than that which Ann, who was now better skilled than formerly, could render me.

One morning as we were engaged in the kitchen bringing order out of confusion, or the contrary, as one less partial than ourselves might have esteemed it; but it was baking day, and I had bent all my faculties in that direction; the oven was just on the point of being ready, and my pies were nearly completed, when Ann was summoned to the front door by a loud, important rap, and ushered through the parlor into the kitchen a stout-looking countryman, followed by a damsel with a gay printed muslin dress and a blue cotton umbrella, white cotton gloves, and a large basket hanging on her arm.

"Good-morning, ma'am! a pretty considerable warm day this," was his first salutation. I replied in the affirmative, and told him to be seated, and offered him a chair. "Why," continued he, "this is quite a specimen of a warm day, and as me and my gal—this is my daughter, Lucinda Jane," said he, pushing her toward me with a complacent look—"have come a considerable of a piece this morning, if you'd jest as lief, ma'am, I'll sit down in this 'ere other room that we come through, 'tain't quite so much fired up there." As I did not reply immediately he retreated through the door, pulling Lucinda Jane after him. Giving Ann some directions about my pies, I followed my strange guests, partly divining that Miss Lucinda Jane was a lady come to hire out. "Well, this is pretty comfortable," said he, first opening wide the front door and letting the broad sunshine into the room; for as we had no porch to shelter the door, we had relied for the present on the shade of the large trees, but at this hour of the day the sun shone full upon that part of the house. I looked on ruefully as the heat and glare poured into the apartment, enlivened by a stream of flies which Ann and I had spent more than half an hour after breakfast driving out. "This is real comfortable;" seating himself and taking a great red-and-yellow cotton pocket-handkerchief from his hat, he wiped faithfully the perspiration from his face; then returning the handkerchief to its original place in his hat, he carefully deposited it on the carpet beside him, and tipping back against the wall and twisting his legs around the front ones of the chair, he began to gaze about him with an approving air.

"Well, ma'am," said he, for the first time condescending to enlighten me to what I was indebted for the favor of his visit, "I heerd that you wanted to hire, and I told your husband I'd bring my gal daown. She's a fust-rate smart one to work, and I think you'll like her; and as this seems to be a notion of a place, I guess she'll be sooted too. She's dreadful tender-hearted, and can't bear much hardship; but as you hain't got a gret family, and keep another gal, and a boy for the chores, I guess she won't find it too hard for her. Don't you think you'll like to stay, Lucinda Jane?"

But Lucinda had heard the allusion to her tender feelings, and felt called upon to sniggle and simper, and screw her mouth into a little smaller compass; drew nearer the edge of her chair, and forthwith proceeded to stretch the fingers of the white cotton gloves, which were already a great deal too long, and then seemed as earnestly bent on shoving them into wrinkles, until the ends of her fingers threatened to protrude through the fabric; which operation she

repeated several times, evidently endangering their safety.

During this time I had endeavored to decide whether I should undertake the task of living with a lady, and whether my situation would not be much worse than without her. But as I was expecting company from a distance, to remain several weeks, I thought I would make the trial; and as Lucinda Jane, who had by this time persuaded herself of the propriety of answering, murmured forth that "she guessed she'd stay, as she laid out tew when she set aeought from home."

I told her she might stay for a week, and we could decide better then.

"Well, you can stay, and some of our folks will be daown to the white meeting-heouse Sunday, and you can come or send word if you git home-sick; but I guess you won't before that time. Here's a nice pianny you can try your hand on. If you dew get tired— But I must be going on," he continued, rising. "Business before pleasure. It's haying time now, ma'am, and that's a pretty busy season with farmers, you know. But haow dreadful musical your faowls are!" said he (meaning fowls), going up to a cage of canaries that were tuning their little throats at a merry rate. "What kind do you call 'em? They're wonderful pretty little creturs?"

At last he departed, after delivering himself of sundry directions and injunctions to Lucinda Jane.

I expected a regular cataract of tears and fit of the sullens when she should discover that her destination was at the second table; but she got along with Ann and the chore boy for a day or two. But I could see it was not what she had expected, but nothing was said until the first afternoon after the arrival of my friends. She came down dressed to the utmost her limited wardrobe would allow, and took her seat in the parlor. When I desired her to go and assist Ann to get the tea ready I was perfectly satisfied, from the expression of her face, that my lady and I had come to the end of our compact. When I went out, soon after, to see to matters myself, having a pretty just idea of how things stood, I found she had gone up stairs to bed, telling Ann she was sick. I thought it best to let her alone, knowing that hunger is sometimes the best remedy for ill temper and injured feelings. I got the tea ready with Ann's assistance, and nothing was said to her, as I had given Ann directions not to notice her conduct by a remark of any kind. In the morning she came down stairs, telling me that she was sick, and must go home. I paid her wages, and she departed, leaving me again alone.

A few days elapsed without my hearing of any assistance. The weather was depressingly sultry, and, with all my efforts, I could not manage to get through the increased labors of the day without a great deal of suffering. I had never been accustomed to fatiguing exercise; and my duties, together with the heat, were very exhausting, and I found myself ill enough to lie in bed, but felt compelled to exert myself to make things comfortable for my friends.

One morning, as I was on the point of yielding to a blinding headache, there appeared at the kitchen door a stout-looking individual in petticoats; from that circumstance alone I judged her to be a woman, but from nothing else about her should I have decided in favor of the feminine gender. She had short, stiff hair, small gray eyes set deeply in her head, dark complexion, and withal a strong beard on her upper lip—not merely an indication of one, as I had frequently seen in females, but a real beard, such as required a razor, and had evidently often known one. I stared in doubt. She put a note in my hand from Mrs. Hartnell, which I read before she spoke at all. Mrs. H. said she knew her to be honest, and a "good worker." Here was relief at hand! I smilingly asked her if she wished to "hire out."

"That's what I come for," she replied, in a voice that absolutely made me jump. It was terrific. The deepest bass I ever heard was a mild, pleasant tenor compared to hers. She talked very rapidly, and every time she spoke it reminded me of Fourth of July in New York—'twas a perfect succession of pistol-shots that jarred my nerves so that I fancied the windows must rattle also. However, sinking as I was under the heat and fatigue, I was glad to secure her services. She proved invaluable to me, only I never could get accustomed to her voice. I used to avoid speaking to her as much as possible, and sent communications through Ann.

I had now rest and leisure to enjoy the society of my friends.

One afternoon, after her dinner things were cleared away and the kitchen in "apple-pie order," she went out to do some shopping for herself. The tea hour came, and no Melissa appeared. I thought it very singular, for she was the soul of order and punctuality—the breakfast, dinner, and tea always being on the table at the same hour, almost the same moment, each day. I could not account for her absence. I went out, and, with Ann's assistance, got the tea ready. It was cleared away. Eight, nine, ten o'clock came and passed, and still no Melissa. I went to bed with a heavy heart, feeling that some new disaster was impending over my head. Breakfast was dispatched; still no signs of Melissa; and it was not until nearly noon that she made her appearance. She looked much discomposed, but gave no other account of herself than that she had been detained and could not return. Of course I did not venture a word of disapprobation; I was only too glad to get her back again on any terms. But she did not appear like herself, and I began to have uncomfortable misgivings whether it might not be that she had, with the appearance of a man, some masculine propensities, and proclivities for a spree: for instance—more than once I fancied I could smell liquor, etc. Not until Edward returned to dinner did we learn that she had been arrested in

the street and carried off and detained all night as a suspected burglar by one of our village Dogberrys—such an individual having been supposed to make his escape in woman's attire. She had given her name when first arrested, and told where she lived, etc., and the officer had about decided to release her, when unfortunately they met an acquaintance of hers, who saluted her as he passed rapidly onward by a nickname, by which she was known in her own town; and as she replied to it the man fancied he saw another suspicious character in the new-comer, and that was confirmation of his first opinion, and he persisted, in spite of her remonstrance, in carrying her off to a place of security for the night; and it was not until my husband heard of the affair the next morning that she was released.

Her mortification was so extreme that it required no small amount of persuasion to induce her to remain; and it was the fear of the ridicule that might assail her at home, together with Edward's reiterated assurance that the affair should be hushed up, that finally overcame her reluctance.

She has remained in my family ever since; and though she can in nowise be regarded as a comely person, either in appearance or manners, she has sterling virtues which overbalance all other deficiencies.

Now, my dear *Monthly*, I am a subdued and humbled woman, and have learned many a useful lesson from my Melissa. She *is* a person to be looked up to, after all.

My husband, when I venture to differ from him in opinion about our ordinary household matters, always cuts the matter short by saying, with a sort of air that I can not precisely make out, "Why, my dear, the woman you live with thinks otherwise." It is not very deferential to me, certainly; but then it is so convenient and satisfactory to have your house in good order and your meals well cooked that I always pocket the affront (and score the account, as they do in billiards), in consideration of more important advantages.

I am almost in danger, after the experiences I have had, of setting such things uppermost in the scale, and of making too small an account of personal beauty and feminine accomplishments. If, in the circle of your acquaintance, you know any who are likely to place an undue value upon boarding-school accomplishments, education, personal attractions, etc., I can assure you there is no remedy so speedy and efficacious for the cure of self-esteem founded on any of these possessions as to set them up at housekeeping in some country place, with only "Miss Leslie" as a guide-book. If they don't come out humbled and subdued it must be set down, as Doctor Johnson says of second marriages, as a signal triumph of Hope over Experience.

THE FOUR GEORGES.

SKETCHES OF MANNERS, MORALS, COURT AND TOWN LIFE.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

II.—GEORGE THE SECOND.

ON the afternoon of the 14th of June, 1727, two horsemen might have been perceived galloping along the road from Chelsea to Richmond. The foremost, cased in the jack-boots of the period, was a broad-faced, jolly-looking, and very corpulent cavalier; but, by the manner in which he urged his horse, you might see that he was a bold as well as a skillful rider. Indeed, no man loved sport better; and in the hunting-fields of Norfolk no squire rode more boldly after the fox, or cheered Ringwood and Sweettips more lustily than he who now thundered over the Richmond road.

He speedily reached Richmond Lodge, and asked to see the owner of the mansion. The mistress of the house and her ladies, to whom our friend was admitted, said he could not be introduced to the master, however pressing the business might be. The master was asleep after his dinner; he always slept after his dinner: and woe be to the person who interrupted him! Nevertheless, our stout friend of the jack-boots put the affrighted ladies aside, opened the forbidden door of the bedroom, wherein upon the bed lay a little gentleman; and here the eager messenger knelt down in his jack-boots.

He on the bed started up, and with many

AVE CÆSAR.

oaths and a strong German accent asked who was there, and who dared to disturb him?

"I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the messenger. The awakened sleeper hated Sir Robert Walpole. "I have the honor to announce to your Majesty that your royal father, King George I., died at Osnaburg on Saturday last, the 10th instant."

"*Dat is one big lie!*" roared out his sacred Majesty King George II.; but Sir Robert Walpole stated the fact, and from that day until three-and-thirty years after, George, the second of the name, ruled over England.

How the king made away with his father's will under the astonished nose of the Archbishop of Canterbury; how he was a choleric little sovereign; how he shook his fist in the face of his father's courtiers; how he kicked his coat and wig about in his rages, and called every body thief, liar, rascal, with whom he differed—you will read in all the history books; and how he speedily and shrewdly reconciled himself with

the bold minister, whom he had hated during his father's life, and by whom he was served during fifteen years of his own with admirable prudence, fidelity, and success. But for Sir Robert Walpole, we should have had the Pretender back again. But for his obstinate love of peace, we should have had wars, which the nation was not strong enough nor united enough to endure. But for his resolute counsels and good-humored resistance, we might have had German despots attempting a Hanoverian regimen over us: we should have had revolt, commotion, want, and tyrannous misrule, in place of a quarter of a century of peace, freedom, and material prosperity, such as the country never enjoyed, until that corrupter of parliaments, that dissolute, tipsy cynic, that courageous lover of peace and liberty, that great citizen, patriot, and statesman governed it. In religion he was little better than a heathen; cracked ribald jokes at bigwigs and bishops, and laughed at High Church and Low. In private life the old pagan reveled in the lowest pleasures: he passed his Sundays tippling at Richmond; and his holydays bawling after dogs, or boozing at Houghton with boors over beef and punch. He cared for letters no more than his master did: he judged human nature so meanly that one is ashamed to have to own that he was right, and that men could be corrupted by means so base. But, with his hireling House of Commons, he defended liberty for us; with his incredulity he kept Church-craft down. There were parsons at Oxford as double-dealing and dangerous as any priests out of Rome, and he routed them both. He gave Englishmen no conquests, but he gave them peace, and ease, and freedom; the three per cents. nearly at par; and wheat at five and six and twenty shillings a quarter.

It was lucky for us that our first Georges were not more high-minded men; especially fortunate that they loved Hanover so much as to leave England to have her own way. Our chief troubles began when we got a king who gloried in the name of Briton, and, being born in the country, proposed to rule it. He was no more fit to govern England than his grandfather and great-grandfather, who did not try. It was righting itself during their occupation. The dangerous, noble old spirit of cavalier loyalty was dying out; the stately old English High Church was emptying itself: the questions dropping, which, on one side and the other—the side of loyalty, prerogative, church, and king; the side of right, truth, civil and religious freedom—had set generations of brave men in arms. By the time when George III. came to the throne, the combat between loyalty and liberty was come to an end; and Charles Edward, old, tipsy, and childless, was dying in Italy.

Those who are curious about European Court history of the last age know the memoirs of the Margravine of Bayreuth, and what a Court was that of Berlin, where George II.'s cousins ruled sovereign. Frederick the Great's father knocked down his sons, daughters, officers of state; he kidnapped big men all Europe over to make grenadiers of; his feasts, his parades, his wine parties, his tobacco parties, are all described. Jonathan Wild the Great in language, pleasures, and behavior, is scarcely more delicate than this German sovereign. Louis XV., his life, and reign, and doings, are told in a thousand French memoirs. Our George II., at least, was not a worse king than his neighbors. He claimed and took the royal exemption from doing right which sovereigns assumed. A dull little man of low tastes he appears to us in England; yet Hervey tells us that this choleric prince was a great sentimentalist, and that his letters—of which he wrote prodigious quantities—were quite dangerous in their powers of fascination. He kept his sentimentalities for his Germans and his queen. With us English he never chose to be familiar. He has been accused of avarice, yet he did not give much money, and did not leave much behind him. He did not love the fine arts, but he did not pretend to love them. He was no more a hypocrite about religion than his father. He judged men by a low standard; yet, with such men as were near him, was he wrong in judging as he did? He readily detected lying and flattery, and liars and flatterers were perforce his companions. Had he been more of a dupe, he might have been more amiable. A dismal experience made him cynical. No boon was it to him to be clear-sighted, and see only selfishness and flattery round about him. What could Walpole tell him about his Lords and Commons but that they were all venal? Did not his clergy, his courtiers, bring him the same story? Dealing with men and women in his rude, skeptical way, he comes to doubt about honor, male and female, about patriotism, about religion. "He is wild, but he fights like a man," George I., the taciturn, said of his son and successor. Courage George II. certainly had. The Electoral Prince, at the head of his father's contingent, had approved himself a good and brave soldier under Eugene and Marlborough. At Oudenarde he specially distinguished himself. At Malplaquet the other claimant to the English throne won but little honor. There was always a question about James's courage. Neither then in Flanders, nor afterward in his own ancient kingdom of Scotland, did the luckless Pretender show much resolution. But dapper little George had a famous tough spirit of his own, and fought like a Trojan. He called out his brother of Prussia, with sword and pistol; and I wish, for the interest of romancers in general, that that famous duel could have taken place. The two sovereigns hated each other with all their might; their seconds were appointed; the place of meeting was settled; and the duel was only prevented by strong representations made to the two, of the European laughter which would have been caused by such a transaction.

Whenever we hear of dapper George at war, it is certain that he demeaned himself like a little man of valor. At Dettingen his horse ran

away with him, and with difficulty was stopped from carrying him into the enemy's lines. The king, dismounting from the fiery quadruped, said, bravely: "Now I know I shall not run away;" and placed himself at the head of the foot, drew his sword, brandishing it at the whole of the French army, and calling out to his own men to come on, in bad English, but with the most famous pluck and spirit. In '45, when the Pretender was at Derby, and many people began to look pale, the king never lost his courage—not he. "Pooh! don't talk to me that stuff!" he said, like a gallant little prince as he was, and never for one moment allowed his equanimity, or his business, or his pleasures, or his travels, to be disturbed. On public festivals he always appeared in the hat and coat he wore on the famous day of Oudenarde; and the people laughed, but kindly, at the odd old garment, for bravery never goes out of fashion.

In private life the prince showed himself a worthy descendant of his father. In this respect, so much has been said about the first George's manners, that we need not enter into a description of the son's German harem. In 1705 he married a princess remarkable for beauty, for cleverness, for learning, for good temper—one of the truest and fondest wives ever prince was blessed with, and who loved him and was faithful to him, and he, in his coarse fashion, loved her to the last. It must be told to the honor of Caroline of Anspach, that, at the time when German princes thought no more of changing their religion than you of altering your cap, she refused to give up Protestantism for the other creed, although an Archduke, afterward to be an Emperor, was offered to her for a bridegroom. Her Protestant relations in Berlin were angry at her rebellious spirit; it was they who tried to convert her (it is droll to think that Frederick the Great, who had no religion at all, was known for a long time in England as the Protestant hero), and these good Protestants set upon Caroline a certain Father Urban, a very skillful Jesuit, and famous winner of souls. But she routed the Jesuit; and she refused Charles VI.; and she married the little Electoral Prince of Hanover, whom she tended with love, and with every manner of sacrifice, with artful kindness, with tender flattery, with entire self-devotion, thenceforward until her life's end.

When George I. made his first visit to Hanover, his son was appointed regent during the royal absence. But this honor was never again conferred on the Prince of Wales; he and his father fell out presently. On the occasion of the christening of his second son, a royal row took place, and the prince, shaking his fist in the Duke of Newcastle's face, called him a rogue, and provoked his august father. He and his wife were turned out of St. James's, and their princely children taken from them, by order of the royal head of the family. Father and mother wept piteously at parting from their little ones. The young ones sent some cherries, with their love, to papa and mamma; the parents watered the fruit with tears. They had no tears thirty-five years afterward, when Prince Frederick died—their eldest son, their heir, their enemy.

The king called his daughter-in-law "*cette diablesse madame la princesse.*" The frequenters of the latter's court were forbidden to appear at the king's: their royal highnesses going to Bath, we read how the courtiers followed them thither, and paid that homage in Somersetshire which was forbidden in London. That phrase of "*cette diablesse madame la princesse*" explains one cause of the wrath of her royal papa. She was a very clever woman: she had a keen sense of humor: she had a dreadful tongue: she turned into ridicule the antiquated sultan and his hideous harem. She wrote savage letters about him home to members of her family. So, driven out from the royal presence, the prince and princess set up for themselves in Leicester Fields, "where," says Walpole, "the most promising of the young gentlemen of the next party, and the prettiest and liveliest of the young ladies, formed the new court." Besides Leicester House, they had their lodge at Richmond, frequented by some of the pleasantest company of those days. There were the Herveys, and Chesterfield, and little Mr. Pope from Twickenham, and with him, sometimes, the savage Dean of St. Patrick's, and quite a bevy of young ladies, whose pretty faces smile on us out of history. There was Lepell, famous in ballad song; and the saucy, charming Mary Bellenden, who would have none of the Prince of Wales's fine compliments, who folded her arms across her breast, and bade H.R.H. keep off; and knocked his purse of guineas into his face, and told him she was tired of seeing him count them. He was not an august monarch, this Augustus. Walpole tells how, one night at the royal card-table, the playful princesses pulled a chair away from under Lady Deloraine, who, in revenge, pulled the king's from under him, so that his Majesty fell on the carpet. In whatever posture one sees this royal George, he is ludicrous somehow; even at Dettingen, where he fought so bravely, his figure is absurd—calling out in his broken English, and lunging with his rapier, like a fencing-master. In contemporary caricatures, George's son, "the Hero of Culloden," is also made an object of considerable fun, as witness the following picture of him defeated by the French (1757) at Hastenbeck:

I refrain to quote from Walpole regarding George—for those charming volumes are in the hands of all who love the gossip of the last century. Nothing can be more cheery than Horace's letters. Fiddles sing all through them: wax-lights, fine dresses, fine jokes, fine plate, fine equipages, glitter and sparkle there: never was such a brilliant, jigging, smirking Vanity Fair as that through which he leads us. Hervey, the next great authority, is a darker spirit. About him there is something frightful: a few years since his heirs opened the lid of the Ickworth box; it was as if a Pompeii was opened

THE HERO OF CULLODEN.

to us—the last century dug up, with its temples and its games, its chariots, its public places—lupanaria. Wandering through that city of the dead, that dreadfully selfish time, through those godless intrigues and feasts, through those crowds, pushing, and eager, and struggling—rouged, and lying, and fawning—I have wanted some one to be friends with. I have said to friends conversant with that history, "Show me some good person about that Court; find me, among those selfish courtiers those dissolute, gay people, some one being that I can love and regard. There is that strutting little sultan, George II.; there is that hunchbacked, beetle-browed Lord Chesterfield; there is John Hervey, with his deadly smile, and ghastly, painted face—I hate them. There is Hoadly, cringing from one bishopric to another; yonder comes little Mr. Pope, from Twickenham, with his friend, the Irish dean, in his new cassock, bowing too, but with rage flashing from under his bushy eyebrows, and scorn and hate quivering in his smile. Can you be fond of these? Of Pope I might: at least I might love his genius, his wit, his greatness, his sensibility—with a certain conviction that at some fancied slight, some sneer which he imagined, he would turn upon me and stab me. Can you trust the queen? She is not of our order: their very position makes kings and queens lonely. One inscrutable attachment that inscrutable woman has. To that she is faithful, through all trial, neglect, pain, and time. Save her husband, she really cares for no created being. She is good enough to her children, and even fond enough of them: but she would chop them all up into little pieces to please him. In her intercourse with all around her, she was perfectly kind, gracious, and natural: but friends may die, daughters may depart, she will be as perfectly kind and gracious to the next set. If the king wants her, she will smile upon him, be she ever so sad; and walk with him, be she ever so weary; and laugh at his brutal jokes, be she in ever so much pain of body or heart. Caroline's devotion to her husband is a prodigy to read of. What charm had the little man? What was there in those wonderful letters of thirty pages long, which he wrote to her when he was absent, and to his mistresses at Hanover, when he was in London with his wife? Why did Caroline, the most lovely and accomplished princess of Germany, take a little red-faced staring princeling for a husband, and refuse an emperor? Why, to her last hour, did she love him so? She killed herself because she loved him so. She had the gout, and would plunge her feet in cold water in order to walk with him. With the film of death over her eyes, writhing in intolerable pain, she yet had a livid smile and a gentle word for her master. You have read the wonderful history of that death-bed? How she bade him marry again, and the reply the old king blubbered out, "*Non, non: j'aurai des maitresses.*" There never was such a ghastly farce. I watch the astonishing scene—I stand by that awful bedside, wondering at the ways in which God has ordained the lives, loves, rewards, successes, passions, actions, ends of his creatures—and can't but laugh, in the presence of death, and with the saddest heart. In that often-quoted passage from Lord Hervey, in which the queen's death-bed is described, the grotesque horror of the details surpasses all satire: the dreadful humor of the scene is more terrible than Swift's blackest pages, or Fielding's fiercest irony. The man who wrote the story had something diabolical about him: the terrible verses which Pope wrote respecting Hervey, in one of his own moods of almost fiendish malignity, I fear are true. I am frightened as I look back into the past, and fancy I behold that ghastly, beautiful face; as I think of the queen writhing on her death-bed, and crying out, "Pray!—pray!"—of the royal old sinner by her side, who kisses her dead lips with frantic grief, and leaves her to sin more; of the bevy of courtly clergymen, and the archbishop, whose prayers she rejects, and who are obliged, for propriety's sake, to shuffle off the anxious inquiries of the public, and vow that her Majesty quitted this life "in a heavenly frame of mind." What a life!—to what ends devoted! What a vanity of vanities! It is a theme for another pulpit than the lecturer's. For a pulpit?—I think the part which pulpits play in the deaths of kings is the most ghastly of all the ceremonial: the lying eulogies, the blinking of disagreeable truths, the sickening flatteries, the simulated grief, the falsehoods and sycophancies all uttered in the name of Heaven in our State churches: these monstrous threnodies have been sung from time immemorial over kings and queens, good, bad, wicked, licentious. The State parson must bring out his commonplaces; his apparatus of rhetorical black-hangings. Dead king or live king, the clergyman must flatter him—announce his piety while living, and when dead, perform the obsequies of "our most religious and gracious king."

I read that Lady Yarmouth (my most religious and gracious king's favorite) sold a bishopric to a clergyman for £5000. (She betted him £5000 that he would not be made a bishop, and

he lost, and paid her.) Was he the only prelate of his time led up by such hands for consecration? As I peep into George II.'s St. James's I see crowds of cassocks rustling up the back-stairs of the ladies of the Court; stealthy clergy slipping purses into their laps; that godless old king yawning under his canopy in his Chapel Royal, as the chaplain before him is discoursing. Discoursing about what?—about righteousness and judgment? While the chaplain is preaching the king is chattering in German almost as loud as the preacher; so loud that the clergyman—it may be one Dr. Young, he who wrote "Night Thoughts," and discoursed on the splendors of the stars, the glories of heaven, and utter vanities of this world—actually burst out crying in his pulpit because the defender of the faith and dispenser of bishoprics would not listen to him! No wonder that the clergy were corrupt and indifferent amidst this indifference and corruption. No wonder that skeptics multiplied and morals degenerated, so far as they depended on the influence of such a king. No wonder that Whitfield cried out in the wilderness that Wesley quitted the insulted temple to pray on the hill-side. I look with reverence on those men at that time. Which is the sublimer spectacle—the good John Wesley, surrounded by his congregation of miners at the pit's mouth, or the queen's chaplains mumbling through their morning office in their ante-room, under the picture of the great Venus, with the door opened into the adjoining chamber, where the queen is dressing, talking scandal to Lord Hervey, or uttering sneers at Lady Suffolk, who is kneeling with the basin at her mistress's side? I say I am scared as I look round at this society—at this king, at these courtiers, at these politicians, at these bishops—at this flaunting vice and levity. Whereabouts in this Court is the honest man? Where is the pure person one may like? The air stifles one with its sickly perfumes. There are some old-world follies and some absurd ceremonials about our Court of the present day, which I laugh at, but as an Englishman, contrasting it with the past, shall I not acknowledge the change of to-day? As the mistress of St. James's passes me now I salute the sovereign, wise, moderate, exemplary of life; the good mother; the good wife; the accomplished lady; the enlightened friend of art; the tender sympathizer in her people's glories and sorrows.

Of all the Court of George and Caroline I find no one but Lady Suffolk with whom it seems pleasant and kindly to hold converse. Even the misogynist Croker, who edited her letters, loves her, and has that regard for her with which her sweet graciousness seems to have inspired almost all men and some women who came near her. I have noted many little traits which go to prove the charms of her character (it is not merely because she is charming, but because she is characteristic, that I allude to her). She writes delightfully sober letters. Addressing Mr. Gay at Tunbridge (he was, you know, a poet, penniless and in disgrace), she says: "The place you are in has strangely filled your head with physicians and cures; but, take my word for it, many a fine lady has gone there to drink the waters without being sick; and many a man has complained of the loss of his heart, who had it in his own possession. I desire you will keep yours; for I shall not be very fond of a friend without one, and I have a great mind you should be in the number of mine."

When Lord Peterborough was seventy years old, that indomitable youth addressed some flaming love, or rather gallantry, letters to Mrs. Howard—curious relics they are of the romantic manner of wooing sometimes in use in those days. It is not passion; it is not love; it is gallantry: a mixture of earnest and acting; high-flown compliments, profound bows, vows, sighs and ogles, in the manner of the Clelie romances, and Millamont and Doricourt in the comedy. There was a vast elaboration of ceremonies and etiquette, of raptures—a regulated form for kneeling and wooing which has quite passed out of our downright manners. Henrietta Howard accepted the noble old earl's philandering; answered the queer love-letters with due acknowledgment; made a profound courtesy to Peterborough's profound bow; and got John Gay to help her in the composition of her letters in reply to her old knight. He wrote her charming verses, in which there was truth as well as grace. "Oh, wonderful creature!" he writes:

"O wonderful creature, a woman of reason!
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season!
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Who would think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she?"

The great Mr. Pope also celebrated her in lines not less pleasant, and painted a portrait of what must certainly have been a delightful lady:

"I know a thing that's most uncommon—
Envy, be silent and attend!—
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome, yet witty, and a friend:

"Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumor,
Not grave through pride, or gay through folly:
An equal mixture of good-humor
And exquisite soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults, then (Envy says), Sir?
Yes, she has one, I must aver—
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear!"

Even the women concurred in praising and loving her. The Duchess of Queensberry bears testimony to her amiable qualities, and writes to her: "I tell you so and so, because you love children, and to have children love you." The beautiful, jolly Mary Bellenden, represented by contemporaries as "the most perfect creature ever known," writes very pleasantly to her "dear Howard," her "dear Swiss," from the country, whither Mary had retired after her marriage, and when she gave up being a maid of honor. "How do you do, Mrs. Howard?" Mary breaks out. "How do you do, Mrs. Howard? that is

all I have to say. This afternoon I am taken with a fit of writing; but as to matter, I have nothing better to entertain you than news of my farm. I therefore give you the following list of the stock of eatables that I am fatting for my private tooth. It is well known to the whole county of Kent that I have four fat calves, two fat hogs, fit for killing, twelve promising black pigs, two young chickens, three fine geese, with thirteen eggs under each (several being duck-eggs, else the others do not come to maturity); all this, with rabbits, and pigeons, and carp in plenty, beef and mutton at reasonable rates. Now, Howard, if you have a mind to stick a knife into any thing I have named, say so!"

A jolly set must they have been those maids of honor. Pope introduces us to a whole bevy of them in a pleasant letter. "I went," he says, "by water to Hampton Court, and met the Prince, with all his ladies, on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. Bellenden and Mrs. Lepell took me into protection, contrary to the laws against harboring papists, and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. Howard. We all agreed that the life of a maid of honor was of all things the most miserable, and wished that all women who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham of a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat—all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for hunters. As soon as they wipe off the heat of the day, they must simper an hour and catch cold in the princess's apartment; from thence to dinner with what appetite they may; and after that till midnight, work, walk, or think which way they please. No lone house in Wales, with a mountain and rookery, is more contemplative than this Court. Miss Lepell walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the king, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain all alone under the garden wall."

I fancy it was a merrier England, that of our ancestors, than the island which we inhabit. People high and low amused themselves very much more. I have calculated the manner in which statesmen and persons of condition passed their time—and what with drinking, and dining, and supping, and cards, wonder how they got through their business at all. They played all sorts of games, which, with the exception of cricket and tennis, have quite gone out of our manners now. In the old prints of St. James's Park, you still see the marks along the walk, to note the balls when the court played at Mall. Fancy Birdcage Walk now so laid out, and Lord John and Lord Palmerston knocking balls up and down the avenue! Most of those jolly sports belong to the past, and the good old games of England are only to be found in old novels, in old ballads, or the columns of dingy old newspapers, which say how a main of cocks is to be fought at Winchester between the Winchester men and the Hampton men; or how the Cornwall men and the Devon men are going to hold a great wrestling-match at Totness, and so on.

A hundred and twenty years ago there were not only country towns in England, but people who inhabited them. We were very much more gregarious; we were amused by very simple pleasures. Every town had its fair, every village its wake. The old poets have sung a hundred jolly ditties about great cudgel-playings, famous grinning through horse-collars, great May-pole meetings, and morris-dances. The girls used to run races clad in very light attire; and the kind gentry and good parsons thought no shame in looking on. Dancing bears went about the country with pipe and tabor. Certain well-known tunes were sung all over the land for hundreds of years, and high and low rejoiced in that simple music. Gentlemen who wished to entertain their female friends constantly sent for a band. When Beau Fielding, a mighty fine gentleman, was courting the lady whom he married, he treated her and her companion at his lodgings to a supper from the tavern, and after supper they sent out for a fiddler —three of them. Fancy the three, in a great wainscoted room, in Covent Garden or Soho, lighted by two or three candles in silver sconces, some grapes and a bottle of Florence wine on the table, and the honest fiddler playing old tunes in quaint old minor keys, as the Beau takes out one lady after the other, and solemnly dances with her!

The very great folks, young noblemen, with their governors, and the like, went abroad and made the grand tour; the home satirists jeered at the Frenchified and Italian ways which they brought back; but the greater number of people never left the country. The jolly squire often had never been twenty miles from home. Those who did go went to the baths, to Harrogate, or Scarborough, or Bath, or Epsom. Old letters are full of these places of pleasure. Gay writes to us about the fiddlers at Tunbridge; of the ladies having merry little private balls among themselves; and the gentlemen entertaining them by turns with tea and music. One of the young beauties whom he met did not care for tea: "We have a young lady here," he says, "that is very particular in her desires. I have known some young ladies who, if ever they prayed, would ask for some equipage or title, a husband or matadores; but this lady, who is but seventeen, and has £30,000 to her fortune, places all her wishes on a pot of good ale. When her friends, for the sake of her shape and complexion, would dissuade her from it, she answers, with the truest sincerity, that by the loss of shape and complexion she could only lose a husband, whereas ale is her passion."

Every country town had its assembly-room—mouldy old tenements, which we may still see in deserted inn-yards, in decayed provincial cities,

out of which the great wen of London has sucked all the life. York, at assize times, and throughout the winter, harbored a large society of northern gentry. Shrewsbury was celebrated for its festivities. At Newmarket I read of "a vast deal of good company, besides rogues and blacklegs;" at Norwich, of two assemblies, with a prodigious crowd in the hall, the rooms, and the gallery. In Cheshire (it is a maid of honor of Queen Caroline who writes, and who is longing to be back at Hampton Court and the fun there) I peep into a country house, and see a very merry party: "We meet in the work-room before nine, eat and break a joke or two till twelve, then we repair to our own chambers and make ourselves ready, for it can not be called dressing. At noon the great bell fetches us into a parlor, adorned with all sorts of fine arms, poisoned darts, several pair of old boots and shoes worn by men of might, with the stirrups of King Charles I., taken from him at Edgehill"—and there they have their dinner, after which comes dancing and supper.

As for Bath, all history went and bathed and drank there. George II. and his Queen, Prince Frederick and his Court, scarce a character one can mention in the early last century, but was seen in that famous Pump-room where Beau Nash presided, and his picture hung between the busts of Newton and Pope:

> "This picture, placed these busts between,
> Gives satire all its strength;
> Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
> But Folly at full length."

I should like to have seen the Folly. It was a splendid, embroidered, beruffled, snuff-boxed, red-heeled, impertinent Folly, and knew how to make itself respected. I should like to have seen that noble old madcap Peterborough in his boots (he actually had the audacity to walk about Bath in boots!), with his blue ribbon and stars, and a cabbage under each arm, and a chicken in his hand, which he had been cheapening for his dinner. Chesterfield came there many a time, and gambled for hundreds, and grinned through his gout. Mary Wortley was there, young and beautiful; and Mary Wortley, old, hideous, and snuffy. Miss Chudleigh came there, slipping away from one husband and on the look-out for another. Walpole passed many a day there; sickly, supercilious, absurdly dandified, and affected; with a brilliant wit, a delightful sensibility; and, for his friends, a most tender, generous, and faithful heart. And if you and I had been alive then, and strolling down Milsom Street—hush! we should have taken our hats off, as an awful, long, lean, gaunt figure, swathed in flannels, passed by in its chair, and a livid face looked out from the window—great fierce eyes staring from under a bushy, powdered wig, a terrible frown, a terrible Roman nose—and we whisper to one another, "There he is! There's the great commoner! There is Mr. Pitt!" As we walk away, the abbey bells are set a-ringing; and we meet our testy friend Toby Smollett, on the arm of James Quin the actor, who tells us that the bells ring for Mr. Bullock, an eminent cow-keeper from Tottenham, who has just arrived to drink the waters; and Toby shakes his cane at the door of Colonel Ringworm—the Creole gentleman's lodgings next his own—where the Colonel's two negroes are practicing on the French-horn.

When we try to recall social England, we must fancy it playing at cards for many hours every day. The custom is well-nigh gone out among us now, but fifty years ago was general, fifty years before that almost universal, in the country. "Gaming has become so much the fashion," writes Seymour, the author of the *Court Gamester*, "that he who in company should be ignorant of the games in vogue would be reckoned low-bred, and hardly fit for conversation." There were cards every where. It was considered ill-bred to read in company. "Books were not fit articles for drawing-rooms," old ladies used to say. People were jealous, as it were, and angry with them. You will find in Hervey that George II. was always furious at the sight of books, and his queen, who loved reading, had to practice it in secret in her closet. But cards were the resource of all the world. Every night, for hours, kings and queens of England sat down and handled their majesties of spades and diamonds. In European Courts, I believe the practice still remains—not for gambling, but for pastime. Our ancestors generally adopted it. "Books! prithee, don't talk to me about books," said old Sarah Marlborough. "The only books I know are men and cards." "Dear old Sir Roger de Coverley sent all his tenants a string of hogs' puddings and a pack of cards at Christmas," says the *Spectator*, wishing to depict a kind landlord. One of the good old lady writers in whose letters I have been dipping, cries out, "Sure, cards have kept us women from a great deal of scandal!" Wise old Johnson regretted that he had not learned to play. "It is very useful in life," he says; "it generates kindness and consolidates society." David Hume never went to bed without his whist. We have Walpole, in one of his letters, in a transport of gratitude for the cards. "I shall build an altar to Pam," says he, in his pleasant, dandified way, "for the escape of my charming Duchess of Grafton." The duchess had been playing cards at Rome when she ought to have been at a cardinal's concert, where the floor fell in, and all the monsignors were precipitated into the cellar. Even the Nonconformist clergy looked not unkindly on the practice. "I do not think," says one of them, "that honest Martin Luther committed sin by playing at backgammon for an hour or two after dinner, in order, by unbending his mind, to promote digestion." As for the High Church parsons, they all played, bishops and all. On Twelfth-day the Court used to play in state. "This being Twelfth-day, his Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and the Knights Companions of the Garter, Thistle, and Bath appeared in the collars of their respective orders. Their Majesties, the Prince of Wales, and three

eldest Princesses, went to the Chapel Royal, preceded by the heralds. The Duke of Manchester carried the sword of State. The king and prince made offering at the altar of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, according to the annual custom. At night their Majesties played at hazard with the nobility, for the benefit of the groom-porter; and 'twas said the king won 600 guineas; the queen, 360; Princess Amelia, 20; Princess Caroline, 10; the Duke of Grafton and the Earl of Portmore, several thousands."

Let us glance at the same chronicle, which is of the year 1731, and see how others of our forefathers were engaged. "Cork, 15th January.—This day, one Tim Croneen was, for the murder and robbery of Mr. St. Leger and his wife, sentenced to be hanged two minutes, then his head to be cut off, and his body divided in four quarters, to be placed in four cross-ways. He was servant to Mr. St. Leger, and committed the murder with the privity of the servant-maid, who was sentenced to be burned; also of the gardener, whom he knocked on the head, to deprive him of his share of the booty."

"January 3.—A post-boy was shot by an Irish gentleman on the road near Stone, in Staffordshire, who died in two days, for which the gentleman was imprisoned."

"A poor man was found hanging in a gentleman's stables at Bungay, in Norfolk, by a person who cut him down, and running for assistance, left his penknife behind him. The poor man recovering, cut his throat with the knife; and a river being nigh, jumped into it; but company coming, he was dragged out alive, and was like to remain so."

"The Honorable Thomas Finch, brother to the Earl of Nottingham, is appointed embassador at the Hague, in the room of the Earl of Chesterfield, who is on his return home."

"William Cowper, Esq., and the Rev. Mr. John Cowper, chaplain in ordinary to her Majesty, and rector of Great Berkhampstead, in the county of Hertford, are appointed clerks of the commissioners of bankruptcy."

"Charles Creagh, Esq., and —— Macnamara, Esq., between whom an old grudge of three years had subsisted, which had occasioned their being bound over about fifty times for breaking the peace, meeting in company with Mr. Eyres, of Galloway, they discharged their pistols, and all three were killed on the spot—to the great joy of their peaceful neighbors, say the Irish papers."

"Wheat is 26*s.* to 28*s.*, and barley 20*s.* to 22*s.* a quarter; three per cents., 92; best loaf sugar, 9½*d.*; Bohea, 12*s.* to 14*s.*; Pekoe, 18*s.*, and Hyson, 35*s.* per pound."

"At Exon was celebrated with great magnificence the birthday of the son of Sir W. Courtney, Bart., at which more than 1000 persons were present. A bullock was roasted whole; a butt of wine and several tuns of beer and cider were given to the populace. At the same time Sir William delivered to his son, then of age, Powdram Castle, and a great estate."

"Charlesworth and Cox, two solicitors, convicted of forgery, stood on the pillory at the Royal Exchange. The first was severely handled by the populace, but the other was very much favored, and protected by six or seven fellows who got on the pillory to protect him from the insults of the mob."

"A boy killed by falling upon iron spikes, from a lamp-post, which he climbed to see Mother Needham stand in the pillory."

"Mary Lynn was burned to ashes at the stake for being concerned in the murder of her mistress."

"Alexander Russell, the foot-soldier, who was capitally convicted for a street robbery in January sessions, was reprieved for transportation; but having an estate fallen to him, obtained a free pardon."

"The Lord John Russell married to the Lady Diana Spencer, at Marlborough House. He has a fortune of £30,000 down, and is to have £100,000 at the death of the Duchess Dowager of Marlborough, his grandmother."

"March 1 being the anniversary of the Queen's birthday, when her Majesty entered the forty-ninth year of her age, there was a splendid appearance of nobility at St. James's. Her Majesty was magnificently dressed, and wore a flowered muslin head-edging, as did also her Royal Highness. The Lord Portmore was said to have had the richest dress; though an Italian count had twenty-four diamonds instead of buttons."

New clothes on the birthday were the fashion for all loyal people. Swift mentions the custom several times. Walpole is constantly speaking of it; laughing at the practice, but having the very finest clothes from Paris, nevertheless. If the king and queen were unpopular, there were very few new clothes at the drawing-room. In a paper in the *True Patriot*, No. 3, written to attack the Pretender, the Scotch, French, and Popery, Fielding supposes the Scotch and the Pretender in possession of London, and himself about to be hanged for loyalty—when, just as the rope is round his neck, he says: "My little girl entered my bedchamber, and put an end to my dream by pulling open my eyes, and telling me that the tailor had just brought home my clothes for his Majesty's birthday." In his "Temple Beau," the beau is dunned "for a birthday suit of velvet, £40." Be sure that Mr. Harry Fielding was dunned too.

The public days, no doubt, were splendid, but the private Court life must have been awfully wearisome. "I will not trouble you," writes Hervey to Lady Sundon, "with any account of our occupations at Hampton Court. No mill-horse ever went in a more constant track, or a more unchanging circle; so that by the assistance of an almanac for the day of the week, and a watch for the hour of the day, you may inform yourself fully, without any other intelligence but your memory, of every transaction within the verge of the Court. Walking, chaises, levées, and audiences fill the morning. At night the king plays at commerce and backgammon, and the queen at quadrille, where poor Lady Char-

lotte runs her usual nightly gauntlet, the queen pulling her hood, and the Princess Royal rapping her knuckles. The Duke of Grafton takes his nightly opiate of lottery, and sleeps as usual between the Princesses Amelia and Caroline. Lord Grantham strolls from one room to another (as Dryden says), like some discontented ghost that oft appears, and is forbid to speak; and stirs himself about as people stir a fire, not with any design, but in hopes to make it burn brisker. At last the king gets up; the pool finishes; and every body has their dismission. Their Majesties retire to Lady Charlotte and my Lord Lifford; my Lord Grantham, to Lady Frances and Mr. Clark; some to supper, some to bed; and thus the evening and the morning make the day."

The king's fondness for Hanover occasioned all sorts of rough jokes among his English subjects, to whom *sauer-kraut* and sausages have ever been ridiculous objects. When our present Prince Consort came among us, the people bawled out songs in the streets indicative of the absurdity of Germany in general. The sausage-shops produced enormous sausages, which we might suppose were the daily food and delight of German princes. I remember the caricatures at the marriage of Prince Leopold with the Princess Charlotte. The bridegroom was drawn in rags. George III.'s wife was called by the people a beggarly German duchess; the British idea being that all princes were beggarly except British princes. King George paid us back. He thought there were no manners out of Germany. Sarah Marlborough once coming to visit the princess, while her Royal Highness was whipping one of the roaring royal children, "Ah!" says George, who was standing by, "you have no good manners in England, because you are not properly brought up when you are young." He insisted that no English cooks could roast, no English coachman could drive: he actually questioned the superiority of our nobility, our horses, and our roast beef!

While he was away from his beloved Hanover, every thing remained there exactly as in the prince's presence. There were 800 horses in the stables, there was all the apparatus of chamberlains, court-marshals, and equerries; and court assemblies were held every Saturday, where all the nobility of Hanover assembled at what I can't but think a fine and touching ceremony. A large arm-chair was placed in the assembly-room, and on it the king's portrait. The nobility advanced, and made a bow to the arm-chair, and to the image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up; and spoke under their voices before the august picture, just as they would have done had the King Churfürst been present himself.

He was always going back to Hanover. In the year 1729 he went for two whole years, during which Caroline reigned for him in England, and he was not in the least missed by his British subjects. He went again in '35 and '36; and between the years 1740 and 1755 was no less than eight times on the Continent, which amusement he was obliged to give up at the outbreak of the Seven Years' War. Here every day's amusement was the same. "Our life is as uniform as that of a monastery," writes a courtier whom Vehse quotes. "Every morning at eleven, and every evening at six, we drive in the heat to Herrenhausen, through an enormous linden avenue, and twice a day cover our coats and coaches with dust. In the king's society there never is the least change. At table, and at cards, he sees always the same faces, and at the end of the game retires into his chamber. Twice a week there is a French theatre; the other days there is play in the gallery. In this way, were the king always to stop in Hanover, one could make a ten years' calendar of his proceedings; and settle beforehand what his time of business, meals, and pleasure would be."

The old pagan kept his promise to his dying wife. Lady Yarmouth was now in full favor, and treated with profound respect by the Hanover society, though it appears rather neglected in England when she came among us. In 1740 a couple of the king's daughters went to see him at Hanover — Anna, the Princess of Orange (about whom, and whose husband and marriage-day, Walpole and Hervey have left us the most ludicrous descriptions), and Maria of Hesse Cassel, with their respective lords. This made the Hanover court very brilliant. In honor of his high guests, the king gave several *fêtes;* among others, a magnificent masked ball, in the green theatre at Herrenhausen — the garden theatre, with linden and box for screen, and grass for a carpet, where the Platens had danced to George and his father the late sultan. The stage and a great part of the garden were illuminated with colored lamps. Almost the whole court appeared in white dominoes, "like," says the describer of the scene, "like spirits in the Elysian fields. At night, supper was served in the gallery with three great tables, and the king was very merry. After supper dancing was resumed, and I did not get home till five o'clock by full daylight to Hanover. Some days afterward we had in the opera-house at Hanover a great assembly. The king appeared in a Turkish dress; his turban was ornamented with a magnificent agraffe of diamonds; the Lady Yarmouth was dressed as a sultana; nobody was more beautiful than the Princess of Hesse." So, while poor Caroline was resting in her coffin, dapper little George, with his red face and his white eyebrows and goggle-eyes, at sixty years of age, is dancing a pretty dance with Madame Walmoden, and capering about dressed up like a Turk! For twenty years more that little old Bajazet went on in this Turkish fashion, until the fit came which choked the old man, when he ordered the side of his coffin to be taken out, as well as that of poor Caroline's, who had preceded him, so that his sinful old bones and ashes might mingle with those of the faithful creature. Oh, strutting Turkey-cock of Herrenhausen! Oh, naughty little Mohammed, in what Turkish paradise are

you now, and where be your painted houris? So Countess Yarmouth appeared as a sultana, and his Majesty in a Turkish dress wore an agraffe of diamonds, and was very merry, was he? Friends! he was your fathers' king as well as mine—let us drop a respectful tear over his grave.

He said of his wife that he never knew a woman who was worthy to buckle her shoe: he would sit alone weeping before her portrait, and, when he had dried his eyes, he would go off to his Walmoden and talk of her. On the 25th day of October, 1760, he being then in the seventy-seventh year of his age, and the thirty-fourth of his reign, his page went to take him his royal chocolate, and behold! the most religious and gracious king was lying dead on the floor. They went and fetched Walmoden; but Walmoden could not wake him. The sacred Majesty was but a lifeless corpse. The king was dead; God save the king! But, of course, poets and clergymen decorously bewailed the late one. Here are some artless verses, in which an English divine deplored the famous departed hero, and over which you may cry or you may laugh, exactly as your humor suits:

"While at his feet expiring Faction lay,
No contest left but who should best obey;
Saw in his offspring all himself renewed;
The same fair path of glory still pursued;
Saw to young George Augusta's care impart
Whate'er could raise and humanize the heart;
Blend all his grandsire's virtues with his own,
And form their mingled radiance for the throne—
No farther blessing could on earth be given—
The next degree of happiness was—heaven!"

If he had been good, if he had been just, if he had been pure in life, and wise in council, could the poet have said much more? It was a parson who came and wept over this grave, with Walmoden sitting on it, and claimed heaven for the poor old man slumbering below. Here was one who had neither dignity, learning, morals, nor wit—who tainted a great society by a bad example; who in youth, manhood, old age, was gross, low, and sensual; and Mr. Porteus, afterward my Lord Bishop Porteus, says the earth was not good enough for him, and that his only place was heaven! Bravo, Mr. Porteus! The divine who wept these tears over George the Second's memory wore George the Third's lawn. I don't know whether people still admire his poetry or his sermons.

"UNTO THIS LAST."

"I WILL GIVE UNTO THIS LAST, EVEN AS UNTO THEE."—*Matt.* xx. 14.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

I.—THE ROOTS OF HONOR.

AMONG the delusions which at different periods have possessed themselves of the minds of large masses of the human race, perhaps the most curious—certainly the least creditable—is the modern *soi-disant* science of political economy, based on the idea that an advantageous code of social action may be determined irrespectively of the influence of social affection.

Of course, as in the instances of alchemy, astrology, witchcraft, and other such popular creeds, political economy has a plausible idea at the root of it. "The social affections," says the economist, "are accidental and disturbing elements in human nature; but avarice and the desire of progress are constant elements. Let us eliminate the inconstants, and, considering the human being merely as a covetous machine, examine by what laws of labor, purchase, and sale the greatest accumulative result in wealth is obtainable. Those laws once determined, it will be for each individual afterward to introduce as much of the disturbing affectionate element as he chooses, and to determine for himself the result on the new conditions supposed."

This would be a perfectly logical and successful method of analysis if the accidentals afterward to be introduced were of the same nature as the powers first examined. Supposing a body in motion to be influenced by constant and inconstant forces, it is usually the simplest way of examining its course to trace it first under the persistent conditions, and afterward introduce the causes of variation. But the disturbing elements in the social problem are not of the same nature as the constant ones; they alter the essence of the creature under examination the moment they are added; they operate, not mathematically, but chemically — introducing conditions which render all our previous knowledge unavailable. We made learned experiments upon pure nitrogen, and have convinced ourselves that it is a very manageable gas; but, behold! the thing which we have practically to deal with is its chloride, and this, the moment we touch it on our established principles, sends us and our apparatus through the ceiling.

Observe, I neither impugn nor doubt the conclusions of the science, if its terms are accepted. I am simply uninterested in them, as I should be in those of a science of gymnastics which assumed that men had no skeletons. It might be shown, on that supposition, that it would be advantageous to roll the students up into pellets, flatten them into cakes, or stretch them into cables; and that when these results were effected the reinsertion of the skeleton would be attended with various inconveniences to their constitu-

tion. The reasoning might be admirable, the conclusions true, and the science deficient only in applicability. Modern political economy stands on a precisely similar basis. Assuming, not that the human being has no skeleton, but that it is all skeleton, it founds an ossifiant theory of progress on this negation of a soul; and having shown the utmost that may be made of bones, and constructed a number of interesting geometrical figures with death's-heads and humeri, successfully proves the inconvenience of the reappearance of a soul among these corpuscular structures. I do not deny the truth of this theory: I simply deny its applicability to the present phase of the world.

This inapplicability has been curiously manifested during the embarrassment caused by the late strikes of our workmen. Here occurs one of the simplest cases, in a pertinent and positive form, of the first vital problem which political economy has to deal with (the relation between employer and employed); and at a severe crisis, when lives in multitudes, and wealth in masses, are at stake, the political economists are helpless—practically mute; no demonstrable solution of the difficulty can be given by them, such as may convince or calm the opposing parties. Obstinately the masters take one view of the matter; obstinately the operatives another; and no political science can set them at one.

It would be strange if it could; it being not by "science" of any kind that men were ever intended to be set at one. Disputant after disputant vainly strives to show that the interests of the masters are, or are not, antagonistic to those of the men: none of the pleaders ever seeming to remember that it does not absolutely or always follow that the persons must be antagonistic because their interests are. If there is only a crust of bread in the house, and mother and children are starving, their interests are not the same. If the mother eats it, the children want it; if the children eat it, the mother must go hungry to her work. Yet it does not necessarily follow that there will be "antagonism" between them, that they will fight for the crust, and that the mother, being strongest, will get it, and eat it. Neither, in any other case, whatever the relations of the persons may be, can it be assumed for certain that, because their interests are diverse, they must necessarily regard each other with hostility, and use violence or cunning to obtain the advantage.

Even if this were so, and it were as just as it is convenient to consider men as actuated by no other moral influences than those which affect rats or swine, the logical conditions of the question are still indeterminable. It can never be shown generally either that the interests of master and laborer are alike, or that they are opposed; for, according to circumstances, they may be either. It is, indeed, always the interest of both that the work should be rightly done, and a just price obtained for it; but, in the division of profits, the gain of the one may or may not be the loss of the other. It is not the master's interest to pay wages so low as to leave the men sickly and depressed, nor the workman's interest to be paid high wages if the smallness of the master's profit hinders him from enlarging his business, or conducting it in a safe and liberal way. A stoker ought not to desire high pay if the company is too poor to keep the engine-wheels in repair.

And the varieties of circumstance which influence these reciprocal interests are so endless that all endeavor to deduce rules of action from balance of expediency is in vain. And it is meant to be in vain. For no human actions ever were intended by the Maker of men to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice. He has therefore rendered all endeavors to determine expediency futile for evermore. No man ever knew, or can know, what will be the ultimate result to himself, or to others, of any given line of conduct. But every man may know, and most of us do know, what is a just and unjust act. And all of us may know also, that the consequences of justice will be ultimately the best possible, both to others and ourselves, though we can neither say what *is* the best, or how it is likely to come to pass.

I have said balances of justice, meaning, in the term justice, to include affection—such affection as one man *owes* to another. All right relations between master and operative, and all their best interests ultimately depend on these.

We shall find the best and simplest illustration of the relations of master and operative in the position of domestic servants.

We will suppose that the master of a household desires only to get as much work out of his servants as he can, at the rate of wages he gives. He never allows them to be idle; feeds them as poorly and lodges them as ill as they will endure, and in all things pushes his requirements to the exact point beyond which he can not go without forcing the servant to leave him. In doing this there is no violation on his part of what is commonly called "justice." He agrees with the domestic for his whole time and service, and takes them—the limits of hardship in treatment being fixed by the practice of other masters in his neighborhood; that is to say, by the current rate of wages for domestic labor. If the servant can get a better place, he is free to take one, and the master can only tell what is the real market value of his labor by requiring as much as he will give.

This is the politico-economical view of the case, according to the doctors of that science; who assert that by this procedure the greatest average of work will be obtained from the servant, and therefore the greatest benefit to the community, and through the community, by reversion, to the servant himself.

That, however, is not so. It would be so if the servant were an engine of which the motive power was steam, magnetism, gravitation, or any other agent of calculable force. But he being, on the contrary, an engine whose motive power is a Soul, the force of this very peculiar agent,

as an unknown quantity, enters into all the political economist's equations, without his knowledge, and falsifies every one of their results. The largest quantity of work will not be done by this curious engine for pay, or under pressure, or by help of any kind of fuel which may be supplied by the chaldron. It will be done only when the motive force, that is to say, the will or spirit of the creature, is brought to its greatest strength by its own proper fuel; namely, by the affections.

It may indeed happen, and does happen often, that if the master is a man of sense and energy, a large quantity of material work may be done under mechanical pressure, enforced by strong will and guided by wise method; also it may happen, and does happen often, that if the master is indolent and weak (however good-natured), a very small quantity of work, and that bad, may be produced by the servant's undirected strength and contemptuous gratitude. But the universal law of the matter is that, assuming any given quantity of energy and sense in master and servant, the greatest material result obtainable by them will be, not through antagonism to each other, but through affection for each other; and that if the master, instead of endeavoring to get as much work as possible from the servant, seeks rather to render his appointed and necessary work beneficial to him, and to forward his interests in all just and wholesome ways, the real amount of work ultimately done, or of good rendered, by the person so cared for, will indeed be the greatest possible.

Observe, I say, "of good rendered," for a servant's work is not necessarily or always the best thing he can give his master. But good of all kinds, whether in material service, in protective watchfulness of his master's interest and credit, or in joyful readiness to seize unexpected and irregular occasions of help.

Nor is this one whit less generally true because indulgence will be frequently abused, and kindness met with ingratitude. For the servant who, gently treated, is ungrateful, treated ungently, will be revengeful; and the man who is dishonest to a liberal master will be injurious to an unjust one.

In any case, and with any person, this unselfish treatment will produce the most effective return. Observe, I am here considering the affections wholly as a motive power; not at all as things in themselves desirable or noble, or in any other way abstractedly good. I look at them simply as an anomalous force, rendering every one of the ordinary political economist's calculations nugatory; while, even if he desired to introduce this new element into his estimates, he has no power of dealing with it; for the affections only become a true motive power when they ignore every other motive and condition of political economy. Treat the servant kindly, with the idea of turning his gratitude to account, and you will get, as you deserve, no gratitude, nor any value for your kindness; but treat him kindly without any economical purpose, and all economical purposes will be answered; in this, as in all other matters, whosoever will save his life shall lose it, whoso loses it shall find it.*

The next clearest and simplest example of relation between master and operative is that which exists between the commander of a regiment and his men.

Supposing the officer only desires to apply the rules of discipline so as, with least trouble to himself, to make the regiment most effective, he will not be able, by any rules, or administration of rules, on this selfish principle, to develop the full strength of his subordinates. If a man of sense and firmness, he may, as in the former instance, produce a better result than would be obtained by the irregular kindness of a weak officer; but let the sense and firmness be the same in both cases, and assuredly the officer who has the most direct personal relations with his men, the most care for their interests, and the most value for their lives, will develop their effective strength, through their affection for his own person, and trust in his character, to a degree wholly unattainable by other means. The law applies still more stringently as the numbers concerned are larger; a charge may often be successful, though the men dislike their officers; a battle has rarely been won, unless they loved their general.

Passing from these simple examples to the more complicated relations existing between a manufacturer and his workmen, we are met first by certain curious difficulties, resulting, apparently, from a harder and colder state of moral elements. It is easy to imagine an enthusiastic affection existing among soldiers for their colonel. Not so easy to imagine an enthusiastic

* The difference between the two modes of treatment, and between their effective material results, may be seen very accurately by a comparison of the relations of Esther and Charlie in "Bleak House," with those of Miss Brass and the Marchioness in "Master Humphrey's Clock."

The essential value and truth of Dickens's writings have been unwisely lost sight of by many thoughtful persons, merely because he presents his truth with some color of caricature. Unwisely, because Dickens's caricature, though often gross, is never mistaken. Allowing for his manner of telling them, the things he tells us are always true. I wish that he could think it right to limit his brilliant exaggeration to works written only for public amusement; and when he takes up a subject of high national importance, such as that which he handled in "Hard Times," that he would use severer and more accurate analysis. The usefulness of that work (to my mind in several respects the greatest he has written) is with many persons seriously diminished because Mr. Bounderby is a dramatic monster, instead of a characteristic example of a worldly master; and Stephen Blackpool a dramatic perfection, instead of a characteristic example of an honest workman. But let us not lose the use of Dickens's wit and insight, because he chooses to speak in a circle of stage fire. He is entirely right in his main drift and purpose in every book he has written; and all of them, but especially "Hard Times," should be studied with close and earnest care by persons interested in social questions. They will find much that is partial, and, because partial, apparently unjust; but if they examine all the evidence on the other side, which Dickens seems to overlook, it will appear, after all their trouble, that his view was the finally right one, grossly and sharply told.

affection among cotton-spinners for the proprietor of the mill. A body of men associated for purposes of robbery (as a Highland clan in ancient times) shall be animated by perfect affection, and every member of it be ready to lay down his life for the life of his chief. But a band of men associated for purposes of legal production and accumulation is usually animated, it appears, by no such emotions, and none of them are in anywise willing to give his life for the life of his chief. Not only are we met by this apparent anomaly, in moral matters, but by others connected with it, in administration of system. For a servant or soldier is engaged at a definite rate of wages, for a definite period; but a workman at a rate of wages variable according to the demand for labor, and with the risk of being at any time thrown out of his situation by chances of trade. Now, as, under these contingencies, no action of the affections can take place, but only an explosive action of disaffections, two points offer themselves for consideration in the matter.

The first—How far the rate of wages may be so regulated as not to vary with the demand for labor.

The second—How far is it possible that bodies of workmen may be engaged and maintained at such fixed rate of wages (whatever the state of trade may be), without enlarging or diminishing their number, so as to give them permanent interest in the establishment with which they are connected, like that of the domestic servants in an old family, or an *esprit de corps*, like that of the soldiers in a crack regiment.

The first question is, I say, how far it may be possible to fix the rate of wages irrespectively of the demand for labor.

Perhaps one of the most curious facts in the history of human error is the denial by the common political economist of the possibility of thus regulating wages; while, for all the important, and much of the unimportant labor on the earth, wages are already so regulated.

We do not sell our prime-ministership by Dutch auction; nor, on the decease of a bishop, whatever may be the general advantages of simony, do we (yet) offer his diocese to the clergyman who will take the episcopacy at the lowest contract. We (with exquisite sagacity of political economy!) do indeed sell commissions, but not, openly, generalships: sick, we do not inquire for a physician who takes less than a guinea; litigious, we never think of reducing six-and-eightpence to four-and-sixpence; caught in a shower, we do not canvass the cabmen to find one who values his driving at less than sixpence a mile.

It is true that in all these cases there is, and in every conceivable case there must be, ultimate reference to the presumed difficulty of the work, or number of candidates for the office. If it were thought that the labor necessary to make a good physician would be gone through by a sufficient number of students with the prospect of only half-guinea fees, public consent would soon withdraw the unnecessary half-guinea. In this ultimate sense, the price of labor is indeed always regulated by the demand for it; but so far as the practical and immediate administration of the matter is regarded, the best labor always has been, and is, as *all* labor ought to be, paid by an invariable standard.

"What!" the reader, perhaps, answers amazedly: "pay good and bad workmen alike?"

Certainly. The difference between one prelate's sermons and his successor's—or between one physician's opinion and another's—is far greater, as respects the qualities of mind involved, and far more important in result to you personally, than the difference between good and bad laying of bricks (though that is greater than most people suppose). Yet you pay with equal fee, contentedly, the good and bad workmen upon your soul, and the good and bad workmen upon your body; much more may you pay, contentedly, with equal fees, the good and bad workmen upon your house.

"Nay, but I choose my physician and (?) my clergyman, thus indicating my sense of the quality of their work." By all means, also, choose your bricklayer; that is the proper reward of the good workman, to be "chosen." The natural and right system respecting all labor is, that it should be paid at a fixed rate, but the good workman employed, and the bad workman unemployed. The false, unnatural, and destructive system is when the bad workman is allowed to offer his work at half-price, and either take the place of the good, or force him by his competition to work for an inadequate sum.

This equality of wages, then, being the first object toward which we have to discover the directest available road—the second is, as above stated, that of maintaining constant numbers of workmen in employment, whatever may be the accidental demand for the article they produce.

I believe the sudden and extensive inequalities of demand which necessarily arise in the mercantile operations of an active nation, constitute the only essential difficulty which has to be overcome in a just organization of labor. The subject opens into too many branches to admit of being investigated in a paper of this kind; but the following general facts bearing on it may be noted.

The wages which enable any workman to live are necessarily higher if his work is liable to intermission than if it is assured and continuous; and however severe the struggle for work may become, the general law will always hold, that men must get more daily pay if, on the average, they can only calculate on work three days a week, than they would require if they were sure of work six days a week. Supposing that a man can not live on less than a shilling a day, his seven shillings he must get, either for three days' violent work, or six days' deliberate work. The tendency of all modern mercantile operations is to throw both wages and trade into the form of a lottery, and to make the workman's pay depend on intermittent exertion, and the principal's profit on dexterously used chance.

In what partial degree, I repeat, this may be necessary, in consequence of the activities of modern trade, I do not here investigate; contenting myself with the fact, that in its fatalest aspects it is assuredly unnecessary, and results merely from love of gambling on the part of the masters, and from ignorance and sensuality in the men. The masters can not bear to let any opportunity of gain escape them, and frantically rush at every gap and breach in the walls of Fortune, raging to be rich, and affronting, with impatient covetousness, every risk of ruin; while the men prefer three days of violent labor, and three days of drunkenness, to six days of moderate work and wise rest. There is no way in which a principal, who really desires to help his workmen, may do it more effectually than by checking these disorderly habits both in himself and them; keeping his own business operations on a scale which will enable him to pursue them securely, not yielding to temptations of precarious gain; and at the same time, leading his workmen into regular habits of labor and life, either by inducing them rather to take low wages in the form of a fixed salary, than high wages, subject to the chance of their being thrown out of work; or, if this be impossible, by discouraging the system of violent exertion for nominally high day wages, and leading the men to take lower pay for more regular labor.

In effecting any radical changes of this kind, doubtless there would be great inconvenience and loss incurred by all the originators of movement. That which can be done with perfect convenience and without loss, is not always the thing that most needs to be done, or which we are most imperatively required to do.

I have already alluded to the difference hitherto existing between regiments of men associated for purposes of violence, and for purposes of manufacture; in that the former appear capable of self-sacrifice—the latter, not; which singular fact is the real reason of the general lowness of estimate in which the profession of commerce is held, as compared with that of arms. Philosophically, it does not, at first sight, appear reasonable (many writers have endeavored to prove it unreasonable) that a peaceable and rational person, whose trade is buying and selling, should be held in less honor than an unpeaceable and often irrational person, whose trade is slaying. Nevertheless, the consent of mankind has always, in spite of the philosophers, given precedence to the soldier.

And this is right.

For the soldier's trade, verily and essentially, is not slaying, but being slain. This, without well knowing its own meaning, the world honors it for. A bravo's trade is slaying; but the world has never respected bravos more than merchants: the reason it honors the soldier is, because he holds his life at the service of the State. Reckless he may be—fond of pleasure or of adventure—all kinds of by-motives and mean impulses may have determined the choice of his profession, and may effect (to all appearance exclusively) his daily conduct in it; but our estimate of him is based on this ultimate fact—of which we are well assured—that, put him in a fortress breach, with all the pleasures of the world behind him, and only death and his duty in front of him, he will keep his face to the front; and he knows that this choice may be put to him at any moment, and has beforehand taken his part—virtually takes such part continually—does in reality, die daily.

Not less is the respect we pay to the lawyer and physician, founded ultimately on their self-sacrifice. Whatever the learning or acuteness of a great lawyer, our chief respect for him depends on our belief that, set in a judge's seat, he will strive to judge justly, come of it what may. Could we suppose that he would take bribes, and use his acuteness and legal knowledge to give plausibility to iniquitous decisions, no degree of intellect would win for him our respect. Nothing will win it, short of our tacit conviction, that in all important acts of his life justice is first with him; his own interest second.

In the case of a physician, the ground of the honor we render him is clearer still. Whatever his science, we should shrink from him in horror if we found him regard his patients merely as subjects to experiment upon; much more, if we found that, receiving bribes from persons interested in their deaths, he was using his best skill to give poison in the mask of medicine.

Finally, the principle holds with utmost clearness as it respects clergymen. No goodness of disposition will excuse want of science in a physician, or of shrewdness in an advocate; but a clergyman, even though his power of intellect be small, is respected on the presumed ground of his unselfishness and serviceableness.

Now there can be no question but that the tact, foresight, decision, and other mental powers required for the successful management of a large mercantile concern, if not such as could be compared with those of a great lawyer, general, or divine, would at least match the general conditions of mind required in the subordinate officers of a ship, or of a regiment, or in the curate of a country parish. If, therefore, all the efficient members of the so-called liberal professions are still, somehow, in public estimate of honor, preferred before the head of a commercial firm, the reason must lie deeper than in the measurement of their several powers of mind.

And the essential reason for such preference will be found to lie in the fact that the merchant is presumed to act always selfishly. His work may be very necessary to the community; but the motive of it is understood to be wholly personal. The merchant's first object in all his dealings must be (the public believe) to get as much for himself, and leave as little to his neighbor (or customer) as possible. Enforcing this upon him, by political statute, as the necessary principle of his action; recommending it to him on all occasions, and themselves reciprocally adopting it; proclaiming vociferously, for law of the universe, that a buyer's function is to

cheapen, and a seller's to cheat—the public, nevertheless, involuntarily condemn the man of commerce for his compliance with their own statement, and stamp him forever as belonging to an inferior grade of human personality.

This they will find, eventually, they must give up doing. They must not cease to condemn selfishness; but they will have to discover a kind of commerce which is not exclusively selfish. Or, rather, they will have to discover that there never was, or can be, any other kind of commerce; that this which they have called commerce was not commerce at all, but cozening; and that a true merchant differs as much from a merchant according to laws of modern political economy, as the hero of the "Excursion" from Autolycus. They will find that commerce is an occupation which gentlemen will every day see more need to engage in, rather than in the businesses of talking to men or slaying them; that, in true commerce, as in true preaching, or true fighting, it is necessary to admit the idea of occasional voluntary loss; that sixpences have to be lost, as well as lives, under a sense of duty; that the market may have its martyrdoms as well as the pulpit; and trade its heroisms, as well as war.

May have—in the final issue, must have—and only has not had yet, because men of heroic temper have always been misguided in their youth into other fields, not recognizing what is in our days, perhaps, the most important of all fields; so that, while many a zealous person loses his life in trying to teach the form of a gospel, very few will lose a hundred pounds in showing the practice of one.

The fact is, that people never have had clearly explained to them the true functions of a merchant with respect to other people. I should like the reader to be very clear about this.

Five great intellectual professions, relating to daily necessities of life, have hitherto existed—three exist necessarily in every civilized nation:

The Soldier's profession is to *defend* it.

The Pastor's, to *teach* it.

The Physician's, to *keep it in health.*

The Lawyer's, to *enforce justice* in it.

The Merchant's, to *provide* for it.

And the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to *die* for it.

"On due occasion," namely:

The Soldier, rather than leave his post in battle.

The Physician, rather than leave his post in plague.

The Pastor, rather than teach Falsehood.

The Lawyer, rather than countenance Injustice.

The Merchant—What is *his* "due occasion" of death?

It is the main question for the merchant, as for all of us. For, truly, the man who does not know when to die, does not know how to live.

Observe, the merchant's function (or manufacturer's, for in the broad sense in which it is here used the word must be understood to include both) is to provide for the nation. It is no more his function to get profit for himself out of that provision than it is a clergyman's function to get his stipend. The stipend is a due and necessary adjunct, but not the object, of his life, if he be a true clergyman, any more than his fee (or *honorarium*) is the object of life to a true physician. Neither is his fee the object of life to a true merchant. All three, if true men, have a work to be done irrespective of fee—to be done even at any cost, or for quite the contrary of fee; the pastor's function being to teach, the physician's to heal, and the merchant's, as I have said, to provide. That is to say, he has to understand to their very root the qualities of the thing he deals in, and the means of obtaining or producing it; and he has to apply all his sagacity and energy to the producing or obtaining it in perfect state, and distributing it at the cheapest possible price where it is most needed.

And because the production or obtaining of any commodity involves necessarily the agency of many lives and hands, the merchant becomes in the course of his business the master and governor of large masses of men in a more direct, though less confessed way, than a military officer or pastor; so that on him falls, in great part, the responsibility for the kind of life they lead: and it becomes his duty, not only to be always considering how to produce what he sells in the purest and cheapest forms, but how to make the various employments involved in the production, or transference of it, most beneficial to the men employed.

And as into these two functions, requiring for their right exercise the highest intelligence, as well as patience, kindness, and tact, the merchant is bound to put all his energy, so for their just discharge he is bound, as soldier or physician is bound, to give up, if need be, his Life, in such way as it may be demanded of him. Two main points he has in his Providing function to maintain: first, his engagements (faithfulness to engagements being the real root of all possibilities in commerce); and secondly, the perfectness and purity of the thing provided; so that, rather than fail in any engagement, or consent to any deterioration, adulteration, or unjust and exorbitant price of that which he provides, he is bound to meet fearlessly any form of distress, poverty, or labor, which may, through maintenance of these points, come upon him.

Again: in his office as governor of the men employed by him, the merchant or manufacturer is invested with a distinctly paternal authority and responsibility. In most cases, a youth entering a commercial establishment is withdrawn altogether from home influence; his master must become his father, else he has, for practical and constant help, no father at hand: in all cases the master's authority, together with the general tone and atmosphere of his business, and the character of the men with whom the youth is compelled in the course of it to associate, have more immediate and pressing weight than the home influence, and will usually neutralize it

either for good or evil; so that the only means which the master has of doing justice to the men employed by him is to ask himself sternly whether he is dealing with such subordinate as he would with his own son, if compelled by circumstances to take such a position.

Supposing the captain of a frigate saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of a common sailor; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of the men under him. So, also, supposing the master of a manufactory saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of an ordinary workman; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of his men. This is the only effective, true, or practicable RULE which can be given on this point of political economy.

And as the captain of a ship is bound to be the last man to leave his ship in case of wreck, and to share his last crust with the sailors in case of famine, so the manufacturer, in any commercial crisis or distress, is bound to take the suffering of it with his men, and even to take more of it for himself than he allows his men to feel; as a father would in a famine, shipwreck, or battle, sacrifice himself for his son.

All which sounds very strange: the only real strangeness in the matter being, nevertheless, that it should so sound. For all this is true, and that not partially nor theoretically, but everlastingly and practically: all other doctrine than this respecting matters political being false in premises, absurd in deduction, and impossible in practice, consistently with any progressive state of national life; all the life which we now possess as a nation showing itself in the resolute denial and scorn, by a few strong minds and faithful hearts, of the economic principles taught to our multitudes, which principles, so far as accepted, lead straight to national destruction. Respecting the modes and forms of destruction to which they lead, and, on the other hand, respecting the farther practical working of true polity, I hope to reason further in a following paper.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE approaching Presidential Election engrosses a large share of public interest, though the campaign has thus far been conducted with much less zeal and acrimony than have heretofore been exhibited. Each of the four parties express great confidence of ultimate success.—The Republicans maintain that the entire vote of the Free States, with the possible exception of California and Oregon, will be cast for Lincoln and Hamlin, insuring their choice by the Electoral colleges.—The Southern Democrats believe that the whole South will vote for Breckinridge and Lane, together with enough of the Middle States to give them a majority, or at all events to prevent the choice of the Republican candidates, and throw the election into the House of Representatives, in which they are sure that neither Lincoln or Bell can obtain a majority of the States; and if Breckinridge is not chosen, the election will devolve upon the Senate, in which case Lane is certain to be elected.—The Union Party contend that, in several of the Northern States the opposition to the Republicans, and in several of the Southern States the opposition to the Democrats, will be concentrated upon their candidates, who will carry enough voters to prevent an election by the popular vote; and that the choice being thrown upon the House, Bell and Everett will receive the votes of a majority of the States.—The opponents of Douglas and Johnson, while conceding to them a very large popular vote, maintain that they will not have a majority in a single State; while their friends believe that they will receive a majority of the electoral vote, made up from the West, the Middle States, and the South.—The local elections which will be held in several of the Southern and Western States during the month of August will furnish some data by which these opinions may be estimated.—In the mean while there is little probability that any union between the sections of the Democratic party will be effected. The President, in a public speech, affirms that there is no regular Democratic nomination, and that therefore any member of the party may consistently vote for either Breckinridge or Douglas; but the whole influence of the Administration is thrown in favor of the former; while Mr. Douglas, who has been making an extensive tour through the Northern States, during which he has frequently spoken at length in favor of his doctrine of "Non-Intervention," maintains that the nomination of both Lincoln and Breckinridge, and the principles upon which they are supported, are alike sectional, and hostile to the best interests of the country and the perpetuity of the Union.

The *Great Eastern*, while on exhibition at New York, was visited by large numbers of spectators; her hull and machinery elicited universal admiration, but much disappointment was felt in respect to her equipment and general arrangements. An "excursion" trip which was made to Cape May, when nearly two thousand passengers were carried, was so inefficiently managed, that for a second excursion to the South only about two hundred passengers could be secured. A suit, the damages being laid at $50,000, has been brought against the vessel by American patentees, who claim that the combination of side-wheels and propeller, which constitutes her motive power, is an infringement of their rights.——The Prince of Wales, the heir-apparent of the English throne, arrived at St. Johns, Newfoundland, on the 23d of July. In the British Provinces he has been received with great enthusiasm. After traveling through the Provinces, he will visit the United States as Baron Renfrew. While at Washington, in pursuance of an invitation from Mr. Buchanan, which was accepted by the Queen of England, he will be the guest of the President.

EUROPE.

The feeling that the general peace rests upon a very narrow basis is gaining ground. In *Great Britain* this feeling is evinced by unwonted activity in raising and training volunteer rifle companies. Still more significant is a speech by Lord Palmer-

ston, delivered in Parliament on the 24th of July, proposing a resolution from the Special Committee on National Defenses. This resolution recommended an immediate expenditure of £11,000,000 for national defenses. We present copious extracts from the speech in which the Prime Minister recommended the adoption of this resolution. After recapitulating the changes which had been wrought by the introduction of steam, Lord Palmerston said:

"Now, as to the necessity of these works, I think it is impossible for any man to cast his eyes over Europe, and to see what is passing there, without being convinced that the future is not free from danger. It is difficult to say where the storm may burst, but the horizon is charged with clouds which betoken the possibility of a tempest. The House, of course, knows that in the main I am speaking of our immediate neighbor across the Channel; and there is no use disguising it. We have, it is true, recently concluded a commercial arrangement with France. I hope much from this treaty; but that treaty alone would be a frail security to a great nation like this, with extensive interests, with great wealth, and whose shores are more open to attack than the land frontier of any country; because, whereas upon a land frontier the points of attack can be pretty well guessed, and can be guarded, a country whose frontiers are the sea is open to attack at any point to which an enemy able to command the sea may choose to direct his opposing force. Therefore I say it would be folly to rely upon the future effects of the commercial treaty, when we know that we have vulnerable points which require artificial defenses, and that we have the means of providing those artificial defenses. Is there nothing in the state of Europe that leads us to think that we might, by the course of events, be called upon to defend ourselves against hostile attack? We see in France an army of six hundred and odd thousand men, of whom four hundred and odd thousands are actually under arms, and the remainder are merely on furlough, and can be called into the ranks in a fortnight. That army is greater than France requires for the purposes of defense. No nation in the world would think, unprovoked, of attacking France. Nothing could be gained by it; no one could expect to dismember France, and no one would fare otherwise than ill who ventured upon an unprovoked attack upon France; and therefore, for the defense of France, we may pronounce that vast army unnecessary. I do not mean to say that that army is raised for the deliberate purpose of aggression. I trust it is not; but the possession of power to aggress frequently gives the desire to do so. You can not, you are not entitled, to rely on the forbearance of a stronger neighbor. You are bound to make your defensive means proportionate to his means of aggression. But is it only on land that the arrangements of France are disproportionate to her necessities for defense? We know that the utmost exertions have been made, and still are making, to create a navy very nearly equal to our own—a navy which can not be required for purposes of defense of France, and which, therefore, we are justified in looking upon as a possible antagonist we may have to encounter—a navy which would give to our neighbors the means of transporting, within a few hours, a large and formidable number of troops to our coast. While, on the one hand, the French navy has increased far beyond any amount that it has reached since the end of the last war, our navy has, on the other, from the change that has taken place from sailing ships to steam, necessarily diminished in numbers. I trust that in a short time we shall establish our navy on such a footing of superiority to that of any neighboring Power as is absolutely necessary for our existence as a nation. I say, however, that in the present state of things we have no right to rely for our security on the mere forbearance of a rival Power. Our interests are spread over the whole surface of the globe. Agents in every quarter are at all times liable, through an excess of zeal or a mistaken sense of duty, to lead the nations they represent into difficulties; and no one can answer from day to day that something may not happen in some part of the world that will lead to disagreeable communications between different Powers. With the utmost desire that these matters may be amicably adjusted, yet, if one country is obviously greatly the strongest and another country greatly the weakest, it is very difficult for any arrangement to be made."

While admitting that the defense of London was the main object to be secured Lord Palmerston argued that the best means of securing this was to provide for the security of the dock-yards. He said:

"If your dock-yards are destroyed your navy is cut up by the roots. If any naval action were to take place your enemy, whatever the success of it might be, would have his dock-yards and arsenals to refit and replenish and reconstruct, while, with your dock-yards burned and your stores dispersed, you would have no means of refitting your navy. If ever we lose the command of the sea what becomes of this country? Only let honorable gentlemen consider how dependent we are for every thing that constitutes national wealth, ay, and a large portion of national food, on free communication by sea. We import about 10,000,000 quarters of corn annually, besides enormous quantities of coffee, sugar, tea, and cotton, which is next to corn for the support of the people, by enabling them to earn their food. Our wealth depends on the exportation of the products of our industry, which we exchange for those things that are necessary for our social position. Our exports amount to considerably more than 100 millions in value annually. Picture to yourselves for a moment such places as Liverpool, Bristol, London, and the Thames blockaded by a hostile force. What would become of the industry and wealth of the country in such a case? The effect of the landing of any number of troops upon our shores it is impossible to contemplate without fear and alarm, nay, without horror; and such a result is one which no gentleman ought to regard as possible. Some gentlemen think that we keep up excessive peace establishments in regard to troops, but at least we ought to be prepared to resist whatever force can be brought against us. If London were in danger, what you would want would be to fight a battle, or two battles, or three, if you please—the first, I hope, would be sufficient—with the greatest amount of military force you could bring against the force that attacked you. But your army being limited, and your military means limited, and your dock-yards being points that require defense, the way to get the largest possible force to meet an enemy in the field is to make arrangements for requiring the smallest amount of military force to defend your dock-yards and arsenals. It is obvious that if large forces are required to defend your dock-yards, you can not concentrate for the defense of London that amount of force which would be necessary to meet an invading army. Therefore it is demonstrable that fortifications for your dock-yards—the effect of which will be to equalize, by artificial means, for purposes of resistance, the smaller force within, and the larger force without, these fortifications will be, in fact, means for the defense of London, because they will set free a large amount of force for the defense of the capital by operations in the field."

Lord Palmerston proceeded to defend at length the general views of the report, and argued in favor of the manner in which the necessary money was proposed to be raised, by selling annuities terminable in thirty years, so that all the necessary sums could be raised within three or four years, instead of trusting to annual appropriations for the purpose. Some debate ensued, and the consideration of the subject was postponed to the 30th of July.——In reply to a question in Parliament as to the position of the San Juan affair, Lord John Russell said that General Harney had issued orders contradictory of the arrangement made by General Scott, and directing that American jurisdiction was to be maintained on the island. But that as soon as this intelligence was received, Lord Lyons, the British Minister at Washington, had laid the matter before the American Government, and that the President had directed the immediate recall of General Harney, and had ordered that the affairs of San Juan should be placed on the footing which had been arranged by General Scott.

Of Italian affairs we can only note that the enterprise of Garibaldi has been entirely successful in Sicily. The Neapolitan troops have been wholly withdrawn from the island; and at the latest dates Garibaldi was on the point of dispatching an expedition to the continent.

THE EAST.

The civil war in Syria has assumed an aspect which forebodes the gravest consequences to the Ottoman Empire. The region of Mount Lebanon, which is under the Turkish dominion, contains

about 400,000 inhabitants, of whom the majority are Druses, and Maronite and Greek Christians; besides these are Turks, Arabs, and Jews; a heterogeneous population of hostile races and religions. For many years they have been on ill terms with each other, and have only been restrained by the strong hand of the Ottoman Government from open warfare. The Druses, though not the most numerous, are by far the most warlike of these peoples. They number about 100,000. Their origin and even their religious faith is wrapped in obscurity. Of their religion little more is known than that they believe in one God, and reverence their own prophet, El-Hakem. Though acknowledging the supremacy of the Turkish Government so far as to pay a stated tribute, they are, in local matters, almost entirely independent, and ruled by their own chiefs. The people of Lebanon are mainly grouped in towns and villages; of these the four principal—Zayleh, with a population of 11,000, Dheir-el-Kamar, with 7000, Hasbeiya, with 6000, and Rasheiya, with 2500—have been attacked and destroyed by the Druses. We are at present uninformed of the immediate cause of the outbreak. Toward the end of May the Druses attacked Dheir-el-Kamar. The town was incapable of defense, and the inhabitants surrendered on condition that their lives should be spared. This promise was violated; the town was sacked and destroyed, and a great portion of the inhabitants put to death; a few who had succeeded in escaping were waylaid and murdered. Hasbeiya was attacked on the 2d of June. For two days the Christians repelled their assailants. The commander of the Turkish troops, who had a sufficient force to have protected the place, took no part in the defense, but at length ordered the Christians to give up their arms, and he would escort them to Damascus. The promised escort proved insufficient to protect them, and the fugitives were captured by the Druses. After being detained for a week, vainly claiming that the promise of the Turkish commander should be fulfilled, they were given up to the vengeance of the Druses, and in a short time a thousand men were massacred. A few managed to escape, and succeeded in making their way to Beyrout. On the 1st of June, Sidon, whither many of the Christians had fled for refuge, was attacked by the Druses, joined by the fanatic Moslems. In and near the city most of the fugitives were murdered under the eyes of the Turkish garrison, who did not attempt to interfere. The opportune arrival of a British and a French man-of-war in the harbor put a stop to the massacre; otherwise it is probable that not a Christian would have been left alive. Zayleh was besieged by the Druses and Moslems early in June; but was successfully defended until the 17th, when the assailants, having been reinforced, they succeeded in storming the place; the town was forthwith pillaged, and the inhabitants, without respect to age or sex, given to the sword. Still later an outbreak occurred at Damascus, of which full particulars have not been received; but it is reported that 500 Christians lost their lives. A correspondent of the London *Daily News*, writing from Beyrout, on the 1st of July, sums up the outrages as follows: "Up to the last night the Druses have burned and pillaged no less than 151 Christian villages since the 29th of May; while from 75,000 to 80,000 Christian inhabitants of Lebanon, many of whom were wealthy men, and all strangers to poverty and want, are homeless beggars, dependant on actual charity for their daily bread. Over and above the number of Christians shot in actual warfare, between 7000 and 8000 have been butchered in cold blood by the Druses; and besides this more than 5000 widows, who until this Druse campaign were happy wives and mothers, have lost their husbands, brothers, fathers, and all male relatives, and 1600 children are now orphans. Moreover fifty millions sterling would not pay for the towns, villages, hamlets, and silk factories, destroyed through the mountain—all the property of Christians." Beyrout, the principal seaport of Syria, and the residence of many Europeans, was crowded with fugitives from every quarter. This place, however, may be considered safe from any attack. The British and French Governments had taken measures to interfere in this contest, and a considerable French force was promptly ordered to proceed to Syria. The Sultan meanwhile dispatched Fuad Pacha to Syria, with full powers, and had addressed a note to the French Government promising to put a stop to the outrages and to punish the perpetrators. The latest intelligence, which is not official, represents that a treaty had been made by the hostile parties, and that the departure of the French expedition had been countermanded.—— Meanwhile a singular letter, written from Damascus by Abd-el-Kader, the Arab chief exiled from Algeria, has been published. He says that the present state of the Mussulman and Christian empires confirms the truth of what Mohammed had predicted—that the sovereigns of his own people should be abandoned by God on account of their injustice and love of this world's goods; that the Christian kings should maintain themselves to the end of time, and that the world should not end until the Christians had become the majority of the human race. "I weep," he says, "over the annihilation of Islamism. We are from God, and to him we return. At this moment dreadful disorder prevails among the Maronites and Druses. The evil has deep roots every where. Butchery and murder are going on every where. God grant that things may have a better ending."

Literary Notices.

Autobiographical Recollections, by the late C. R. Leslie, R.A. Edited by Tom Taylor, Esq. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) The rare personal qualities of the late Mr. Leslie, no less than his eminence as an artist, gave him free access to the best English society, and brought him into intimate relations with several of the most gifted and celebrated men among his contemporaries. He was the pupil of Sir Benjamin West; the familiar friend of Coleridge, Allston, and Irving; and enjoyed the acquaintance of Wordsworth, Rogers, Sir Walter Scott, and others, concerning whom he has left on record, in this volume, a variety of reminiscences of the most pleasing and attractive character. A man of sterling integrity and worth, with tastes refined almost to fastidiousness, imbued with the best culture of his day, except that of foreign travel, possessing an extraordinary degree of native good sense, with an exquisite feeling of the proprieties of every position, and of singularly courteous and modest manners, he was

qualified, beyond most others, to secure and retain the confidence of his acquaintance, which in many cases ripened into cordial and devoted friendship.

Although a native of London, where he was born in 1794, during the temporary residence of his parents in that city, his early years were passed in Philadelphia; and after receiving his education at her public seminaries, he returned to England, while still young, with the view of devoting himself to the study and practice of painting, which, from a strong natural impulse, he had chosen for his future profession. His success was rapid and decisive; he soon attracted public notice for the felicity of his designs, and his skill in execution. A generous patronage was accorded to his productions; he became conversant with persons of literary distinction as well as of social rank; and with faithful pencil has hit off the portraitures of many of his friends and acquaintance in a manner which does equal credit to his powers of description and his moral feelings.

In the autumn of 1824 Mr. Leslie visited Scotland for the purpose of painting a portrait of Sir Walter Scott for Mr. George Ticknor, of Boston. The details of the visit are related with great simplicity, but leave a vivid impression on the mind of the reader. "I am painting," he writes, in one of his letters from Abbotsford, "in the library. When Sir Walter is seated I always place a chair in the direction in which I wish him to look, which is never long unoccupied by some one of his visitors, who is sure to keep him in conversation. At the other end of the room there is generally a group round the harp or piano. Imagine how delightful these sittings are to me! This morning, being Sunday, Sir Walter read the Church Service to the whole family and his guests in an impressive manner." After the portrait was begun, Scott suggested that the background should be "Thomas the Rhymer's Glen," one of his favorite haunts. He took the artist to the spot, gallantly mounted on ponies; and on descending to pass through the glen, which was very steep, Leslie offered to lend him a helping-hand. This was promptly declined, with the remark that he could get along best in his own way; and thus he scrambled on, often on all-fours, astonishing his companion by such an unexpected display of activity. He said that in his youth he had been an adventurous climber, which no one would have supposed, as his lame leg was of scarcely any use to him. The glen was beautiful, and as he rested himself on a seat near a little succession of waterfalls, he said, with a strong emphasis of satisfaction on the two last words, "A poor thing, but mine own." Among the company at Abbotsford at that time was Scott's literary friend, Mr. Rose, who was suffering from the effects of paralysis. A whimsical anecdote is related concerning him, which, at the same time, serves to illustrate a feature in the character of Sir Walter. "Rose was able to shoot, with the assistance of his man, Henviss, who carried his gun; and when he went out for a morning's sport, he wore a great-coat without sleeves, for the better convenience of using his arms. His under-coat, differing in color from the outer one, gave him a very odd appearance, his body being brown and his arms black. Henviss raised the gun to his shoulder for him, and Rose said, 'When I fire I never know whether the birds are to fall or myself.' But he generally managed to kill them, notwithstanding his lameness. Henviss was an odd, half-witted fellow, and Scott said he reminded him, more than any man he had ever met with, of the motley fools in Shakspeare. Rose had, in fact, provided Henviss with some sort of antic dress, which he made him wear by way of punishment, when he had behaved amiss; but Henviss took a fancy to it, and would often put it on for his own gratification. He wanted to wear it at Abbotsford; but to this Sir Walter objected, saying, 'I have no reputation for wisdom to spare in my own neighborhood, and I can not afford to fall lower in the estimation of the country people by permitting Henviss to be seen about the place in a fool's dress.' Rose told many droll stories of Henviss; but, as he related many out-of-the-way things of other people, it was thought these stories owed quite as much to the master as to the man. Lady Anna Maria Elliott, herself a wit, said, after listening for some time to Rose, 'What a great number of very odd people you have known!' 'I don't know that,' he replied. 'Well, then, I am very sure all Mr. Rose's acquaintance know *one* very odd person.'" While strolling with the artist about his grounds, Scott would frequently stop and point out exactly that object or effect which would strike the eye of a painter. He said he always liked to have a dog with him in his walks, if for nothing else, to furnish a living object in the foreground of the picture. It is a singular circumstance, that though Scott both talked and wrote of scenery as a painter, he seemed to be quite destitute of a taste for pictures as works of art. He was interested in them merely as representing some particular scene, person, or event, and was content with very moderate merit in their execution. Many of the paintings on the walls of his dining-room would have been regarded by connoisseurs as mere daubs. It was the same, Mr. Leslie thinks, with his enjoyment of music. He delighted in the associations called up by the air or the words of a song, but seemed to have no ear whatever for the charms of musical expression. He would stand beside the piano or harp, when Highland music or a military march was played, with evident satisfaction, his whole figure slightly moving in unison with the instrument, and his face glowing with the interest which he took in the performance. His conversation was enriched with quotations, often made highly humorous by their application. One of these was his comparing the sound of the dinner-bell, for which, he said, he had a very quick ear, to

> "the sweet south
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odor."

Mr. Leslie asked him, one day, where he should be likely to meet with a haggis. "I don't know a more likely place than the house you are in," was the reply; and the next day a haggis appeared on the table, in all the majesty of its robust proportions. It was placed before Sir Walter, and he greeted it with the first lines of Burns's address to the "Chieftain of the pudding race," repeating them with great effect, and at the words

> "Weel are ye worthy of a grace
> As lang's my arm,"

he extended his arm over the haggis.

Mr. Leslie gives a kindly testimony to the character of Rogers, with whom he was on terms of more than common intimacy, representing him in a more favorable light than that in which he was regarded by most of his contemporaries. Whatever place may be assigned to him among poets, Mr. Leslie claims for him the highest place among men of taste.

He was the only man, not an artist, whom Mr. Leslie had ever known, that felt the beauties of art like an artist. He was too quiet to exercise his due influence among the patrons of art; but his own patronage, as far as it extended, was most useful. He took a decided part in favor of Turner, Flaxman, and Stothard, when they were little appreciated by their countrymen. His superior judgment in art is shown by the fact that there was nothing in his home that was not valuable. "Those who know Rogers," says Mr. Leslie, "only from his writings, can have no conception of his humor. I have seen him, in his old age, imitate the style of dancing of a very great lady with an exactness that made it much more ludicrous than any caricature; and I remember, when I met him at Cassiobury, that he made some droll attack, I quite forget what it was about, on one of the company, and went on heightening the ridicule at every sentence, till his face 'was like a wet cloak ill laid up,' as were the faces of all present, and especially the face of the gentleman he was attacking. At an evening party, at which I met him, the oddest looking little old lady—for she was as broad as she was long, and most absurdly dressed—as she was leaving the room, saw him near the door, and accosted him: 'How do you do, Mr. Rogers? It is very long since I have seen you, and I don't think, now, you know who I am.' 'Could I ever forget you!' He said it with such an emphasis that she squeezed his hand with delight. I think it was in the summer of 1842 that Rogers, Wordsworth, and Washington Irving were all under my roof together. I had met them at breakfast at Miss Rogers's, and as we came away at the same time, Rogers walked home with me, and Wordsworth and Irving, promising to come, took a cab. As they got into it, Rogers said: 'They are a couple of humbugs, I believe; we shall see no more of them.'"

But we must not be enticed into devoting too much of our narrow space to this very agreeable volume. Our readers will find in it a rich source of entertainment, and will rise from its perusal with a fresh sense of the personal worth of the author, of whose kindliness and sweetness of disposition, and admirable feeling of justice, it is a perpetual illustration.

Studies in Animal Life, by GEORGE HENRY LEWES. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The versatile pen of Mr. Lewes is always prepared for service, almost irrespective of the department of literature in which it is summoned to engage. He seems to be equally at home, equally exuberant and hilarious, and equally delighted with himself, whether he undertakes to commemorate the ghosts of what he considers the defunct philosophies of the world, to record the recent developments of systems which claim to be the only genuine positive science, to analyze the characters and construct the biographies of illustrious modern poets, or to unfold the mysteries that lurk beneath the cilia of an animalcule. In the present entertaining volume he gives a specimen of "science made easy" in its application to the "infinitely small," and discusses, with an unctuous enthusiasm, the wonders of animal creation that are brought to light by the microscope, and which luxuriantly swarm in every ramification of the insect world. Though Mr. Lewes is constantly in search of point and startling effect, and often launches out into a vivacity and even friskiness of expression, which may well cause the scientific plodders and delvers of the old school to open their eyes in astonishment, we have no reason to call in question the carefulness of his observations or the accuracy of his statements. He, indeed, is apt to vent a little extravagant eloquence on the ravishing features of a beetle, and to fall into ecstasies of admiration at the beauties of a butterfly. But this is altogether in his line; and if he were not as demonstrative on a grub as a Goethe, on a caterpillar as a Comte, Mr. G. H. Lewes would be Mr. G. H. Lewes no longer. Let him, then, tell his own story in his own way, nor quarrel with his curious illustrations of animal life, because the element of gravity was omitted in his composition, and its place supplied by a double share of assurance and flippancy.

In the first chapter of this volume the author takes a dead frog as the starting-point for his lively disquisitions. The frog has already been made the subject of experiments, and is awaiting the removal of its spinal cord. Mr. Lewes meantime snips out a portion of the digestive tube. It seems quite empty, and promises little even to the zeal of the mercurial experimenter. But he places a drop of the liquid found in it on a glass slide, covered with a small piece of very thin glass, and brings it under the microscope. Behold the wondrous spectacle! First look at the monstrous animalcule which is swimming about, and which we will call an *opalina*. Its pedigree and destiny are somewhat obscure, but it is perhaps most probable that it is some worm not yet emerged from its infantile condition. But it will not grow into a mature worm so long as it inhabits the frog. It must wait till some fish or bird has devoured the frog, and then in the stomach of its new captor it will develop into its mature form. In its present state, this animal is one of the least of all the animals, hardly worthy to be called an animal. It has no eyes, no teeth, no arms, no legs, no tail, and no more back-bone than many modern politicians; yet it is swimming about with a certain easy grace, as though it enjoyed the exercise, and, on the whole, was well satisfied with its tiny life. Look a little more attentively, and you will see how this is done. The surface of the opalina is covered with thin, delicate hairs in incessant vibration, which, from their resemblance to the eyelash, are named cilia. They lash the water, and the animal is propelled by their strokes, as a galley by its hundred oars. The mode of taking nourishment in the opalina is no less unique than its means of locomotion. It is without mouth, or stomach, or any other organ but the cilia. As a compensation for this, every part of its surface is breathing, sensitive, and assimilating. The liquid or gas which it lives on passes through its delicate skin by a peculiar process; it there serves as food; and the refuse passes out by a similar process in reversed order. Every part of its body thus performs the functions which, in more complex animals, are performed by special organs. It feeds without mouth, breathes without lungs, and moves without muscles.

The biography of numerous other infinitesimal manifestations of life is given by Mr. Lewes, and, as we think, in quite as successful a manner as that in which he relates the history of celebrated philosophers and poets, and systems of thought of world-wide renown. He is always a lively writer, generally diverting, and if not uniformly pleasing, from his incredible self-complacency and utter destitution of reverence, he never permits himself to grow dull, and throws out so many piquant baits to attention that the most drowsy reader on a summer's afternoon is not likely to fall asleep over his pages.

Science a Witness for the Bible, by Rev. W. N. Pendleton, D.D. (Published by J. B. Lippincott and Co.) The subject of this volume is the actual relations between the disclosures of the Bible and the progress of scientific discovery. In the opinion of the author, so long as the leaders in Christian thought remain indifferent to the advancement of physical research, and the body of Christian people retain the idea that scientific investigation tends on the whole to skepticism, and so long as the irreligious scientific mind has the field mainly to itself, and can use the pretext of persecution to brand religion as the foe of science, so long must these powerful agencies remain in defiance and disparagement of each other. He, accordingly, addresses himself to the task of showing that there is an entire harmony between the moral and material facts in question, between the triumph of science and the teachings of religion, and that, in truth, they are so thoroughly blended in their relations to the human mind as to prove their common origin in the divine source of wisdom. In pursuance of this object, Dr. Pendleton argues that mankind are largely indebted to influences derived from the Scriptures for that intellectual revolution in modern Christendom, which has emancipated the mind, and placed the keys of nature even in the hands of children. In like manner we are indebted to the all-wise Author of nature for the scientific methods to which He has adapted the faculties of creatures made in His own image. Among the topics which the author discusses are the human family, the chronology of creation, the age of mankind, and the monuments of lost races. His work exhibits a wide range of study, not a little ingenuity of argument and variety of illustration, and is often marked by a flowing wealth of diction and an impassioned eloquence.

A Run through Europe, by Erastus C. Benedict. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) Mr. Benedict needs no apology, in these days of profuse spawning of travelers' stories, for inviting the public to a share of the enjoyment with which he has made a rapid visit to the principal objects of intelligent curiosity on a European tour. He had the advantage of precisely knowing what he most wished to see; no time was lost by frequent changes in the prescribed route of travel; he cherished no ambition to make new discoveries; he carried with him no fastidious prejudices; with the ripe experience of manhood, and a yet unworn and youthful spirit, he was prepared to admire with discrimination; and the record which he has here given of his foreign experience, for freshness, animation, lively description, and judicious comment, has rarely been surpassed in the legion of books of travel, which are annually submitted to, or rather inflicted on, a long-suffering public by the swarm of American tourists.

Mr. Benedict, in addition to his excellent sketches of Parisian life, offers some forcible suggestions on the present political and social condition of that metropolis. In spite of the unfavorable impressions which are usually received by an American traveler on his first visit to Paris, there is a deeper and better life which, on the surface, appears to be given over to utter and hopeless frivolity. There is a sobriety and reality in the real currents of Parisian life which do not suffer in comparison with London and New York. In every large city, especially every gay capital, vice and irreligion assume the most agreeable manners, and press themselves forward into the best circles and the most conspicuous places. With the same sort of romancers and ephemeral scribblers, London and New York, Boston and Philadelphia, would easily furnish materials for a character as loose as that of Paris. While these cities boast of a preponderating religious, moral, and worthy population which saves them from the character of dissolute capitals, so the vast majority of the inhabitants of Paris and of France are not justly chargeable with the vices which have given them a bad reputation from the conduct of the few. Paris, according to the observations of Mr. Benedict, has never been in a more favorable condition than it now is under the rule of Napoleon III. No government has ever been more popular than the present. The most admirable order prevails in the city. Never was the smooth and easy routine which all classes of Parisians love so much more complete than at this moment. With plenty of work for the trades, plenty of customers for the shops, and plenty of amusements at the theatres and gardens, there is no fear of popular outbreaks and bloody fusillades. Then any one that pleases may govern the French. They have no desire to govern themselves. The Parisian coachman, with whom Mr. Benedict loved to have an occasional quiet chat, is no bad type of the prevailing opinion of the metropolis. "The Emperor," said he, one day, "is just the man: we needed but him. He knows how to hold the reins of government as well as I do to manage my horses. We don't want a republic—we have not been brought up to it, and don't know how to make it go—we have tried it and always failed." As they drove past the Invalides, on the chapel front, where some new gate-posts had just been surrounded with gilded eagles, which he had not before seen, he exclaimed, with delight, "There are our eagles come back again!" He pointed to the macadamized streets about that great hospital, and said, "The managers applied to the Emperor to macadamize the streets, to prevent the noise, and he did it. He does all that is asked of him." Some say, however, that the Emperor is so ready to macadamize, because paving stones are so convenient in revolutionary barricades.

Mr. Benedict extended his journey to the principal capitals of Italy, Germany, and Holland, on each of which he has something of interest to say, often furnishing a good deal of information in a few words. His book has not a little of the value of a guide-book, in its copious and accurate details, though its utility is immeasurably enhanced to the intelligent traveler by its numerous, original, and suggestive comments, and its ready appreciation of the quaint and comic objects which every where meet the traveler. As a substitute for crossing the ocean few recent volumes of travel can compare with it.

Rosa; or, The Parisian Girl, from the French of Madame De Pressense, by Mrs. J. C. Fletcher. In spite of its French origin this juvenile story bears no resemblance to the unhealthy and often pestilent productions of the fictitious writers of that nation. Its purpose is to give a correct idea of domestic life in France among families that still retain simplicity of purpose, and have not cast aside moral and religious principle as an antiquated humbug. The little volume abounds in charming pictures, skillfully drawn, and differs from the high-wrought scenes of popular French novels, "as do the sweet breath of morn, the smell of violet and of new-mown hay, from the hot, perfumed, unhealthy atmosphere of a Parisian drawing-room." (Harper and Brothers.)

Editor's Table.

ANGLO-SAXON MIND, AND ITS GREAT THOUGHTS.—There is nothing more wonderful in the scheme of Providence, so far as we can comprehend its earthly aspects, than the marked distinctness which it imparts to national character, and the relation it bears to the general welfare of the human race. The student of physical geography delights to trace the specific evidences of wisdom that are stamped upon the configurations of each section of the globe. And when he observes its mountain-ridges, the fertile lowlands, the graceful grouping of its vegetable forms, the exact arrangement of its rocks and minerals—all adapted to its particular position on the surface of the earth, and to the great interests of society as a whole—he needs no clearer proof that Infinite intelligence has presided over this miniature cosmos. A well-built house is not better adapted to domestic purposes than is each portion of the world to the national life that it embosoms. Nor, indeed, can we take a truer view of the globe than as a vast suit of apartments, constructed in every variety of architectural fitness, to domesticate the different nations constituting its population. But these material shapes, so significant of the order and system of physical nature, are typical of an order and system beyond themselves. There is no completeness in the ideas they suggest until we ascend to the intellectual and moral sentiments of nations. Standing by itself, the material is the sign torn from the thing signified—a mere corpse without its animating soul; and hence, in the case of nations no less than of individuals, we must study their spiritual being, and its historic developments, to ascertain the position which they occupy and the offices they are destined to fulfill in the progress of mankind.

It is simply our purpose, in this article, to confine ourselves to one branch of this great subject—viz., the prominent ideas of Anglo-Saxon Mind, as they have been wrought out or indicated in its civilization.

The distinctness of Anglo-Saxon mind is one of those palpable facts that no thoughtful man can misunderstand. Deny it what you please, you can not deny its clear-shaped individuality. Whatever place in the ideal scheme of excellence its attributes hold; and whether, if submitted to practical tests, it is as profound as German mind, as agile and active as the French, as sensuous as the Italian, one thing is quite certain, that it has a personality none can mistake. As an integral part of humanity, it has much in common with other races. The sentiment of brotherhood, although sternly set aside under the pressure of circumstances, and in some of its minor forms by no means felt as its sanctity demands, is nevertheless a deep sentiment within its heart. But it believes in its own blood, has an ineradicable faith in its private convictions, and emphasizes its own opinions against the world. This distinctness reaches out in all the manifestations of thought and activity, shaping its culture, organizing its workshops and armies, and conducting the whole movement of its restless, energetic, aspiring civilization. Give it any subject for reflection, and an Anglo-Saxon mode of ideas is the result—a logic with its own premises and conclusions—a philosophy that adheres to its fixed originality. The mysteries of the universe translated into Plato's idealities or Kant's speculations, embodied in Homer's symbols or Dante's statuesqueness, can not satisfy its searching eye; but, turning away from them, it seeks to interpret these strange forms in the syllables of its own language, and quicken the instincts of its own heart by finding meanings in these ancient prophecies for its deepest personal intuitions. Other people's facts are somewhat less or more in its transmuting hands; and while it has a singular readiness in accepting hints, no matter whence gathered, you may always be sure that the finger-boards which industrious pioneers erect will not point out the roads it intends to travel in its explorations. Whether it utter itself in poetry or prose, whether it produce a scheme of political economy or invent steam-engines and huge ships, one inevitable characteristic stamps the creative act, and presents Anglo-Saxon intelligence and hope to the wonder of the world.

In this element of specific and peculiar manhood—a determinative power that stoutly holds to its own instinctive bearings, and refuses to depart from its normal line of movement—Anglo-Saxon mind stands in the foreground of modern civilization. Without doubt it is a vast debtor to others. Many of its ideas have been borrowed; but no sooner are they adopted than they lose their paternity, and become as the native-born offspring of the household. Thus, it may get from Europe the impulse of the Reformation, but its reformers will be a race by themselves, not to be confounded with Luther and Melanothon. Asceticism will cross over from the Continent, but the shape it takes in Puritanism converts it instantly into an original type. Open to it a new hemisphere, and Plymouth and Jamestown soon startle the world with realities and anticipations not before known. It never copies, never duplicates an institution. The spirit of good or great things is promptly seized, and then a facile creativeness is put forth, the fused mass runs into its moulds, and comes out hardened into its image and with its superscription. And therefore the marvelous continuity of Anglo-Saxon mind in all its historical developments. Its ideas hang together. Its mighty impulses, like the great rivers of the North American continent, cut their channels and roll their waters in the same direction. Anglo-Saxon mind has a self-shaping principle; and that principle, seated at the very centre of its being, never abates its sovereignty, never suspects its entire competency to convert any and every thing into its service. Imitate it may, but it is creative imitation. There is an efflux of itself into whatever it achieves, so that you can plainly see its well-defined individuality. And, because of this, its inner life is a miracle of strength. The outward, the palpable—the dominion over land and sea—are not its existence, but merely the body of its vigorous spirit. Its primary article of belief is that progress is from the within to the without—a force moving from the brain and the heart into external embodiment—and hence its successes, through a long series of years, have not been fortunate accidents, splendid prizes drawn in lotteries, but expansions, growths of ideas, upheavals of subterranean fire.

Had it not been for this firm-set purpose toward its own definite principles, this hold as of an iron hand on its rights and prerogatives, this uncompromising selfhood in what it felt itself ordained to defend and maintain, Anglo-Saxon mind had never been able to fulfill that most serviceable ministry to the interests of humanity which the annals of modern civilization so truthfully record. Again and again it has been, as a magnificent coral breakwater, lifted by no earthly hand from the dark places of the deep, belting the continents that teem-

ed with defenseless life, and restraining the turbulent surges that threatened another ingulfing of the treasures of the world. Again and again it has asserted the unconquerable majesty of the race, restored the reign of order and peace, and vindicated the claims of Providence as an arbiter, present and authoritative, in the affairs of men. Again and again it has had the inherent vitality of its distinctive ideas, the grandeur of its hopes, subjected to the severest tests; to trials intense and protracted, in times of war, in times of tranquillity; but out of them all it has come with a profounder conviction of its providential work, and a more heroic devotion to its destined aims. Nor would it be practicable, we think, to name any other form of mind, acting over so broad a surface of human interests, in whose history the inward shape and the outward connections had coalesced with such singular completeness. By means of that recondite force, far too subtle for analysis, which lies behind all notions of liberty and society, which adjusts them in systematic relations to one another, watchful lest any assume a false magnitude and overbear the rest, and which exercises the best of skill in adapting these ideas to the circumstances of the actual world, Anglo-Saxon mind has occupied just such an attitude as secured it the full advantages of disciplinary experience without impairing the original vigor of its faculties. To this day the primal stock survives. The growth of centuries has merely perfected the germinal traits that belonged to the infancy of the race; and underneath all the luxury and refinements of the middle period of the nineteenth century, send it to Polar ice or to India, send it to Mexico or California, and it will show the same hardihood, the same sinews of brass, the same unyielding endurance as once characterized it when dwelling in the rude huts of the forest or indulging its wild adventures on the sea.

Nor, indeed, is this surprising. Anglo-Saxon mind is distinguished in nothing so much as an imperial control over its own consciousness. That consciousness is not to be disturbed. It can not be invaded, can not be seduced from its permanent instincts and organic laws. The fact is that this consciousness, apprehending the exact import of its mind, assured of the nature and extent of its capacity, and never needing to measure itself by the standards of occasion and opportunity before it can determine its ability, is the precise counterpart of the external senses, and toward its objects is quite as definite as eye, ear, and touch. The more closely we study this peculiarity of Anglo-Saxon mind, the more clearly shall we perceive its vital bearing on its activity and enterprise. A calm, firm, steady consciousness—one proof against the stealthy intrusion of doubts, and foreclosed to enfeebling fears—one able to repose on its decisions, and, while free from blind dogmatism, refuses to treat its deliberate judgments as questions forever open—this stern and adamantine consciousness is the substance itself of all great and noble mind. Where it is wanting there is really no certain ground-work for convictions. The brain is a mere tent in which whims, and caprices, and fluctuating opinions lodge at will, and depart. Such a form of mind never has the fibres of habit intertwined with bone and muscle, never has an organic creed, never delights in institutions, and consolidates itself for future ages. But the Anglo-Saxon race is not of this cast. Its temperament is not capricious and vacillating. Not until it gets a firm foot-hold on granite rocks is it ready for action; and all your fine sentiments about glory are musical wind, your speculations are spun out of intellectual silk-worms, unless you strike at the roots of its consciousness. Whatever infirmities Anglo-Saxon mind has (and they are too patent to escape observation), it is certainly truth-loving and truth-seeking, not enslaved to an idolatrous regard for shams, not easily duped by glittering shows, but anxious to knock at the very heart of things, and to learn what amount of real life it can give to its affections and aspirations. One can easily see how this rigid decision of character, this habitual tenacity of purpose, may lead to morbid excesses, or degenerate into a stolid insensibility to needed reforms, and otherwise interfere with the generous spirit of advancement. Such humiliating facts are palpable enough in the history of Anglo-Saxon mind. Nevertheless, let it be said that vices which spring from perverted virtues are never radical or ruinous evils. Despite of the variations in the compass-needle, we may depend on the magnetic force to rule our navigation.

Just, then, as we value the soil by the fertilizing rocks lying beneath its superficial crust, and without which its productiveness would be soon exhausted, so, too, we estimate the worth of Anglo-Saxon modes of thought by that broad, earnest, self-sustained consciousness which we have noticed as the substratum of its opinions and purposes. Opinions and purposes, founded most generally in temporary reasons, and subject to the variable dictates of expediency, must undergo modifications. Like the ocean, our life is full of currents, all obeying a common centre of gravitation, but at the same time flowing in different directions. The logic of to-day, so far as it depends on circumstances, may be the sophistry of to-morrow; ay, the facts of one hour may be the fictions of the next. And hence the mind of an individual, or of a race, that has no reserved consciousness, is destitute of those principles which, as need requires, can replenish its wasted strength and create new forms of life. Such a mind has no funded character on which it may fall back and renew its energy. Accordingly it has no capacity for experience, learns no lessons, never becomes any the wiser because of its blunders, nor any the richer by means of prosperity. If it attempt to organize a specific kind of civilization, it is a mere mechanical structure—a frame-work of hammer and nails, of glue and mortices—instead of a living soul in a living body. Take the opposite of this, and you have Anglo-Saxon mind—a mind pre-eminently distinguished by the breadth of its consciousness; by a hearty grasp of the fundamental principles of belief and moral agency, and a complete satisfaction with them; by a settled trustfulness in its instincts not to be shaken; by a reverence for its traditions that dulls the edge of ridicule and deprives sarcasm of its sting; and, lastly, by a religious spirit, that accepts God's revealed word as the only legitimate basis of civilization, and never quite loses sight, amidst its hard materialism and sordid selfishness, of that stern and inflexible judgment which this word pronounces on its thoughts and deeds.

If the foregoing views are correct, as to the influence that the natural constitution of the mind exerts over its opinions and acts, it would be reasonable for us to expect that, while Anglo-Saxon mind had a predisposition toward certain modes of thought, it would select, by the secret laws of affinity, some of these sentiments for special emphasis. In every stage of genuine culture all truth must be, to some extent, perceived. Reason, imagination, sensibili-

ty, conscience, must each have its proper nutriment; and hence the truths adapted to nourish these distinct faculties must be more or less apprehended. But it is the nature of all strong and energetic mind to see the relative proportions of truths, to assign each its rank, and to set particular sentiments aside, as it were, from others, that it may enjoy a selecter companionship with them. The human mind is so constituted as to have its favorite truths, just as every heart has its favorite friends. And hence temperament, taste, hereditary laws of organization, have a constant agency in giving a decided predominance to peculiar ideas. Through its whole history Anglo-Saxon mind illustrates this significant law; nor, indeed, is there any thing in its career more striking or more indicative of a great destiny than the resolute fidelity with which, in the midst of revolutions and convulsions, it has clung to its distinctive beliefs. For these cardinal doctrines it has cherished an enthusiasm that has operated like a fascination on its faith and love; and consequently the Anglo-Saxon mind, in a historical point of view, by this uncompromising devotion to its paramount ideas, presents an attitude little short of the sublime. The spectacle of a mighty race, amidst all the changes of fortune, standing firmly and bravely by its accepted trust, and at each forward step, in every new institution, bearing on the ancient ark which it followed through the desert, such a spectacle inspires hope for the future progress of humanity, and confirms our confidence in those prophetic songs, which the heart chants in all its better moods, of a blessed age to come. Assure us that humanity can retain what it has acquired; can put a new-found treasure under safe guardianship; can imbed its enlarging thoughts and aims in appropriate institutions, and the problem of growth is practically solved. It is the preserving, organizing, perpetuating power that we want; and therefore, wherever this is found, we may assume that advancement will inevitably ensue. Now this is the historic moral of Anglo-Saxon mind. When it opens a pathway, thenceforward that pathway remains without obstructions, and beggar and prince, side by side, for all time, may walk therein. Its conquests are made secure. Give it fresh ideas, and they are quickly assimilated. Utter a stirring word this morning, and to-night it will echo in thousands of dreams. For every jewel it has a casket ready. Its institutions are immense storehouses, in which what Alfred, Cromwell, Washington, Wellington, Nelson did are packed away for safe keeping. The sense of a common property in things acting in all classes of Anglo-Saxon mind, and securing a concert of movement in all its prominent interests, is one of the social phenomena that it never fails to exhibit. Publish a great book, all must read it. Let a popular orator make his appearance, and every rank flocks to hear him. If Savary seizes the incipient idea of the steam-engine, the Marquis of Worcester, and Watt, with a host of others, will catch the hint, and the fiery zeal will not abate until the work is perfected. Every one has a private call to be a man of mark in something or other, and admiration and ambition are wholesale virtues. Owing to the force of this unitary sentiment, Anglo-Saxons, with all their diversity of culture and tastes, are remarkable for the solidity and compactness of all their social forms; for intense sympathy with the generic ideas of their race; and for a capacity to combine and harmonize that no other form of mind has ever equaled. Let an emergency arise and their very lungs breathe together, pulses keep time, and the race is instantly embodied in one gigantic manhood.

This sentiment of fraternization, then, is a striking trait of Anglo-Saxon mind. Nowhere in the world are individualities of character and conduct more palpable; nowhere are they more whimsical and ridiculous; nowhere are crotchets and idiosyncrasies and "isms" more abundant. They are prized, too, as if dear life itself tenanted them, and nothing else. Bitter and violent prejudices are indigenous to its prolific soil; and yet, despite of all the by-play of repelling tendencies, the great heart of the Anglo-Saxon race is impassioned in behalf of fellowship. To nucleate is its first and last thought. Society is its absorbing interest—society for political union, society for trade and community of ideas, and interchange of feelings. Not that it loves society for its own sake, or delights in it for the parade of courtesy and the pleasures of pastime, but chiefly as a working force, an aggregation of elements, a momentum of will and impulse, that gratifies its sense of power, and calls out its restless activity. One aspect of this Anglo-Saxon sentiment Hobbes undertook to philosophize into a theory of Society, and with quiet complacency tried to make us believe that we are fighting animals, and need government to keep us from devouring one another. But this is a botanical analysis of the thorns about the rose, not of the rose itself. Beasts of prey hold aloof from each other because they are beasts of prey; and hence, granting Hobbes his premiss of selfishness, society could never be constructed on such a foundation. The fundamental principle of the theory is false; man has no such intense and destructive selfishness as he predicates. Society is an instinct from God; and human beings, by virtue of their original nature, seek one another that they may gratify their deep yearnings for companionship, and, by means of mutual sympathy and support, fulfill their destiny. This sentiment of the Divine origin of society is fast rooted in Anglo-Saxon mind; and, because of it, Family, Law, Government, Church, are reverentially honored. Herein a basis is laid for a massive superstructure; and nothing is surer than that the instinct of society, under the guidance of God's providence, will develop itself in forms suitable to the wants and circumstances of our nature. The significant point in this connection is, that however much Anglo-Saxon mind may be indebted to philosophers and legislators for certain external benefits of civilization, its own truthful instincts, fresh from the Divine hand, have fashioned its great thoughts, and instituted its hallowed relations with respect to society. Certain it is that where these primal truths are left as far as possible to their own action, without conventional interference, the more energetic and reliable their influence; nor can we doubt that the main reason why Anglo-Saxon mind has far surpassed all other branches of the human family in the force, scope, and matureness of its social ideas, has been owing to the fact that, undistorted by philosophic schemers and uncorrupted by idealistic regenerators, it has had freedom of opportunity to embody its own wise and genial instincts.

The domestic idea in Anglo-Saxon mind, sustaining itself in a parallel line of development with other forms of social interests, is preparing, we think, in our day, for a yet higher and nobler manifestation. In England, within half a century, a vast deal of thought has been concentrated on this subject, and, happily, with most encouraging results. If that worthy band of silent, patient, toiling reformers,

who, toward the close of the last century, labored so earnestly, with but little sympathy and less appreciation, for the purpose of elevating the poorer classes of England, could return to their Fatherland, they would see a harvest ripening from the seed sown by their hands. Hannah More, Bishop Porteus, Cowper, Wesley, Legh Richmond, were they now on earth, would have a host of co-operating friends. Much of English thought is now moving in this direction: evils are looked into. Poets like Hood, Mrs. Browning, Massey, and Elliot have pleaded the cause of needle-women, factory children, and colliers; writers like Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, Mayhews, have thrown the light of genius into the habitations of cruelty, and at its awakening touch a kinder and more penetrating sunshine than they ever felt before, spectres pale and worn or grim and fierce, have started from their hiding-places, and walked forth among the haunts of men to claim the hand of recognition and the tears of compassion. The last quarter of a century has signalized its literature, its pulpit, its parliamentary investigations, by this spirit of resolute inquiry into the neglected homes of England; and if much remains to be done, let us not forget that one great end has been accomplished by arousing public attention, and laying this grievous burden on the heart of England's love. In our own country there is not the same need as in England for a movement in this precise shape, but it is easy to see the indications of deep public feeling on domestic subjects. American mind is now beginning to consider the problem involved in progressive womanhood, to study it anxiously, and to see how far it can be solved. At the present time the position of a large and growing class of our women is anomalous. Hundreds of academies and colleges have been educating them, and now they are abroad in society with developed intellects, with scholarly sensibilities, with lofty ideals; and yet as if blindfolded and bewildered, not knowing whither to turn, where to find occupation, in some instances needing bread, in many instances their souls feeding on themselves for want of tasteful and refined employment. Without doubt this is a grave question. What can be done for our educated women? Public opinion has wisely insisted that they be educated; but now that this object has been attained, a new problem arises—viz., What employments, that shall afford scope to their talents and prove remunerative, can be provided for them? A large number are cultivating the arts of design, others are teachers and writers, many are devoted to works of public and private benevolence; but notwithstanding these things, the sorrowing hearts of scores of American women feel that the problem of work, as a means of farther culture or of daily sustenance, is yet unsolved. But there is hope: there is assurance that light is soon to dawn, and to cheer many a gloomy heart. Anglo-Saxon mind is true to womanhood, and therefore this great and growing interest will not lie dormant in its thought. Our conviction is that Anglo-Saxon civilization is just now on the eve of another and most brilliant epoch, which will present woman in a new and more glorious sphere than she has hitherto occupied.

Why do we believe in this near inauguration of womanhood? Open your New Testament, reader, and see if that whole volume, when rightly understood, is not one long undertone of prophecy, now whispering most faintly, and then swelling into a more audible sound, but through every variation of its most musical harmony, proclaiming the restored glory of woman. The doctrine, the spirit, the statements of Christianity on this subject, are as original as any other of its transcendent announcements; nor was Eden, when it gathered the loveliness of the earth into its bosom and smiled to heaven the image of its Lord, a newer or fresher creation than was the idea, or rather the ideal, of Christian womanhood as Christ taught it. The farewell voice of his cross, "*Behold thy mother!*" is the strain that has never died on the air—that childhood and youth and age, in all Christian lands, have consciously or unconsciously repeated—that still floats in all languages around the globe, blending with praises and prayers, rising on Hallelujahs and Hosannas, or, seeking the silent heart, has rolled through its arteries with gentler melody and quickened its blood to a warmer flow. In those returning visions of humanity, which fill the pages of the New Testament, the idea of womanhood has its rightful honor. Meek and submissive, true and patient and pure, womanhood here shares the glory of a new creation — a glory of her own, and derived from Christ. The peculiar virtues belonging to her nature are just the virtues that advancing society must by necessity cherish and practice. Never were they more needed than now: and, therefore, the most significant sign of Providential interposition in our day is this wonderful evoking of womanly worth; its sudden appearance, like a lovely apparition in the arena of literature and life; and its earnest summons to manly feeling to reciprocate its claims and accept its precious offices. Here is the merciful provision to unsensualize our civilization, to check our cold and barren worldliness, to heighten the fading beauty of daily existence, and to bring back, in something better than poetic raptures, the lost imaginings of domestic blessedness.

And to what race shall be given the supreme distinction, higher far than rewards of chivalry and more illustrious than titles or stars and garters, of installing womanhood in this new position? What hand shall lead it forth, smoothing its first painful steps, supporting its tremulous awe, and introduce it to the possessorship of its dignity and joy? No intelligent thinker would look for a moment toward France, Spain, Italy, Germany. In those countries womanhood has declined. Joan of Arc would not know her kindred, nor would Isabella claim her countrywomen, if they could be permitted to return to earth. The race of noble women, if not already extinct in Europe, is fast decaying, nor is there any immediate hope of arresting the mournful decline. How different with Anglo-Saxon womanhood! Never so fair, so fresh, so vigorous as now—never before so widely and liberally cultivated—this type of womanhood is in training for those sublime offices which it is destined to discharge in the larger scope and profounder spirituality of future civilization. To induct womanhood into these offices is the vocation of Anglo-Saxon mind. There is no possibility of rivalry here. The seal of Providence is already set on the brow of the Anglo-Saxon race; and for centuries past, from the time it first organized the true idea of home, from the memorable period when the Island of Britain was first to show its impressive contrast with the general licentiousness of Europe, down to the present hour, this race, so peculiar for its genuine appreciation of womanly character and worth, has been disciplining itself for this holy task. And when womanhood has been thus reinstated as a co-worker with man in behalf of humanity, the typical ideas of past ages, that shaped themselves in

such false and delusive representations, will find their just and adequate expression. The hidden meaning of chivalry, of the songs of troubadours, of the devotion to female purity and beauty, as pictured in Raphael's paintings and in Dante's Beatrice, will then be disclosed; and on us or our children will descend the privilege of seeing how one age, groping in darkness, creates the signs in which another age reads the thing signified.

Another eminent service that Anglo-Saxon mind has rendered to the world is found in the spirit of its scientific methods as directed to the material universe. We mean by this that its faculties, whenever exercised on this class of objects, are instinctively disposed to assume a reverential attitude toward them, and to recognize in their collocations and laws the presence of Infinite wisdom and love. That there have been individual exceptions to this general principle is not denied, but that we have stated the distinctive animus of its intellect no intelligent man will question. Paley is the most popular and, in some respects, the most striking exponent of this moral element in Anglo-Saxon philosophy. But we find it in Bacon, Newton, Ray, Clark, Bell, Mudie, Whewell, Wilkinson, and a long line of others, who are true to the instincts of Anglo-Saxon mind. Place Goethe, Oersted, Oken, Comte, in contrast with these men, and the superiority of their moral status, taken in its relations to intellect, is instantly demonstrated. Nothing is more foreign to the native spirit of Anglo-Saxons than to subject the material universe to a *post-mortem* examination, its Creator banished. The instinctive feeling of every right-minded man is to believe in God as the author of all things, to examine these things in the light of His intelligence and power, and to expect—in proportion to the closeness of inspection—the consolitary evidences of His nearness and fatherly goodness. And the illustrations of this truthful feeling abound in Anglo-Saxon science. Viewed as a whole, it is the richest, the fullest, the most inspiring commentary on the presence of God's personality in the works of nature ever given to the world. There is a religious spirit in this science, and, on this account, we believe it is not only destined to enlarge its domain and to win conquests, in comparison with which its former triumphs are nothing, but to perform a leading part in restoring man, under God's help, to sovereignty over material nature. How much Anglo-Saxon science has already done to abate the curse resting on the face of the physical world! Think for an instant of its immense services in this vast sphere of human sorrow, of human drudgery. The curse is lightened whenever a muscle is assisted, whenever a rock is easier lifted from its bed, whenever machinery is invented to perform the work of men. Lightened, too, when fields of corn and wheat are made more productive; when such discoveries as Hunter's and Jenner's improve health and diminish disease; when men like Arkwright, Watt, Stephenson, Brunell, live for the benefit of humanity. Lightened by Wedgewood, with his improvements in the art of pottery; and by Davy, with his safety-lamp. After such men have lived the world ascends to a higher plane, commands a broader and farther outlook of its possessions, grows in the faith of brotherhood, and rises nearer to God. Look also at our own country. Man has won here his grandest victories over material nature; and to-day every river, and lake, and forest, and mountain—a continent reclaimed to agriculture and commerce—attest his progress in subduing the curse. Our exploring expeditions, our fisheries, our steamboats, agricultural machines, cotton-gin, telegraph; our Franklin, Bowditch, Whitney, Fulton, Morse, Maury, exemplify the same great impulse. Call over, then, the list of discoveries, inventions, improvements, that Anglo-Saxon mind has introduced; see what these have effected in putting mankind on better terms with the material world; estimate, if you can, the vast number of new elements they have infused into the comfort and security of society; mark how man is a more lordly master of his time and circumstances; how he toils with an erect brow and a serene consciousness of the dignity of labor; how his home is a more cheerful spot, and the vines festooning his windows are more beautiful to his eyes; how even his grave is more hallowed, and his dust better protected; read this gigantic roll—not like Ezekiel's, but covered with an emblazonry of evils abated or destroyed, of peace and growing plenty, of benefits multiplied and still enlarging—and you will learn what Anglo-Saxon mind has contributed to the progress of the world.

Facts like these are so tangible that it needs no art to set them forth in commanding array, nor is any special degree of culture requisite to feel their force. The world is educated by means of common sense; and at last, after all the abstractions of philosophy, the simplest and plainest things are most effectual to instruct, to delight, to ennoble. It is so ordered, that neither our admiration for what is beautiful nor our homage to what is good should be suspended on the researches of human wisdom, but that we should find in the ordinary exercises of our faculties the materials for wonder and joy. Any one, therefore, who looks at the career of the Anglo-Saxon race is competent to trace the indications of Providence therein, and to gather from it a most impressive lesson as to its agency in the advancement of human welfare. External proofs to illustrate this truth are abundant. The mere outside of his life, presenting such breadth of surface and every variety of intense energy, is evidence sufficient to convince us that to its sagacious brain and executive hand belong the leadership of nations in all the arts of industry, trade, and commerce. We turn, however, from these material signs of its greatness, to notice those other shapes of thought, sentiment, and experience which are more closely connected with its spiritual nature, and by which, in a final estimate of its character, our judgments must be controlled. Society, laws, administrative functions, institutions of commercial activity, colonization, and empire—these are little else than the anatomy of life, a scaffolding for something higher and better. Not that these are but what they represent—the soul they stand for, and to which they are senses, muscles, sinews. This is the inquiry it most concerns us to pursue. Men's thoughts, their habitual inspirations, and current aims, much more than factories, ships, houses, and landscapes, are the indices of their nature and types of their future movements. In this light, then, what do we find for hope in Anglo-Saxon mind?

The representative books of Anglo-Saxon intellect would form, if gathered to themselves, a literature of their own, and, beyond cavil, the most significant literature in the world. Without doubt it were extremely difficult to select such works as should be fair and ample exponents of all its distinctive thoughts. But when we name such men as Blackstone, Coke, Kent, Bacon, Burke, Bishop Butler, Jonathan Edwards, Reid, Paley, Smith, Mackintosh, Foster, Taylor, Chalmers, Hamilton,

Channing, Arnold, Carlyle — when we mention Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, or speak of Coleridge, Johnson, Addison, De Quincey, and Macaulay—there instinctively rises a class, or classes, of sentiments and ideas, which these thinkers, as representatives of leading forms of Anglo-Saxon mind, have elaborated and emphasized. Allowing for the infinite diversity that unfettered intellect must ever assume, and especially such an intellect as the Anglo-Saxon, it is yet quite possible to outline the great staminal truths that this race has held closest to its heart. A synopsis of its characteristic literature, then, will show that it has been singularly free from morbid and ultra speculations, with no disposition to pet exceptional theories, with no love for abstract system-making. Genius it has displayed in the grandest shapes, talent in all its varieties; but they have arisen out of substantial common sense, and, in proportion as they were faithful to race-instincts, have built up fabrics to endure. Its individuality is so marked that it has evinced an utter inaptitude to ingraft continental theorizings on its stock; and hence, while German and French styles of thought have had Anglo-Saxon advocates, yet they have signally failed to revolutionize, or even materially modify, its hereditary opinions. Only in rare cases has it exhibited any sympathy with deism, nor can they be viewed as other than abnormal, and hence never reaching the spirit of the race. Pantheism is an exotic weed that refuses to live in this soil. Transcendentalism contents itself with private admiration, or ventilates itself in an occasional essay. The old heart of oak listens to the entertaining phantasies of St. Simon, Fourier, and Owen; but it persists in striking down its roots after the ancient order, and to sunshine and air spreads its branches just as it did for our forefathers. Time and space are its key-words. They open all its philosophy, poetry, metaphysics, fiction. And yet in this sturdy, firmly-knit race of thinkers there is a profound sense of the Invisible, the Infinite, claiming a secret and earnest affiliation with Hebrew mind as revealed in the Old Testament; loving the companionship of John for his penetrating intuitions, and delighting in his mystical symbols as they stand recorded in the New Testament; yielding itself up to boldest imaginings; hovering above yawning abysses, or looking wistfully over the horizon of its thoughts into the silent realm beyond. But it knows its limits, and reverences them. The consciousness of what it is, and the consciousness of what it is not—these are balanced; and therefore real and ideal hold their places quietly and without jostling.

Now we are not exclusive enough to think that Anglo-Saxon mind has furnished pabulum sufficient for all grades of intellect, or that it has exhausted any considerable number of great meditative themes. By no means; and hence all liberal culture must take a broader range, and supplement itself by foreign aids. Intellectual catholicity is the primal law of scholarship; and whoever sets himself against that mistakes the roof of his tenement for the overarching sky. Sun and stars belong to the firmament, and there alone must we seek them. Still it is true, emphatically true, that Anglo-Saxon mind has an imperial store of wealth in its vaults, and good coin is the most of it for circulation. A man who can not live and thrive on Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth—who covets better criticisms than Wilson, Jeffrey, Carlyle, Macaulay have written—who turns scornfully from Hamilton, Reid, Stewart, and seeks other metaphysicians for the ground-work and main architecture in this study—who desires more genial and stirring fictions than those of Scott and Dickens — who would ask for more eloquent preachers than Jeremy Taylor, Hall, and Chalmers—or demand profounder thinkers than Bishop Butler, Bacon, and Edmund Burke—must indeed have a most capacious nature. Far be it from us to intimate that culture should be confined to these great and earnest thinkers; but we insist that the materials of vast thought, together with mighty impulses, are supplied by their hands; and furthermore, no one need abandon them for other instructors until their majestic offices have been fitly and fully discharged. Culture, as before intimated, must be broad and genial. To secure this the mind needs the knowledge of foreign literatures; and none but intellectual churls will refuse it. Like traveling abroad, and observing scenery, life, manners, different from our own, we are thus insensibly led out from ourselves, prejudices are destroyed, errors are rectified, liberality is encouraged, and the general tone of the intellect elevated. The thoughts of master-minds, in other languages than our vernacular, addressing us with their novel associations, and suggesting images so dissimilar from our familiar symbols, seem to reach our minds through different avenues from those to which we have been accustomed. Manifest as these advantages are, we confess to a jealousy in favor of the home culture of Anglo-Saxon literature; nor are we guilty of the vice of partisanship in urging that, in whatever constitutes purity and depth of sentiment, thoroughness and solidity of thought, loftiness of aim, plenitude of imagery, clearness of method and concentrativeness of logic, sincerity of feeling and manliness of passion, it is, on the whole, the truest and best literature ever produced. Is there a chord of the heart that Shakspeare has not touched, an emotion not intensified, a vacillating purpose not brought into clear light, or a philosophic meditativeness not portrayed? What is there within reach of Christian poetry, moving through the magnificent sweep of creation and redemption—soaring to heaven or sinking to hell—interpreting the emblematic figures of mythology or deciphering the mystic signs of the material universe—that the transcendant genius of Milton has not set in luminous beauty before our imaginations? Who can improve on Bishop Butler and Lord Bacon? These, and others of the same illustrious group, are gigantic men, worthy to walk the earth as intellectual lords, sovereigns of a realm where none rule but by right of birth. Aside from their genius, these men are generally sympathetic with truth, in its final and authoritative forms—truth, in brief, as descended from heaven. Over and beyond the specific value of their thoughts, their spirit is educative. They are not, like so many of the distinguished authors of Europe, full of erudition, full of impulse, but practically uncommunicative because of their waywardness and lack of purpose — sages, but not seers — able to breathe no inspiration, to foster no life. Free from all introverted motions of feeling, they exist for our benefit, welcome us to good and hearty fellowship, share with us the banquet of mind, and dismiss us refreshed and invigorated.

But it is time to close this article. We have written it under the conviction that Anglo-Saxon mind is the hope of the world. Our aim has been to seize the idea of that mind as indicated in its

thoughts, its spirit, its aspirations; and, while conscious of its faults and infirmities, its stern insulation, its frequent one-sidedness, to catch its general tone, and show that its powers are capable of grand developments for the good of mankind. Above all else, we have rested our expectations of its future growth and eventual ascendency in the world of mind on that vital sense of Christianity which it cherishes as its inmost life, and from which, as the true fount of inspiration, all thoughts beyond sense and all affections beyond selfishness are drawn.

Does the reader remember the story of Cædmon, the first writer among the British Anglo-Saxons, and one to whom the poets of the heptarchy yielded the honor of superiority? It was about the year 680. Far to the north, three centuries earlier, Ossian, son of Fingal, had sung the "Joy of Grief;" but the melancholy wail, throbbing its sadness against cold, bleak, misty mountains, and floating over wild and inhospitable heaths, kept the solitude in which it was born, and had no answering echo. Our ancestors in the British Isle, rude and piratical, were yet chaste, bold, and manly, and even then their speech—"the hereditary speech of freemen, patriots, and heroes"—was welcoming foreign elements, was enriching itself by additions from a Christian tongue, and preparing itself for the high offices it was destined to perform. They had a taste for music, and their hearts opened to its strains. If Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, could not get his congregations to listen to his sermons, he would disguise himself as a minstrel, play a musical strain, recite the deeds of heroes; and having thus secured an audience, return to his favorite task, and repeat the story of the Cross. But Cædmon, the Northumbrian cow-herd, was the chosen bard to give a new impulse to Anglo-Saxon mind, and, in that ignorant age, to stir the souls of men by metrical fragments in which the truths of the Bible should reach their sensibilities. The narrative, by the Venerable Bede, states that one evening, at a festive scene, the harp was introduced, but Cædmon, nervous and sensitive, hastened to escape, lest he should be called on for a song. He fled to his stable, threw himself on his hard bed, and fell asleep. "The fatal harp" hung over him in his dreams; nor it alone, for a stranger addressed him, and asked him to sing. "I can not, and that is the reason why I have just quitted my friend's table," was his reply. "But you can," was the answer. "What then," said Cædmon, "would you have me to sing?" "The origin of all things," was the stranger's response. The cow-herd awoke, and a poem on creation was singing in his soul. This poem soon became popular. Other songs followed. Monks patronized the cow-herd's genius; and ere long Cædmon was the chief singer of the island. Well and truly has it been said by Hamilton, of London, that Cædmon "may be deemed not only the precursor of Watts and Charles Wesley, but, as the first who sang scriptural themes in a European vernacular, he leads the van in that great procession which brings up the names of Dante, Milton, Klopstock, Bilderdijk, and Schiller."

In this dawn of Anglo-Saxon literature see we no token? Yes; through the centuries winding on in solemn and stately march, who shall tell how many celestial visitants have descended from above and touched the slumbering genius to life and utterance? Of all the honors that Anglo-Saxon literature has won, this is its noblest—this only is immortal—that its language, growing slowly to perfection, has constantly struggled, and with memorable success, to give a voice to the deepest instincts and loftiest reasonings of the human mind, and throughout its progress has marked its eras by expressing for humanity the tenderest pathos, the holiest love, the sublimest heroism, the highest aspirations that our redeemed nature can experience.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"September strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color;
The world is brighter than before,
Why should our hearts be duller?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather,
Ah me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together."

HOW well the music of these lines of Parsons, melting into the minor in the last quatrain, expresses the peculiar emotion of the autumn! Yet while we call September the beginning of "the fall," we know in our secret hearts that it began long ago. We have not forgotten how the shrubs and flowers made haste to blow—gay little courtiers of the young Prince Summer. No sooner had he come to his throne in June and late May—nay, scarcely had the royal pursuivant, the blue-bird, and the herald of the princely household, the robin, announced that the young Summer was about to be throned and crowned, than the eager forsythia hurried into its court-dress of pure gold, the Japan quince put on full scarlet and crimson, and the daphne so perfumed the air that you would have thought the Arabian embassador had arrived with his dispatch boxes turned into spice boxes. The little violets, and daffodils, and hyacinths, and all the commoner flower folk had on their holiday attire, and the blue and white jacketed periwinkle was evidently "spreading itself" for the coming of summer at a very early period.

Then the delicate descendants of an old shop-keeping or useful class, who had begotten a posterity more ornamental than themselves, began to stir with blossoming preparation. The flowering almonds and currants of several families, who can not quite get the useful sound out of the family name, however refined and elegant they may have now become, put themselves forth, and stood in full dress to honor the coming of the sovereign of the year. Nor were the heavy old families far behind. The lilacs, the syringas, the rhododendrons, the imposing dowagerial groups, nodded, and bloomed, and held their heads very high indeed, looking a little askance at the brilliant and profuse new-comers from China and Japan, who have been recently received into such immense favor at the court of the Summer. The good old domestic names and faces of those who have so long held a high place at court are still honored. The Persian cousin of the lilacs, especially, has an Oriental delicacy and symmetry which are of the finest aristocracy. The lilacs, syringas, privets, et cetera, are supported by the steady old phloxes—that stanch city family, as they would call them in London, or the sterling bourgeoisie, as they would be known in Paris. And their humble, but neat and self-respecting retainers, the primroses, pansies, and violets, are all arrayed in their pretty colored kerchiefs, which had evidently been laid in lavender, they smelled so sweetly. They are always sure to be up and dressed and carefully strewing the way before the young Summer has fairly arrived. He would hardly recognize the

ancient realm of his fathers if he did not see as he came the decent, modest crowds of violets on every hand.

But while thus all the fine folks are dressed, the splendid new-comers of which I spoke are attired in the most gorgeous costumes. The wistaria is hung with purple raiment. It is even whispered in the choicer circles of the court—although the story sounds like the most dreadful court scandal, occasioned perhaps by jealousy of the foreign extraction of the illustrious strangers—that the wistaria dresses itself for the advent of Summer with literally nothing but purple raiment. The story reminds you of the military gentleman at a foreign ball who said to another: "How do I look?"—"Look? Why, you're the best-dressed man in the room." Whereupon the military gentleman lifted three fingers solemnly, and said: "Only three things."—"What do you mean?"—"Patent-leathers, coat, and trowsers. Nothing else. Only three things." You could fancy as much fine linen as you chose beneath; but the happy effect was a very simple combination, and did not require linen. The gentleman was all military costume and no linen: and the wistaria, say the court censors, is all flower when the Prince comes, and no leaves. You may judge for yourself. How should an old Easy Chair know whether the subjects of the Tycoon are properly appareled or not? Only this is very clear, that among all the courtiers none is more beautiful and graceful than the wistaria—unless, indeed, when he grows too tall, and stands leaning awkwardly on trellises, showing too much anatomy under his fine dress.

Is it by a kind of sympathy, springing from neighborhood of trade in the Indian Ocean, that the branch of the old Dutch aristocracy, the tulips, appear at about this time to join in the princely ovation? They are dumpy, like all the Dutch people, and they are very cool, but splendid. They have fine manners, the tulips. And their dress is always so smooth and clean and crisp. The family has not precisely the consideration it once had, but it deserves all the admiration it gets. It is droll to see how the tulips seem to disregard the large irises that overtop them. But in fine society height only makes awkwardness more painful. A squat duke is sure to seem to the tall alderman (if there could be such a thing) as if he were sitting on him.

But while the tulips are so splendid, comes the last usher of the white rod, the Reeves-spirea. Such courtly grace! Such bending, willowy motion! He seems a floral fountain, as he stands by the throne. And now come, in rapid succession, those mystic brunettes, the calycanthuses, smelling of strawberries as if they had fed upon nothing else all their lives. And with them the jaunty, nodding gelder-roses, which the common people will still call snowballs. But it is an honest, hearty race, and cares little for that kind of annoyance. They know too well their own place and weight to be disturbed even by the scarlet hawthorn and laburnum, or the crimson peonies that sail into the ranks at about the same time, and who seem to be distantly related, if one might reason from the plumpness of general appearance—which one must never do.

Yet surely they might be justly jealous of those gorgeous strangers from the East, the weigela and deutzia. For they step into their places at the very moment when the Summer is seated upon the throne, and Solomon in all his glory was dim beside them. The weigela stands a cloud of rose splendor from head to foot. The deutzia is clad in a spray of pearls. And they are so robust, so healthy, so vigorous—as if nothing were so easy as for nobility to be noble! The roses do not delay then. The little banksiæ has been dressed indeed for a long time, and is put to bed often before the summer really arrives. But the great rose connection ranges itself by the weigela and the deutzia; while the Canterbury-bells, the bright larkspurs, the sweet-williams, the honeysuckles, verbenas, pinks, petunias, and all the pretty rabble know that not a day must be lost, and spring into their holiday suits—some of them pale, and others very red with the exertion—and smiling, and silent, and whispering sweet healths to each other, look up respectfully to the great lords of the court, the roses and the magnificent weigelas and deutzias.

Meanwhile the reign of the young Summer has only just begun, but almost all the subjects have donned their court costumes, and doffed them again to return to the duties of ordinary life. The lilies arrive late, and the clematis, and passion-flower, and hollyhocks. When almost all have gone, the proud parvenus, the dahlias, come. But although very rich, and holding their heads very high, they have really very little society. There are the sunflowers, indeed, but they are voted vulgar, and a dahlia was never known to speak to a sunflower, or recognize its existence in any manner. And there are the tuberoses. But they keep by themselves—forming a delightful, sweet society. None at the court have a better air than the tuberoses. But the dahlias are more stiff than elegant; in fact, they have no air at all, and are not in good odor.

Thus, long before the Summer is really warm in his seat, the great mass of his retainers have slipped off their court suits, and surround him indeed, but with incessant leaves. Yet, although constantly leaving, none of them all is known to have left. And should they go, who would wish to stay? When the court retires, and they all disappear, if we knew that their pretty clothes were worn out, and that they would no more appear dressed to see the Summer come in, who would not want to lie down with them, and not come to the Summer's court any more?

Ah, well! there is a poet who makes the sunflower, the hollyhock, and the tiger-lily state mourners for the Summer. Listen to him! Hear how his song echoes the sadness of that song with which we began to chat. As we sit here, and see the rosy hue of health fade slowly from the Summer's cheek, listen to Tennyson, who sings now:

"A spirit haunts the year's last hours,
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:
To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh,
In the walks:
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers:
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave in the earth so chilly:
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

"The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
An hour before death;
My very heart faints, and my whole soul grieves
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
And the breath
Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the year's last rose.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave in the earth so chilly:
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily."

The summer has teemed with all sorts of sights and sounds, and a man could hardly amuse himself more than by getting comfortable lodgings near the city—and they can be cool too—and then give himself up to reading the newspapers and coming into town to see the sights. Of course it is not "the thing" to do so. The thing is to say that sights are a bore. The thing is to laugh, and let "the people" go to the Central Park, and the *Great Eastern*, and to see the reception of Princes, whether English, Japanese, or French. But I saw a little story about the poet Halleck, the other day, which had a pleasant sound. It was, that he comes to New York on every Fourth of July, and frequents the Park! Fancy Solomon Gunnybags returning to the city from Newport to pass the Fourth of July in the Park! But then Halleck is a poet, and Gunnybags is not. And that explains the difference of their conduct in this as in other matters. Wise men go to see sights. For the peculiar association of the Park with old New York and his earlier days, when he was a "Croaker," Halleck finds a quaint pleasure which would be inexplicable to many.

So, when the Japanese Princes arrive, "the thing" is to run away and smoke a cigar over a cobbler somewhere; but Walt Whitman "invites his soul" to look on at the spectacle. He does not see the Seventh Regiment, apparently, nor Alderman Boole, nor Bagley, nor Bulteel, nor even Tommy, as an individual; but he has a pleasure which is equally incomprehensible to the whole Gunnybags family with that of Halleck in the Park. He declares,

"I will sing you a song of what I behold."

Such, undoubtedly, was his intention. But to a song music is essential. And in the kaleidoscopic lines of Mr. Whitman—in the profuse lines of many and gorgeous adjectives, of highly-colored words—there is not music, although there is description. The Muse will not ride upon a corduroy road. If you press her and insist, she descends and leaves you.

"The thing" was not to see the Japanese, but Walt beheld. He is not solicitous to do "the thing," but "to loaf." It must be a nimble city sight that escapes him. He looks at the Princes, and says:

"The originatress comes,
The land of Paradise—land of the Caucasus—the nest of birth,
The nest of languages—the bequeathed of poems—the race of eld:
Florid with blood, pensive, rapt with musings, hot with passion,
Sultry with perfume, with ample and flowing garments,
With sun-burnt visage, with intense soul, and glittering eyes,
The race of Brahma comes."

* * * * * * *

"Not the errand-bearing Princes,
Not the fann'd Japanese only—not China only, nor the Mongol only,
Lithe and silent, the Hindoo appears—the whole continent appears—the past, the dead,
The murky night-morning of wonder and fable, inscrutable,
The enveloped mysteries, the old and unknown hive-bees,
The North—the sweltering South—Assyria—the Hebrews—the ancient of ancients,
Vast, desolated cities—the gliding Present—
—All of these and more are in the pageant-procession."

And the vision expands as he gazes, and the spectator says fine and striking things, often with cadence, never with the essential melody of song.

All the sights and sounds that excite the city have this charm, if you have but the sense to feel it and see it. It is hard to take a little trouble, and we let the great men and great events slip by unnoted. Who is not sorry not to have heard Kossuth, Jenny Lind, Sontag, or Grisi? Who is not sorry not to have seen the *Sirius*, or Fulton's steamer, or the Crystal Palace, or the Old Sugar House? not to have seen the old Kean, Malibran, Fanny Ellsler, Fanny Kemble? The men who might have done these things, and did not, probably regret it seriously themselves, and certainly the rest of us wonder, and half blame them.

Nor is it the rare spectacles only that might attract us—a Prince of Wales or the messenger of a Tycoon—but those that may be had all the time, and whose interest is perennial. We go a great way to see what we might find round the corner. And yet, if we knew it to be round the corner, the chance is that we should not stir.

For instance: when I was at Interlachen, in Switzerland, I could find scarcely a person who had even been up the Abendberg, near by, to see Dr. Guggenbühl's famous school for idiot children; and yet many strangers, who came at great pains and expense, went there, and wrote down the account in a large hand in the Diary. Would you believe it? Solomon Gunnybags, Esquire, and family, of New York, were traveling in great state over the Continent, and happened to arrive in Interlachen while I was there. There were three carriages, and postillions, and outriders, and a tremendous courier, who put his finger to his face, and said Milor could buy out any five or six of the German Grand Dukes. Whereupon, with that charming facility of missing accuracy which distinguishes foreigners (especially English foreigners) in treating American names and affairs, it was reported that Sir Simpleton Moneybags, the great New York nobleman, had arrived.

After we had enjoyed the most fraternal greeting he said to me, kindly:

"How long have you been here?"

"Six weeks."

"Bless my soul and body! Why, I've been all through Italy, and I only left Paris five weeks ago! However, you were always one of the lazy dogs. Six weeks! Bless my soul! Why, I never staid so long in a place in my life! Whew! how hot it is! And how they do screw a man in these countries! Do you speak French? How ——— convenient that must be! However, Jacques [he called it Jayquez] does it all for us. There ain't time to do any thing to-night, is there? It's quite pooty about here. You've been up to the idiots, I suppose?"

"No," answered I, feebly; "I'm not up to the idiots."

"Why, you foolish fellow, that is the thing at Interlachen. Why, of course, you go up to the idiots, and see—what's his name?—Doctor Gug—Gug—Gugglebowl, or something. Every body goes. Humanity, you know—and it's really curious. Why, bless my soul! it's quite refreshing to think of. For, you know, any of us might have been born idiots."

"Yes, yes; I know. Sometimes I think some of us were," said I, smiling.

"Good, good; very good! Amanda, Mr. Easy Chair says some of us were born idiots."

And the truly excellent Gunnybags laughed at my little joke, and made so much of it that I was heartily ashamed of it, and fervently resolved to joke no more. There are people who take jokes as they do babies. They have not the least idea what to do with them; and they make so much noise

over them that both babies and jokes are well-nigh frightened out of their wits.

Mr. Gunnybags made the excursion to the Abendberg and the school for idiots, and was delighted. The day after, he and his party hurried away, leaving me to stroll about that pleasant country and to look up the Valley-of-Fountains,—only toward the Jungfrau. It was some years ago. I have often met Solomon Gunnybags since, as you, gentle and patient reader, know full well. But the other morning I met him near the Bible House, and we chatted of the news of the day.

"It would be good to be in Switzerland now, hey, Easy Chair?" said he.

"Pleasant, indeed," returned I. "By-the-by, Mr. Gunnybags, have you ever been to Mr. Richards's school for idiots and imbeciles?"

He laughed. "Bless my soul and body, no! Sunbeams from cucumbers, hey? Ha! ha! No, no. I did all that sort of thing in Europe. Good-morning."

But Mr. Easy Chair went to see this school, at the instigation of Mr. Lounger, of *Harper's Weekly;* and among many charities, many efforts of a humane and intelligent age to help men and thereby honor God, there are few more interesting and impressive. Mr. Richards is born for the work. Practical humanity, so to speak, is as much a gift, a genius, as the artist's power of creation. Many of us sympathize with the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the imbecile; but to be of service to them—to add to sympathy action, and to see action resulting in successes, so that the blind practically see, and the deaf and dumb hear and speak, and the poor imbecile mind is lighted with a ray of divine reason—to do this is to show one's credentials of a genius for philanthropy, which secures the most unsullied fame.

An airy, spacious, and most pleasant modern house, in a quiet part of the city, 137 East Thirteenth Street, is occupied by Mr. Richards, who, with his wife, is devoted to this work. There is no sunnier school-room any where than the large parlor, which, by a huge bay window, overlooks the gardens and open ground toward St. George's Church. There is plenty of sun, plenty of air. And here, under every favorable influence of natural vocation, long and varied experience, unwearied patience and faith, and remarkable skill, Mr. Richards, assisted by his wife, has the entire charge of eight or ten children. It is a private school; and such is the thoughtful care, gentle sympathy, quiet and firm persistence, good sense, and good humor, which envelop it as with an atmosphere, that you can not conceive how an unfortunate child could be more happily placed.

Our common associations with idiocy are of the most repulsive character. I went to this school not without misgivings. But it is one of the signal proofs of the ability of the principal that the impression is full of cheerfulness. The little patients themselves are seemingly so bright under the cloud that hangs over their minds that you can not help believing that, at any moment, the cloud may scatter and leave the reason shining free. And yet within a few months past these same children were howling, moaning, and wallowing in dirt. They are mostly dumb when they come to the school—that is to say, they make only noises without articulation. But they have constant exercise of all the parts and muscles which are usually suffered to lie dormant in such cases, and the gradual disenthrallment of the tongue is symbolical of that of the mind.

For the conviction of Mr. Richards is that imbecility is a condition of arrested development. These poor little unfortunates have stopped. The small boats have grounded. It is his object to start them again—to ease them off—and if they can never run as others run, yet to help them to all the speed possible. For himself, he does not pretend to say what the limit of progress may be. The whole matter is comparatively in its infancy. Enough is established to justify great hopes, and, in any case, to console the grieving parent. There may be some such who will read these lines; some whose child sits beside them upon the floor, an inscrutable trial of Providence. But what you would do if you could, Mr. Richards can if you will. At the very least he can purge the misfortune of most of its external repulsions.

There are many alluring temporary spectacles in the city. Great ships, and famous people of every kind—princes, soldiers, and pugilists—and there are the permanent sights which are both known and unknown. When some rural friend of the Easy Chair's comes hither, and has seen the Astor Library, and thanked the rich man who endowed it and the learned man who collected it—when he has rambled over the Central Park, and honored the generous suggestion and support of the scheme and the masterly details of its elaboration—and then asks himself or his guide, "What else? What other things noble and generous, of use to men and of glory to God, have you to show?" then, if his guide be this Easy Chair, it will say to him, "Friend, you have seen the means wisely provided for the delight and instruction of the mind in its plenitude of power; now come with me and see what one man, with wifely assistance, does to give to that mind the first faint consciousness of itself. You have walked in a garden where Plato might have gladly rambled, you have loitered in galleries where Aristotle might have studied; now come and see a man who sets a ray in the midnight of the mind, which, with Heaven's blessing, will broaden and deepen into twilight, if not into day. When you turn homeward it will not be the least pondered of the sights you saw in town."

In Dickens's story of David Copperfield that young gentleman is described as being overwhelmed with nervous confusion in the presence of the valet of Steerforth, a youth of fashion and of "the world." The Easy Chair also recalls with respectful emotion the august porter of the club in London which he was permitted to frequent—a functionary who used to open the door with the lofty manners, and apparently with the elaborate costume, of a peer of the realm. The polish of that porter's shoes—the brightness of the buckles upon them—the snowiness of his stockings—the amplitude of his purple coat-skirts—the high-bred shirt-frill—and the soft white complexion of the face under the silver hair—were profoundly impressive and confusing to the timid republican stranger from beyond the sea. Mr. David Copperfield used to feel, when the valet was stooping over the fire in Steerforth's room, broiling chops, as if the skillful servant were looking at him, rather scornfully, with his elbows. David's sense of confusion in the presence of the valet was so great that he could never escape the conviction that the valet regarded him as a very small, foolish, and inexperienced boy—in one word, young.

Now the valet himself was a vulgar, adroit, uneducated knave.

The family of David Copperfields is immense. The world abounds with young men of candid, simple, noble natures, full of generous impulses and of humane sympathies, who are directly descended from the ten men who save cities, and they are constantly nervous with a consciousness of youth. They see eyes in all the elbows, and hear the suppressed sneers at their "youth" with a kind of anguish. They try in many and amusing ways to be rid of the nightmare; and one in particular I have watched for some months with great entertainment. His name is Ferdinand, so I will call him Lorenzo. Lorenzo began to annihilate the consciousness and the appearance of being "extremely young" by the use of tobacco. He evidently meant to smoke out all suspicion; and you may see him now any day, in Broadway, holding a small meerschaum pipe with the gravity of an Indian chief smoking a calumet. The conscious expression in Lorenzo's face is exquisite. It says to you at once: "There! you see I am not so very young!"

Then the sombre gravity and sublime indifference of his manners—his slow, patronizing smile at the conduct of gentlemen from two to three years younger than himself—his wise talk of horses, dogs, and the society of ladies—his recent profound interest in the prize-fight and games of billiards—all these phenomena and symptoms in the downy-lipped Lorenzo, aged twenty years, are interesting and amusing. The net result of the whole is, that he shows himself to be deeply entangled in the meshes of the folly of the extremest youth. He takes care to advertise himself to the most superficial spectator as a silly boy.

Now there is quite the same smoking of cigars and affectation of cool and easy manners as a proof that a man is not "young," to be observed in a very different sense. Peter, for instance, is naturally full of generous faith in men and things. His instincts and impulses lead him to take cheerful, hopeful views of society. Seeing that it is bad, and knowing how much there is of genuine manhood in men, he is constantly striving to do something to purge society of its ill-humors. In other words, he is a practical Christian. He does not in his secret soul believe that the gospel of Christ is a hum, and that sagacity and faith in the devil are the same thing. Consequently he is not afraid to believe, nor to say that he believes, that twice-two-are-four does not comprise all the Law and the Prophets: and when men who excuse every meanness of action by saying that a man must take care of number one, smile at his simplicity and call him "young," he does not hesitate to say, "Spite of Babylon and Gommorrah and Nineveh and New York, man does not live by bread alone."

The struggle of Peter's life is, that he may not take to the meerschaum and the insolent manner and the knowing talk about prize-fighting: in other words, he is trying not to be ashamed of all that is best and most hopeful in the world—not to prefer the praise, which is only gilded contempt, of men who see that he is as faithless as they are, to the sympathy and honor of those whom the faithless men deride. His effort is to see calmly and clearly that what is denounced as "young" is simply the spirit which Christ blessed as the kingdom of heaven. The Devil thinks the martyrs were great fools. But the Devil is no authority upon martyrdom.

Let us hope, then, that Peter will not be ashamed of being "young," but understand that it is the spirit of youth which always purifies society and helps mankind. If he should ever look for his mere personal, selfish advancement as the great end of life, of course he will take the necessary steps to secure it, however indecent and mean they are. But he knows that if he live for the worthy aims of life, indecency and meanness are unnecessary.

James, the novelist, died last month at Venice. He was known to all of us in all parts of the country, having been introduced, in cheap and popular forms, by the publishers of this Magazine.

One of the first novels I remember to have read was James's "Philip Augustus." Then followed (in the reading: about the writing I do not know) "One in a Thousand," "Darnley, or the Field of the Cloth of Gold," and then—and then— Why, then the names become indistinct in memory, and the stories run together, and it is all quiet, pleasant work in historical times and picturesque places; not without interest and probability, and even a gentle humor, but also nothing which should disturb the popular faith that he was in the habit of writing three or four stories at the same time, passing from one room to another to dictate to various amanuenses.

I remember him when he was here—when he had half a mind to become an American. It was impossible. John Bull might as well hope to become a "mounseer," as the English called the young Duke of Anjou, in Elizabeth's time. James was entirely an Englishman. He looked it—he talked it—he felt it. He had much to say of "the Juke." He was—nor do I say it in any other than the kindest manner—he was a London citizen, a John Gilpin. He tried lecturing a little, but it did not succeed. Dr. Mackay also tried it. Tupper was too busy with "mee last sonnet" to gratify the public by appearing upon the platform. We are said to hunt lions indefatigably; but it certainly is not without discrimination. A full-maned, royal fellow like Dickens or Thackeray roars as much as he pleases, and we all think it mighty fine; and so it is. But even Tupper could not deceive us into thinking him any thing more than a rubicund Englishman, who had written a book that had an immense, and an immensely short, popularity—"Proverbial Philosophy!" Just think of it! How we did "go it!" Thirty-two editions, or fifty-two, for all I know. What stuff it is! *Lucus a non.* Proverbial, because it had not the pith of a proverb; and philosophy, because destitute of any philosophical semblance. If you will let Mr. Easy Chair use a slang term, "Proverbial Philosophy" was the greatest guy of modern literature.

But James was no guy. There is a simple honesty in his stories which is delightful. It seems as if he had made up his mind to describe as faithfully as he could; to brandish the feudal armor a little, by way of throwing on a picturesque light; to swear a little "by'r lady! by my halidome!" to have a gallant lover and a willing lady; and then, through a labyrinth of plot, usually very well contrived, to bring the twain together and ring marriage-bells at the ending. It was an honest neighbor happening in of an evening, who chatted on, getting a little drowsy and prosy, perhaps, but who was full of kind feeling, and never violated good manners.

There is this curious fact in James's career. He

had been writing novels for thirty years. He was well known and much read. He had the start of the great living novelists of England; and yet, in all his seventy or eighty novels, he has not created a single character which holds a permanent place in the public mind.

While we thus gossip together about the fertile novelist, you will find in a late number of the New Orleans *Christian Advocate* a most genial and charming notice of James's novels. It opens the whole question more than I meant to; but it is extremely good reading, of which the circle about the Chair shall have the advantage:

"Mr. James is dead. It has so long been the mode to smile at him, and his books, and his horsemen, that it may be permitted, now that he is out of hearing, to say a good word for him. His works were not brilliant; they were not wicked or satirical; they did not abuse any body. He did not know, as Charles Dickens so well does, how to mark a character by a phrase, and so to iterate and reiterate this phrase that you had it insensibly drummed into your memory: so that Pecksniff has become with us the moral algebraic symbol, so to speak, of hypocrisy; Micawber, of shiftlessness; Dombey and Son, of stupid pride. But then his books *were* gentlemanly. They *were* written in a kindly, humane, catholic spirit. He had no hobbies (except the horsemen, indeed). He did not stand in the market-place and cry 'Snob!' till every one of his hearers thought every other one *was* a snob. His books did not make his readers censorious, or pharisaical, or disagreeable. He was evidently a simple-hearted, high-toned gentleman; a man of the world, who knew Vanity Fair, probably, but who knew, too, that it was perhaps not best to lead young men and women thither. He had a fertile fancy, and a skill in the working out of his plots which some of our present fashionable novelists might take a lesson of. His chapters and episodes fit into each other like the stones of an arch. There is, to be sure, a little jog-trot about the style. But what stories have a finer atmosphere of reality than James's? Where does the reader, be he wearied, or sick, or idle (and if he is none of these three he is not like to enjoy his novel), where will he lose himself so pleasantly as with those same two horsemen as they wander over sunny fields and through pleasant forests? No writer that we have now in mind had a finer eye for the *effect* of a pleasant landscape. He did not catalogue its trees and clouds for you, indeed; but he gave it you in such charming guise that you enjoyed it as much, or even more, than the two horsemen. It is objected to him that his characters and scenes were not true to nature, and that he repeated himself. On the first objection it is enough to say that it does not matter. It is the business of the novelist, for the time being, to make you a believer; and this being a test of merit, James was successful beyond doubt. None of the great novels record probable events. The story and character of Don Quixote are of the most impossible; and is it at all possible that funny old Pickwick—the modern Don Quixote, by-the-way, as Sam Weller is Sancho Panza's legitimate successor—should have traveled, and been cheated and embarrassed, as he was? But who cares for that? Thackeray's novels are the truest to life of all. But the unanimous verdict of all womankind is that they are the falsest of all. To say that James repeats himself is only to rank him with Dickens, and especially with Thackeray, who is the greatest mannerist, and the most continual repeater of himself and his few characters, that ever gained and deserved a great name."

What is said of James in this extract is mainly true, except, perhaps, the "atmosphere of reality." And this does matter in a novel; for, although the author may make you a believer, he only makes you believe in the coherency of his story, not in its fidelity to nature, which is the test and triumph of a great novelist. But what is said here, by implication, of Dickens and Thackeray is hardly true. Is Dickens only a creator of "moral algebraic symbols?" Does Thackeray do nothing but make you feel your neighbor to be a snob? James was an industrious writer, and an amiable, intelligent man. What he did a thousand people can do to-day. But Dickens and Thackeray are men of genius; and to say that James is like Dickens in repetition and like Thackeray in mannerism is only to say, that the man who met Homer and Byron was blind like the one and lame like the other. But to be blind or lame is not to be Homer or Byron.

If you did not go to see the *Great Eastern*, you have lost one of the pleasures of the summer and one of the memories of a lifetime. The "big ship" will gradually become a tradition, and then to have seen her will be something to tell young Peterkin upon your knee. "It was a famous victory" of another kind—but of the grand, peaceful kind—one of those that are not less renowned than war. It seems that she is really too large to be of any real use, and that she can only do duty as a spectacle, and then go into extra-ordinary, but not into active, service.

It was an epoch when one saw her, especially in motion. She glided so calmly among the eager lesser craft—so silently, while they sputtered and whizzed—so swiftly, while they strained to keep up with her. At the wharf, there was something touching in this huge, useless hulk of iron. She was so simple and strong and spacious. Her deck was like a large city square. Her chief cabin was like a palace hall. Her machinery seemed vast enough to whirl a planet. Indeed, why was she not meteoric—fallen out of some grander planet, where harbors were deeper and passengers more and larger than on our little rolly-polly of an earth? It seemed as if the population of a city would not crowd her, and as if she might carry a coal mine in her hold to feed her volcanic fires. Nay, she was herself a planet, with hidden, telluric heats.

St. Peter's always disappoints in size, travelers say. So does Niagara. So do the Pyramids. Mr. Easy Chair does not agree with travelers, while he confesses that they say so. But even travelers can tell no foolish tales of the *Great Eastern*. It is quite as large as they say and have said—quite as large as the pictures made her to be. And when pictures of large and strange things are accurate, how strange and large they must actually be! The Easy Chair trusts that few of his friends assisted at the doleful excursion to Cape May, so that their remembrances of the great ship are not clouded by thoughts of the incompetent hands to which her management here was confided.

Perhaps she will have sailed away when you read this line in the September sun. But only out of the harbor, not out of memory. There she is anchored forever, with her mighty masts towering together. And while we smile and shrug, we must still honor the conception and the execution. We must still grant that "'twas a famous victory."

Our Foreign Bureau.

ON a certain Sunday, not long ago (dating as we date here), there sat down to breakfast, in the midst of the old ruins that every visitor must have observed hanging above the gay town of Baden-Baden, no less than eleven crowned sovereigns. These were the Emperor of France, the Prince Regent of Prussia, the Kings of Saxony, of Hanover, of Bavaria, and of Wurtemberg, the Grand Duke of Baden, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Duke of Saxe Coburg, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and the Duke of Nassau.

The old ruin is not an hour's walk from the centre of the town, if the traveler be only practiced by the mountain tramps of Switzerland; it seems even nearer than this, as you catch sight of its floating, feathery pennants of ivy streaming out over the trees. Under trees, you follow the zigzag way which leads to the famous Alte Schloss, and may rest yourself upon benches, which hospitable hands have placed at every good point of outlook along the path. And from every hospitable bench you look off upon the spires and towers of the town, and upon a glinting line of river, and a dark hem of forest, which is the Black Forest. And from every hospitable bench, as you climb and as you rest, the spires of the town seem to multiply as they group closer together, and the silver thread of river grows finer and finer, and the dark hem of forest is darker and dimmer. Little villages pour out like bubbles upon the green plain as you ascend; and from the great Knight's Room of the old castle you can count them by the dozen, and trace the silver thread of a distant river (which is the Rhine), and see again the dark spurs of hills that bring down the Black Forest to the yellow and shining green of the plain. It is a charming spot in which to loiter away as many hours as you dare loiter—of a summer's afternoon in Baden. The sun that scorches before the Conversations Haus can not pierce through the matted foliage of the hill-side: the heat of roulette and rouge et noire is all below. The dim line of the Vosges Mountains, westward of the Rhine, carry your thought to France, home, Palmerston, reform, Lincoln, Breckinridge, and the rest; and eastward, the dark green masses of old weird forest take one back to margraves, who lived in "hollow towers," who levied tribute on passing travelers, and who have left as successor his Grace—the present Grand Duke of Baden, who now levies tribute from travelers in a different fashion, and has latterly entertained certain neighbor sovereigns in the ruined castle of his fathers.

This brings us back to our story of the breakfast. The host was not the most important personage present, however: the Grand Duke, who derives the fattest portion of his revenue from roulette, might have entertained a score of his brother Grand Dukes without bringing his entertainment to the notice of Europe and the world, if there had not been present two very important parties—to wit, the Prussian Regent and the Emperor of the French.

This last was self-invited; he had proposed to the Prince Regent of Prussia a meeting at Baden, in order that, as neighbors, they might come to a fuller understanding of any questions relating to their common interests. And surely, in a common-sense view, nothing can be more straightforward and proper than this. Yet immediately all England, and all Germany, is astir with the apprehension that some new scheme of annexation is afoot. There seems something monstrous in the fact that the Emperor of the French should ask an interview with his neighbor sovereign of Prussia. The *Times* assumes a lugubrious eloquence. It warns the world in general, and England in particular, that Louis Napoleon is taking the first step toward a new placement of the eastern frontier of France. It quotes the history of M. Thiers, as explaining and defining the ambition of the present Emperor. It makes a giant of him, while it villifies him. It makes amends for its shortcomings in regard to Savoy; having failed to predict the full extent of the Emperor's intentions in that direction, it now attributes to him a lust of territory which is wanton and boundless. Of course nothing can make the Emperor more popular in France than such bitterness of attack on the part of the British journals. The Emperor never shuts out of France any abuse of him which is based upon his alleged ambitious designs in behalf of the Empire. He thrives upon that. If he makes the abusive allegations good, he is safe in the sympathies of France; and if he falsifies them, he still gratifies his nation by showing his traducers liars.

But the interview of Baden has passed without a disruption of the peace of Europe. The Prince Regent, indeed, hedged himself by inviting a dozen of the lesser sovereigns of Germany to the interview, and by insisting on the primal condition that no discussion of frontier should be entertained.

And what, then, has come of the Baden breakfast?

The Emperor is gratified, and is brought nearer to the sympathies of Frenchmen, by sundry eloquent columns of denunciation and of warning in the British journals. His importance to the peace of Europe is set forth unmistakably. He has reassured (if German reports are to be relied upon) the doubtful Prince of Prussia; and has distributed among the lesser sovereigns that sort of confidence in his peaceful intentions which fastens to frank *viva voce* declaration more strongly than to all the protocols in the world. Moreover, the Emperor, by himself inviting the interview, without court formalities, has made strong and vital protest against mouldy diplomatic conventionalities. It has been throughout "of a piece" with his personal negotiation of a commercial treaty with plain Richard Cobden; with his marriage to a woman without royal blazon; and with his dispatch of the plain, uncourtly soldier, Pelissier, to the stilted court of England. He delights in acting as sovereigns are not used to act. He likes to humor, so far as he may, the democratic instincts of Frenchmen; to treat monarchs as men; to put plain words in place of court euphemisms.

Again, by the breakfast of Baden, it is undoubted that the French Emperor is better known, and his possible influences better felt (whether to be guarded against or accepted), by the dozen little potentates who met him then and there, than ever before. The personality of the greatest monarch in Europe has had its weight and measurement; it is a sort of knowledge that can only work good. We do not know, indeed, what quality of astuteness may belong to the Kings of Hanover and Bavaria; but our impression is, that the keenest of the interlocutors was always the despot of France. We have a fancy that he sucked the marrow out of their breakfast talk as cleanly as ever an old margrave vulture sucked a bone; we have a fancy that Louis Napoleon did not drink deeply of the Rhine wines; we have a fancy that his interjectional parts in the con-

versation were like the valves in a pump, which admit a sizzling of the water upward but let none go down; we have a strong belief that at the end of breakfast, when the party went up to the ruined battlements and looked off upon the sea of tossing verdure, where the villages lie like gray pointed rocks—we have a strong belief that the Emperor said more, and thought less, about the prettiness of the view than any man of them all. It is so safe to talk of trees and landscape! Mr. Spurgeon, who happened just then to be in Baden, and who was of course quite put out of consequence by these grander stars, wrote home a letter of chat, in which he inveighed against the monarchs for presuming to have a talk about State affairs on Sunday. It may have been well enough put, but very vainly. The winds will blow, and the sun will shine, almost any day you may name. It would be well if Sunday never saw any worse doings, even in the Surrey half of London, than the Ducal breakfast of Baden.

Another matter of interest about this Prusso-Baden affair lay in the fact that M. About, who has the credit of being a pet of the Emperor's, published near the date of the interview a somewhat startling pamphlet on the reorganization of Germany. People have fancied that its inspiration came from the palace, and gave to this fancy such significant expression, that the newspaper *Constitutionnel* formally denied all official responsibility.

Its pith is this: Italy has just taken up a positive trust in her nationality and power, and is asserting it nobly. Germany is ready for the same assertion, and may enforce it by union and a stalwart leader. Why not the Prince Regent? France being democratic and progressive herself, will cordially welcome Germany to the people ranks in which stand Italy and the Empire.

The despotism of the Imperial Government is adroitly explained away; the nation has loaned its liberties to a monarch, in order that their monarch may the more successfully contend for the liberties of the world. As in the case of the Papal Question, the gist of the pamphleteer's logic is aimed against privilege which has not the support of the popular voice. Without mention of the name, it stabs the house of Hapsburg with every lunge of its rhetoric.

There are those who read the denial of the *Constitutionnel*, and still believe that M. About has enjoyed the honor of quiet talks with the Emperor. His defense of the somewhat despotic nature of the Imperial Government could not be more conscientiously undertaken by the Emperor himself:

"Certain 'ill-informed' Germans are pleased to fancy—taking their views from feudally-minded newspapers—that the French nation has lately been reduced to slavery. People have persuaded them that the Empire has shackled thought, suppressed the national representative system, and crushed all liberty. This superficial notion M. About proposes to refute. It is true that Napoleon III. is possessed of almost unlimited power over the lives and liberties of his subjects. But it is the nation which has given it him, and he is the deputy of the nation. It is true that all obey; but, on the other hand, all obey equally, and the obedience is the same free and impartial submission as that which the well-disposed yield to the law. Unlike the provinces of Prussia, which enjoy disproportionate and unequally divided immunities in respect of taxes and imposts, the provinces of France are on a par with one another—nobility, peasantry, and clergy, all subject in the same degree to their elected chief. Devoted heart and soul to their Emperor, the French army belongs to him only so far as he is the representative of France. The press, indeed, is shackled and constrained; but the right of free publication is not confiscated, it is only deferred. The nation consents to be silent, all interest being centred in the person of a Prince who is performing great things. The friends of a philosopher, whose time is precious, stand still and do not interrupt him during the most important of his experiments. The right of interruption rests intact, and, armed with the privilege of petitioning, the French people can reclaim it if it is unduly and unnecessarily detained from them. Prussia, on the other hand, enjoys a kind of freedom; but it is a precarious boon, which has been conceded and may be retracted by their King. 'La différence qui existe entre eux et nous, c'est que nous prêtons notre liberté à Napoleon III. et qu'ils empruntent la leur au Prince de Prusse.'" We shall see M. About (if he does not already wear it) decorated with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

From the discussion and assertion of the German nationality a turn is easy to the great Southern nationality, which is now declaring itself under the Apostleship of Garibaldi. It is the epoch of nationalities. The Mussulmans (of whom we shall have more to say) flinging their defiant challenge in the face of Christendom, and sealing their professions with blood, are declaring for the great race of the prophet in the East. The Tartar race is declaring its supremacy in China. The Sclaves are plotting and watchful wherever they lie under the overlapping nationalities of Eastern Europe. Danes and Holsteiners are in a quarrel. Venetians are cherishing, with proud lack of submission, their old memories as a people, under the gall of chains. North Italy is in the vanguard of the people's fight, and Sicily is falling into line.

The name of Garibaldi does not lose its power to conjure with by the iteration of two months past.

In London, the other day, it was a member of a noble Russian family that gave a public concert in favor of Garibaldi and of Italian unity; in Sweden we hear of another; and the brigand who had been bribed to take the life of the great General, and sworn to accomplish the crime, falls himself under the contagious enthusiasm of the times, and gives his own life into the hands of the Dictator.

The Paris streets are full of him: every *gamin* knows his red shirt; every *gamin* is his friend. There are stories floating of soldiers who have deserted the Imperial ranks, and braved punishment, to throw themselves into the volunteer army of Sicily. Poor men have committed robbery of best friends to furnish themselves with means of equipment and travel to join the great free corps.

A master workman along the Boulevard St. Martin enters his *atelier* of a morning, and finds a note from one of his most faithful apprentices: "I have taken three hundred francs from your drawer to pay my way to Sicily. I love Garibaldi, and must join him, and fight with him. When you read this I shall be far on the way. If you can not pardon, I hope you will not catch me. Adieu!"

And the master workman, earnest as the runaway, sends him "God speed."

We have spoken of a Russian concert in London to aid the Italian hero; but interest is not confined to the Russians who are in the west. Instance this paragraph, which we translate from the *Gazette de St. Petersburg:*

"So long as French bayonets were busy in Italy, there existed a certain distrust of issues; but now that Italians are working bravely for themselves the matter assumes for us, and for the civilized world, a new and a higher interest. Russia is not chary of her sympathies. Italy is every where the subject of conversation, and at all times; the daring deeds of Garibaldi pass from mouth to mouth as the great news of the moment. He is counted a hero, and admired as a General. The mass of the public can not readily understand the true bearing of recent events in Italy, but the deeds of Garibaldi it understands; the heroism and self-denial of the leader explain and make good his cause. The splendid individuality and enthusiasm of his character have carried knowledge of the Italian struggle, and a sympathy with it, where no echo of French guns or triumph of Solferino could reach."

Immediate news of Italian affairs we do not venture to give; it finds readers too eager and wing too early. Already the conquest of the whole island is accepted as certain; the only question is, what bribes to assassins or promises of plunder may give a little longer tenure of power to the Bourbon monarchy.

Meantime the leaven is working in the States of his Holiness the Pope. His equilibrium is harder and harder to maintain. Lamoricière has a sorry time of it, with his new Irish recruits and the deserters, who count by scores. When the embassador from Naples came to Paris, a short time back, to consult with the Emperor upon the new emergency in Sicily, and to ask guarantee of the Bourbon kingdom, the Emperor is reported to have advised, simply, that his Excellency the embassador "go back and consult with the Pope." It was not a speech that qualified the embassador to push on to England. He returned forthwith to his master; but whether his master has advised with the Pope we shall probably not know. It is a sorry business the absolutists of the South have been engaged upon these few years past, and the time of reckoning is nearly come. Will Lamoricière brave out the masquerade even to blood, or will he yield gracefully?

The Marquis Emanuel de Gregorio, another Roman General, has just now given his resignation; not, indeed, from any dawning liberality of sentiment, but by reason of an unfortunate "accident" of the service. It appears that a Hungarian officer (in the Papal ranks), of high family and ardent temperament, who was stationed at Viterbo, was, for some slight misdemeanor, or alleged misdemeanor, adjudged to suffer confinement for five days. He resented the indignity, and appealed to the superior military authorities at Rome. These not only confirmed the previous sentence, but added a week more of prison. The officer, in a fit of despair, committed suicide. His friends at the capital were indignant; caused thorough investigation; which resulted in a demonstration of his entire innocence. The Marquis Gregorio was so far implicated as to compel a resignation.

The recruits prove difficult to manage—those of Austria and Switzerland being utterly raw and intractable, and the Irish the same inexplicable compound of good-nature and perversity which the Irish are every where. With better linen to their beds, fewer fleas, less maccaroni and more potatoes, there might be hope of making effective Italian soldiers of them. As it is, they will never batter down the aspirations of Italy with the golden crosses of the Pope.

And he, poor old man! who might have been so great and good—whose first official steps were those of honesty—sits shrinking in his corner of the Vatican, cherishing his dreary hopes as if they had basis, and talking to his flock of Cardinals about "trusting in Providence," and reckoning upon the speedy return of all his recusant cities to the allegiance of the Holy Father.

But the world moves—whatever they may be doing in the Sixtine Chapel.

By-the-way, as we speak of the Irish recruits, it may be worth while to notice a pamphlet which has latterly appeared in Paris, with the ominous title of "*MacMahon Roi d'Irelande*," and, of course, filled with very malignant attacks upon England. M. Hervé, in a recent *Revue Contemporaine*, replies to this scapement of bad Gallo-Irish humors, and says, with excess of kindness:

"It is enough to open any Irish journal, where all the Queen's Councilors are periodically insulted, or to read the report of any public meeting held in Ireland, where all the bases of the British Government are violently attacked and foreign invasion openly invoked, to be at once convinced that freedom of discussion, even in its wildest excesses, is respected there. If the Irish see English sympathies enlisted on a side which to them is odious, they are quite at liberty to display theirs in the opposite camp; if subscriptions are opened in London for the Sicilians, they may subscribe in Dublin for the Pope or the King of Naples; and if it vexes them to hear a Minister of the Queen praise Garibaldi, they may burn the latter in effigy, if they list, on the public square; they did so the other day. Nay, the Minister himself may have to undergo the same ordeal next. And people talk of the tyranny exercised by the British Government over Ireland! There exists no doubt in Ireland an inequality which neither Queen, Ministers, nor Parliament can suppress—inequality of fortune. There are rich and poor there, as every where else; but instead of laying this fact to the charge of the moral and physical condition of human society, or of the unequal distribution of active forces, or difference of character, etc., it is the Government that is made answerable for it. This is just one of the faults of our own nation, viz.: always to invoke the action of Government, no matter in what, right or wrong. If the harvest is bad, or if rents are dear, it is the Government that is made responsible. But surely it is not the duty of Government either to send rain or to prevent hail, to force harvest to turn out well, or to regulate rents; it is its duty to govern well, that is, to cause the liberty of all to be respected so long as it does not attack the liberty of others, and to leave individual forces to their spontaneous development. This duty the British Government faithfully performs in Ireland, and that is all that can be required of it."

Is it worth our chronicling—that at length the papers are signed, and the boundaries established, which make Nice and Savoy parts of France? And will the other members of the European family accept the formal mention of the fact kindly? A little uproar, we read, took place in a border town (that of Briga), which had counted on wearing the Imperial colors, which had actually voted for annexation, and which finally, by decision of the Commissioners who adjusted the dividing line, were assigned to King Emanuel. The *Messager* of Nice (edited and published under French patronage, it must be remembered) says:

"A few mornings back a detachment, consisting of twenty riflemen and eight gens d'armes, arrived at Briga, and were greeted with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur, Vive la France!' In the evening the Vice-Governor of the district of Coni arrived, and having summoned before him the persons known to be partisans of the French, he ordered them one by one, under threats, not to make any manifestations in favor of the French, and not to display French flags or cockades. He, moreover, directed that a French flag, which was floating from the top of a tree, should be immediately removed, and he threatened to have the tree cut down if the obnoxious colors were not taken away. The people were not disposed to obey, but one of the inhabitants, to prevent disturbance, climbed up the tree and removed the flag. In the evening a new detachment of riflemen reached the place, and any person who raised cries for France or the Emperor was at once arrested. At Tenda (another village in the same predicament with Briga) riflemen and gens d'armes have arrived, and arrests have been effected. The parish priest had been ordered to chant the *Domine salvum fac Regem* for Victor Emanuel, but when he began the congregation deserted the church. Conflicts between the people and the troops are feared."

We hope Messina may be as eager to change masters as Briga, and Naples, and Rome, and Pesth.

We have a death to record in Paris since our last writing, which is at once a great death and a small death: we speak of that of the Prince Jerome. Great, because he lived in a palace and had been a king; and small, because so few hearts ached when he died, and because so few minds had been kindled from any fire that blazed in him. A weak, vain, fortunate old Prince—who, in the thwacking times of knights-errant and feudal rapine, would have been rapped on the head long ago for an imbecile, has survived under our nineteenth century to a ripe old age, with sons and daughters about him (such as they are), and dies quietly in a gilded bed, with golden hangings—taking his pap in golden spoons—honored with official gun-firing at his going off; embalmed; lying in state; having Imperial carriages (empty) to follow his body; making a decent thing of it altogether, as if a great, good man had died.

Only the accident of being brother to a great Emperor made any thing of Prince Jerome; and only the further accident of being uncle to another Emperor made any thing of his funeral.

The accounts of it you will have read already if you thought them worth your reading. Of all the ceremonial platitudes recorded, only this paragraph we count worth the quoting. It is historic, and curious, and comes from the columns of the *Constitutionnel:*

"At all times it has been a principle of the French monarchy that the palace of the Sovereign can not shelter the dead. In 1711, Louis XIV. went to Meudon to see the Grand Dauphin, his son, who had been struck with apoplexy; he had scarcely quitted the bedside of the prince when he was told that all was over; but without going back to see him, he immediately left the palace, and returned to Versailles. Some months later the Duke de Bourgogne, the new Dauphin, grandson of Louis XIV., died at Marly, at a moment when the King was there. His body was immediately conveyed to Versailles, in order that, according to ancient usage, the same roof should not cover the King and the dead. In 1774, Louis XVI. for the same reason, hastily quitted Versailles at the moment Louis XV. expired. In order that the death of the old Sovereign and the departure of the new should exactly coincide, telegraphic signals were established. Under the Restoration, on the death of the Duke de Berry, the same scruples were manifested. H.R.H. resided in the Tuileries, as did Louis XVII., nevertheless his body was not taken there, but was exposed in one of the rooms of the Louvre. Under the monarchy of July, King Louis Philippe remained faithful to the received tradition, and the mortal remains of the Duke d'Orleans, his unfortunate son, were conveyed from Neuilly to Nôtre Dame, and from Nôtre Dame to Dreux without passing by the Tuileries. Why these rigorous and absolute measures? Some low declaimers have only seen in them a proof of royal insensibility: it would have been more just to have considered them as the accomplishment of one of the most painful duties. What can be more distressing in fact for a father, an uncle, or a brother, to be obliged all at once to place themselves above the weaknesses of nature and the sorrows of humanity? They must forget all the rest, and only remember that they have no longer a private existence—that they personify either a principle or a nation, and that neither a principle nor a nation dies with an individual. It is in consequence of the same rule that it is not permitted to sovereigns to go themselves and sprinkle holy water on the remains of their relatives. Happy are they, at least, when they can cause this last supreme duty to be performed by others! Louis XIV. himself could not always cause it to be done!"

There is other necrology since our last month's writing. Albert Smith is dead; the good fellow, so lavish of his jokes and songs—so willing to please us all, though he made of himself a mountebank; and yet so kindly—so gay-hearted—so richly enjoying, all there is to enjoy in this life of ours; so rubicund and redundant of health; yet he will never light up the Egyptian hall with his laugh and his gibes again. Already they have commenced the sale of his traps; dioramas of the Rhine, Chinese vases, Japanese pottery have all come under the hammer of the salesmen. The good-natured man will never show his wares any more, or climb Mont Blanc for us again.

Poor Brough, too, who loved a play, and who may have drawn too fiercely at times, has given over play-writing and joke-making: he is dead.

Then James (though it dates back farther), the British Consul in Venice, has ended at last, and forever, the series of his stories. Another kind heart belonged to James: there are those who have written better tales than his, and thrown more of passion into language, and brought more of penetration and a keener insight to their studies of life; but none of the tale-writers have carried better hearts or more manly intention. A true story-teller, too, of old style, who had always his story to tell: there were no rhetorical conceits to startle one; not much to pique your wonder; no subtlety of treatment; no exhausting analyses; no sudden illuminating flashes of thought; but always a good, galloping story, with its beginning, its middle, and its end. And there are those who can recall hours of tender beguilement over a book like the Gipsy, or Philip Augustus.

Yet another notable death has been that of Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the new houses of Parliament. The Victoria Tower will be his monument, and there is none higher in London; besides

which, he leaves the monumental fortune of near half a million of dollars. And yet, somewhere between the years of 1815 and 1820, he was nursing a very scant income in Italy, when an Englishman of fortune, attracted by his drawings, proposed to pay his expenses on a tour through Egypt, Syria, and Greece, provided he would put his pencil at the service of his patron during the trip. Mr. Barry accepted the proposition; the journey was made; the taste of the architect ripened, and the fruit of it is seen every day in London in the façades of the Reform and Travelers' Club, and in the wonderful richness of the Palace of Westminster. He leaves two sons who are both architects.

SPEAKING of the dead brings to mind the spirits. They have not lost their activity or their popularity; the "Spiritualist Magazine" is rounded full with good spirit stories, of which our readers will be glad to see this stirring account of their old friend, Mr. Home. It will be perceived that the somewhat marvelous details have all the authenticity which belongs to personal observation:

"Mingling with those interested in witnessing evidences of spirit power, I gladly accepted an invitation to meet a few friends on Monday, the 7th of May, 1860, at a house in the West-end. At a quarter after 8 o'clock we went into the adjoining back drawing-room, and sat down at a loo table. There were nine of us—Mr. Home being one of the number. Immediately the table commenced vibrating and gently lifting itself off the floor. I say lifting *itself*, because no human beings in human clay were the actors. Nothing occurred for a few minutes, during which conversation was kept up, and then the table gradually rose up *off the floor* about four feet, or rather more than a foot beyond our outstretched arms, the hands of which had rested gently on the table before its ascent. It then descended. The accordion was then asked for by the raps. Mr. Home took it in his right hand, by the rim at the bottom of the instrument, leaving his left hand on the table, and then were played some beautiful voluntaries, exquisitely attenuated, yet clear and melodious. They then came out, gradually fuller and yet more full, till the room seemed filled with the volume of sound like a pealing organ; still no false note. A friend sitting next me, forgetting himself, exclaimed, 'My God, how wonderful!' and after a breath, asked 'if they would give us some air we knew?' and having asked for 'God save the Queen,' it was played at once.

"A lady present, whose little boy had recently died, had indications of her son being in the room; and the accordion suddenly commenced playing a well-known air, which on earth the little boy was very fond of, as tallying with his mamma's name. Reader, was not there a truth of *life* and of *love* in the incident? The mother thought so, and her tears betrayed her thoughts. The detonations on the table, and sometimes under my hands, were as sharp, and as clear, and as loud, as if struck vigorously with the edge of a penny-piece.

"It was then rapped out by the sounds—'Go to the window;' we rose, and moved the loo table to about eighteen inches from the window. I may in passing state that the room was about thirty-seven feet long by about twenty-five wide, and about fifteen feet to the ceiling, bountifully supplied with the usual drawing-room furniture. We sat down again, but more closely, so as to allow a vacant space at the side of the table, *opposite* the window. The sounds then gave out 'Put out the lights,' which was done. We found that though the room was dark, yet the light from the window was sufficient for us to faintly see each other. The window-blind then commenced moving up and down—no one near it—evidently to tone the light; and while we were remarking the singularity of the phenomenon, and how high it went, all looking at it, suddenly it sprung up to the top, and then came gently down to its original position. Mr. Home felt something on his head, and found it was a leaf. Suddenly the leaf of a geranium was taken and dropped into the lap of a lady sitting at the table. We heard the snap as if breaking off the stem of a flower, and immediately came down past the left ear of my friend, and on to his knee, a sprig of geranium; while he held it up for us to see, I expressed a wish to have one, when a sprig came past my right ear on to *my* knee. I picked it up, and while showing it, another came past my face as if from the ceiling. The geranium plant was in the room, several feet from any of us, and the sprigs came down both on the right and left of me.

"After a pause, Mr. Home said he felt as if he were about to be lifted up; he moved from the table, and shortly he said, 'I am rising'—but we could not see him—'they have put me on my back.' I asked, will you kindly bring him, as much as possible, toward the window, so that we may see him; and at once he was floated, with his feet horizontally, into the light of the window, so that we all saw his feet and a part of his legs resting or floating on the air like a feather, about six feet from the ground, and three feet above the height of the table. He was then floated into the dark; and he exclaimed, 'They have turned me round, and I am coming toward you.' I then saw his head and face, the same height as before, and as if floating on air instead of water. He then floated back, and came down and walked up to, and sat on the edge of the table we were at, when the table began to rise with him on it. He asked a lady to sit on the table, and perhaps the spirits would take them both up; the table moved a little, and then was still. Mr. Home was then taken behind to the settee next to me; and while there we heard sounds several times as of some one giving utterance to a monosyllable in the middle of the room. Feeling a pressure against my chair, I looked, and saw that the ottoman had been brought along the floor about six feet, no one touching it, and close to Mr. Home. He said, 'I suppose it is for me to rest on.' He lay down, and the ottoman went back to its original position. 'Oh! I am getting excited; some one come and sit with me.' I went and sat beside him; he took my hands; and in about a minute, and without any muscular action, he gently floated away from me, and was lost in the darkness. He kept talking to let us know where he was. We heard his voice in various parts of the further end of the room, as if near the ceiling. He then cried out, 'Oh! they have brought me a cushion to sit upon—I am sitting on it—they are taking it away.' Just then the tassel of the cushion of another ottoman in the room struck me on my hair and forehead, as if coming from the ceiling, and the cushion was deposited at my feet on the floor, falling as if a snow-flake. I then saw the shadow of his body on the mirror as he floated along near the ceiling. He said, 'I wish I had a pencil to make a mark on the ceiling. I have made a cross with my nail.' He came down near the door, and after a pause he was again taken up; but I did not see him,

but heard his voice as if near the ceiling. Again he came down, and shortly returned to the table we were at; and the sounds on the table bade us 'Good-night!'"

In contrast with these extraordinary results of spiritual forces we will give our readers, now, a taste of certain locomotive wonders belonging to the muscular theory.

The first we take from a recent "Summer Ramble in the Himalayas." The book is full of adventure, and has sporting stories as rare and curious as this "rope-riding" in Upper India:

"At one village," so the traveler begins, "I delayed the camp half the day to witness an extraordinary performance, which deserves describing in detail. It consisted of a man sliding down a rope nearly half a mile in length, and is called, in local parlance, a 'burt.' The rope extended from an eminence on the hill-side above the village, over a ravine, and down to a green knoll in the fields below, and was drawn as tight as several hundred men with their united strength could effect. They had just finished stretching it when we arrived; and I could scarcely believe a man was actually going to slide down it—the feat appeared so utterly impracticable with any chance of safety. Imagine a rope extended from the top of a rock at least 500 feet high to a pole some 2000 feet from its base, and some idea may be formed of the undertaking. A great concourse of people, of both sexes, were assembled, all in their holiday garb; and the man who was to slide was swinging round at the end of a long plank fixed on an upright pole as a pivot. Every few moments he called some person among the crowd by name, and, swinging round several times to the individual's honor, received from him a trifling gratuity. He no sooner noticed me than I was included in this category, and, being told that it was in no way a religious ceremony, I gave him a rupee. When this was over he was escorted to the eminence above, amidst the loud lamentations of his family and the discordant music of the village band. With the glass I saw him placed on a kind of saddle on the rope, two individuals busied fastening something to his legs, which I saw afterward were bags filled with earth. The spectators, among whom I stood, were assembled in groups near the pole to which the lower end of the rope was attached, all intently watching for the descent. Presently he was let go, and came down several hundred yards with terrible velocity, a stream of smoke following in his wake. As he approached us, the incline being gradually diminished, his career was less rapid, and became slower and slower toward the end, where the rope being sufficiently near the ground he was taken down, amidst the shouts and congratulations of the villagers. The ride, which was over in a few moments, did not appear to have at all distressed him."

Our other bit of swift locomotion bears a civilized stamp. Our readers may not know perhaps the name of M. Léotard; it will describe him, however, sufficiently, to say that he is the Dr. Winship, and Rev. Higginson of Paris. He explains and illustrates the means by which the human frame can be brought to its greatest development of force and agility. A son of this Léotard, Senior, is well known to all Paris visitors, who have seen him performing those wonderful swing flights in the Cirque of the Champs Elysées, which have astonished and startled all spectators.

Now a certain M. Pascaud has a gymnastic school in the Rue Vaugirard, and the Léotards, father and son, have introduced there their swing flights; M. Pascaud has latterly given the Léotards a fête, at which both pupils and masters surpassed themselves.

In these muscular days, we may be a little particular in our description of what the younger Léotard really did. "Springing up and seizing two iron rings attached to ropes suspended from the roof, he raised himself by strength of arm until his body had completely overtopped the rings, and his whole weight was borne by the wrists, now placed entirely below him. Still bearing on the wrists, he raised his feet in the air until the head was down and his body perpendicular above. By degrees he let the body bend back until the feet had gone below the wrists, and then remaining in that position for a few seconds, he slowly resumed his perpendicular with the head still down, then turned his body as it had been at first, and dropped into the place from which he had started. The difficulty of this feat does not consist so much in the degree of strength required, as in the necessity of employing at the same time different sets of muscles—one set to raise the body and keep it erect, and another to obviate the constant tendency of the rings to fly asunder. Yet all this was effected with such ease, and even elegance, as to really furnish a most pleasing spectacle. Afterward a long ladder was placed at an ordinary angle against one of the rafters of the roof. Léotard jumped up and caught one of the rungs. After hanging for a few seconds he suddenly let go, and the instant after, by an immense effort of strength, had caught one of the bars two feet higher. He there swung for a moment or two, and again letting go, sprang upward as before, and caught another bar above, as in the former instance, and so on to the top of the ladder. All this was, of course, much applauded; but the most extraordinary display of the day was his doing the trapèze with a single hand. Catching hold of the cross-bar with the right hand, he launched himself into empty space, and then, when the trapèze approached the utmost limit to which it could swing, he made an almost superhuman effort, and catching the bar of the second trapèze with the same hand, was borne on towards the other end of the salle; but there, as his back was now turned to the point from which he had come, he had to let go his hold, and, turning in the air, to seize on the wooden bar just as it was making its downward swoop; then, as it neared the trapèze which he had started with, he again let go, and making another desperate exertion, caught the other bar still with the same hand, and being borne onward by its impetus, alighted upon the platform where he had stood at first!"

Shall we take breath here?

Editor's Drawer.

SEPTEMBER opens the autumn, and promises cooler hours than these; but we open the Drawer in the midst of the fervid heats of summer, while the sun of July is still raging, and we never open it but to be refreshed. Would that we were sure our readers take it as coolly as we do! We propose to begin with a steamboat story from the Southwest, in which poetical justice was fairly meted out to two wicked wags:

There is a little inland town in Mississippi that has the *best* reputation for *hard* characters of any village *out*. A couple of them—Toodles and Lemons—took it into their heads to pass the summer

North. Gathering their loose cash, they came down to a river town and took the first boat up. She proved to be the fine steamer *Express;* and after securing state-rooms, etc., for the trip, as neither had any taste for card-playing, they sought among the passengers food for practical joking. Passengers, and more particularly the proper ones, were scarce; and Toodles, in order not to allow the edge of his wits to rust, played some intensely funny trick on Lemons. The latter bided his time. He was on the alert; but despite his every effort, Toodles was too sharp for him. Lemons at length made use of the Captain *as* a lever to raise Toodles *out of his boots.*

Captain H—— had lost considerable money and every whit of his patience, during the preceding trip, by means of river thieves and adventurers who had come aboard without means to defray their passage, and was in exactly the humor to carry out the joke. Lemons confidentially approached him, while Toodles was taking his afternoon nap, and told him that he deemed it to be his duty to inform him that that man (Toodles) was a noted black-leg, and that although on speaking terms with him, yet as he had already commenced his game by attempting to borrow money from him with which to pay his passage, he thought the quickest way to end the game was to disclose his true position and character to the Captain.

Captain H—— raved in true Southwest steamboat style for a few minutes, and then ended by swearing forty oaths that he would fix him. Toodles was immediately waited upon by the clerk, who roused him from his slumber by thrusting his bill into his face. Enraged at the interruption and insult, Toodles first satisfied himself by cursing the clerk, Captain, boat, and all hands to his heart's content, and then thrust his hand under his mattress to get his pocket-book. His consternation was great when the clerk coolly laughed at his asseverations that he was robbed; greater when the Captain ordered the big mate and two deck-hands to carry the villain down stairs and put him off on the sand-bar they were then approaching; and beyond all comparison greatest when he was deserted by Lemons, who magnificently waved him off with the assertion, "I know you not." The boat landed; and half-laughing amidst his curses at the expected termination of the joke—for he did not expect Lemons would heartlessly see him left—Toodles was put ashore.

At this juncture Lemons, who had abstracted his poor companion's pocket-book, looked over the guards, and, after enjoying the scene for a moment, turned to the Captain, who, in company with a nervous-looking individual whose peaked physiognomy looked as if it might have been made up of razors, was eying *him* very suspiciously. In answer to Lemons's seemingly charitable offer to pay Toodles's passage, the Captain, at the instigation of nervous-looking individual aforesaid, asked him if *he* had the means wherewith to pay *his own.* Lemons, with an indignant scowl, grabbed his pockets, and lo—the fat purse of his friend and his own were *gone!*

The limits of the Drawer will allow no dilation upon the circumstances of the outraged and suspicious Captain's ready belief of the sharper's (who had watched Lemons pick Toodle's pocket, and who had then picked Lemons's) assertion that Lemons was a New Orleans black-leg, and had lost every dime at faro the night before coming on board. The result was that—sharper's asseverations being proved by Lemons's empty pockets—Lemons went ashore at the next wood-yard, where, upon his *character* being made known, he came very near being striped.

How they found their way back, and how they allowed this little incident to work upon their feelings until they never spoke to each other again, is food for another chapter which will not be forthcoming in a hurry.

The Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander, in his letters to Rev. Dr. Hall, gives the following as an exact copy of an epitaph in Cranbury church-yard:

"Her blooming cheeks were no defense
Against the scarlet fever,
In five days' time she was cut down
To be with Christ forever."

Whereupon the Rev. Dr. Hall sends him back, as a fair return, the following inscription from a stone in a marble-yard in Trenton, New Jersey:

"The boiling coffee did on me fall,
And by it I was slain;
But Christ has bought my liberty,
And in him I'll rise again."

In this way these great and good men amused one another, and now their diversions are published, in two volumes, for the entertainment of the public. And vastly entertaining and instructive the volumes are; rich with learning, full of anecdote, historical record, and notes on passing events. But the Drawer thinks that its own occasional laughs over serious things may be pardoned when such grave and reverend divines make themselves merry over the tomb-stones.

At the late session of the Democratic Convention at Baltimore the various bands of music accompanying the delegates commenced to play in the neighborhood of the Court-house. Judge Martin, of the Superior Court, sent a request that they desist during the session of the courts, which was refused. Whereupon the Court was at a loss what to do, until a lawyer, remarkable for his humor as well as talent, suggested that the "Superior Court was remediless; but that on application to Judge Bond, who sat below, a writ could be had against *banditti!*"

A correspondent in the musical line communicates a few good things, and promises more:

"A lady came into the store one day, all dressed 'to kill'—laces, flounces, ribbons, and kids in profusion—and wanted to look at some pianos; wanted a fine one, and would take no one's word but her own, as she was a 'judge.' With great alacrity we showed her our finest, and down she sat to try it. After ten minutes' labor at the kids she gave us Fisher's Hornpipe, and arose with a disappointed countenance, remarking that when she played it in the major or minor keys she liked it *very* much; but when in any thing else, she didn't like it a bit!

"Another lady came in, and wanted the 'Hammer tune from Troviata,' and left directions for our tuner to come and tune her piano expressly for her to play Mendelssohn's music on it!

"'Well, now,' says a lady, giving her opinion of the opera to an admiring circle of acquaintances who were not equally posted, 'I like the acting *so* much! Parodi is superb; but really, to my own mind, I think that *the singing* is one of the very best parts of the opera!'

"I was surprised in the store by a lady, quite

early one morning, who wanted her *dorter* to try the pianny; and, 'Mister,' says she, 'couldn't you *learn* her singing too? as her pa thinks *singing* goes so well with *music!*'

"We were sitting beside an old gentleman once, in Newark, New Jersey, at a concert given by the great pianist, William Mason. Mason had just finished a magnificent duet for two pianos, with one of his pupils, young James Brown. 'Well,' says the old gent, 'that Brown must be a mighty fine player; for they say that Mason is the best in the country, and there they played a long piece—as much as twenty pages—and Brown didn't come out hardly a second behind. If he can keep up that close, he'll beat soon!'"

A CONSTABLE in the good old County of Harrison, in Northwestern Virginia, where they pay more attention to the spirit than the letter of the law, made the following return of a warrant for the arrest of a notorious character: "Cotch him—got him."

"THE Irish figure in the Drawer occasionally, but not as often as they might, if a tithe of the witty speeches of the wittiest people on earth were jotted down and sent you. Here is one that fell under my observation some time ago:

"An Irishman had just finished a job of ditching for a Mr. Stout, a neighbor of ours. In the settlement he gave Stout some insolence, who thereupon struck him. Pat took to his heels (Stout after him), and didn't pull up till he reached our house, half a mile away, blowing like a porpoise.

"'What's the matter?' cried my uncle.

"'Misther Stout and meself had a diffikilty,' says Pat, 'and be jabers I made Misther Stout run—but it was after me, so it was!'"

A YOUNG man, seated at dinner the other day, said to his wife, "Ellen, if you are good at guessing, here is a conundrum for you: 'If the Devil should lose his tail, where would he go to get another one?'" After some guessing, she gave it up. "Well," said he, "where they 'retail spirits.'" Eager to get it off, she hastens to a friend. "Oh! Marian, I have *such* a nice conundrum! Joe just told me of it. I know you can't guess it: 'If the Devil should lose his tail, where would he go to get another one?'" Her friend Marian having given it up, she said, "*Where they sell liquor by the glass!*"

Two little ones are very cleverly put into the following from Missouri:

"Little Eddy, the Presbyterian minister's son, had been committing to memory the Catechism. He was a thoughtful child. For some juvenile delinquency the father had found it necessary to administer the rod, to save the child. Eddy, as usual, under such dispensations, was feeling very sad as he came from the up-stairs study to his mother's room. She, to impress the lesson just given, began: 'My son, I am sorry your father has had to punish you. What was it for?' Eddy hung his head, while his mind ran in the direction of the Catechism. 'What was it for, my son?' In deeply solemn tones and earnest, he answered, '*For his own glory!*'

"It was too much for the sober mother—she had to laugh.

"HERE'S another: Ellen R——, a deserted *child* of the whisky-loving mother from the ould counthry, comes to us from the House of Refuge. Ellen remembers her unworthy mother with much affection, and often says when she becomes a little older she will, if possible, hunt up her mother; and as she speaks of her the tears will fill her eyes. But to-day Mr. Ward, the City Missionary, tells us that her mother is dead. At the close of our dinner, as we told Ellen, she burst into tears and left the table. In a little while her tears are dried, and two or three hours after she came to Mrs. A——, and says, 'It seems to me I can't cry enough about mother's dyin'; I can't cry hardly any. What's the rason? I won't try any more now; but next time you whip me for any thing I'll stop crying about it, and get off on to my mother's dyin', and take a good cry about that!' Isn't that Irish?"

A CORRESPONDENT of the Drawer away off in Washington Territory, an officer in the United States Army, writes:

"Mike Moore is a valiant soldier of the line at Fort Stulacombe. He became drunk and disorderly, and was sent to the guard-house. While there he was particularly noisy; and Lieutenant O'Grady, whose Irish was unquestionable, ordered him to stop his noise. Mike, who imagined all the time that he was singing beautiful as any lark, exclaimed, in extreme disgust, 'Och! that I should live to hear an O'Grady call Moore's Melodies a noise!'"

THE warm south wind wafts into the open Drawer the following scrap from the tropics:

"The writer of the following is not aware that the 'ever faithful Island of Cuba,' the land of the cocoa and the palm, has contributed any thing to the Drawer. If not, the island is very much in debt, for *Harper* is read and welcomed here by hundreds; all who read and understand English look eagerly for its arrival. The number of these is by no means confined to American and English residents; many Cubans read and speak English with remarkable facility. Those who *do not*, study the *pictures*, and get some one who does to translate and explain them.

"We have in 'our house' a little six-year old blue-eyed boy, Anglo-Saxon all over, but his constant association with little Creoles and small Africans enables him to speak Spanish almost as well as English. One of Julio's darkey friends gave him a miserable little mongrel pup, which, notwithstanding it soon became a nuisance to all the household, Julio held in high estimation. Julio's father one day brought home a magnificent young dog—part San Bernard, part Newfoundland. The new arrival was named Leone, but was usually distinguished from his predecessor by being called 'papa's dog.' It soon became evident that there could be no peace in the house with the two dogs—one or the other must disappear; therefore papa gravely assured Julio that *if any thing should happen* to Tulco (the whelp), then he (Julio) should become the owner of one undivided half of 'papa's dog;' at the same time it was agreed that, in the before-mentioned contingency, the head part should remain in papa's possession, and the rest of the animal belong to Julio.

"Well, in a few days the unfortunate Tulco was found *dead* in the back-yard. His obsequies being duly celebrated, Julio claimed and entered into possession of the undivided half of Leone, and Tulco ceased to be mourned.

"One day papa came home, and Julio's playmate complained that he had severely kicked papa's dog.

Being speedily called to account for his presumed cruelty to animals, Julio placed himself in an argumentative attitude, indescribably ludicrous, and said, 'Why, father, it was just so: Leone bit my cat and drank up all her milk—he would not let her have any—so I kicked him; but, father, I *did not kick your half—only my own!*' 'Papa' was greatly amused as well as pleased to see that his boy, even in the height of his indignation at Leone's unjust appropriation of pussy's milk, recognized the right of property, and only ventured to kick his own half in the way of punishment."

THE Louisville Artesian Well is a great *bore*, but not so is the dark-complected gemman what tends it. Some of our readers may have seen him, and yet there are, without doubt, many who have not even heard of him; and neither party could do otherwise than laugh at the following sample of "negro eloquence," it being an exact report of a portion of "Old Charley's" recommendation of the waters of the well for medicinal purposes, written from his dictation, but the pronunciation can be better imagined than described:

"The profects of this water am salt; that salt is decomposed with a plenty of magnesia, very little lime, excommicated with iodine, harmonizing the water to the system, and discomboberating all the cold, and all the bile from the human anatomy, giving you a melodious appetite, and leaving you in a perfect state of harmonism; you feel *so* harmonious you imagine you evaporate, at the same time you are sitting still. The presentation of that exchange is nothing more than the sensation of a matrimonial feeling that comes over you *pro tem.;* it harmonizes you to sing anthems, and makes you captivate every one that comes within your hearing. It discomboberates inflammatory rheumatism, sore eyes, scrofula, dyspepsia, and leaves you harmonious without any defalcation, as harmonious systematically as a young dove."

ONE of the Bourbons in Kentucky writes to the Drawer, and, among other things, says:

"One of our most prominent big mule feeders sold a lot of stock to a trader, who was to pay him in *four* months (lawful tender in Bourbon). At the expiration of *two* months the trader sent him an accepted bill on New York for half the money, and wrote him he would pay the balance at *maturity*. After overhauling all the maps and school geographies he goes down to the store, and says, 'See here! where is this place they call *Maturity?* I can't find it on the map, and I have a note payable there; and I fear I won't be able to get there, for I can't find it on the map!'"

"ONE of my little nephews, about four years old, was one day receiving a reprimand from his mother for some delinquency, when he turned, and, with all Young America condensed in his look and tone, reminded her that she was '*nothing but a female!*'

"ONE of my little nieces, about the same age as her hopeful cousin above-mentioned, one day made some remark about getting married. 'Why, Et,' said her older sister, 'you shouldn't be thinking about getting married; you're only four.' Etta's face and voice at once assumed a serious gravity worthy of a Judge pronouncing a death-sentence, as she responded, 'Why, Lizzie, *I thought of it when I was two!*'"

"HINTON is a portly, well-favored auctioneer in this city," writes a correspondent in New Orleans. "Being in company with several friends at one of our most frequented places of public resort, and feeling the exhilarating effects of sundry juleps, referred pointedly to his particular virtues; and summed up the whole with the assertion that he 'was always armed with *truth* and *honesty*.' 'Take care, H.,' observed his friend Coles; 'don't you know that the laws of Louisiana strictly prohibit a man from carrying *concealed* weapons?'"

AN Eastern friend writes us of Quashe, who resided many years ago within the limits of Kingston, Massachusetts. In the forest there was, and still is, a few miserable hovels, inhabited principally by negroes, who, from intemperance, are often destitute of even the necessaries of life. On one occasion Quashe was inquired of with regard to the religious character of his neighbors. "I dunno, Massa, 'bout dat. Dares Plato, I reckon he's a Jew; I nebber see no *pork* at his house."

On another occasion, when sent by his employer on an errand to the house of a respectable farmer, he marched into the parlor, where the clergyman of the village was sitting, with others, on an evening's visit. Quashe did his errand, and received his answer, but did not incline to leave. The gentleman supposing he did not understand, repeated the answer, but Quashe stood his ground. At last, said he, yawning, "Well, I *must* go, or Massa Sampson will think I got into bad company."

A CORRESPONDENT dating "Old Dominion" writes:

"A neighbor of ours has a very pretty daughter, who was surrounded by a host of admirers. Among the most assiduous was a conceited coxcomb, and withal a thundering fool. Notwithstanding his unremitting attentions, the lady married an unassuming farmer, and the fop, in about nine days (the usual period, I believe, with puppies), showed evident symptoms of madness. Old Amos, who is full of shrewd negro wit, while making his respects to his mistress one Sunday morning shortly after, was told of the lamentable fact, when he broke out:

"'Dat hyfalutin' gemman done went and gone mad? what fur, mistus?'

"'Because your Miss Carrie wouldn't have him?'

"'Well,' says Amos, after a preliminary scratch of his kinky head and a mischievous twinkle in his black eye, 'well, mistus, dare's one thing sartin—he didn't have fur to go.'"

HERE is an instance of an old dodge worked over as good as new. If the Doctor had read the Drawer he wouldn't have been so badly sold:

"We have a physician in Albany famous for his skill not only, but for his propensity to *sell* his friends. The Doctor has been badly sold himself, and relates the story with as much unction as if he was not personally interested. One stormy night he was awakened from a first nap, after a laborious day's work, by the ringing of his office bell. He put his head out of the window, and made the usual inquiry, 'What's wanted?'

"'Och, Docthor dear! Docthor dear! be quick! Me ould woman, Biddy, is taring bad,' answered a voice below with an unmistakable brogue.

"'Who are you?' said the Doctor.

"'Sure I'm Dinney Sullivan, your honor, and I live in the Bowery; an' ye must be quick, Docthor!'

"The place indicated being at a distance from the Doctor's residence, and it being stormy, the Doctor

demurred. Dinney urged, and finally, as an inducement, said: 'Docthor dear, if you come, I'll gie ye tin dollars, kill or cure.'

"Being tempted somewhat by the fee offered, the Doctor assented, and after a long and disagreeable walk found Biddy beyond human aid. After prescribing for her as well as he could under the circumstances, he left, and the next morning, as he had expected, he heard of her death. After a reasonable interval the Doctor sent his bill to Dinney, who repudiated it. Dinney being perfectly responsible, was sued immediately for the ten dollars in a Justice's Court. The Doctor had assigned his account, and was a witness himself. He stated the contract, and claimed the ten dollars. Dinney, who managed the case himself, repudiating the offers of assistance from the attendant lawyers, very quietly asked the witness if he had cured 'the ould woman?' He answered in the negative. Then, in a loud, boisterous tone, he asked, 'Now, Docthor, upon the vartue of your oath, did you *kill* her?' The Doctor was thunder-struck. He stammered, and finally, upon the question being repeated, answered again in the negative. 'Thin, your honor,' said Dinney, 'the Docthor didn't kape his conthract—he nather killed nor cured Biddy, and he can't have the tin dollars.'

"The Court nonsuited the plaintiff amidst the laughter of the audience, and the Doctor acknowledged himself badly sold."

"Sometime since Mr. Holstein, one of our leading criminal lawyers, was defending a client, before Justice Cole, for obtaining a sum of money by false pretenses from Charles H. Radliff, the then popular proprietor of the American Hotel in this city. Mr. Holstein, despairing of his case upon the merits, had started a nice technical point in defense of his client, and was elaborating it with his usual skill and acumen. He had, indeed, succeeded so well as to cause the Justice, notwithstanding his abhorrence of the offense, to quiver in his judgment of the law. Mr. H., to clench the argument, advised the Justice of a late decision in the Court of Sessions. The case was that of a pickpocket, who was tried by a jury and acquitted; and Mr. H. said that it was just such a case in principle as the one in question. In that case, he said, 'an intelligent, high-minded, and sensible jury' had acquitted his client, and he would refer to every man on that jury if his notion of the law was not correct. Mr. Radliff desired to answer Mr. H.'s argument. Mr. H. assented. 'Then,' said Mr. R., 'permit me to say that I was one of that jury; that the jury were unanimous that your client was a great thief and ought to have been convicted, and would have been if the Court hadn't charged them not to; and the Court afterward told me that they were satisfied, upon reflection, that their charge was wrong.' Mr. Holstein immediately dropped that point where it was, and passed on to another."

Squire Delany was traveling in Ireland attended by his servant, who was often trusted with money to pay the bills, tolls, etc., by the way. In one of his transactions Pat took a bad sovereign, which was not discovered till they had got so far on that it would not pay to go back. The Squire told him as he was so careless, and to make him sharper for the future, he must pass it or he should take it out of his wages.

"Never mind, your honor," said Pat, "just lave that to me."

"Very well," said his master, "see that you do it."

They kept on, and rode through many villages, and stopped at many places of entertainment, at all of which Pat offered the sovereign—but it was no go. His master asked him from time to time how he got along. The poor fellow was sorry to say he didn't get along at all, and could only say, "Never mind, your honor, I'll be sure to pass it yet." At last one bright morning they came to a toll-bridge, and as they passed through, Pat as usual handed the keeper the toll. For some time after they rode in silence, until a great distance was put between them and the bridge, when a deep sigh of relief escaped from Pat. His master asked what was the matter.

"Ah!" said Pat, "I've done it at last."

"Done what?" said his master.

"Passed the bad sovereign."

"Oh, did you? How did you do it?"

"Faith, then, it was the natest done thing ever you saw," said Pat; and he laughed outright at the thought of it.

"But how did you manage?" said his master.

"Well, then," said Pat, "you see, your honor, the toll at that last bridge we passed was but a ha'-penny aitch, and as I handed him the money, what should I do but slips the bad sovereign betwen the two, and the fool never noticed it in the laste."

"When I lived at D——, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, some thirty years since," said Squire Y——, in our presence a few days since, "there was a time when the farmers had cut large quantities of grass, expecting a good 'hay-week.' Rain set in, however, and continued for days. On Saturday a worthy neighbor came in my shop, and, while the rain was pouring, lamented that his grass was down and raked in wind-rows, and would spoil. Sabbath dawned one of the loveliest days—not a cloud to be seen." (Squire Y——, at that time, was not a professor of religion.) "I thought," continued the Squire, "that I would go over and help him spread, cure, and put it in the customary hay-cocks. As I approached the house I found, to my astonishment, no one at home; but thinking they had gone for help, concluded to wait, which I did till noon, when, no one coming, I went home, leaving it to spoil for the want of a little care. The next day, Monday, the rain poured, and my friend called again, grumbling about the rain. I asked him where he was the day before, remarking that I went over on purpose to help him. He replied that he never had allowed any work done on the Sabbath; that he had never known good to come from it; adding that his wife had been teasing him a long time to go *a fishing*, 'and,' said he, 'the day was so pleasant, *we went!*'"

A capital example of a perverted conscience.

From the Winnebago Agency we have a letter in which is mentioned the following incident, showing the difficulties of reaching the minds of the Indians without a knowledge of their language.

"Some years ago, when the Winnebagoes had no missionaries among them, the Rev. Mr. Seymour, our excellent missionary to the Chippewas, had occasion to pass a Sabbath at a Winnebago village. With zeal for the cause of his Master he determined to preach to them. As he could not speak Winnebago, the first thing to be done was to find an interpreter. He finally selected a good-natured, bald-headed old fellow, by the name of 'Broad Face,' who spoke the Chippewa language well. Mr. S. com-

menced his discourse in Chippewa, Broad Face interpreting it in Winnebago. After an introduction he proceeded to give an account of the creation, which Broad Face interpreted in this manner:

"'He says,' said he, 'the first man that was made was an *Indian*.'

"Pausing until Mr. Seymour had repeated another sentence, he resumed:

"'And he says the next man that was made was a *bear!*'

"Mr. Seymour was unable to account for the laugh that rang out from his aboriginal congregation at the conclusion of this sentence, and it was long before he was able to secure their attention to the serious truths he desired to communicate."

"MOTHER, do they take *Harper's Magazine* in heaven?" asked a little girl.

"Why, no!" replied the mother. "How came you to ask such a question?"

"Because we sing about it every Sunday in the Sunday-school."

"I don't understand you," said her mother.

"Why, we sing the verse:

"'I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand;
A crown upon my forehead,
A *Harper* in my hand.'"

"A harp within my hand" she had always taken to be "a *Harper* in my hand."

THE awful storms that have swept over some parts of our country during the past summer have taxed the powers of the local artists of the press to delineate their majestic power and effects. A correspondent in Illinois sends to the Drawer an extract from a newspaper there, the editor of which thus gives vent to his feelings after a storm:

"The monarch king of the Storm Cloud rode boldly and majestically on the brow of the wind scorning the handy work of man, and with his ruby fingers of forked lightning demolishing the strongest threshold of his habitation: elements in awefull majesty war with elements—the madened artillery of the skies some hung scowling in the terror stricken vaults of heaven while its infuriated king seemed pointing its fingers with direfull effects at the earthly victims of his revenge. Houses were crushed to atoms and blown down—Roofs carried away—Trees blown down—Fences literly leveled with the ground, and even crops destroyed to a great extent, property sustained great injuries, but as providense favored we have not heard of a single person being fatally injured, a great deal of rain fell here in the short time that that storm raged."

THIS is coarse; but it comes from a far-away parish, and shows the way of the world in a region rarely represented in the Drawer:

"In 1839 there lived in Minden, Claiborne Parish, Louisiana, a blacksmith named Pond. His next neighbor was a German, named Heim. On a Saturday morning came a farmer with several hogs ready butchered 'to sell to townsmen.' Pond proposed to Heim to buy one in partnership. Heim objected, saying that Pond would certainly manage to get the best part in dividing. Pond said Heim might bind his cravat over his eyes, then divide the hog in the middle, and offer to make a choice in ends. Heim replied if Pond would bind his eyes, and give him his choice, he would go half in buying. Pond accepted, tied his cravat over Heim's eyes, cut the hog in two, and asked H. which end he would have—that having the tail, or the other? Heim laughed heartily, saying it was the first time he had ever 'done' a Yankee; and, of course, he would have the end holding tail. Removing the fold over his eyes—what a sight! Pond had cut the tail and put it in the mouth, thus securing the two hind-quarters. Heim swore he would never more bargain with a Yankee, whatever odds might appear in his favor."

A FRIEND in Massachusetts says: "The story you gave us in the number for July, about the young lady from Philadelphia who 'unbuckled the crupper-strap to let the horse's head down so that he could drink,' so forcibly reminds me of an incident that occurred in this vicinity a few years ago, and which has never appeared in print, that I can not resist the temptation to place it at your disposal.

"A young gentleman—who was then the first-mate of a merchant ship, and is now the master of a very fine vessel, sailing in the Eastern portion of the world, and is accompanied by his wife—being on a visit at the home of the young lady who is now his bride, it was agreed that the gentleman, his affianced, and two of her sisters, should, with the horse and carriage of the father of the ladies, take an evening ride. There being no *man* at home, it devolved upon the mate of the ship to harness the horse, which he did, according to his ideas of the proper method of adjusting 'running rigging,' by diverting the crupper from its proper use and placing the reins through it. The young ladies, being great lovers of fun, actually rode with him five miles to the house of a friend in that style, their sides aching with laughter all the way. But while there, the young lady who felt most interested whispered a word to the friend they were visiting, and he—after viewing the arrangement and enjoying it hugely—arranged the harness as it should be. But the sailor boy, when he came to see the change, could hardly be convinced that it would not be 'very dangerous to drive the horse without having any thing by which to steady the reins while steering.'"

BELOW is an exact copy of the verdict rendered by a coroner's jury in Indiana a few weeks ago, and published in the county papers, from which a correspondent clips it and sends it to the Drawer:

"CORONER'S INQUEST.—Held on the body of Joseph Grimsley, of Sparta township, on the 20th day of May, 1860, before Almarian Smith (by consent of William Green, Coroner). The jury, consisting of six men duly qualified, returned the following Verdict—that the said Joseph Grimsley, at a certain deep hollow, near the dwelling house of Sylvester Gullet, the said Grimsley being then and there alone, with a certain grass cord of the value of three cents, which he then and there held in his hands, and one end thereof then and there put about his neck, and the other end thereof tied to a log lying across said hollow or ravine, and then and there with the cord aforesaid, he, the said Joseph Grimsley, voluntarily, feloniously and of his own malice aforethought, hanged and strangled himself; and so we the jurors upon our oath do say that the said Joseph Grimsley, then and there, in manner and form aforesaid, as a felon of himself, did feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, strangle, kill, and murder himself, against the peace and dignity of the State of Indiana. A. SMITH,

"*June* 1, 1860." "*Justice of the Peace.*

Suicide perpetrated under such circumstances ought to be punished with death.

SAYS a South Carolina correspondent: "During the building of the new State House at Columbia General Jones had the letting of the various contracts for building, and among the rest was one for

heating the building. Almost the first applicant, after it was known, was an old gentleman, a thorough-bred Englisher, who addressed the General, while he was somewhat busily engaged with some architects, as follows:

"'General, I hunderstand you 'ave the letting hov the contract for 'eating the State 'Ouse, and I desire to get the job.'

"The General (pointing to the building) answered, blandly, as follows: 'There is what is done, and you can eat just as much as you want of it.'

"The old gentleman never began the job."

An excellent clergyman in one of the Southern States, writing to the Drawer, says:

"We have a genuine, live edition of Mrs. Partington, a member of my church. This good sister makes very large pretensions to literary taste, which alone renders her blunders exceedingly amusing. Speaking of good omens and evil omens, she remarked, one evening:

"'Well, I don't believe in *omers*, but I had an *omer* the other evening. A little bird floone into the room, and floone up agin the winder pane, and wounded its *pericardium*, as the doctors say!'

"Giving a friend of mine some consolation in his sickness, she said, 'Well, try and submit; and remember that the children of Israel all had to go through the fiery furnace.'

"Speaking of the motives which prompted one of our citizens to do something, she remarked, 'Well, I reckon he wanted to get a little more of the "unrighteous mammoth!'"

"A man named Bosturch was elected Justice of the Peace. The first case tried under the jurisdiction of his court was that in which one man sued another for damages for cutting timber on his land. The evidence was against the defendant. The Justice had but one law book, and it was an old English work. He read a long time in it, when he turned to the defendant, and remarked, 'Well, Sir, the law is very strict; you must be *hung* immediately. No power on earth can save you!' and he ordered the constable to hang the prisoner. It is needless to say that he had but few more cases, and soon resigned his office in disgust, saying, at the time, 'I am a law-abiding executive; I am for juridical proceedings forthwith, always.'"

An incident occurred in one of our city courts a few days since which certainly should not be lost to the world, and the Drawer must record it:

The plaintiff, in a suit against the city, had been injured by a fall caused by what is termed "a Corporation hole;" and during the trial Dr. Willard Parker being upon the stand in behalf of the plaintiff, the associate counsel for the city cross-examined him, and elicited from him the remark that "the plaintiff was so injured that he could *lie* only on one side." The answer was no sooner given than the counsel (Judge Bronson's associate in charge of this case) says, "I suppose, Doctor, you mean he would make a very poor lawyer!" The Court did not maintain its gravity.

A Western correspondent communicates to the Drawer a brace of humorous stories illustrative of life and manners in his new region of the country years ago:

"Many years ago, when Michigan and Wisconsin were united and formed but one Territory, there resided in one of the principal towns a certain Judge, celebrated for his hospitality and generous mode of living; but, like many others in those early days, he suffered his expenses to exceed his income—consequently he was always in debt, and constantly annoyed by dunning tradesmen and mechanics. He at last got so accustomed to being *dunned* that he paid little attention to it, his only aim being to rid himself, for the time being, of his troublesome duns by promising payment *to-morrow* or *next week*. Among his creditors was an eccentric and plain-spoken shoe and boot maker—a man who feared no one, and made himself familiar with all, generally calling people by their Christian names. The Judge had run up a long account with this worthy cordwainer, and, although of long standing, the only payments made were in the shape of *promises*. Becoming impatient at the delay, he resolved to try a bold experiment. Learning that the Judge had one day invited a large party of gentlemen to dinner, he waited until near the dinner-hour, when he repaired to the mansion of his debtor. He was met at the door by a servant, who informed him that the Judge had company, and could not be seen; he replied that he knew there was company, but that his business with the Judge was so very urgent that he must see him immediately. The servant reluctantly called the Judge, who met the shoemaker in the hall. The latter then told him that his account had been long standing unsettled, and having no money to pay for his boarding, he had concluded to come and board out the account, as he supposed this would be as convenient a way for the Judge to pay as any other; and as he intended to commence immediately, he requested that a plate might be set for him and a room prepared, as he would also lodge there during his stay. The Judge remonstrated, and at first was inclined to get angry; but finding this useless, he tried to put him off with fair promises. But this would not do; he had already received such; and he, in a firm and pretty loud tone of voice, declared that his mind was made up to board out the account, and commence by taking his dinner. The Judge, fearing that his company might overhear the conversation, prevailed upon his obstinate friend to step to the front door and wait a few minutes, when he would rejoin him. He retired into the house, and shortly returned with the money and paid the shoemaker his bill. He received the money, and left the house without inquiring whether the Judge had the money by him, or whether he had borrowed it from some of his guests. It was the last account the Judge ever made with the eccentric cordwainer."

"In the early days of Wisconsin's existence as a Territory the judicial department was supplied by judges appointed by the President of the United States. These appointees were generally imported from abroad, it being supposed that the Territory contained nothing of capacity or legal acquirements worthy of being appointed to the bench. It sometimes happened that, in making these judicial appointments, the President, influenced by the representations of political friends, or to reward brawling politicians for services rendered, appointed men to these high stations more distinguished by those characteristics than for legal talent or moral worth; sometimes the ermine fell upon second or third rate or superannuated lawyers who had to be provided for.

"Some years since a somewhat novel decision was made in one of the District Courts of the Territory.

It happened that a certain man of the name of O'D—— kept a kind of groggery and gambling-house near the town where the seat of justice was then located. The house and its keeper had become notorious. On the morning of the first day of the session of court the Judge, who was obliged to pass by the house, heard a great deal of noise and coarse language, and determined to make its keeper answerable to the statute in such case made and provided. Accordingly, in charging the Grand Jury, he especially called their attention to this particular establishment, and in no sparing language animadverted on the character of the landlord, as well as on the conduct of his *lady*. In the evening of that day, while the Judge was sitting in company with some friends at his boarding-house, he was informed that *a lady* wished to see him in his parlor. After a few moments' absence a loud and angry conversation was heard in the Judge's room. Soon he was seen coming out into the hall, pushing gently from his door an infuriated female of large stature, making violent gesticulations with fists and arms. It was the Irish landlady, who, after abusing the Judge in profane terms, took her leave, threatening to prosecute him 'for her characther,' the Judge exclaiming, 'Leave, woman! leave!' On the second day of the session an indictment was returned by the Grand Jury against O'D—— for keeping a disorderly house. A warrant was issued, the defendant arrested, tried, and found guilty of the charge. The punishment under the statute was fine or imprisonment, or both, at the discretion of the Judge. After the verdict the defendant was arraigned, and the Court proceeded to pass sentence, which was fine and imprisonment, and that he should stand committed until the sentence was complied with; with the addition 'that the sheriff should suspend service of the execution for forty-eight hours, and if after that time the defendant was found in the county he be arrested and suffer the penalty.'

"After hearing the sentence the counsel for the defendant rose, and in a quizzical manner addressed the Judge, saying, 'Do I understand your Honor to have *banished* my client?'

"'Yes; and his wife too.'

"'And what place will your Honor name?'

"'I care not where, so he leaves the Territory.'

"'Then I would suggest Turkey River [an obscure spot on the west side of the Mississippi River] as a fit place.'

"'Then let it be Turkey River.'

"On the second day after the sentence, late in the afternoon, a boat was seen ascending the river, containing the formidable Mrs. and Mr. O'D—— on their way to the place of their banishment; and that was the last that ever was seen of either on the soil of Wisconsin."

"JOURNEYING in a foreign country, S——, then six years old, became a great favorite with an English lady, who was staying at the same hotel; and who, in order to draw him out, was constantly plying him with questions, one of which was, what we did without a sovereign in America? As he seemed somewhat puzzled, she all the more pertinaciously insisted on an answer; and taking him on her lap one day, she said, 'Now, S——, I shall not let you go till you tell me what you do without a king in America.' Suddenly looking up into her face with his large, dark, thoughtful eyes, he answered, 'Why, Mrs. M——, we have the Saviour for *our* king, and we don't want any other!'"

"CAUGHT ON THE JURY."

THERE once lived a man—and I'll call not his name—
Who lived in the country with Polly, his dame;
He was fond of indulging too freely at times,
And if ever he tasted away went the dimes.
For several days he would frolic and spree
Away at the tavern, "*a-takin' o' tea*;"
But Polly at home was uneasy the while,
Though she knew that the town was not more than a mile;
She knew that if ever he tasted a "*drap*,"
He soon would be fixed off for taking a nap,
Then he'd trade 'round and "*swop*," and always get "*bit*,"
Though he never could "*man-up*" the courage to quit.
A week nearly spent, then homeward he'd start,
With his eyes looking red and a pain at his heart;
But when Polly would meet him, he'd say, with a *cough*,
"*I was caught on the Jury, and I couldn't get off.*"

But autumn came 'round, and he gathered his corn
All up in a heap, and he wanted a "*horn*;"
And a little wouldn't do, for the neighbors around
Would shuck "*nary ear*" unless they were *found*.
Their fathers declared that to drink it was right
On occasions like that, of a corn-shucking night;
"It cooled them in summer, it warmed them when cold,
'Twas good for the children, 'twould strengthen the old."

The old man had swigged it since first he was wed,
And had spent nearly all but the old negro, Ned:
A faithful old servant he always had been—
Though sometimes, like "massy," was tempted to sin.
He told Uncle Ned to saddle up "Tug,"
The old sorrel mule, and take the big jug,
And go to that tavern where oft he had been,
And bring home a gallon of No. 1 gin;
And if you can find it, now just understand,
You must bring home a gallon of Tennessee brand.
But Ned was afflicted with *massy's* disease,
And, thought he, "I'll drink now as much as I please;
I'll see if it's good, and it's flavor I'll test,
To prove I'm not cheated in buying the best."
But Neddy kept tasting and guzzling down,
Till "*de wurl' an' de trees war all a-turnin' aroun'*."
Then he thought to himself that 'twas time to be cool,
So he let go all holds, and dropped off of his mule.
He quickly looked 'round him, in search of a place
To hide, for the turnpike had dirtied his face;
Behind some thick bushes he endeavored to creep,
To take a short nap before going to sleep.

The night had set in, and 'twas cloudy and dark,
And to strike up a fire he hadn't a spark;
So he rested in silence—he knew not the way
To go through the woods till the light of the day.
Then he picked up his jug, and he found 'twas too light,
And he swore, "Now, by jingo, there sumfin not right!"
His mule had absconded, and had left him alone,
But the worst of it all was—his liquor was gone.
He felt then so scared up for what he had done,
That "*foot-back*" he started, and homeward he run;
And when he arrived there his breakfast was o'er,
So he slipped around slyly to find the back-door;
And he thought to himself he'd enjoy the fun
Of telling a "yarn," as old "*massy*" had done.

His master then entered the kitchen, and cried,
"Just look-a-here, Ned, I am good for your hide!
You black rascal, tell me now where have you been
Since I sent you to town for that gallon of gin?"

"Jist hole on a minit!" now cried Uncle Ned—
As he stood there thinking and scratching his head—
"De fac is, ole massy, I tell you de troof,
If I dy de nex' minit here under dis roof,
To buy you some *sperits* I went to de town,
And when I got dar I war a-steppin' aroun',
And de fus thing I node I war up in de loff,
Dun ketch on de Jury, an' I couldn't git off."

VERA.

All the way from Mississippi comes this story of a miser who was hard of hearing:

"There lived, several years ago, in our county, an old man we all called Uncle Meridy Watson. He was one of those close-fisted, thrifty old farmers who always made a little to sell, if the family had to be stinted. One year no one in the neighborhood made enough corn to serve them; and Uncle Meridy, by some chance, made an abundant crop. Every body that could do no better had to buy from him, so that about every four men out of five that went to his house went to get corn. His price was two dollars and a half, and not a cent less. A traveler passing by his house one day rode up to the gate (the old man was very hard of hearing), and asked him the road to Cayuga.

"'Two dollars and a half a bushel,' says the old man.

"'You don't understand me,' says the traveler.

"'Two dollars and a half!' says the old man, in louder tones.

"'Sir, I wish to know the road to Cayuga!' roars the traveler.

"'Two dollars and a half!' reiterates the old man, 'or I will feed it to my pigs.'"

As a good Democrat tells the following on his friends, the Drawer is willing to repeat it:

"In the winter of 1857, about midnight, a passenger, with a carpet-sack in one hand and a heavy shawl in the other, entered the Tremont House at Chicago. Walking directly to the office he hailed the clerk who presides at the Tremont. Being late at night, almost every one had left this popular exchange of the great Northwestern metropolis, and the clerk had fallen to nodding. Awakened by the salutation of the stranger, he jumped up. 'Ah! Mr. Harris, glad to see you! Just arrived, I suppose, from Detroit?'

"'Yes, just in; very tired; have not had my clothes off for two days; straight from New York. Can you give me a room?'

"'I am afraid not; we are very full.'

"'You must stretch a point, for I must have a room,' replied Harris.

"After looking over the register for some moments, the clerk said, 'I can put you in the same room Judge Douglas occupied the last time he was here.'

"'Ah!' replied Harris, 'that will suit me. I was born a Democrat, have lived a Democrat, and hope to die one. I voted for Buchanan, and would greatly have preferred voting for Douglas. Send me up: I want to wash and go to sleep.'

"A waiter was immediately called, who, taking the carpet-sack in one hand and a light in the other, started—Mr. Harris following—for 142. Arriving there, they entered a large and handsomely-furnished apartment, with four beds—one in each corner of the room—two gentlemen in each bed except one, there only one. The gas from the chandelier was dimly burning over a large square table, on which stood, in graceful negligée, six glasses, the remnants of used-up punches, two decks of best eagle-backs, a large spittoon at each corner of the table, with tobacco quids rising in them sugar-loaf fashion; unmentionables every where, and the general appearance of Bacchanalian bachelordom every where around. Harris looked mournfully around; the waiter started off. Harris called out, 'Stop, Mike! I'll go down with you a moment.' Arriving at the office, Harris said, 'See here! I am perfectly willing to occupy the same room Stephen A. Douglas occupied, but I'll be burnt if I want to sleep with the *whole Democratic party!*'"

A Correspondent in the Up-river country writes: "Some years ago, a few miles from here, the stern monster, while mowing the swath as usual, ruthlessly took in his way a young man, the beloved of the home circle, 'while hard at chopping.' It was a sad misfortune, and their grief could not be assuaged, until, finally, the feelings of the family as well as the incidents of the heart-rending scene itself, were embodied in the following 'pome,' which now appears upon the tomb-stone of that 'saint departing,' in commemoration of his early and terrible passage to the better land:

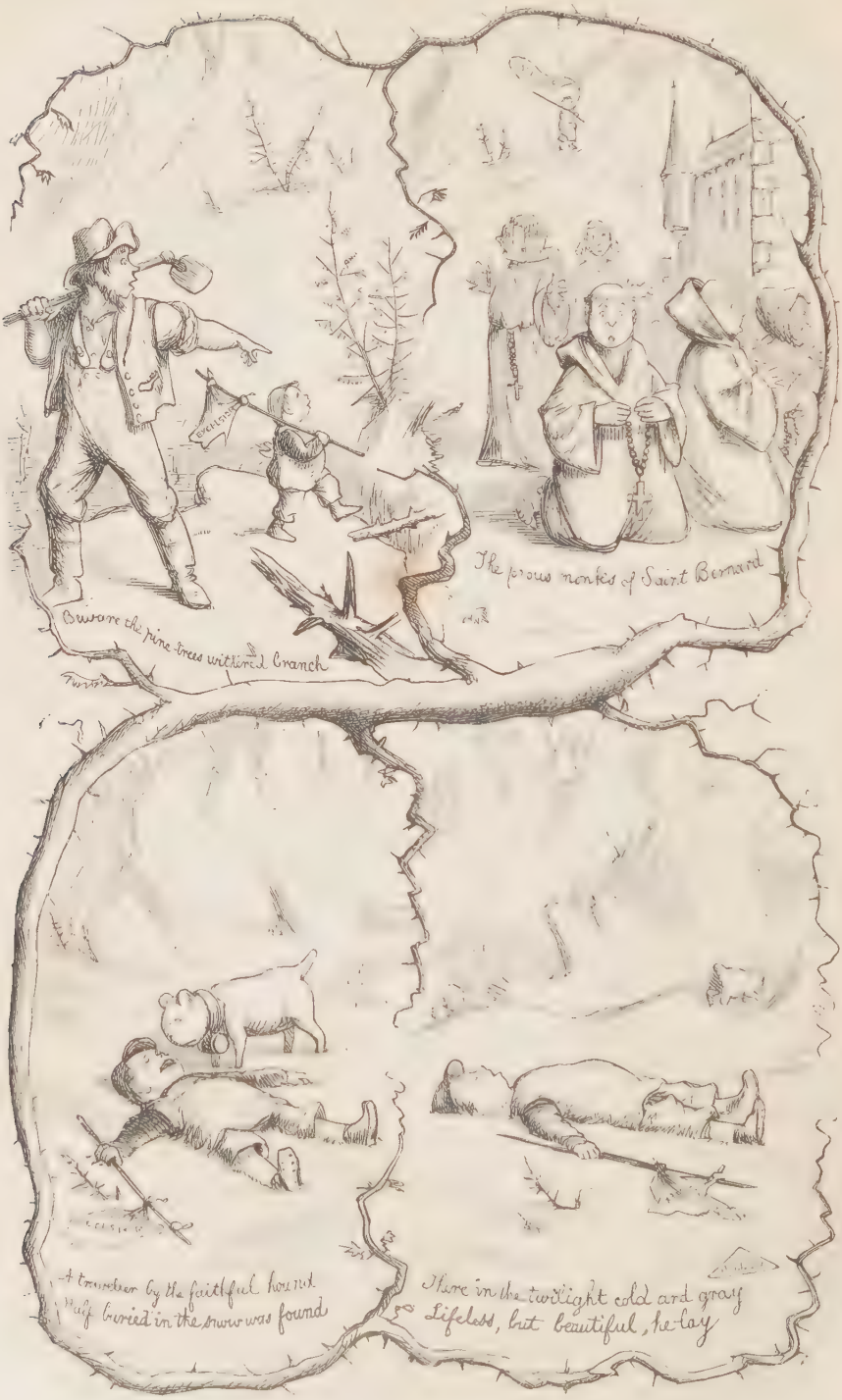
"'Mourn not for him, a saint departing,
Though killed was he while hard at chopping!
By a limb that struck his head.
At noon in health and joy abounding,
At night in death and friends surrounding,
Now his sainted spirit fled.'"

A curious simile is sent to the Drawer by one of the descendants of the old Puritans:

"Among the members of my grandfather's congregation was an elderly man, of good character, but in mind rather simple, as we say, by the name of Mager G——; and as his acquaintance usually addressed him by the first name, giving the *g* the soft sound, it of course gave to the stranger the impression of his being a military-titled man. Very orthodox he deemed himself, and doubtless was, having for so many years sat as a hearer under such a strait old Puritan preacher as was my venerated relative. One Sabbath another clergyman filled the pastor's place who was not as sound in the faith as his own revered minister. At the conclusion of the service, as the audience were passing out, a neighbor said to the old man, 'Well, Mager, how did you like the sermon?' He immediately responded, in loud, quick tones, and with a characteristic squeak, '*Pease in a bladder—pease in a bladder! all sound, and no substance!*' much to the amusement of the hearers, who doubtless felt the truth of the simile, though they might not have been equally frank to declare it.

"The old gentleman was the owner of a very fine hen, her feathers being of the purest white. The mischievous urchins in the vicinity, wishing to play the old man a trick, one night took the hen from the roost and imprisoned her in a barrel which had been used to hold red ochre, and her fluttering to escape transferred the color from the barrel to her feathers, to the great delight of the boys when they released her before her master was astir the next morning. Very much amazed was he when he looked at his pet hen, and in no way could he account for the change. In the next meeting for prayer he rose, and desired to relate a most wonderful thing which had happened. 'They were all aware,' he said, 'that he owned a very nice white hen; but, queer as it might seem, when he retired to bed the evening before the hen was white as snow, but this morning she was blood-red, having changed thus strangely in one night! Was it not very nigh a miracle?' Whether the people believed in the miracle as did the good man, or not, is not known; but '*Mager C——'s red hen*' passed into a proverb, which was quoted whenever any thing wonderful was mentioned."

EXCELSIOR
EXCELSIOR
A youth who bore mid snow & ice
A banner with this strange device
EXCELSIOR
His brow was sad his eye beneath
In happy homes he saw the light
Try not the Pass the old man said
O stay the maiden said


Beware the pine tree's withered branch
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
A traveller by the faithful hound
Half buried in the snow was found
Here in the twilight cold and gray
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay

Fashions for September.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*

Figures 1 and 2.—Bridal Toilet.—Child's Dress.

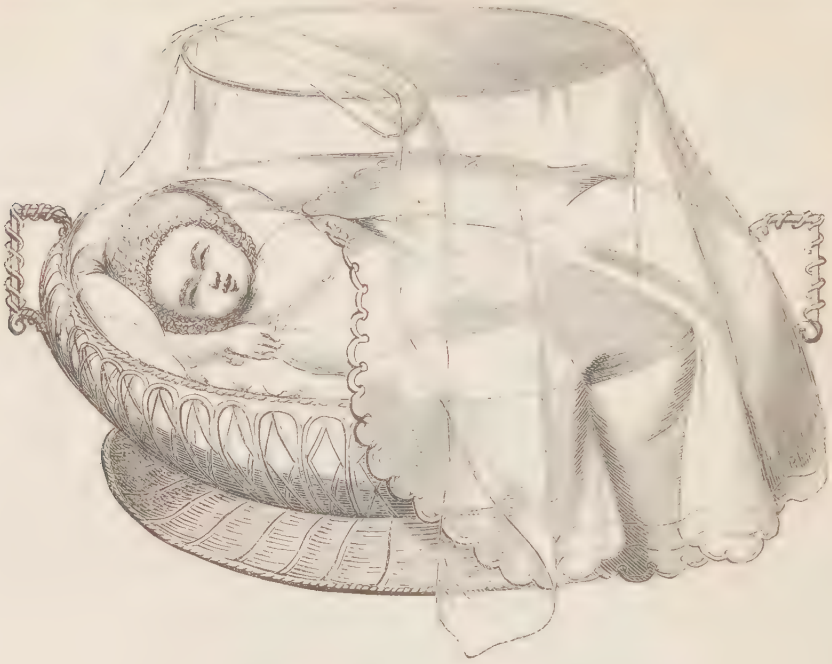


FIGURE 3.—INFANT'S CRADLE.

THE BRIDAL TOILET consists of a robe of Book Muslin, the corsage having at the top four folds banded together with white taffeta ribbon. A wide sash of taffeta, loosely tied, with flowing ends, forms the girdle. Lace falls from the lower plait of the corsage and from the waist, and lace, in ample folds, form the sleeves. The top of the corsage is bordered with orange and myrtle flowers; small bouquets of which, with white corn-buds, occupy the front of the dress and of the sleeves. Flowers, similar to those in the bouquet, are arranged in wreaths, which are tied by taffeta, with flowing ends, upon the sides of the skirt. The wreath is of orange and myrtle, the vail being deep and full.

The CHILD'S DRESS is so clearly illustrated as to require no verbal explanation.

The INFANT'S CRADLE is in the form of a fancy basket, with a netting to keep off insects. It is so constructed that the babe can be shown without disturbing it.

The UNDER-SLEEVES are designed for the street and for morning undress. The latter are trimmed with very narrow ribbons of any required shade.

FIGURE 4.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

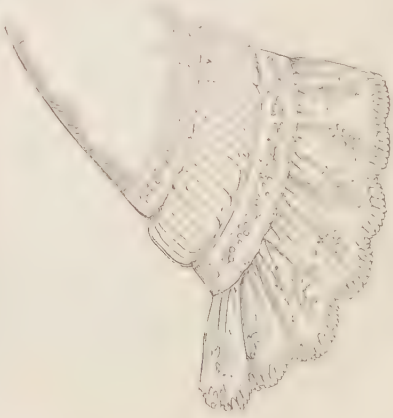


FIGURE 5.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXV.—OCTOBER, 1860.—Vol. XXI.

"THEE FINDS ME IN THE GARDEN, HANNAH."

THE QUAKER WIDOW.

I.

THEE finds me in the garden, Hannah—come in! 'Tis kind of thee
To wait until the Friends were gone, who came to comfort me.
The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.

II.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where Benjamin would sit
On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the swallows flit:
He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant bees
Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple-trees.

III.

I think he loved the spring: not that he cared for flowers: most men
Think such things foolishness—but we were first acquainted then,
One spring: the next he spoke his mind; the third I was his wife,
And in the spring (it happened so) our children entered life.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

IV.

He was but seventy-five: I did not think to lay him yet
In Kennett grave-yard, where at Monthly Meeting first we met.
The Father's mercy shows in this: 'tis better I should be
Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age—than he.

V.

We've lived together fifty years: it seems but one long day,
One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away;
And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet contentment home,
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days that come.

VI.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know
If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should go;
For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day,
But mother spoke for Benjamin—she knew what best to say.

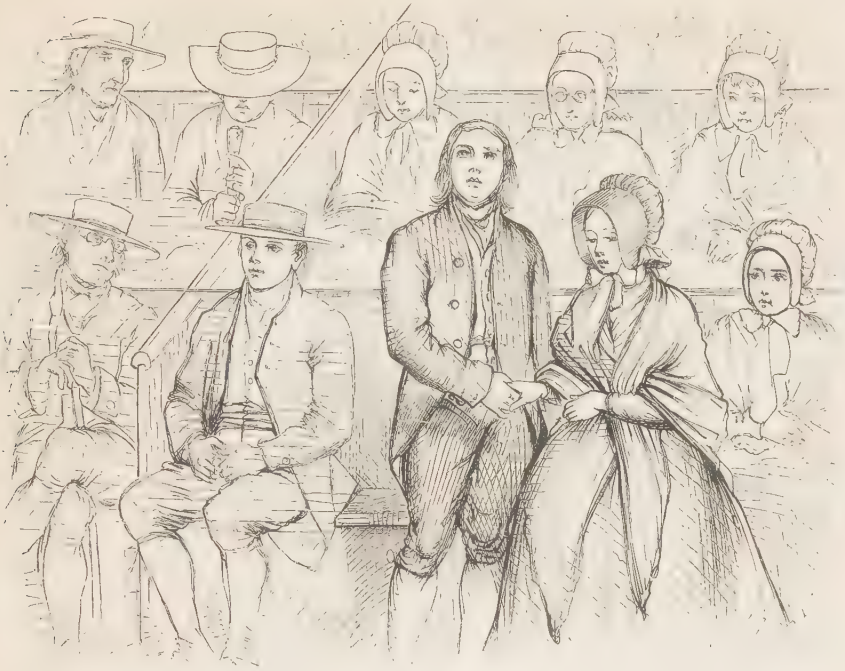
VII.

Then she was still: they sat a while: at last she spoke again,
"The Lord incline thee to the right!" and "Thou shalt have him, Jane!"
My father said. I cried. Indeed, 'twas not the least of shocks,
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

VIII.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth we lost:
Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not see her crossed.
She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a hireling priest—
Ah, dear! the cross was ours: her life's a happy one, at least.

"BUT MOTHER SPOKE FOR BENJAMIN."



"WITH ALL THE MEETING LOOKING ON."

IX.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as old as I—
Would thee believe it, Hannah? once *I* felt temptation nigh!
My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for my taste:
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the waist.

X.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the women's side!
I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt more fear than pride,
Till, "in the presence of the Lord," he said, and then there came
A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.

XI.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed no sign;
With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine.
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life:
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah—thee too hast been a wife.

XII.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as ours;
The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of flowers;
The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face was kind—
'Tis strange how lively every thing comes back upon my mind.

XIII.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner spread:
At our own table we were guests, with father at the head,
And Dinah Passmore helped us both—'twas she stood up with me,
And Abner Jones with Benjamin—and now they're gone, all three!

XIV.

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord disposes best.
His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His rest;
And that He halved our little flock was merciful, I see:
For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are left with me.

XV.

Eusebius never cared to farm—'twas not his call, in truth,
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter Ruth.
Thee'll say her ways are not like mine—young people nowadays
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.

XVI.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the simple tongue,
The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was young;
And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too much weight.

XVII.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with grace,
And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a homely face.
And dress may be of less account: the Lord will look within:
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

XVIII.

Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth: she's anxious I should go,
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.
'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must be resigned:
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.

"BUT RUTH IS STILL A FRIEND AT HEART."

BUFFALO CHASE.

TO RED RIVER AND BEYOND.

[Second Paper.]

IT was the middle of a hot July afternoon when we came to camp on the south side of Pembina River—Pembina and the Pembinese over the way. Joseph and I put on clean shirts, crossed the river in a canoe, and went to ask for our letters and papers. The mail-carrier, coming by a different route, had arrived before us. To Magenta had been added Montebello, and the thirty thousand slain; and then followed silence and newslessness for three months.

Who that reads the papers has not heard of Minnesota and the man that figured in our New York *Punch* as a runaway with the Capitol on his shoulders? Town lot speculators striving to have the Capitol elsewhere than at St. Paul (all but Minnesotians have forgotten the name of the town now—such its obscurity); carrying the bill making the change through a Legislature too virtuous for cakes and ale, and then getting a double checkmate from the Chairman of the Committee on Enrolled Bills, who ran off with the Removal Bill in his pocket—ran off, on snow-shoes and with a dog-train, to Pembina, it was said—ran off to Room No. 27 Fuller House, St. Paul, for a fact; and there hibernated, eating surreptitious turkeys and bass by day, and drinking smuggled whisky by night, till the time of legal adjournment, disappointing the couriers sent out to overtake him, and so by bad means achieving a good end, and determining the location of the Capitol at its proper place, St. Paul.

The runaway Chairman was Joe Rolette; and here, at Pembina, he reigns King of the Border. Short, muscular, a bullety head, the neck and chest of a young buffalo bull, small hands and feet, but with tough and knotty flexors and extensors farther up; full bearded, cap, shirt, natty neckerchief, belt, trowsers, and dandy little moccasins—so he looks to the eye. Inside of all this there is a man of character, educated in New York; but with a score of wild, adventurous years on the frontier behind him—a man of character who asserts himself always, whatever the right or wrong of the assertion. Of unfailing good spirits, brimful of humor, blue three days in the year—no more and no less—sticking to his belief in a breezy, healthy way, and believing first and always in Joe Rolette; hospitable and generous beyond reckoning, and reckoning on equal unselfishness in return; giving you his best horse if you ask for it, and taking your two mules if he needs them; living for years where he might have made a fortune, and never saving a penny; a good Catholic, believing especially in absolution; a Douglas Democrat to the spinal column, and always to be counted on for good majorities from Pembina—threatening horse-ponds and nine duckings to any "Black Republican" who dares settle in the vicinity, and opening his house, and larder, and stables to the blackest Republican of all; always working for a party better than for himself, and in his zeal for public ends debiting the aggregate responsibility with the morality of the private means; lending a passing traveler his best buffalo runners for a hard journey, and then running races with them at the end of the second day's travel; affectionate to his half-breed wife, and proud of his boys — miniature Joes, of different sizes; swearing by Louis Napoleon, and proud of the French blood; too generous to his debtors to be just to his creditors; fond of his whisky, but undergoing months of total abstinence for the sake of his wife; his best friend, the man who is not hampered by the laws of trade; his worst enemy, himself.

JOE ROLETTE.

There he stands, just off the superb horse, which he sits as close as a Centaur, lighting a pipe, a score of wolfish train-dogs yelping about him; and as he walks across the inclosure rolling out a sturdy welcome to *ma fille*, who sits by the open window waiting for him, with love and patience in her eyes; and lifting up the youngster who has run out for a kiss—biting off the kiss with a Cree sentence to the half-breed retainer standing at the horse's head waiting for orders, or a Chippewa salute to some Red Lake Indian waiting to beg for powder and tobacco for the winter's hunt; and rounding all with an English damn to the yellow dog whose enthusiasm has entangled him and his yoke between his master's legs.

Joe gave us our letters, brought some tobacco and fresh pipes, inquired the news, showed us a room, and told us to be at home in it till we left Pembina; spoke an aside to *ma fille*, in Nistoneaux, to lay a table full of plates for all his guests; fed us with buffalo tongues and New England dough-nuts, and strawberries; and then, with fresh pipes, we tired the night out discussing politics, the spring hunt, dogs, Joe's exploit with the Capitol bill, the best road to the Rocky Mountains, Governor Gorman and his "I too am a soldier," Dakotah and the Sioux Treaty, Minnesota and the Overland Route, dog-trains and train-dogs, and, first and last, Louis Napoleon and the great battles.

It was three days before the expedition's boil came to a head and expelled its rotten core—a tent full of scape-graces, who, from this point, took their own way to Fraser River. The expedition itself convalesced rapidly; and, outfitting with fresh pemmican, was ready to start upon its travels again within the week. The interval was spent in sight-seeing, while the horses and mules rested.

One day we called upon old Peter Hayden, a settler since "eighteen hundred and ever so few;" one of the first, perhaps the very first, to lead trade through the valley of Red River into our territories; who packed his goods back and forth from Prairie du Chien, then an old French trading-post, when all the trade of the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi was carried on pack-horses from Fort Pitt to Philadelphia across the Alleghanies. The old man, an Irishman, looks weather-beaten now, and leads a quiet life on a farm whose barley may be boasted of; at least, there was a story in camp that one of our *savans*, holding up a stalk, saw two heads of barley where less fructuous eyes could see but one.

The next day Mr. Kennedy, the clerk in charge of Pembina Fort (two miles north of the mouth of Pembina River, on the banks of Red River), a Hudson Bay Company's station, called, and invited us to visit the fort. Four of us filled Joe's wagon, drawn by a couple of spanking bays; Mr. M'Fetridge, then the Collector at Pembina (Mr. Buchanan's best appointment

INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY POST.

and worst removal), with a friend on the seat, drove a swift black pacer; and four horsemen galloped along beside the two wagons; Joe mounted on a superb stallion of English blood —"Fireaway" of name and stock. A dozen dogs followed our rattling wheels in full cry, barking and fighting.

Three cheers as we passed the international boundary post. Its inscription, whatever it may have been, had been quite effaced by the hatch-

PEMBINA FORT.

PEMBINA, AND MOUTH OF PEMBINA RIVER.

ets and arrows of Indians, who used it instead of a colored boy and board for their target. The post was planted by Nicollet, we were told. Later observations have proved that it is 370 yards south of the parallel of 49°, the true boundary line.

It seemed less than that number of yards from it north to Pembina Fort.

The lodges around the fort are those of Indians, come in from their hunts to spend their proceeds or outfit anew; some, perhaps, employed by the Company. Half-breeds, however, are the ordinary "Company's servants." The long dwelling, where several families of them lived, was on our left as we passed under the high gateway of the fort. The store-houses and store were opposite. Facing the gate was the dwelling of the officers in charge—whitewashed without, scrupulously neat within.

The Scotch servants and half-breed interpreters of the Company were standing by the store-house; the half-breed women and children were here and there about the area; half a dozen Chippewas stood, with arms folded, seeing every motion of our party, and hearing every sound; hundreds of furs were hanging against the fences; and through the smudge-smoke issuing from the half-breeds' quarters we could catch glimpses of dark eyes and babies' hammocks a-swinging.

The river, as may be seen in the cut, runs very near the fort, and is eighty yards wide, and twelve feet deep. In 1856 it rose thirty-five feet higher, whereby the Red River Settlement and Pembina were disastrously flooded, as twice in Lord Selkirk's time. These inundations are periodical, but occur at long intervals, and, probably, are much less serious now than formerly, for old settlers say they can note, of late years, a very considerable enlargement of the channel, both of Red River and the Assiniboine.

St. Vincent is the name of the town-site opposite Pembina, in the northwestern corner of Minnesota exactly. It receives large annual accessions to its poll-list, just before election times, from over the river; but ordinarily its population consists of a dozen half-breeds, with dogs and mosquitoes, *ad lib.*

One of the last evenings of our stay in Pembina we were invited to a half-breed dance over the river. We crossed in a crazy dug-out, of precarious equilibrium, and heard the jiggish fiddle before we reached the house. The half-breed who had rowed us over stopped at a lodge beside the path to wake up two dark-skinned maidens and invite them to the dance. We caught a glimpse of them rising from their bed of robes, their faces lit up by pleasure at the news, as much as by the burning shred of cotton which floated on a basin of tallow on the ground in the middle of the lodge. Opening the door, and entering the log-house where the dance was briskly going on, we were greeted by a chorus of Ho! ho! ho!—the universal salutation of the aboriginal (total and semi). The fiddle did not cease its scraping, nor the heels of the dancers for a moment intermit their vibrant thumps on the plank floor. The scene was a wild one, though within four walls. A huge mud chimney, with an open fire-place at the right, a four-posted bed, with blankets only, in the further left-hand corner; one or two chairs, which were politely handed to the strangers; and all around

BALL AT PEMBINA.

the room, sitting upon the floor as Indians and tailors sit, were half-breed men and women, boys and girls—twenty or thirty in all; one mother, with bare breast, suckling her babe; another busy in keeping her little one's toddling feet out of the pan of melted grease low on the mud hearth, with a cotton rag hanging over the edge, alight, which made such dark shadows in among the groups in strange places, shadow and light alternating against the rafters and the roof as the figures of the dance changed.

Jigs, reels, and quadrilles were danced in rapid succession to the sound of that "dem'd horrid grind," fresh dancers taking the place of those on the floor every two or three moments. The men were stripped to shirt, trowsers, belt, and moccasins; and the women wore gowns which had no hoops. A vigorous shuffle from some thick-lipped young dancer, with his legs in flour-sacks, or a lively movement of some wrinkled hag, trying to renew the pleasures and activity of her youth, would call out a loud chorus of admiring "Ho! ho! ho!" and, fired by contagious enthusiasm, a black-eyed beauty in blue calico, and a strapping *bois brulé*, would jump up from the floor and outdo their predecessors in vigor and velocity—the lights and shadows chasing each other faster and faster over the rafters; the flame, too, swaying wildly hither and thither; and above the thumps of the dancers' heels, and the frequent ho's! and the loud laughter of the ring of squatter sovereigns, rose the monomaniac fiddle-shrieks, forced out of the trembling strings as if a devil was at the bow.

Perhaps it is clear that here we saw the commonalty. The next night Joe Rolette gave a dance in his house, and here we saw the aristocracy of Pembina. There was the same enthusiasm, but less license; a better fiddle and the fiddler better; and more decorous dancing. Joe's little boy of eleven, home from his school at the Settlement, and his father-in-law, of near seventy, were the best of the dancers. The latter was as tireless as if his aged limbs had lost no strength by exposure to all weathers and labor, as a hunter and voyageur, for a long lifetime; and little Joe had extra double-shuffles, and intricate steps, and miraculously lively movements, which made his mother and little cousins very proud of him.

In the intervals of the dance Madame Gangrais, one of Joe's lady cousins, sang some wild French ballads and a Catholic hymn. Those of our boys who were singers responded with a few choruses—negro melodies, of course.

Monday week after our arrival in Pembina we left for St. Joseph—a place seven miles south of latitude 49°, about thirty miles west of Pembina, and likewise on Pembina River, which stream, west of St. Joseph (or St. Jo, as it is universally called) runs (according to Captain Palisser) almost entirely in British territory. Along the stream from its mouth to the lakes we afterward saw, in which it takes its rise, a belt of prairie on either side, varying in

STRAWBERRIES.

width, and covered with trees—oak, elm, poplar, and birch the principal varieties. Our road was over the open prairie, two or three miles north of the belt of timber, touching it here and there at the larger bends.

The wonder of this day's travel was the acres and acres of strawberries through which the trail passed. Beds of them, so thick that kneeling any where you could fill a hat full without more than turning around; large, ripe, luscious strawberries, tarter than those in our gardens, whose size has been increased at the expense of a richness of flavor. The wheels crushed clumps of them, and were reddened like the wheels of Juggernaut. Again and again we were tempted out of our saddles by some bed of thicker and finer berries than that we had just left the print of our knees on—gluttonous strawberry-bibbers every one of us! When we could eat no more from the vines, we filled our hats full, which were devoured in the saddle as soon as a few moments' square trotting had made a place for new draughts of their red, ripe, pulpy deliciousness.

Some ate in silence, and some in thankfulness, and some in wonder; and Joseph murmured between every hatful the praise—of Andrew Fuller, was it?—"Doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did."

Half a dozen of us stopped, about noon, at the farm of Charles Bottineau, which is on a bend of the river, nineteen or twenty miles from Pembina. Curèt need not have been ashamed of the *table d'hôte*.

In the last half of the afternoon we drove on to St. Joseph, galloping down one of its grassy streets as the sun was sinking behind Pembina Mountain, which fills the western horizon.

The city was deserted; its one hundred houses were nearly all shut and barred, their accustomed inmates gone to the summer buffalo-hunt. A score or so of half-breeds, very young, or very old, or lame, most of them, gathered around our camp-fire; but of the hundreds whom we saw on our return journey there were now no signs. Many that were unable to accompany the brigade to the plains had moved away from their homes in St. Joseph, and lived in lodges near Forts Garry and Pembina, for fear of the hostile Sioux.

The houses were nearly all of hewn logs, mudded in the chinks, generally one but sometimes two stories in height, with a single chimney. Mr. N. W. Kittson has his large trading-house inclosed within a high stockade; the nunnery and church are larger buildings than the average; and one or two are frame-houses, whose boards came from the saw-mill, which adjoins the church, and was built by its thrifty priest; but, with these exceptions, the houses are very much alike.

St. Jo is a place of considerable present and greater prospective importance. It is on our frontier, the best of all sites for a much-needed frontier fort, in the midst of a rich agricultural country, adjoining the great settlement of Northwestern British America, and is near the watercourse which leads into our own territory, and insures to our benefit somewhat of the riches of the great Northwestern areas, both now and when the advancing tide of settlements shall have swept over the great valleys and left them populous.

Since 1850 the Sioux have stolen from the people of St. Jo more than four hundred horses, many of them buffalo-runners, commanding from one to three hundred dollars each, and often the only property and sole means of support which their owners had. In the same time a still larger number of horned cattle have been stolen. Worse than all, every year has seen some deaths at the hands of the Sioux. In the absence of the hunters the Indian lurks about the place, shooting and scalping, sometimes in open daylight, those who stray away from the principal streets, and at night firing into windows heedlessly left unshuttered, or falling upon some helpless man or woman who has ventured to cross the field to a neighbor's house.

At times the half-breeds have taken their wrongs into their own hands, and have done their best to right them. In the occasional battles which have occurred they have exhibited a superior bravery and skill, one of their number being reckoned the equal of about half a dozen of any Indian tribe. They are the best of horsemen. The Sioux must dismount to fire with accuracy. A half-breed, from long practice in the buffalo hunts, will fire from horseback at full gallop without even taking a sight along the barrel, and that, too, with great rapidity and deadly effect, delivering half a dozen shots, before, behind, and on either side of him, while his horse is making a flying circuit within gun-shot distance of a Sioux war-party.

When St. Jo was laid out by the original settlers, each man was allotted not merely a portion of land sufficient for house and garden within the limits of the city, but also a farm fronting on the Pembina River, and therefore combining plenty of timber with the rich prairie land. Few of these farms, however, are cultivated. The people of St. Jo, like the French half-breeds of Red River, are buffalo-hunters by profession.

In the early spring their work begins. Before the snow is off the ground those who are intending to go out in the first summer hunts begin to look about after their horses and carts and cart-oxen. If they have no horses, they buy or hire them. If they have no carts, they set to work to make them—*quisque sucæ cartæ faber est.* There are no mechanics among them. Such things as they can not buy of the English or American traders they make for themselves or go without; so that nearly every able-bodied man is a chair-maker, house-builder, blacksmith, or wagon-maker, as occasion demands. These carts thus made are, nevertheless, all of one pattern, and enough alike to have been machine-work. "Pembina buggy" is the honorary title which they receive from those who despair of otherwise making their jolts endurable—as one might call the stink-weed, rose. A wooden cart on two wheels is the simplest description of them. Wooden they are to the remotest parts. Leather linch-pins are not orthodox; and if the heresy of iron boxes has to any extent prevailed, it is only because imported from St. Paul. The felloes are wide and never tired. The hub is huge, and sometimes indulged with a girdle of raw buffalo hide, nailed on when wet and shrinking tight. There is a neat fence high as the wheel on each side of the cart body, and the wheels themselves are large and enormously dished. For from five to ten dollars apiece you may buy any number of these carts, so cheap is labor. Twelve hundred pounds can be piled into them on good roads; and even where there is a slough at every half-mile, and a corduroy road the rest of the way, they carry seven hundred pounds without often breaking. The draught animals are oxen almost exclusively, and these have harnesses of raw hides, of a primitive cut and of an infinite endurance. With as many carts as he can afford, and at least one fast buffalo-horse, with a gun of the Northwest pattern (price $8 wholesale), and a full powder-horn and shot-pouch, the hunter is prepared to go to the plains.

But he never goes alone. He and his friends and neighbors make up a brigade—large or small, it is called a brigade; and the brigade is a traveling town sometimes—men and women, horses, oxen, dogs, and carts, tents, lodges, frying-pans,

ST. JOSEPH, FROM PEMBINA MOUNTAIN.

and all other housekeeping utensils that are portable, traveling together.

In last summer's hunt, for example, there were, in one brigade alone, 400 men carrying arms, 800 women and children, 800 horses, 500 oxen, 1000 carts, about 200 train-dogs, and as many more mongrel curs. The wants of these people are simple and few, and about as easily supplied on the prairie as in the settlements. As for the animals, herbivorous, they live on grass and water; carnivorous, they live on meat and water. The brigade deserves the name of a traveling community for another reason. They subject themselves to a code of laws on the prairie even more rigid than those in force at home. The latter end of June is the time of starting for the summer hunt, of August for the fall hunt.

A large camp of half-breeds on their way to the plains is a sight to be seen. Their dress is picturesque. Men and women both wear moccasins worked with gaudy beads. The men's trowsers are generally of corduroy or Canada blue, and their coats of the Canadian pattern, with large brass buttons, and a hood hanging between the shoulders. A jaunty cap surmounts the head, often of blue cloth, but sometimes of an otter or badger skin; and, whether with the coat or without it, a gay sash is always worn around the waist, the bright tassels hanging down the left hip. Into this are thrust the buffalo-knife behind, and the fire-bag at the right side.

Although it was not until the writer's return, with two friends and a couple of half-breed guides and servants, by Turtle Mount and Devil's Lake, that he passed through the great buffalo ranges where the brigades always hunt, it is better to give the particulars of one of their chases, the pemmican making, etc., in this connection than to defer it to its proper chronological place.

Women, boys, and the supernumeraries of the brigade drive the carts, each one taking charge of two or three, and passing his or her time in belaboring the forward ox, and yelling to the hinder ones as they lag in the march. The hunters are mounted on fine horses, and relieve the tedium of the slow, wearisome travel with an occasional scamper after a badger seen scrambling to his hole; or a shot at a gray wolf, disturbed in his lurking-place in the long rushes of some deep marsh through which the train passes. Some of the hunters keep at a considerable distance from the train, on the look-out for buffalo and signs of hostile Indians. If the latter are near, the train divides into three sections, and travel in parallel lines.

The lowering and raising of the flag on the foremost cart is the sign to halt or start. At night they gather in a circle called a corral, where the carts are ranged side by side, with the shafts turned toward the centre of the circle, where the lodges and tents are raised, and the camp-fires made. The drudgery of the camp is performed by the half-breed women. When the train is in motion every separate wheel on every cart has its peculiar shriek. In camp these are silent; but Babel is continued by all voices, each with its peculiar shrillness or vehemence of language, by the barkings of all the dogs, compassing every chromatic of the canine gamut, by the lowing of the oxen and the whinnying of horses, rolling and kicking up their heels in the grass. But in the midst of it all matters are going on, fires lighted, water boiling, potatoes cooking, pemmican frying, and bread baking; and before sunset supper is ready in most of the messes. After supper the pipe.

As the twilight deepens into dark, all the animals are brought into the inclosure made by the carts, and picketed there, the buffalo-runners receiving especial care; and the watch begins to control the camp. Numbers linger about the camp-fires, smoking and telling stories of buffalo-hunts, or listening to some older man as he recounts the early distresses of the colonists, the wars of the Northwest and Hudson's Bay Company, the long journey to Prairie du Chien for food and seeds, or some attack of the Sioux upon the hunters in a previous year. But before the light has entirely died out in the western sky all are wrapped in their blankets or robes—the sweet odor of kinnic-kinnic lingering in the air—and the low voices of the watchmen are interrupted only by the long howlings of distant wolves—long and exultant, sometimes, as if conscious that they are about to begin their annual feast upon the carcasses of buffalo.

Early in the morning, before sunrise, in the cold gray dawn, dew dabbling every spear of grass, the flags are raised, and at the sign, and sound of the horn sleepers rouse, the tents and lodges are struck by the women, the oxen harnessed into the carts and horses saddled by the men. The horn again sounds and the carts fall into line, and the hunters mount and the train is in motion. After about two hours of brisk travel the train halts an hour and a half for breakfast, and then pushes on again till the order is given to halt for dinner.

During the early part of the day which is to be described, no large herds had been seen; but all were in anxious expectation of falling in with one before the day ended, so frequent were the signs of their presence in the numerous trails—the fresh dung and the trampled grass in all the marshes looking like innumerable heaps of green jackstraws.

Just as the leader was sounding the horn which was the order to "catch up the horses," a rider was seen galloping at full speed down the hither side of a hill by which he had been hid from sight on the rolling prairie. All knew the message he had to bring before hearing it from his lips. He had seen a herd of hundreds steadily pushing their way over the prairie toward the northeast, just beyond a high ridge which was the limit of sight in the direction the brigade was then traveling—nearly due south. The oxen that had been harnessed were again loosed, all the buffalo-runners saddled, and every hunter eagerly examined his gun and ammunition. The horses too knew what was in the wind; and the more

high-spirited ones among them, which had been trained to the hunt, stood shivering with excitement, snuffing the air, and pawing the ground with their hoofs, needing a man's strength to hold them in. All the able-bodied men were speedily armed and accoutred, their superfluous clothing thrown off, sashes tied tighter, and girths buckled a hole or two higher, and, in less than five minutes from the time the rider had got to camp, the leader had given the order to advance, and more than three hundred horsemen were steadily trotting southward in the direction of the herd. In a few moments they had reached a point where the ground began to rise gently to the height of the low ridge on the top of which they would be visible to the herd. Here all drew rein, while the leader, with one or two of the older hunters, dismounted and crept along up the slope to reconnoitre, observe the progress of the herd and the lay of the land, in order to determine from which direction the charge had better be made. There was little time to be lost; the buffalo were already opposite the hunters, and the old bulls ahead might, at any moment, take a trail leading over the ridge and in full sight of the train. A moment's glance told experienced eyes, peering through the tops of the long green grass, that the ground toward which they were moving was a rolling prairie with abrupt ascents and descents, and therefore full of badger-holes, dangerous alike to the horse and his rider, while the ground which they had just passed over was very nearly level, with here and there a marsh, and fenced in, so to speak, by the stream which ran hither and thither, and wound around by the dinner camp-ground. Hastening down the slope and remounting their horses, a few quick, low words from the leader explained the order of the charge. A dozen or more of the fleetest runners were sent to the westward around the ridge to head the herd and start them back. The rest of the hunters gathered under its edge *arrectis auribus*. The ruse was successful. The dozen hunters coming boldly into sight directly in their path, and spreading out slowly to the right and left without chasing them, and the favorable nature of the ground, making it harder for them to go to the one side or the other than backward, turned them almost in their tracks. The herd was not so large but that very many of the buffaloes could see the hunters. The sage and long-bearded veterans who had led them stopped, were crowded ahead a few yards by the pressure of those behind, and then all were huddling together, cows and calves in the centre, and the bulls crowding around, until the leaders broke through and led off at a steady gallop on the back track. This was the critical moment. The dozen hunters shouted at the tops of their lungs, and settled into a steady gallop on their trail. The three hundred and fifty horsemen came flying over the ridge and down its slope in full pursuit, and in front of them all, not a quarter of a mile away, a herd of near a thousand buffaloes in headlong flight, tails out, heads down, and nostrils red and flaring. For the first few hundred yards the chase was "nip and tuck." The buffaloes were doing their best possible, as they always can at the beginning of a chase, and the horses had not so good ground, and were hardly settled down to their work. But soon the tremendous strides of the buffalo-runners began to tell in the chase, and the heavy headlong and forehanded leap of the buffalo to grow just perceptibly slacker. One after another the swiftest of the runners caught up to the herd, and soon hunters and hunted were one indistinguishable mass thundering over the plain. The green sward is torn up, clouds of dust arise, swift shots like volleys of musketry buffet the air, the hunters fly along with loosened rein, trusting to their horses to clear the badger holes that here and there break the ground, and to keep their own flanks and the rider's legs from the horns of the buffaloes by whom they must pass to get alongside the fat and swifter cow singled out for prey. And still they keep up this tremendous gait, flying buffalo and pursuing horsemen. As fast as one fires he draws the plug of his powder-horn with his teeth, pours in a hasty charge, takes one from his mouthful of wet bullets and drops it without wadding or rammer upon the powder, settles it with a blow against the saddle, keeps the muzzle lifted till he is close to his game, then lowers and fires in the same instant without an aim, the muzzle of the gun often grazing the shaggy monster's side; then leaning off, his horse wheels away, and loading as he flies, he spurs on in chase of another, and another, and another; and in like manner the three hundred of them. One after one the buffaloes lagged behind, staggered, and fell, at first singly and then by scores, till in a few moments the whole herd was slain save only a few old bulls not worth the killing, which were suffered to gallop safely away. One after one the hunters drew rein, and dismounting from their drenched horses, walked back through the heaps of dead buffalo and the puddles of blood, singling out of the hundreds dead with unerring certainty the ones they had shot. Not a dispute arose among the hunters as to the ownership of any buffalo killed. To a novice in the hunt they all looked alike, differenced only by size and sex, and the plain on which all were lying was in each square rod the fac-simile of every other square. The novices had thrown on their killed a sash or coat or knife-sheath; but the best hunters had no need of this. To their keen eyes no two rods were alike, and they could trace their course as easily as if only four and not thousands of hoofs had torn the plain.

The carts driven by the women come up, knives are drawn, and with marvelous dexterity the shaggy skins are stripped off, the great, bloody frame divided, huge bones and quivering flesh, all cut into pieces of portable size, the carts loaded, and by sunset all are on their way to camp.

At St. Jo all our plans underwent a change. It became clear that the leader of the expedition

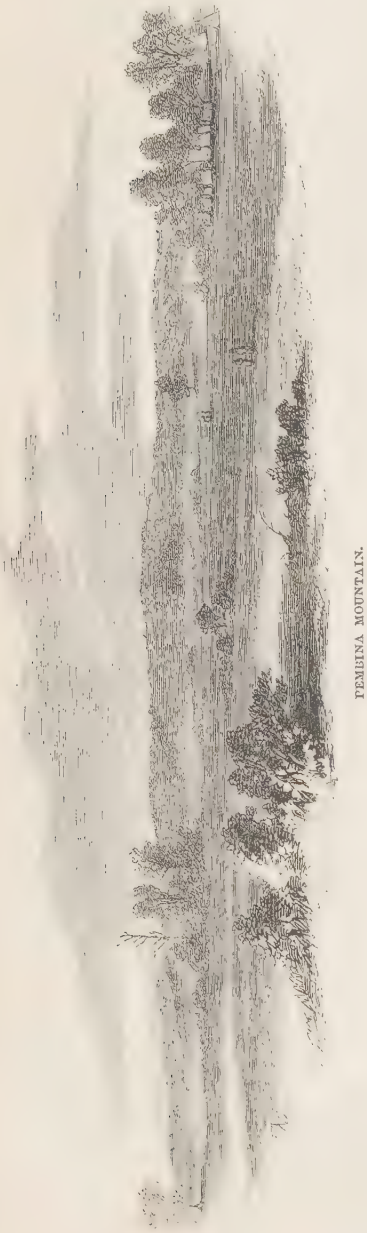
could never justify the "lofty and high sounding phrases of his manifesto," and that it was even doubtful if we should be able to get through the mountains before snow fall, to say nothing of returning overland. One of the scientific gentlemen returned to St. Paul from St. Jo by private conveyance. Another left the expedition at the same place, preferring to go to the Selkirk Settlement. There remained only our one geologist and botanist to represent science, the through passengers for Fraser River, the leader, and Joseph and I. Our horses were growing lean, excepting only tough, lazy, imperturbable Dan Rice. Joseph parted with tears from Lady Mary, exchanging her for a light Indian pony, to whose education he henceforth devoted all his leisure. We obtained at St. Jo a half-breed attendant, determining to be the masters of our own movements, and planning to go as far as possible with the expedition, and return through the buffalo-ranges and by Devil's Lake, and the Sioux country to Pembina, by the first of September, ending our tour with a visit to the Selkirk Settlement, and an overland journey thence, southwest, to Crow Wing and home. This we did.

"Joe" was the patronymic of our French half-breed attendant; by no means Saint Joe. Tall, muscular, with long black hair and the mandibles of an alligator, he yet walked in a lame, clumsy way, and wore shoes instead of moccasins. Both his feet had been frozen, and of one all the toes, and of the other half the metacarpal bones also, had been amputated. He was hunting buffalo with a dog-train, the dogs ran away and left him alone in the snow, where for ten days he lived, and nights he slept, without food by day or blankets by night: on the last day rescued by Indians, who found him insensible and nearly frozen to death. His work was only to take care of our horses and mules, fetch wood and water, help the cook, and drive the carts. A sinister look in the eye was the index to the rascally part of him. For three or four days he was the best of new brooms; from that time forth he began to shirk his work, finally even shamming crazy and playing the deuce with our time and attention, till we had driven him out of his lunacy into a genuine but ignominious stupidity equally fatal to our interests. It was more than the fellow was worth to cart his one hundred and seventy pounds along with us. But of all this we could suspect nothing when we hired him—so polite was the rascal, so handy at mending an old cart which had nonplused our metropolitan fingers, so guileless in his speech. We hired him for, I forget how much, a month, and the next morning after the bargain was struck began to pay for the whistle. He must have pemmican, and flour, and tea to leave with his wife, who was soon to be confined, and then some cloth for his shirts, and then a pair of shoes, and then would "my master" please to give Joe a sovereign to buy wine for his poor wife, and "my master" wouldn't think that Joe could leave no money with his wife; and so it came to pass that, with his necessities and his wheedling, he obtained more than his wages before he began his work. This sort of credit system, however, is usual among the half-breeds. Like the Indians they pass their lives in paying their debts, and have to be trusted with the means of enabling them to do it.

Michelle Klein, our faithful guide and cook, was a better than average specimen of the half-breed. More than fifty years old, he was yet as active as a boy, and light-hearted as a girl. By virtue of those qualities which are always rare in any party of men, early in the morning, during rain-storms or when cattle have strayed, he became a kind of privileged character, was permitted to joke with all, and the one to whom all jokes were addressed, not worth an English coat but put in tattered French. He had lived his present life of voyageur, hunter, guide, etc., for thirty or forty years, and was accomplished in it. He had been a guide in the passes of the Rocky Mountains, north of the Kootonais Pass, for twelve years, and his knowledge of that region, and of the valley of Fraser River, and of the Saskatchewan, and Assiniboine was his capital. Poplar groves, low sand-hills, and marshes, which the ordinary observer seems to see the duplicates of a thousand times in one month's travel, were to him as separate and distinct as if the whole country had been mapped with minute topography. He never failed to notice the tracks over barren places that we crossed, buffalo, elk, antelope, or human footprints; and the breath of smoke beyond the farthest purple hills, light and evanescent as any summer cloud, he would at once distinguish, camp-fire, or prairie-fire. A good shot, as it was well for one to be who had gone many a month with only a rifle and blanket between him and every fatal possibility, he didn't mind a ducking for a small bird on the coldest day. He knew the times and seasons for all the game in the valleys or on the prairie. In nothing more than his views of astronomy did he show how completely the people of Red River have been shut out from the rest of the world. Indeed he represented not only the manners and customs of more than half a century ago, but for his theory of the heavens and earth he went behind Kepler. He believed that the sun revolves around the earth as it appears to do; conceived the earth as one great plain, this side the only one buttered with a population, and merrily laughed at the idea of going westward till the west is east and returning so to the place of beginning. His arguments were those of the Pope and the persecutors of Galileo. The water would drop out of the rivers and lakes and sea if they were turned the upside down, and as for the immense plain on which we live, why, it rests on an elephant, and the elephant stands on the back of a tortoise, and the tortoise on a snake, and the snake has a kink in his convolutions which gives him a purchase whereby he holds up all.

From St. Jo our course was northwest, a direction which led us along over the prairie at the foot of Pembina Mountain for two days and then

across it. Pembina Mountain is 210 feet high. In fact it is no mountain at all, nor yet a hill, but only a terrace of table-land, the ancient shore of a great body of water which once filled the whole of the Red River Valley. The summit is quite level, and extends so for five miles westward, to another terrace level with the buffalo plains which stretch on to the Missouri. The same terrace may be traced northward, and south to the high land near the head of the Sheyenne River and Devil's Lake. Of the prairie country beyond, and of the Red River generally, our observations confirmed the truth of Owen's statement, that the limestones of the Red River form the basis of a large portion of it. They are highly magnesian, having 17 to 40 per cent. of alkaline earth.



PEMBINA MOUNTAIN.

Another of these Nature's steps from a lower to a higher level may be traced from Turtle Mount on the 49th parallel to the banks of Swan River, in 52° 30′, and even around to Basqua Hill, says Sir George Simpson, on the waters of the lower Saskatchewan. Like Pembina Mountain, this ridge, whose sand-hills we afterward crossed, was once the shore of a vast inland sea. When its height determined the boundary of the great body of waters, not only the Red River Valley, but also Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Winnipegoos, with many of their feeders, were themselves ingulfed. The largest of the three great fragments of the primeval sheet of waters, viz., Lake Winnipeg, still continues to retire from its western side and to encroach on its eastern bank.

Our first camping-place was in a cluster of beautiful oak groves, from which, at four or five miles' distance, we had this view of the Pembina Mountain plateau.

Here we began a more careful watch. At night the man on guard put out the camp-fires as soon as all had retired, allowed the smudges to smoke but not blaze, lit his pipe behind his hat, and, in short, "kept shady." But even danger in time became commonplace.

Crossing the Pembina Mountain, the views of distant prairies, lakes, streams, woods, the glimpses which we caught of the nearer valleys, and the brooks which ran down them through sunny and shady places, an abrupt wild cliff, with here and there granite and limestone boulders tumbled about on clayey shale, tinged with iron like the redness of the autumn leaves, the richness of the green grass, the strength and youth of the green leaves, filled the day with beauty.

Of every day the beginning was a sunrise and the ending a sunset, with the whole round arch of heaven for the great display. Shut up in cities we never see all their beauty, the wonder of every new day, and the miracle of the closing night. Looking out of a window, or down a street, we catch at the end of the vista a framed glimpse of brilliant coloring, but the whole large effect in the wide circle of the heavens we utterly miss; the more delicate but not less beautiful change of colors behind, on either side and overhead; the grand tidal flow of light descending or of shade arising in the horizon opposite the sun; the infinitely various tinting of its clouds, which no succeeding second leaves the same; its tender neutral tints, the cool grays, and the deeper blue; and over all, perhaps, as the sun goes down, a flaming dome of red.

The next day, at high noon, we scared up our first elk. He saw us when we were half a mile away, and rushed from the poplar grove which we were heading for to a more distant one at a

rate setting our weary horse-flesh at defiance. But the prospect of killing an elk was no more to be resisted than the glimpse of office flashed upon a hopeless nominee; and so half a dozen of us capped our rifles and cantered along in the track of his great leaps, faintly hoping to surround him in some of the poplar clumps, till we saw him shake his antlers proudly and plunge into an alder swamp two or three miles away, after which we cantered back again. That night our mosquito and gnat miseries culminated. Alkaline water in the swamps by which we had camped ruined the flavor of our tea, and gave all our horses and mules what Joseph called "an elementary canal enlargement."

Speaking of mules reminds me of a scurvy trick my mule played me in return for considerate kindness. One day I noticed that Mule's shoulder was getting sore, and therefore put Dan Rice in the cart and saddled his successor. Out of respect to a fraternal affection, rare among human brutes, I refrain from mentioning his indisposition to go before or remain far behind the train. Sixty musical clefs would not hold in their bars the notes of his bellowing. But presently strawberries, red and ripe, tempted me off his back. Essaying to remount Mule, into whom must have transmigrated the crazy soul of some defunct geometer, he suddenly seemed to behold in me his centre, conceived himself a radius, and proposed to pass the rest of his life in describing a complimentary circumference, his tail doing the tangents. Whirling away a half hour thus, my patience became Rarey-fied, and I made a desperate leap for his back, caught one toe in the stirrup, and so began a half-mile gallop, outdoing circus Mazeppas. In time, this became tedious, and I jumped off, lighting on all-fours, and happily preserving the integrity of my meerschaum, mother Earth receiving me in her green lap.

No one saw my mishap; but I trudged along quietly after the vanishing ass, and in an hour or two overtook the train and him. Experience had made me wiser. Reviving forgotten high-bar gymnastics, I got him where he could not turn, and leaped square into the saddle. Then, for six or eight miles, spurs, bit, and I fought Mule, his heels and his vices, and helped him conquer them. Poor brute! on our return he fell sick. We dragged him along behind the cart for a day or two, and since he got no better, but only worse, and could hardly walk, we left him on the open prairie, cutting a heap of green grass for his bed and board, clipping his ear for a property-mark, and praying that the wolves might spare him. Good old mule! you served us well, and I couldn't help choking at the throat as I caught the last glimpse of your long neck stretched out as you lay there, loth to believe that we would desert you. If the "stern reader" derides my grief, O dead ass, you shall not meet again! Oh for the Mustang Horse Liniment that might have spared us all!

I forgot to say that we used to rest in camp one day in seven, Sunday the day, as often as was possible. Then our trowsers and morals were mended, or, at least, patched up to appear a little better, the emigrants greased afresh their cart-wheels and their good resolutions, and washed

PRAIRIE FIRE.

MOUSE RIVER.

away their sweat in the nearest river or lake. The man of science divided his time between Paul's Epistles and the compound microscope, and gave us lectures from the latter, which helped our exegesis of the former, giving us wiser eyes to see the wonderful works of God. Another polished the hand mirror in which he was accustomed to view, in his opinion, the best specimen of the "noblest work." Joseph and I indulged in a theological disputation, and all of us ended the day generally by gathering about the camp-fire after supper and singing Old Hundred, Balerma, Dundee, Ward, and other tunes of that sort.

On the first of August we crossed a valley called by Michelle, our guide, La Belle Vallée. Its appearance was like the deserted channel of a beautiful river, such as the Upper Mississippi would be if its waters had passed away and seas of long green grass filled their place.

Mound Prairie, a plain dotted here and there with mounds too few to make a rolling prairie of it, and with one regular cone-shaped and higher mound in the centre, giving it its name, was just beyond La Belle Vallée. The next day, from the last of a range of high hills, to which Joseph and I galloped, away from the train, we caught sight, for the first time, of the faint blue line in the northern horizon which marked the course of the Assiniboine. At the west were the range of low hills beyond which, said Michelle, was the Mouse River. Between were innumerable lakes—some salt and some fresh—shallow ones fringed with green or black rushes, and deep ones wooded to the banks, with dark shadows underneath, or surrounded by green slopes, and reflecting the whole blue of heaven. Away to the right was a column of smoke, where the careless dropping of a match had set the prairie on fire. Mouse River ran along within a mile of our camping-ground that night; and the next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Joseph and I hurried on to its banks.

There was every variety of color in the beautiful landscape which met our eyes; brilliant prairie flowers in the foreground, or growing in the débris tumbled down from the bluff on which we sat. The trees, down upon whose tops we looked—as flying birds see forests—the rushes and ranker grass near the river's margin, the exquisite cool grays of the sandy beach defined in such graceful curves by the brilliant blue reflected from the water, the thick verdurous underbrush, here and there sentineled by stately trees,

which covered the plain beyond the river; the lighter green upon the long level meadow seen at the right of the river in the sketch, with troops of shadows chasing each other over its surface; and far beyond—miles away—the dark brown of the opposite cliffs, and the faint, hazy blue of hills in the extremest distance.

As I sat, trying to put on paper the briefest outline memoranda to recall this splendid landscape, a large gray eagle came sailing along the air, and hovered high above us. I fired with my rifle and hit him, knocking out a few tail-feathers; but not fatally, for he only tumbled, fluttering three or four times his own wing-spread, and then, as if more scared than hurt, recovered himself and flew off into upper air. Afterward we saw him hanging over the river; a strong breeze was blowing, but, without an apparent stroke of his pinions, he kept himself steadily poised and balanced in the same spot, head bent looking downward, and body level.

Here, too, after a long chase and considerable "circumvention," we shot at the first antelopes seen by us. Their quick, long jumps took them out of rifle-range too soon to give us a second chance.

These were our most delightful days. The nights were pleasantly cool, and we slept well despite the mosquitoes. The days were full of enjoyment, each one rewarding our labor of travel with some new beauty of landscape or of sky, some hidden beauty under our feet. The horses jogged comfortably along, their hoofs now and then crushing heaps of cacti, which reminded us of Southern deserts and torrid heats, the comparison cooling us; or the cart-wheels, as we drove through and among the clumps of white poplar and spotted alder, sinking into the elastic carpet of running cedar and trailing arbutus. In such places Joseph and I dismounted as quickly as if the odorous carpet was from the loom which wove the carpet of the Arabian Prince; and there—happy as princes ought to be, but never are—we whiled away the summer afternoons till long shadows warned us to hurry on after the train, Joseph reading Tennyson and Bryant, whom he carried in blue and gold; the tones of his voice or the scratch of my pencil never frightening the trustful brown-birds that hopped about us, not afraid sometimes to skip on an extended foot or arm, where they stood and chirped and cocked their tiny heads this way and that, but

FORT ELLICE.

never whispered the wise things and the secrets which they might have told. Sand-hill cranes—huge birds, delicious to eat, and worth creeping a hundred rods to shoot—would start from many hollows as we came up over the nearest hill, and we could see their ungainly majesties putting on airs and stalking about on the top of distant sand-hills, taking care to fly before we were within rifle-shot, and mocking us with their clanging cry till their white, van-like wings were faint white specks in the distant air.

Monday, the 8th of August, we camped near a knoll whence the Assiniboine and the tributaries of Qu'Appelle River were both visible. Fort Ellice, to which we were journeying, was two or three miles this side of the junction of these two rivers. Our leader had persisted that we were going too far north to strike the fort; and a few days before had become so convinced that his own practiced ignorance was superior to the guide's uneducated knowledge (for Michelle had been so stupid as to travel all over the country without any compass save the sun in bright days, and the compass-weed in cloudy ones), that he had ordered our line of direction to be changed more to the west. As a consequence, the next day we had to return to the northeast—losing one or two days' travel—to strike the fort; and found, when there, that the scape-graces heretofore mentioned, who had traveled over the two sides of the right-angled triangle whose hypothenuse we described, had passed two or three days before—though, to be sure, we had had science and a fearful amount of experience in our aid; and they had stupidly followed their noses and the advice of those who, like Michelle, had been over the road.

Early the next morning we struck the hunters' trail from Fort Ellice (S.W.) to Moosehead Mountain, and galloped our horses in its ruts for miles in a frenzy of delight. It was the road which led to London and Paris and New York, and all the centres of civilization and wealth and knowledge in the world. For days and days we had gone pathless; but here was a trail, and all along its triple tracks—miles away, to be sure—were lying the beauties and the wonders of the world, and home and friends.

On we galloped, homeward, for a dozen miles or so, Joseph and I, and got to Fort Ellice an hour or two before the train, and just in time to escape a thorough wetting in a heavy thunderstorm. All about the stockades were Indian lodges, and crowds of the copper-colored Hiawathas came out to see us. Villainous vermillion, lamp-black, and yellow-ochre disfigured their earthly habitations with hideous symbols, among which appeared some repulsive representations of the Deity; and vermillion, lamp-black, and yellow-ochre disfigured also the tenements in which their half-starved souls were housed. The rain fell faster, and we hurried into the inclosure of the fort, gave our horses to one of the half-breed attendants standing about, and carried our saddle-bags into the main room of the house occupied by the trader in charge, Mr. William M'Kay. He soon came in, dripping with rain, and welcomed his unexpected guests in the friendliest way. Disappearing for a few moments in one of the family rooms which opened into this main hall on either side, he presently came out in dry clothes, with pipes and tobacco—kinnic-kinnic and dried winter-green leaves for our smoking—and we drew our chairs up for an exchange of news and information. Presently dinner was served, and we sat down to fresh buffalo-steaks, hot bread, rice-pudding, strawberry-pie, and hyson tea well decocted. The table was of plain wood, painted a greenish-brown, and the chairs—heavy oak, high-backed, and substantial—were made by half-breeds, and the Belgian giant might have sat upon them with impunity. The hospitality with which we were entertained here was one of the pleasantest incidents of our journey; and it is to the Hudson's Bay Company's credit that they so carefully select men who possess both the *suaviter in modo* to the passing traveler, and the *Zouaviter in modo* to scape-grace Indians. While we were at dinner one of Mr. M'Kay's Indian retainers sat on the floor in the adjoining apartment, and devoured his buffalo-steak as happily as if happy to sit below the salt; and his half-breed wife waited upon her lord's guests at table. Mr. M'Kay was born in the country, however, and had never been nearer civilization than Red River, his father having served the Company before him.

The Qu'Appelle, or Calling River, is the principal tributary of the Assiniboine River; which, in its turn, is the principal tributary of Red River. It enters from the west, a few miles above the great south bend of the Assiniboine, and just at Fort Ellice. It is the river whose head-waters are linked to the head-waters of a considerable tributary of the great Saskatchewan; and an English engineer has proposed to dig a canal connecting the two, in order to turn the waters of the south branch of the Saskatchewan into the Qu'Appelle and Assiniboine, so enlarging those streams as to make them navigable at all seasons of the year; and thus, by avoiding the great rapids at the mouth of the Saskatchewan, to create a shorter, straighter, and unobstructed channel from Red River Settlement to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The cut would certainly not be so expensive as the Erie Canal; and when the inducements are as great as those which aided that project, doubtless another De Witt Clinton will be born.

We staid for several days at the fort; and one of our day's tramps in the vicinity was to the junction of the Qu'Appelle and the Assiniboine—a view worth all the work it cost us.

For three or four miles we followed the winding trail through beautiful groves, here and there broken up by lakes and ponds covered with ducks, and at last came to a long descent through a magnificent forest of poplars. The daylight was sifted through the dense foliage overhead into cool shadows, and on every side the beautiful gray trunks environed us, shutting out all glimps-

JUNCTION OF THE ASSINIBOINE AND QU'APPELLE RIVERS.

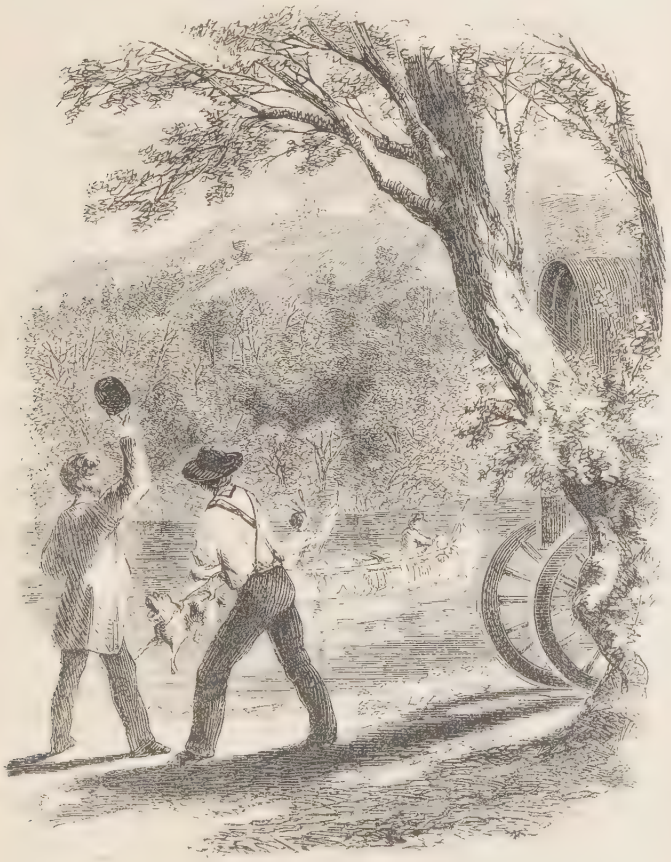
es of the outer world. At every few rods we scared away a flock of pigeons that went whirring through the leaves and branches. At the foot of the bluff was the Qu'Appelle, which we struck a mile or two from its mouth. Tying the horses, we paddled over on a few planks loosely tinkered together, and pushing through the forest, which nearly covered the bottom land, came at last in full view of a splendid bluff, higher than Bunker Hill Monument, and looking like a huge fortification which Milton's angels might have built after the great combat. There is nothing at the East like the grand view from this high bluff. We could trace the windings of either river by the giant embankments which confined their waters. Here and there we beheld broad stretches of water where it widened out, sweeping broadly and indolently around some projecting point, or caught brilliant glimpses of its narrower channels through the thick green tree-tops which we overlooked. Far off to either horizon the gorge winds hither and thither, the near bluffs flanked successively by the more distant ones, a deeper color or a dimmer haze indicating the junction of some tributary stream, the vast expanse of green tree-tops checkered by the shadows of passing clouds. An eagle drifted down the air miles away, and flocks of pigeons were winging their short swift flights from the summit of one poplar grove to another, in their flight overlooking all this wide expanse, and then suddenly sinking through the leaves out of the warm air and bright heaven of sunlight into the cool shadows of the forest.

The point where the rivers met was in the low bottom land between the bluffs, three miles away from where we stood, and after wandering about the bluffs for miles up and down to get the finest views, we laid our course for that. Through sand plains, where an Indian had trudged along before us, digging with his tipsini-stick, and leaving the track of his moccasins with toes turned in, one foot straight before the other, we laboriously plodded. Little spires of grass, two or three spears in each, came up through the sand, and around every one circles were traced, where the wind, sweeping through the hollow, had bent their tips to the ground—circles as perfect as the Italian drew and thought it proved he could build a cathedral. Between the clumps of poplar, further on, our path was paved with a more beautiful Mosaic than any in cathedral

aisles. The lines were drawn in the deepest green, vines of running cedar, and the interspaces filled with an elastic carpet of grayish red sand or a pale gray moss of the loveliest tint. Wading then through six or eight hundred yards of marsh-rushes high as our shoulders, and then plunging into and through a half mile of the thickest underbrush, stumbling over fallen trees, and tearing our corduroys among the dense and tangled thorn-brakes where was scarcely a square foot of empty air, suddenly we came upon the point of land which marked the junction of the rivers. Indians in their canoes and traders in their batteaux have passed it many times; but not this century has it been seen from that point, surely, by any other eyes than ours.

The bank where we stood was nearly perpendicular, the tree roots projecting its top ten feet above the water. Opposite, the bank was of shelving sand. There was as much water in the Assiniboine above the junction as in the Minnesota at the same season of the year. The sand-banks and bars, strewn with broken fragments of trees and other débris, and the concavities in the low banks, proved the recurrence of spring overflows. Both the Assiniboine and the Qu'Appelle were turbid, but not so much so as Red River. The Assiniboine had the lightest and swiftest current, the Qu'Appelle the largest and deepest.

Returning to camp by the cool purple light of a sunset sky, we heard as we neared the tents, which were pitched half a mile from the fort, the Indians who were camped about the stockades, singing, beating their drums, and dancing the war-dance. They were a small war-party just returned from an expedition against the Sioux, and brought back as their trophies a scalp dried and stretched upon a hoop and a human hand. Their monotonous thumps upon the drums divided and measured the silence, and presently the hideous chanting of the men, alternating with the softer antiphone of the women and children, broke upon the air. As we approached the fort the scene was more plainly visible. The red camp-fire lighted up their skin lodges and the tall stockades, and made more impenetrable the thick darkness of the ravine through which Beaver Creek ran, nearly two hundred feet below. This scalp dance they keep up for the victory with faces joyfully black, every night and morning till the snow falls, the women joining the dance, and the little children, naked coppers that can barely toddle, taught to whet their puny passions into the fierceness of adult hate and revenge as faithfully as we teach the little ones we love to fold their hands, close their eyes, and pray night and morning to "Our Father in heaven." A woman danced and beat with her hands this fresh scalp, and a little child mocked its elders with the bloody white hand dangling from its neck.



PARTING WITH THE DOCTOR.

The Indians passed their days in gambling mainly, the squaws in making moccasins. At the risk of adding to our traveling population we passed an afternoon in their lodges, introducing ourselves to their good graces with tobacco. In one tent a dozen of the dirty tribe were playing poker with greasy cards; bullets the stakes. A wrinkled old hag joined them, as loud-mouthed certainly, and as filthy

of manner and speech—so our interpreter said—as any of them. In another lodge two of the women were sewing moccasins and playing with their babies triced up in their standing cradles. The men dawdled or played cards, and raced horses, or set their dogs on a young buffalo-heifer owned at the fort, or hung around our tents watching all our motions, and trying to get a chance to steal even an old nail; the women only worked. And whoever undertakes the civilization of these savages must begin with the women, if he would ever see any fruit of his labors.

Dr. C. L. Anderson, our geologist and botanist, left us here to descend the Assiniboine to Fort Garry in a birch canoe, with a single Indian guide, who could not speak a word of English. Two of us carried his canoe and traps in a wagon down to the river where he was to begin his journey, and saw him safely loaded and embarked. The Doctor had been our consulting scientific dictionary; and we regretted only the loss of his society more than the privation of looking upon nature, bays and breezes, rocks, strata, alluvial deposits, temperatures, isothermals and plants, cryptogamous and other, alone, and with very unscientific eyes. Besides, he took his microscope away with him, and so shut up the door to one of our two Infinites, though, to be sure, it didn't require a microscope to unvail the infinite littleness of some things which he left behind him. Lacking a shoe to throw after the Doctor for luck, Joseph took the biggest of two fighting dogs that had followed our wagon and pitched him into the middle of the river as the Indian paddled away down the stream, his charge hardly daring to look over his shoulder for fear of upsetting the canoe.

The same day our party broke up. The Fraser River boys had quite completed their outfits, and supplied the place of the leader of the expedition, who declined to go any further with them, with a guide familiar with the country, and who promised to put them well on their way for the Kootonais Pass before leaving them.

Joseph, whom they all loved, went on a few miles with them, and we who were now on our return journey, had to cut sticks and leave them in the trail slanting the way we had gone—an aid to the pilgrim's progress, which he stoutly resented when he caught up with us at nightfall. There is no report extant of those parting moments; but it has been conjectured that Joseph made them an affecting speech, in which it is to be hoped he dilated upon the superiority of instinct over the mariner's compass for the purposes of northwest explorers, and the great advantage to be gained in the long-run by making mules and horses travel in the summer months eight hours continuously, through the heat of the day, instead of in the cool of the morning and evening. If he did not, then the "frightful example" which we carried with us all summer failed to teach its proper lesson. One thing is certain, the little blue and gold copy of Bryant's Poems which had consoled us so far he gave to one of the emigrants, and if he keeps up his old habits of spouting, it is quite likely to prove untrue that the "Oregon hears no sound save his own dashings."

Our leader here traded off the tent, which several of the party had helped him to buy, for a young Buffalo cow, henceforth the companion of our journeyings. Our share in the cow was the amusement her antics afforded us, and the pleasure we enjoyed in having our daily rate of travel slackened for her benefit, about twenty per cent. "Jessie"—for that was her name—had an indisposition to keep her nose at a fixed distance from the ground, and also objected to having the chain, which held her to the tail-board of the Colonel's wagon, in contact with her bare skull. So on the first Sunday after leaving Fort Ellice we halted all day, and the great buffalo tamer constructed a pair of tongs and a ring, which, with infinite labor, he at last succeeded in getting into the cow's nose. She could not stand as much pulling on her Schneiderian membrane as upon her horns, and so was more tractable; but now and then she would butt the heavy loaded wagon out of the ruts with tremendous vigor, or, getting down on her knees, topple it over, or lie down herself and be pulled along by horns and nose in a shocking way. A little colt, that was under the protection of Joe and his mare, soon lost its first awe of the strange monster, and came to a realizing sense of the fact that the cow could not chase him very far, whatever her pretensions; and it was his especial delight to come galloping up at full speed behind the cow, and, wheeling within safe limits, kick up his heels at poor "Jessie," who, whether frightened or tormented, generally made the Colonel's seat an uneasy one for a few moments after.

The first day out we met a small party of plain hunters who reported twenty Sioux at Turtle Mountain, and one brigade of hunters returned to White Horse Plains. Of course we kept a closer watch, though the event proved it needless.

The blue, timber-skirted line of the Assiniboine was visible on our left for a day or two, and we crossed two of its small tributary streams in the first and second days' journey. The country had the same general character as that before described—a little more marshy, perhaps, but the same slightly rolling prairie land, with here and there poplar groves. Three or four days after leaving Fort Ellice, we noticed several prairie-fires on the horizon, and presently came upon the fresh tracks of Indians. They could hardly have been two hours before us, but fortunately our paths coincided only a little way.

On Wednesday, the 17th of August, about noon, we came upon our own old trail, by which we had gone needlessly so much to the west of Fort Ellice; then we were twenty, now but five. Following it backward, we nooned at a beautiful spot, between the range of sand-hills of which I have before spoken and a lake, where we had had a strawberry feast twelve days before. Not a berry remained. Leaving here the Moosehead

FORDING AT THE SAND-HILLS.

Mountain and Fort Garry trail for the open country, we traveled on, and before nightfall struck the Turtle Mountain trail, choosing a camp-ground just beyond Calumet or Pipe River (a tributary of the Assiniboine), which at this point was forty feet wide and about four feet deep.

Eight or ten miles from this camping-ground was Mouse River. On the north side of it were high sand-hills, some of them wooded to the top, and from their summits we had a magnificent view of the country in every direction.

These hills are a favorite camping-ground of the plain hunters. Deep, well-worn trails converge here from every direction, and the prairie, at the foot of the hills, is covered with the débris of old encampments, broken buffalo-bones, tufts of hair, frames for drying the meat preparatory to powdering it for pemmican, old moccasins, strips of calico, broken lodge poles, fragments of blue crockery of the Hudson's Bay Company pattern, and fire holes were dug in the earth at convenient intervals.

Fording the river in some rapids, where the water was about one hundred feet wide and from four to six feet deep, and pressing through the thick willow clumps and the oak groves which skirt the banks of the rim of the stream, we camped in a little hollow near the river where the ground was relieved against the sky within gunshot on every side except that toward the river.

While Joe was curing his lunacy by rigging "his masters" a mosquito net, Michelle and I rigged a couple of poles, and went for a string of fish. We caught a fine mess of white-fish, and, for aught I know, might have continued adding to the string till now. They bit very freely, and played splendidly. The meat was not unlike that of Connecticut River shad, though, if possible, more delicate, with fewer bones. The eagles and fish-hawks envied us our sport; for several of them circled in the air over our heads, and when we landed our prey, they often swooped low enough for us to have struck them with our lance-wood tips.

From this time till we reached Pembina Mountain, Michelle and Joe lived in constant fear of an attack of the Sioux, and the former always chose a camping-ground protected like the present one. For ourselves we had little fear, though we kept a careful watch; for we knew that all the warriors of that tribe had gone further south to a great treaty-making with our Indian agents, and for a few weeks our line of travel, however dangerous at any other time, was quite safe to a well-armed party like ours.

We had now entered upon the great buffalo ranges, and had not traveled ten miles before we saw a few bulls, six or eight miles to the east. I mounted Dan Rice and trotted slowly off in their direction, hoping to turn them toward the train, which kept steadily on its way. But while making my way through a piece of low marshy ground they got out of sight. Returning to the trail I met Joseph, who had remained behind to write up his journal. As we drew nearer to the train we saw the Colonel mount Fireaway, and canter off at a lively rate to the east, beckoning us to follow him. We put spurs to our horses and galloped on. He had seen a bull and calf de-

scending into a deep *coulée* for water, and following his directions, we beat it up for a few rods, until we met him returning from the opposite direction. While we stood there wondering what had become of the creatures, they broke cover far beyond us, and started over the prairie at a steady gallop, the calf taking the lead. We all joined the chase, though the prairie was full of badger-holes and the game small. The excitement and the hope of a good supper were too much to resist. Fireaway's tremendous leaps soon took him outside the animals and turned them toward us. By skillful riding the Colonel separated the calf, which ran like a young antelope, from the old bull, and, with one well-directed shot, which broke his back-bone just behind the skull, tumbled him to the ground, dead.

The old bull galloped away; but in the course of the afternoon the train came up to where he had halted, and Joseph, mounted on his light pony, Lady Jane, made a beautiful chase, and shot the fellow not ten rods from the trail. It was a barren triumph for Joseph, however; for the monster, though he had run so well and died game, had a hind-leg stiff with spavin, and besides had been badly gored, so that nothing of him was fit to eat save the tongue, which he would have spared to have kept Michelle's unruly member from wagging—Michelle, who knew a lame buffalo from a well one a thousand miles away.

Michelle dissected the calf with a dexterity which, if employed upon a human subject, would have insured him a Wood prize at the Bellevue Hospital, and for two days our larder was full.

Traveling as we were without a trail, the mariner's compass and the primitive intuitions of our leader again came in conflict. As it happened the latter conquered for a time, and so we were secured a visit to the great south bend of Mouse River and the Hare mountains, which, if we had followed Michelle's instructions and taken a bee-line from Fort Ellice to Turtle Mountain, we should never have seen. On the afternoon of the 19th, as we were journeying slowly along, Jessie, the buffalo-cow, trotting comfortably behind the Colonel's wagon, Joe bringing up the carts, Joseph and I jogging along on our horses; and Michelle far ahead on foot with his rifle, keeping to his direction of "south 60° east" around and over hills, down valleys and through marshes, as steadily as if electric currents had polarized him into perpetual fealty to that point of the compass, we began to discern from the high points of land high ridges at the east which seemed gradually rising higher and higher in a line about parallel with our course. These grew to mountains (or what are called such, in the absence of larger specimens) the next day. Joe, who had sworn to us that he had wintered at Turtle Mountain, thought it was that veritable peak which we now saw, although so much farther to the east than we had expected. Michelle preserved a discreet non-commitalism, asserting that from one point of view it did look like Turtle Mountain, and then again it didn't. His defense of his own remembrances had succeeded so poorly against primitive instincts in another case that he was not disposed to say too much. The Colonel con-

SOUTH BEND OF MOUSE RIVER.

cluded that it was Turtle Mountain, and that he had all along been in the right in urging Michelle to keep a course further to the east. So the train was turned to the north of east, and we pushed straight for the highest peak. By the middle of the afternoon we were near enough to see that a river and wide bottom lands intervened, and a half hour's steady canter brought us to the great South Bend of Mouse River.

We camped at the summit of one of the bluffs overlooking the bend, protected on the south also by a steep ravine, down which a little stream, that was almost a torrent, tore its way to the more secret places in the valley, where we could sit and watch the deer and antelopes as they came to drink.

On Sunday two or three of us crossed the great plateau, ascended Hare Mountain, and from its cold, windy top saw, away to the south, the long blue line of Turtle Mountain, made known to us, beyond a doubt, by the two blue and rounded arches rising out of it. Pembina Mountain, the course of Mouse River, our first fording-place by the sloping plateau, our second crossing-place near the sand-hills, Moosehead Mountain, Prospect Hill, and the fainter blue of the Assiniboine hills were all visible within the circle of the horizon; while far to the south, but full in sight, arose the clear blue line of the long-desired Turtle Mountain, crowned with its double peaks.

The day ended in rain. Joseph and the Colonel had returned to camp, leaving me with my sketch-book, Dan Rice, and rifle. A huge drop on the paper-pad was the first warning that the storm threatened all day had really come. Galloping to a grove of oaks, I kept dry under the trees and waited some hours for the rain to hold up; but the end was not yet. It was obviously inconvenient to remain there all night, and so a couple of hours before sunset I mounted Dan and set off for the camp.

We had to cross two small streams, and Dan desired to be excused from jumping from bank to bank, and so we spent a drenching hour searching up and down the banks for a place where he could descend gradually to the water. This fairly accomplished, we soon came to the foot of the great bluff on the top of which the train was encamped. Along its foot ran another stream, wooded for a quarter of a mile on either bank, and fordable in but one or two places.

In spite of the flapping leaves, the bedraggling boughs, the stumps in the way, the swamps in which Dan twenty times was bogged and lost two shoes, and the discouraging process of breaking a way to three different but alike unfordable places in the stream, at last I made my own way on foot through the underbrush to the stream, first tying Dan outside the wood, and then, by wading down stream, at last found a place where the bank shelved sufficiently, and the trees were few enough, to permit a horse's approach and crossing; and from this spot finally found a road to Dan, trusting to Providence to be able to get from the stream through the woods on the other side and so to camp.

There the Colonel was asleep inside his covered wagon, with which he had supplied the place of our tent—the only dry place within five hundred miles—and the two half-breeds were huddling under the carts. Self-sacrificing Joseph was rolled up in a heap of blankets, over which he had pathetically stretched our mosquito-net, and there he sat smoking a pipe, watching the streams running through the top and down its sides, and discoursing to himself upon the mutability of all human affairs — especially tents. Joseph gave me the half of his blankets, only stipulating that I should strip till I came to a dry surface. We divided our last morsel, a cold buffalo-tongue, and then submitted to the rain for the rest of the day, all night, and the next morning till nearly noon, by which time we were cuddling up together under the portion of the blanket yet preserved from the rain, which was a piece in its centre about the size of a half-dollar.

When the sun came out overhead at noon, and the rain ceased enough for us to light a fire and fry pancakes, happier mortals were never seen, the storm having demonstrated in British America the same truth as the pain in Socrates's shin, in old Greece, just before he drank hemlock and began his immortality.

The next day we crossed another half-breed's trail from Fort Garry to White Horse Plains, and numberless buffalo trails besides. These are wide and deep single tracks worn by the hoofs of buffalo, which, when migrating in small herds, if undisturbed, and if not feeding, always travel in single file. The marsh grass, into which they had gone for water, was trodden down, the dung was fresh, the tracks recent, and the places numerous where they had torn away the grass with their hoofs and rolled in the dirt to dislodge the flies. The reddish purple arch of Turtle Mountain was visible to us through the summer haze all the afternoon, rising higher and higher, the trees upon its sides hourly becoming more distinct, resolving themselves first into clumps and groves, then into single trees. The next day we reached it.

Turtle Mountain is only a high range of hills, heavily timbered, with beautiful prairies here and there dotted with groves stretching away from it on every side. It takes its name, of course, from its peculiar outline as it rises up out of the prairie. Its general direction is north and south, with a deflection of the lower end eastward, from 25° to 30°. After passing this lower end we had a better though distant view of its highest *butte*, the one whose blue crown we had seen from the top of Hare Mountain, overtopping all the surrounding range. This, our half-breeds told us, rises more perpendicularly from the prairie, and is difficult of ascent.

Riding along with Michelle the next morning, half a mile ahead of the train, we caught sight of two buffalo bulls quietly feeding on a green slope near a marsh a mile or two to the southeast. Our horses were tired with months of continuous travel, unfit to run, and, to tell the

truth, I always despaired of seeing Dan Rice equal his first exploit.

But our supply of meat was entirely exhausted, and of tallow too, which is to the prairie traveler butter, lard, and whatever else that is necessary in cooking and unctuous in nature. So as we came nearer the two buffalo I spurred ahead of old Michelle, taking the left-hand valleys, where my horse and I were hid from sight. Michelle waited the result just back of the brow of a hill.

Galloping on half a mile, I thought the valley between us not too wide for a long rifle shot, and dismounting, went to the summit of the hill. One of the bulls had lain down, his back turned toward me, and so no good shot was possible; and the other was just over the farther slope of the hill, kicking up his heels in the air, and crushing to pulp the flies that tormented him. There was no alternative but to ride to the next hill, a quarter of a mile beyond. For two or three minutes horse and rider were in full sight, if they had turned their heads to see; but they did not, and in an instant more we were hidden by the hill. Here I dismounted again, untied the lariat from the saddle-bow, leaving it to trail under the horse's feet that it might keep him in the valley, and then hastened to the top of the hill. The bulls were still there, the further one quietly feeding. A long marsh lay between us, empty of water except in the spring, but at all seasons full of long thick grass, breast high, and the whole oval fringed with a golden rim of helianthus — the flowers growing rarer as on the slope of the hills the color of the grass was changed to a lighter green; and here and there, in the circle, stood clumps of shrubbery like sentinels guarding the tombs of departed water-nymphs.

My weapon was the same Maynard rifle spoken of before, which a man may load and fire a dozen times in a minute if he be quick at taking aim, and not likely to be made nervous by excitement or danger. I put a half-dozen cartridges in my hand, and set the primer, which pays out tape caps as fast as the rifle is cocked, and began the approach. I might have fired at once upon the recumbent bull—the distance was not more than a hundred and fifty yards—but, except concealed, I could not hope to get the other bull, who would come to the top of the hill to reconnoitre, and, seeing me, perhaps get away without presenting a mark for a fatal shot. So crouching below the level of the tips of the grass, where it was high enough, or running stealthily from clump to clump of shrubbery large enough to keep head and shoulders out of sight, in a quarter of an hour I had got within twenty yards of the nearest bull—the one lying down—and was barely concealed behind a clump of decayed poplar shrubs. The other bull was hid behind the swell of the hill. The wind, I ought to have said, was blowing in a course at right angles to my approach, or one had never got so near; and had their strong odor come between the wind and my nostrils. I might have taken a longer range. One instant devoted to a steady hand and to a synopsis of the chances of pursuit and the means of escape, and then I fired, aiming at his heart just back of the fore shoulder. Swift upon the crack of the rifle, hardly distinguishable from it save by a quick ear, came the spat which told that the bullet had hit the mark, and then, before the bull could rise to his feet, the red blood showed that it had hit a fatal spot. I dropped in the grass behind the bush instantly. The shot bull rose to his feet slowly and painfully, and looked in every direction but the right one to see where the blow had come from. Michelle the half-breed mounted, and now standing on the summit of the distant hill, drew his gaze for a moment, and then he turned to escape by way of the marsh I had crossed, and turning, saw me. Too weak to attack, he turned still again to escape from the nearest danger—slowly, deliberately, and with evident pain — too much hurt to run. As he turned I took a quick aim, fired, and hit him just over the kidneys, in the hope of breaking his back. The monster stopped, shook his shaggy mane, that hung, black and curling, from his jaw to his knees, walked on a few steps, and could go no further. His vast bulk heaved with the tremors of approaching death; but I could watch him no longer while uncertain what the bull just over the hill might be doing. Hastening up the slope, I caught sight of him standing and, apparently, gazing at the distress of his companion. He had not taken to flight; for it is a peculiarity of this sagacious animal that, till they know from what quarter danger comes, they will not run, but only huddle together, when in herds, perhaps the bulls circling about the cows and calves, and two or three of the older and larger bulls going to some elevated point to discover the direction of danger. When only two or three are together, or when a single bull is fired upon from a concealed position, they will hardly move a dozen yards till they know in which direction it is safest to run. As this bull stood there, partly turned from me, hump, horns, and part of the shoulders visible, and ears and head erect, I fired, aiming as low on his side as possible, yet clearing the top of the hill. Spat!—came back the sound of the bullet as it hit the creature's side, quicker than the echo of the rifle from the nearest hills, and then the huge "ugh" as it tore its way through his muscles and lungs. I loaded instantly, and, doing so, caught a second's glimpse of the first bull down on his knees and just turning over. As if to revenge the fall of his companion, or by some quick instinct, the second one galloped toward the top of the hill—not thirty yards from me—swept his lion-like head around to the spot where I stood—for concealment was no longer possible—gazed an instant with his large, dark, ox-like eyes, flashing fire now, and then rushed headlong down the slope, horns low, full upon me. The quick rifle saved my life. Before he had made a dozen leaps, or was within a dozen yards of me, it sent a bullet straight between his

GOLGOTHA.

eyes into the huge mat of black and curling hair that covered his skull. The bullet would have leaped a thousand yards of empty air quicker than a leaf falls; but as for killing him, it might as well have struck a rock. It staggered him though, and, as I say, saved my life; for I could not have loaded again before he would have had me on his horns, do the best I might. He turned in his course, as if a little dizzy, and not certain of his sight; rushed by with leaps that shook the ground—not a yard from my side—but soon stopped, breathing hard. The first shot was beginning to take effect. He walked slowly away as I loaded, sometimes galloping a few yards, and then staggering into a walk. Obeying the law of parsimony, I would not fire another shot, expecting every moment to see him drop, but followed on slowly behind. As I reached the top of a hill that had hid him a moment from my sight, I saw that he was renewing his speed, and was already two hundred yards away, and might travel a mile or two yet away from the trail of the train, for such huge creatures as these take a great deal of killing. He turned to look for his pursuer, and thus gave me a good mark. I fired. Bang! spat!—that same peculiar sound; and for the first time the great frame tottered nearly to its fall. A few steps on, and then he could walk no further—barely stand. As I approached he wheeled in his tracks, and turned his great shaggy head and its glaring eyes upon me, widening his feet to keep his stand. Then his hinder legs gave way, almost letting him fall; but with convulsive struggles, which seemed to wrinkle the thick skin over his back and loins as easily as if it had been silk, he rose erect again, still with his head up, gazing. Almost suddenly then he gathered his legs under him and lay down quietly, breathing hard and loud, in short, heavy pants. Once more he rose to his feet, staggered a few slow steps toward me, then shuddered with his vast bulk from head to tail, dropped on his knees, and failing to balance himself there, fell heavily over upon his side, breathed a few more great gasps, pawed the air, and then was still. Last of all, he stretched out his throat on the long prairie grass, dyed with his blood, and gently gave away his final breath.

Before I reached the spot where the first bull fell, the train had come up, and Michelle, with a dexterity acquired by more than thirty years' practice, had taken off the skin, and was cutting out the bos or hump, which, next to the tongue, is the choicest bit for eating. In less than an hour both were carved—rib pieces and humps and shoulder-pieces, we supplied with fresh meat for a week and jerked meat for a fortnight—and the train was moving on.

That night, after supper, as we gathered around the camp-fires, and while the red light was fading out of the clouds high in the sky, and the purple passing down beyond the level horizon, old Michelle entertained us with such stories of his adventurous life—of his buffalo hunts on snow-shoes—of his chases after herds of thousands—the goring and tossing and trampling, bursting guns and broken limbs — such stories as, if put on paper, would make all the exploits of amateurs seem as tame and safe as crossing the main street of a country village.

The next day we crossed the great trails from Fort Garry to Turtle Mountain, and passed a large encampment ground near a running stream, which had the same general appearance as the one by the sand-hills on Mouse River. The buffalo trails were very numerous, and crossed our path in every direction, converging to and diverging from the ravines, coulées, and marshes, where they had sought water. The place for miles and miles, in every direction, was one huge Golgotha. The bleaching bones and skulls of buffaloes, slain in former years by the hunters, whitened the green grass on every acre, almost on every rood of ground; and the fresher carcasses of those killed during the year's hunt were scattered over

the ground, and tainted the air in every direction. We could almost follow the track of the hunters in their chase, where the fight had been thickest, and hundreds covered a single acre or two; and where some sturdier bull had kept up a longer flight, and finally, in an agony of thirst, had fallen and died in the middle of a marsh. The grass was of a greener green, and the flowers had a livelier hue which had been watered with their blood. The rank verdure made a striking frame for the great black-haired skulls, or the heavy arching rib-bones, now bleached to whiteness, or perchance covered with shreds of flesh which the crows and hawks and foxes and wolves had not quite devoured. As the train passed on through this sickening place the crows and hawks rose from their carrion feast, and hovered in the air, shrieking and cawing, till we had passed; and the gaunt gray wolves, scared away by our approach, ran off over the prairie in long, lithe flexile leaps, now and then pausing in the thickest grass, and turning to watch us, licking their chops until we again came nearer, and then leaping away to hide in the long rushes of some distant marsh. All night we could hear their long, melancholy howlings, and, as if not satisfied with their filthy feast by day, they lurked about the camp, frightening the horses into a stampede, and not unfrequently chewing up their hide lariats within a dozen feet of their heads.

Our journey from Turtle Mountain to Devil's Lake was accomplished within a few days. Buffalo chases were an everyday occurrence with us, and game of every feathered kind was equally abundant. One Saturday afternoon we brought up in a "pocket" near the Lac de Gros Butte, where we were protected on two sides by water, and on one side by an impassable marsh, in which, at every few moments, we could hear the whirr of ducks alighting or rising. A narrow neck of land was the only point at which the Indians could have got at us. The shores of the lake, which takes its name from a high hill near by, were strewn with the carcasses of dead buffalo, with huge wolf-tracks on the sand all about them, who had either been severely wounded by the half-breeds, and had escaped to the water to drink, or, having been pursued, had attempted to swim across the lake and perished. Here we had wood to build our fires for the first time since leaving Turtle Mountain. Instead of it, we had had to split up the least necessary parts of our carts for kindling wood, and cook our pancakes over red-hot *bois de vache*.

The next day was a rainy one; but the rain did not prevent us from taking a horseback ride to Devil's Lake. It was through much tribulation that we succeeded even in getting to so ill-named a place as Miniwakan. We had to ford half a dozen streams, swimming two or three of them, wade through marshes, and in crossing one stream whose banks were difficult of ascent or descent, we went around into the lake where it emptied, outside of its mouth, and had to travel by compass (having laid our direction) for nearly half a mile through water deep as the horse's shoulders, and where the tall rank rushes rose from six to ten feet higher still, shutting out the view of every thing but the sky, which looked in our environment as if we were beholding it from a well. Truth nor our primitive intuitions could have hardly served us as well as the compass did; for we struck the narrow promontory, for which we had been steering so blindly, at its only accessible point. At every step we started up crowds of blue herons, cranes, gulls, snipe, ducks, geese, and sheitpokes.

The rain fell continuously all the afternoon, and we could not see the opposite shores of Devil's Lake, which are doubtless visible at some points in clear weather. We could, however, now and then get a faint glimpse of the timber on a point of land, shaped like a spoon, it is

DEVIL'S LAKE.

RETURN OF THE HUNTERS.

said, with the bowl end pointing out into the lake, where the half-breeds and Indians slaughter hundreds yearly. They surround them in large companies, just as the elephants are trapped in Ceylon, or as the buffaloes themselves are caught in timber-traps in some parts of the Saskatchewan district; and by careful and not too rapid chasing large herds are at last forced to enter over this neck of land, where the water shuts them in on every side, and mounted horsemen are behind them who may then shoot them down at their leisure.

The Devil's Lake region is a favorite camping-ground of the Sioux, and therefore is most shunned by the half-breeds, except when they go in large and powerful companies. The great brigades of course hunt them with impunity; and we came upon their tracks, their camping-grounds, miles of burned prairie or of Golgothas, their trails, and the heaps of bones, broken, and the marrow dug out, which told where they had been making pemmican, every day almost from Turtle Mountain to Devil's Lake and Pembina. Beyond this point, therefore, across, southwest, to the mouth of the Sheyenne on Red River, or further into the Sioux country, Michelle, thought-

ful of the husband of his wife, and the father of his babies waiting for him at St. Jo, refused to go.

So the explorer was unable to learn if the hypothenuse of the triangle from Upper Red River to the south bend of the Saskatchewan was as much better and briefer for travelers as it is for mathematicians.

From the Lac de Gros Butte, therefore, we, all together, took the straight Devil's Lake and St. Jo trail. My journal of the date says: "We have ended now our travel without trails, and soon trails will be roads, and roads railroads, to carry us Eastward Ho!"

The last day of August, late in the afternoon, we came to the brow of Pembina Mount or plateau, from which we could overlook St. Jo, five miles away. We were still 500 miles from the outposts of American civilization; but we greeted the log-houses of the half-breeds with as much enthusiasm as we could possibly have done the dome of the New York City Hall with the figure of Justice surmounting it. The trail was worn deep; the trees on the plateau, and down its side, were large and thickly leafed, and nothing could have added to the beauty of sunset, which cast such long shadows down the side of the hill and over the prairie, except, perhaps, the sight of a train of half-breeds returning from the summer hunts, with loaded carts creaking heavily along the winding road, down the mountain side, the men in their bright colors, and their horses gayly caparisoned—home in sight, the last camping-ground passed.

Some such sight as this we saw a little after sunrise the next day. While at breakfast we heard, near by in a ravine of the thick woods which surrounded us on every side, Sioux war-songs. Michelle and Joe, fearful that a war-party of the rascals was on our track, hurried to the horses, unpicketed and harnessed them, loaded the carts, and all of us were in the saddle and pushing on briskly to St. Jo in less than five minutes. It was a false alarm, however. We heard nothing farther from them as we galloped on through the majestic woods which covered the slope of the mount and skirted the Pembina River on either side. We slackened our pace after putting the river between us, and entering St. Jo, drove to Kittson's Post. We had hardly got inside of the stockades, shaken hands with every man in the town, answered interrogatories propounded in French, Chippewa, Cree, and Nistoneaux, before we heard a volley of musketry in the woods, rapidly succeeded by another and another, and mingled with shouts and halloos that could come from none but semi-civilized throats.

The party soon emerged from the woods; the very carts dragged along at a lively trot, swift riders galloping ahead, some of them with huge white buffalo skins trailing from their shoulders, like the vestments of a priest at high mass, and painted with savage devices and in gaudy colors; others in the blanket and leggins of Sioux braves, tricked out with painted quills or brilliant wampum; others still in the half-breed dress, woolens, with handsome bead decorations, skin caps—a motley crowd, headed by Battiste Wilkie, the President of the Councilors of St. Jo. It was a deputation of half-breeds returning from a grand treaty-making with the Sioux at Devil's Lake.

THE HOME AND GRAVE OF BYRON.

ON the highway-side from Mansfield to Nottingham, some four miles from the former place, stands an oak of such remarkable growth that attention is arrested by the beauty of its form and the extent of its branches. It partially overshadows the road, and stretching back its long arms to meet the trees on either side of it, overhangs with a mass of thick foliage a park-gate of unpretending appearance. This is the entrance to the romantic domain of Newstead. There is no lodge—no guardian at the gate, save this noble tree.

Lord George Gordon Byron, the poet, was only six years old when he succeeded to this property, and Moore mentions the delight with which he was here received by some of the tenantry, accompanied by his mother, on their journey from Aberdeen. It was in 1808 that these gates were afterward thrown open to receive him as the owner and resident of Newstead, which had been occupied, during his minority, by Lord Grey de Ruthyn.

The original carriage-road to the abbey is nearly effaced, and the broad glade is intersected by the tracks of timber-carts. On the occasion of our visit the rain of the preceding night had filled the turf ruts and washed the sandy road into furrows, while the oppressive heat of the morning sun and the distant thunder were warnings of the returning storm. Scenes of sylvan beauty succeeded each other under the most brilliant effects of light and shade, until an extensive prospect opened over the woodlands of Nottinghamshire. From a seat on one of the finely grown stems, with which the woodman's axe had strewn the glade (trees which once must have overshadowed the young poet as he passed), we marked in the landscape such points as were connected with his brief residence among these fair scenes. Looking over a foreground of brake and brier—rich in their early autumn tints, and glittering with rain-drops—beyond yellow hillocks where the rabbits burrowed, and, again, over green slopes, studded with twisted thorns and stag-headed oaks, the eye rested on dark masses of elm, forming the middle distance of the picture. Embedded in that woody declivity lay the Abbey of Newstead:

> "perhaps a little low,
> Because the monks preferr'd a hill behind
> To shelter their devotion from the wind."

From this point of view the building was con-

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

cealed, but the further end of the lake, fronting the abbey, was visible—the brightest object in the landscape. The "hills of Annesley, bleak and barren," lay in dark blue tone beneath a heavy thunder-cloud, and the avenue of trees was discernible, which leads through the domain of the Chaworths to the ancient hall, with all its sad associations and regrets. Sadder still were the thoughts with which we turned to the extreme right of the landscape and discerned, through the gray mist of the falling rain, the village and tower of Hucknall, where lie the mortal remains of the pilgrim poet, brought from the far distant marshes of Missolonghi, to rest in the chancel of one of the least picturesque of our country churches.

As the storm was coming up quickly over the hills, we hastened across the park. At a sudden turning in the road, the abbey with its lake and overhanging woods presented the view rendered so familiar in the illustrated editions of Byron's works, or in the more faithful delineations of his own graphic pen. The Gothic entrance passed, we were conducted to the library, a room in which the artist and antiquary must delight; and there can not be a fitter place than this—the favorite apartment of Colonel Wildman, the late possessor of the abbey—to render all respect to his memory, and to express a hope that this sanctuary of genius may continue to be as faithfully guarded by its future occupants. With all his misfortunes Byron was happy in these two respects—first, that his ancestral home, in which he took so much pride, was rescued from ruin by becoming the property of his old friend and school-fellow; secondly, that his poetical works, that richer heritage of his mind, were consigned to those who have most liberally published them to the world in editions remarkable for their variety, completeness, and richness of illustration.

From the library we were led by a dark paneled corridor to the different chambers, each bearing the name of some royal or illustrious visitor. As in many other show-places, there is the usual exhibition of family pictures, cabinets, and chimney-pieces of exquisite workmanship, old china, and faded tapestry. But these were not the object of our visit; and in traversing the grand drawing-room, we were glad to have our thoughts called from other subjects to the remembrance of him whose genius has given a more recent charm and interest to the Abbey of Newstead. Here is preserved the cup, made by the poet's desire from the cranium of a monk; it is mounted in silver, and engraved upon it is that brilliant anacreontic which the subject suggested to his wild imagination. As we made a hasty sketch of the cup, we could not contemplate, without revulsion, such a relic consigned to such use, nor was this feeling diminished by the gloom of that vast room, once the monks' dormitory, while the pale lightning glanced through the high windows, and the surrounding silence was made more impressive by the thunder without, and the roaring of the full-leaved elms bending to the fitful wind.

On entering the grand hall our fancy went back to the time of the young poet, when a wolf and a bear were janitors at the door, not in the mock savageness of the sculptor's art, but alive in chained and worried ferocity. There, too, is the high, overhanging chimney-piece, under which such a fire was kindled on the first night of Byron's arrival at Newstead, that the safety

of the abbey was endangered. A group of heedless dependents caroused in the centre of the hall; while their young lord, breaking sherds from the neglected hearth, showed the precision of his aim by scaring the bats from the timber roof, reddened from the blaze below. It is difficult to realize such a scene in the present hall, with its rich Gothic screen and music gallery, resplendent with polished oak, armor, and heraldic device. This, as well as other parts of the abbey, at the time of Byron's accession to the property, was a scene of melancholy degradation. The predecessor of the poet, rightly surnamed "The Wicked Lord Byron," had denuded the estate, destroyed the deer, felled the noblest trees, "condemned to uses vile" the most sacred and fair portions of the abbey; and at last, with difficulty, found a place in the vast building, impervious to the weather, where he could close a life of the most daring profligacy. To such an inheritance did the young poet succeed.

From the hall a winding staircase leads to the abbot's lodgings, one room of which was Byron's sleeping chamber. At the desire of Colonel Wildman, every article of furniture has remained in the same state and position as left by the poet. There is a melancholy interest in such identity: in the heavy bedstead with its gilded coronets; the favorite pictures of his college at Cambridge; the portraits of his faithful valet Murray, and of gentleman Jackson the pugilist, hanging on the faded paper of the walls. Before the oriel window which lights the room, and overlooks the lake and woods, stands his writing-table, with inkstand, etc., and near it, on a dressing-table, is a toilet glass; and we doubt not that it must have occurred to many a fair visitant how often his handsome features were reflected there.

Of all the precincts of this "vast and venerable pile," the cloisters are the most interesting and picturesque. They inclose a small turf quadrangle, in the centre of which stands a Gothic fountain, surmounted with grotesque figures—"here a monster, there a saint." The slender jets falling from grim "mouths of granite made" into the circular basin beneath, break with their monotonous splash the indescribable stillness of the scene. Awaiting the passing of the storm, time was given to reflect on the many scenes and generations which have passed away since those graceful arches were first chiseled by the skillful masons of that early age, at the command of the repentant Henry, who founded Newstead, like many other abbeys, in England, in expiation of the murder of à Beckett. What variety of men and events! We could imagine the abbot, with his reverend conclave, in that small but exquisitely proportioned chapter-house, now used as the chapel. We could see the cowled monks, descending the staircase of the strangers' hall, to distribute alms and sustenance to the poor and wayfaring. The stones of that uneven pavement have sunk over the accumulated dust of abbot and monk, and time has left no record of them, save the marks of the brasses abstracted from their graves. And then, in later years, we could picture the desecration of that spot. Alas, how picturesque it must have been! The cattle were littered in those holy cloisters. Lastly, we could fancy the meditative poet pacing these aisles, and "muttering his wayward fancies as he went;" or can we not imagine him, on the eve of his departure from his ancestral home, while the sound of reveling breaks on the stillness of the night, here alone, with broken and remorseful spirit, weeping over blighted hopes and aspirations; and on the morrow the

"Childe departed from his father's hall."

Passing out into the pleasure-grounds, the eye is at once attracted by the ruin of the west end of the abbey church. It is best seen from the tomb which Byron built over his dog Boatswain. A broad expanse of light falls through the high dismantled window upon the verdant turf, all fresh and even from the recent rain and the gardener's scythe; in bright contrast to the gray masonry and the dark masses of the trees. The tracery of the window was thrown down, some thirty years since, by an earthquake; and the gaping chinks of the dog's tomb, as well as several horizontal fissures in the abbey walls, were produced by the effects of the same unusual phenomenon. The simple superstition of the neighborhood has peopled the groves with apparitions; and certainly the trees are of the most grotesque

GOTHIC FOUNTAIN.

growth, with their gnarled branches reflected in the fountains, which they half filled with their decaying leaves. Let us pass to that noble terrace, one of the longest in England. Beneath our footsteps break the twigs with which the recent storm has strewn it, and at the further extremity a limb from the overhanging elms is thrown across its broad path. The broken holly-oaks which have laid their flowered sceptres on its gray balustrade, the ruined sun-dial, long since fallen a victim to that insidious Time, against which it had warned so many generations, the weather-stained vases, from which the wind has torn the flowering creepers, the half-ruined steps, on which a peacock is trailing his bright plumage in the watery sunshine—these and many other objects enhance the melancholy beauty of the scene, and have a touching sympathy with the memory of him who will ever be sadly remembered there.

From the terrace we descended to the old fish-pond, skirted on one side by a grove, in the recesses of which are two statues of Pan and a female Satyr, much defaced by time, and looked upon by the country people as the "old Lord's devils." The only object of real interest is a tree on which Byron, at his last visit to Newstead, engraved his name and that of his loved sister Augusta. On the other side, dark masses of yew, probably as ancient as the abbey itself, overhang the stagnant water, whose stillness is occasionally broken by the plunge of the heavy carp. It is probable that treasure and relics of the abbey lie at the bottom of that dark pond, since a brazen eagle, forming a lecturn, was fished up from its depths some years ago, and its hollow pedestal was found to contain deeds and grants of the time of Edward III. and Henry VIII., together with immunities from Rome, granted to the monks of Newstead. These latter documents caused at the time of their discovery much curiosity and scandal, as proofs of papal leniency, and the laxity of monastic morals.

It is said that Byron delighted to people these dark shades with supernatural visitants, and give currency to all the superstitious reports connected with the abbey, by pretending to believe them. Tales of terror were circulated by him, especially that of the Goblin Friar, the Evil Genius of the Byron family, whose appearance always portended misfortune to the lords of Newstead. But even a mind superstitiously and poetically inclined as that of Byron could hardly have invented a tale more romantic and touching than that of the "Little White Lady"—such was the name given to a person who long haunted this spot. In her invariable dress of white, vailed, silent, and timid, she glided away at the approach of strangers into the recesses of the groves, or moving slowly along the glades in the evening twilight, returned to a lonely farm-house on the estate, where she had chosen her residence. To the country people she was an object of mysterious conjecture. Her appearance attracted the attention of Colonel and Mrs. Wildman, who became interested in her history, and showed her constant marks of kindness and liberality. Her enthusiastic admiration for the writings of Byron, and devotional interest in his fate, amounted to an infatuation, which, for nearly four years, kept her, as it were, spell-bound to the precincts of the abbey. After Byron's death her constant companion was the noble dog which had been brought over at the same time with his master's remains from Missolonghi. Thus accompanied, she spent hours in reading and reflection, till family affairs or pecuniary difficulties compelled her suddenly to leave Newstead. On the eve of her departure she delivered to Mrs. Wildman a packet, requesting that it might not be opened till the morning. Besides MSS., written in her solitary walks about the abbey, it contained a letter explanatory of her friendless situation, and her gratitude for the attentions which she had so long received. On reading this note, Mrs. Wildman—having discovered that she had taken the road to Nottingham—dispatched a messenger to overtake her, and entreat her return. The bearer of this kind proposal, on entering the town, reined up his horse to pass more slowly through a crowd which had formed before the principal inn. An accident had occurred, and he beheld the lifeless body of the "Little White Lady," who, owing to her extreme deafness, had been run over, and died without suffering. The romantic issue of this tale remains to be heard. Colonel Wildman took upon himself the care of her interment at Hucknall, and she was laid in death near the body of him who had, during her life, been the idol of her imagination.

Passing by the principal front of the abbey, where we could see the extent of the restorations made by its late respected owner, we left Newstead in the direction of Hucknall. For two miles we followed the ridge of high land overlooking the forest of Sherwood, and the legendary haunts of Robin Hood, till we turned from the direct road to visit the venerable Hall, the home of Mary Chaworth, "that bright morning star of Annesley," who often lured the young poet's steps over those bleak and barren hills. The lover of picturesque illustration might here crowd a redundancy of subject into one picture—an avenue of stately elms—a gate-house, with its low archway leading to a court-yard which fronts the hall—the hall itself, built at various times and in various tastes, with high gables and massive chimneys. But in connection with the youth of Byron, and his love for the heiress of Annesley, the chief points of interest are the room over the gate-way, supposed to be "the antique oratory" mentioned in his poem of "The Dream," and the terrace, where he loved to loiter with her whom he declared to be "his destiny." Not far from the Hall is the scene of their parting—

> "a hill, a gentle hill,
> Green and of mild declivity, the last,
> As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such."

The morning storm had passed away as we traversed "the landscape at its base." In the soft sunshine of a Sunday afternoon we arrived

HUCKNALL CHURCH.

at Hucknall. The church bell had summoned to evening service groups of rustic laborers, whose ruddy health contrasted with that of the pale stocking-weavers who loitered about the unromantic street of a manufacturing village. As the bell ceased, those who had assembled passed through the church-yard with its crowded gravestones, and beneath its humble porch, we at once moved onward to the chancel, the burial-place of Byron. There was very little of that beauty peculiar to English village churches. On the south wall was a simple slab of white marble, and the silken escutcheon which bore the Byron arms hung from its frame, faded and torn. In the vault beneath lie the remains of the poet, with those of his daughter, Lady Lovelace, "sole daughter of his house and heart." When the congregation had quitted the church, and a fee dropped into the palm of the obsequious clerk had insured us the privilege of being alone with our meditations, we passed from the contemplation of the poet's career to the beauty of his works. Our memory unconsciously went back to the time when the sensitive feelings of our childhood were first moved to tears by the "Prisoner of Chillon"—how we read it in later years with scarcely less emotion by the white castle "on the blue Leman." We remembered in school-boy days how the wet half-holiday was beguiled with the odd volume of his poems—how we envied and admired the retentive memory of our favorite chum, who could charm the wakeful hours of the Long Chamber with the recital of "Mazeppa," and long quotations from the "Corsair"—how in after-life we appreciated more and more the meaning and music of his sweet verse, till in our mature, and perhaps partial judgments, we considered "Childe Harold" as the masterpiece of modern poetry. There at the humble shrine of the Pilgrim Poet did we gratefully aspire to be among those who could respond to this, his parting wish:

> "Ye who have traced the pilgrim to the scene
> Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
> A thought which once was his—if in ye dwell
> A single recollection—not in vain
> He wore his sandal shoon and scallop shell."

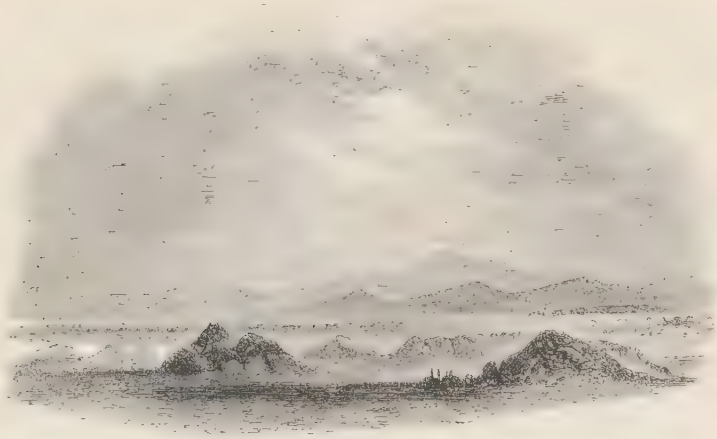
THE AMOOR AND THE STEPPES.*

THIS Magazine for April, 1858, contained an extended notice of Mr. Atkinson's interesting work on *Oriental and Western Siberia*. It embraced only a portion of his adventures during seven years of wandering in that almost unknown region. The present volume is a further installment from the same almost inexhaustible treasury. It derives a special interest from the fact that it relates mainly to those enormous tracts of mountain, valley, and plain which Russia has within a few years added to her empire and colonized with a warlike race.

It is no matter of wonder that Britain looks with jealousy, not unmingled with apprehension, at the enormous strides by which the Northern Colossus has marched across the steppes until his dominions almost touch the slopes of the Himalaya. British statesmen can not fail to see that, if the warlike nomades of the desert were combined and organized under Russian dominion, events might at almost any moment occur which would lead these vast hordes across the mountains and pour them over the plains of India. This would not be the first time that hordes of the steppes have marched for the conquest of the plains of the Indus and the Ganges.

We have, however, a more immediate interest in the recent acquisition by Russia of the valley of the Amoor. This mighty water-course, extending more than 2200 miles into the eastern portion of the empire, is the only one by which access to the sea can be had from the vast plains and mountain districts of Central Asia; for the other great Siberian rivers, the Lena, the Yenissey, and the Ob, have their mouths sealed by the ice of the Arctic Ocean. The possession of the Amoor, giving to Russia the practical use of her splendid harbors on the Pacific, renders it possible for her to become a maritime and commercial nation. To Siberia it can not fail ultimately to work changes of the utmost importance.

* Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor, and the Russian Acquisitions on the Confines of India and China; with Adventures among the Mountain Kirghis, and the Manjours, Manyargs, Toungouz, Touzemtz, Goldi, and Gelyaks, the Hunting and Pastoral Tribes. By THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON, author of "Oriental and Western Siberia." With a Map and numerous Illustrations. Published by Harper and Brothers.



THE STEPPES.

Foreign products will pass up, and domestic products pass down, its channels; the agricultural and mineral wealth of the country will find its way into the world's consumption; and the immense plains over which the nomadic tribes now drive their flocks and herds, will, in time, become the abodes of a settled and industrious population, whose geographical position will necessarily bring them into intimate relations with our own Pacific States.

It is of these vast steppes, of the caravan routes across them by which at present all commerce is conducted, and of the course of the Amoor, its destined highway in the future, that Mr. Atkinson treats in his new volume. The numerous graphic illustrations which he fur-

A CAMP IN THE STEPPES.

A TATAR CARAVAN.

nishes serve to present a clear idea of the scenery and physical character of the country, and of the aspect and manners of its inhabitants. Throughout the whole of his travels Mr. Atkinson journeyed under the protection of a special permit of the Czar, which secured to him the assistance of the Russian officials and of the nomadic chiefs. A few sketches, taken almost at random, will illustrate the interest of the book.

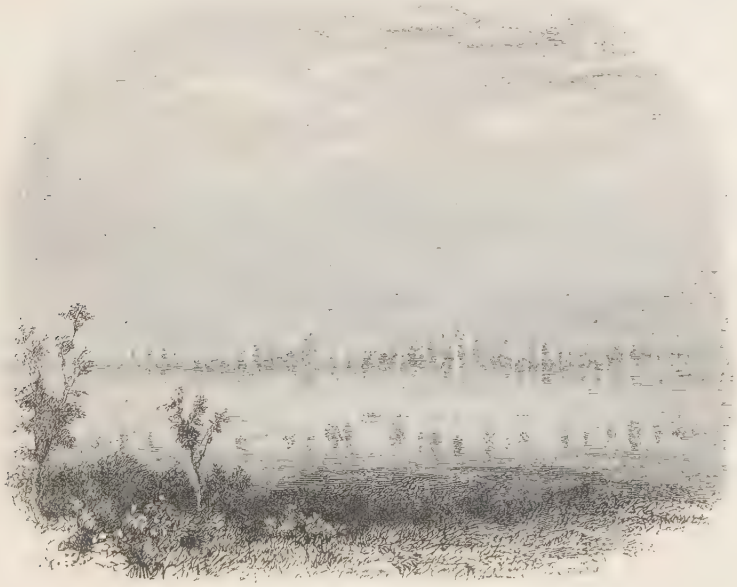
The general aspect of the steppes is that of an immense plain, or rather series of plains, intersected by volcanic ranges, and skirted by lofty mountains from which extensive views are obtained. Mr. Atkinson thus describes the scene, as beheld from one of these points:

"After riding about an hour, we reached the summit of a hill whence the vast Asiatic plain lay stretched out around me, extending more than 2000 miles in length, from the Caspian on the west to the Barlusk Mountains on the east; its breadth is about 1200 miles; and over this enormous space the nomade tribes wander with their flocks and herds. It was a scene never to be forgotten, causing me to stop my horse, and look around in wonder at the desolate landscape to the southward. Herbage there was none; all appeared scorched up by the sun. At some ten miles' distance there was a broad tract of country covered with a substance of dazzling whiteness; beyond was a lake some twenty-five or thirty miles in length, and about fifteen miles in breadth; the shores quite flat, with a belt of reeds about two miles in width extending round it. To the east, and at a great distance, the purple peaks of the Tarbagatai were visible; but on the whole space within the range of my vision not a single abode for man could be seen."

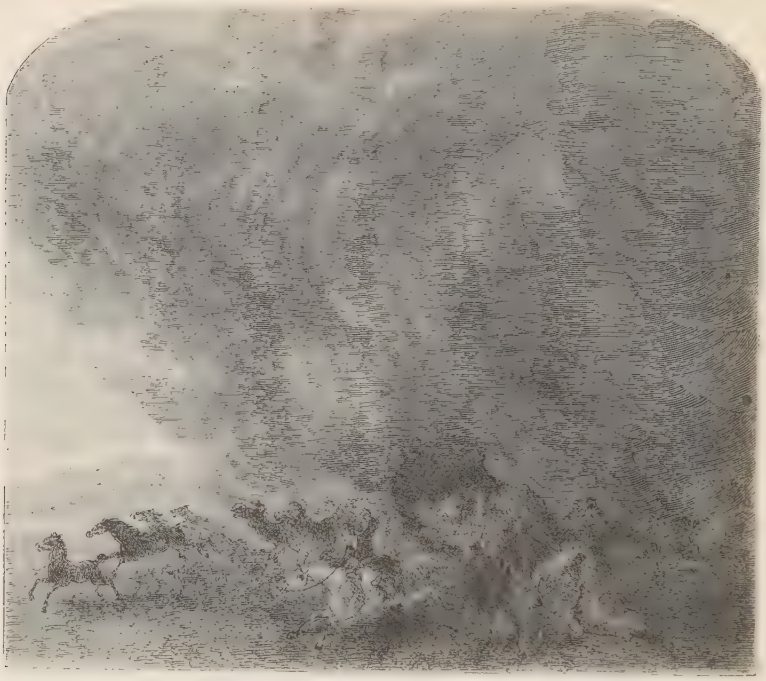
Over a portion of this vast plain Mr. Atkinson was riding, in one of his excursions, accompanied by his Kirghis guides. "We entered," he says, "upon a sandy waste, which to the south, the east, and the west appeared a sea of sand. For many miles the sand was hard like a floor, over which we pushed on at a rapid pace. Hour after hour went by. In our route there was no change visible. It was still the same plain; there was not so much as a cloud floating in the air, that, by casting a shadow over

THE RED SAND.

the steppe, could give a slight variation to the scene. At noon I called a halt to look round with my glass; but nothing appeared on the sandy waste. When mid-day had passed my attendants desired to stop. The horses were picketed in three groups; but we could procure



MIRAGE IN THE DESERT.



A SAND STORM.

them neither grass nor water. While the men were taking their meal I walked along about half a mile. The whole horizon was swept with my glass, but neither man, animal, nor bird could be seen. Having resumed my saddle, we rode on for several hours, but there was no change of scene. One spot was so like another that we seemed to make no progress; and though we had gone over a considerable distance, nothing could be observed to indicate that we were drawing near a grassy region. No landmark was visible, no rock protruded through the sterile soil; neither thorny shrub nor flowering plant appeared to indicate the approach to a habitable region. All around was 'Kizil-Koom'—red sand."

They had been fourteen hours in the saddle; the sun was setting, yet the desert solitude was unbroken by any sign of life. The guides said that they were but two hours' distance from grass. Darkness set in; but they groped their way, guiding their course by the stars. At length the wearied horses scented grass and water, and pressed on with fresh vigor. Soon the barking of a dog was heard; then—welcome sound—a full canine chorus; then a loud shouting and galloping to and fro of watchmen. But when these were satisfied that the strangers were friends they conducted them to the tent of the chief, where they soon found repose—which they needed, for they had been eighteen hours in the saddle.

Their ride the next day afforded a strange contrast to that of the previous one. Great flocks of sheep, and herds of camels, oxen, and horses were grazing upon the rich herbage. Antelopes sprung up within rifle-range, gazing at them for a moment with their great black eyes, then bounding off, scarcely appearing to touch the ground.

Mirages and sand storms, the familiar features of the African deserts, belong equally to the steppes of Mongolia. "Many of my readers," says Mr. Atkinson, "know nothing practically of the mirage, and thus they can neither appreciate the beauty of this deception nor estimate the disappointment it creates. I fear my pencil fails in rendering its magical effect, and my pen can not give an adequate idea of its tantalizing power on the thirsty traveler. It has, however, often fallen to my lot to witness it, when an apparent lake stretched out before me, tempting both man and animal to rush on and slake their burning thirst. Even after years of experience I have been deceived by this phenomenon, so real has it appeared, and many of its peculiar and magical effects have been preserved. Sometimes vast cities seemed rising on the plains, in which a multitude of towers, spires, domes, and columns were grouped together with a picturesque effect that neither poet nor painter could depict; and these were reflected in a deceptive fluid with all the distinctness of a mirror. At

times a slight breeze seemed to ruffle the placid surface, destroying the forms for a few minutes, and then they reappeared. Sometimes I have almost been induced to believe that vast tropical forests were before me, where palms of gigantic size, with their graceful foliage, overtopped every other tree; and that beyond were mountain crests, giving a reality to the scene that caused me for a moment to doubt of its being a phantom. At last I have passed over the spot where the lake, the mighty city, and the vast forest had appeared, and found nothing but small bushes and tufts of grass growing on the steppe."

Sand storms are not of unfrequent occurrence in these vast plains. Their approach is seen at a long distance, and when they are of moderate breadth it is not difficult to avoid them; but when, as sometimes happens, they extend over many miles in width, there is real danger. A dense black cloud is seen rolling at a great height over the plain, sweeping along with fearful velocity. Its course is watched with eager interest, for no one can tell which way it may turn. Instinct warns animals of the approaching danger, and they rush away at full speed. The scene is an exciting one when such a storm reaches the pastures. A confused mass, made up of thousands of camels, horses, and oxen, is seen rushing madly on, while the herdsmen are striving to direct their flight away from the track of the tempest. On these occasions many of the poor beasts fall from sheer exhaustion, and perish as the storm sweeps over them.

The mountains and volcanic ranges which skirt and intersect the steppes present some of

MOUNTAIN GORGE.

THE MARAL'S LEAP.

the wildest scenery in the world. Mr. Atkinson's sketches abound in wild gorges, cloven deep into the heart of the mountains, weird caverns, and fantastic basaltic columns, which the legends of the tribes affirm to be the work of "Sheitan" and his subordinate demons.

One of the most remarkable of these wild formations was the scene of a characteristic adventure, which Mr. Atkinson describes with pen and pencil.

The *maral*, a kind of large stag, is the favorite game in the mountain regions. He affords noble sport for the hunters, and his enormous horns are highly valued by the Chinese. But it demands a fearless hunter to follow him among the precipices and glaciers to which he ascends in the summer. One day a couple of Cossacks were out hunting the maral among the Ala-tau Mountains. At length they started a magnificent animal, whose horns alone were worth 120 roubles. They chased him from ridge to ridge, and from valley to valley. Toward evening they had driven him along a narrow gorge to the very brink of a perpendicular precipice, which closed its farther end. In front of this precipice, something below its level, rose an isolated basaltic rock, with an intervening chasm thirty-three feet wide. As the maral approached the brink of the precipice, two huge bears sprang upon his heels, from an ambush between him and his human hunters. With a desperate leap the stag bounded clear over the chasm, and alighted, unharmed, on the top of the slender basaltic pillar. One of the bears leaped after him; but, miscalculating the distance, fell sheer down the chasm—a depth of 400 feet—and was crushed by the fall. The other bear stopped short on the brink, growling with rage. A shot from the rifle of one of the Cossacks sent him tumbling over to join his companion. The maral stood on his narrow perch, gazing at the hunters, as though challenging their admiration for his gallant leap. He was within easy shot. His horns alone were worth five times the yearly pay of one of the Cossacks. Poor and rude as they were, they had not the heart to fire at the noble beast. They looked at him for a few moments, carefully noted the pecu-

liar marks that distinguished him; then turned away, and through the growing darkness retraced their perilous way to their camp, and related to their comrades the story of the gallant stag, describing him so minutely that he might be recognized. The next day they returned to the spot. The two bears were found dead at the foot of the precipice; the maral had again leaped the chasm, alighting upon a lower ledge, and had escaped. Many a time afterward was he seen by hunters; but not a man of them would draw trigger upon him; and he long remained, unharmed, the king of his native wilds.

Hunting, indeed, apart from the care of their flocks and herds, and an occasional *barranca* or marauding expedition against some hostile horde, is the chief occupation of the nomades of the steppes. To aid them in the chase they have trained the *bearcoot*—a species of black eagle; and one of these noble birds is almost always found in the tents of the chiefs. But this fierce bird, in his wild state, is quite able to hunt on his own account, and to dispute with other desert marauders the possession of their prey.

One day Mr. Atkinson and his attendants were on a hunting expedition, when they saw a fine maral who had been run down by three wolves, who were tearing the noble beast while he was still alive. From their ambush the hunters were on the point of firing upon the wolves, when they saw overhead a couple of bearcoots poising upon level wing, preparing for a swoop. They withheld their fire, waiting for what would follow. Straight as an arrow's flight the eagles shot down upon the wolves. These marauders perceiving their winged assailants, stood on the defensive, baring their long yellow fangs, and uttering a savage howl. It was all in vain. In a few seconds the first bearcoot had struck his prey; one talon was fixed in his back, the other in the upper part of his neck, completely securing his head; while with his beak the eagle tore out the quivering liver of his prey. The second eagle in a moment had in like manner pounced upon his quarry; and in a few minutes two of the wolves were as lifeless as the stag which they had hunted. The third wolf, attempting to escape, was brought down by a shot from one of the hunters. These would not deprive the eagles of the meal which they had won. After devour-

BEARCOOTS AND WOLVES.

ing the livers of the wolves, they finished their repast upon the stag, and then soared majestically aloft.

The wealth of these pastoral tribes consists almost entirely in their flocks and herds. Mr. Atkinson repeatedly mentions chiefs who owned 10,000 horses, besides oxen and camels, and sheep innumerable. It is no uncommon sight, he says, to see in a single herd 10,000 horses, 1000 camels, 20,000 horned cattle, and 50,000 sheep all grazing together. But great as these numbers are, the animals appear to occupy only a small space on the vast plains, while the *aouls*, or tent-villages of their owners, are but mere points.

As a specimen, and a very favorable one, of the home of one of the great chiefs of the steppes, we extract Mr. Atkinson's account of his visit to Sultan Batyr:

"As we came near the aoul, three Kirghis came to meet us, to guide me to the Sultan, whose *yourt*, or tent, was easily distinguished from the others by a spear standing at the entrance, with a long tuft of horse-hair floating in the breeze. As we rode up he came forward, took the reins of my bridle, giving me his hand to alight, saluted me, and then led the way into his dwelling. A Bokharian carpet and some tiger skins were spread, on which a seat was offered me, and the Sultan sat down opposite. Tea and dried fruits were immediately placed before us, of which my host urged me to partake, setting me a good example. He was a hale old man, was said to be more than eighty years of age, possessed good and pleasing features, a ruddy complexion, and had but little hair, which was very white. Several of his aged followers had taken their seats near him, while the younger ones stood around. The yourt was a spacious one, nearly forty feet in diameter, and thirteen feet high. A boy was feeding a blazing fire in the centre, and a great number of boxes and bales were close behind me, containing the old man's treasure. On some packages to my left were the Sultan's saddle and richly decorated horse-trappings, ornamented with iron inlaid with silver. Near these was the chair of state, which is carried on a camel before Batyr on his march. At the four corners it is decorated with peacock feathers, signifying his descent from Timour Khan (Tamerlane). A fine hawk was perched on one side of the yourt; on the opposite a large bearcoot was chained to a stump, shackled, but not hooded. Later in the evening, and three young ones, with four children, came in. They were the Sultan's family, and had been at their

KIRGHIS AOUL.

BASALTIC ROCKS; SHEITAN AND HIS LEGIONS.

evening occupation: the Sultana and the young ladies milking the cows, sheep, and goats—the younger children assisting. Night and morning this is the customary duty of the wives and daughters of these princes of the steppe, who are as proud of their descent from the great conqueror as any English noble is of his Norman origin. The maiden feels no degradation in milking her kine nor in saddling her horse; and when mounted, with hawk on wrist, manages her steed like an Amazon."

The food of these nomadic tribes is almost wholly derived from their flocks and herds. They have neither bread nor vegetables of their own production; a little rice and a few dried fruits which they procure from the caravans, with brick tea, which they make into a kind of soup, supply their place. Their herds of cattle are valuable to them chiefly for the milk, which they prepare in various ways, since they rarely eat beef, and only when driven by extreme hunger. Mutton is the standing dish, and appears at every meal. The flesh of the horse—broiled, boiled, or smoked—is the favorite luxury of the Tatar, Kirghis, and Kalmuck gourmands. The flesh of the camel is sometimes used, but only on great festal occasions, or when the animal has been killed by accident.

The summer costume of both men and women consists of two or three silk or cotton *kalats*, or long dressing-gowns. These are made double, so that when one side is dirty the garment is turned, and thus a new side appears; when this becomes more foul than its predecessor it is turned again, and so on until the garment drops off, a mass of filth and rags, when a new one is put on, to undergo the same round of changes. The idea of washing one of these articles appears never to have occurred to them. The summer costume of children is still more economical. The juveniles take a roll on the bank of a muddy pool; the scorching sun quickly dries the coating which they thus obtain, and their toilet is complete. When their dress begins to show wear, another comfortable roll in the mud repairs it, so that it is as good as new. In the

SHEITAN'S CAVERN.

winter—for the cold is severe on these broad, windy plains—men, women, and children wear fur coats, all made alike, so that it is difficult to distinguish the sex of the wearers.

Their dwellings consist of conical tents, made of willow frames so light that they can be transported on the backs of camels, covered with *koilocks* or strips of felt. These are manufactured by the women in pieces of twenty-five feet long and seven broad. The process is very simple. The wool of the sheep and the hair of the camels are beaten together with rods until the whole mass becomes soft and fleecy. Reeds of a uniform size, seven feet long, have been placed side by side on the ground, connected by strings passing through holes at the ends and middle. Upon this mat the hair and wool is spread in a uniform mass, nine inches thick. The mat is then carefully rolled up, pressing the woolly substance together. After lying some time, the mat is unrolled, sprinkled with water, and then rolled up again. This process is repeated many times, each operation compressing and compacting the material, until at last the original thickness of nine inches is reduced to half an inch. The felt is then almost as solid as leather,

FUNERAL SACRIFICE.

and perfectly water-proof. They form exceedingly warm coverings, and wear for years.

Mr. Atkinson describes the funeral solemnities of one of the chieftains of the steppes. Darma Syrym, of the race of Ghenghiz Khan—in fact, as almost every Virginian claims to be descended from Pocahontas, so nearly all of the nomade chiefs of Tartary boast that the blood of Ghenghiz runs through their veins—lay on his death-bed. He had other claims than the owl's feather to this honor; for he had been a great warrior, whose prowess had been felt as far as the banks of the Jaxartes. Many of his horde came to witness his last moments; and no sooner had he ceased to breathe than swift messengers were dispatched to announce the event, and in a few hours it was known at every aoul within a circuit of two hundred miles that the Sultan was dead. The chiefs of every tribe poured in to assist at the funeral rites. A spear, from which floated a black flag, stood at the entrance of the tent where lay the corpse of the Sultan. His wealth was piled up on each side; his wives and daughters knelt beside, chanting the funeral dirge. In the rear of the tent men were engaged in slaughtering horses and sheep for the funeral repast. Iron caldrons were boiling, attended by men, stripped to the waist, busily engaged in skimming the boiling contents. All around were groups of men, with crimsoned hands and arms, dragging up the victims, or slaughtering them for the sacrifice. At intervals a shriek and a plunge betokened that a horse had received the fatal thrust; his members were flung into the boiling caldrons, the steam from which rose like columns into the night air. When the feast was prepared the guests seated themselves in circles upon the ground—the sultans in the centre, then their inferiors, and beyond them the women; the wailing from the tent all the time keeping up a sad accompaniment to the feasting. This continued for seven days. On the eighth the Sultan was borne to his tomb. The corpse was borne upon a camel, behind which were led two of his favorite horses. Then came his wives and daughters, and the women of his tribe, chanting a funeral hyma, whose solemn sounds rolled over the vast plain. On reaching the tomb the priests recited prayers, and recounted the valiant deeds of the

dead Sultan. The two horses were killed, and their bodies were buried by the side of their late master. Then the graves were filled up, and the procession returned to the aoul to partake of another grand funeral banquet; the women meanwhile chanting a mournful dirge before the pile of horse-trappings and apparel which had belonged to the dead Sultan. A hundred horses and a thousand sheep were slaughtered to provide for these funereal solemnities, which lasted for several days, until the people gradually departed for their homes. But for a whole year the chanting at the Sultan's grave was kept up at sunrise and sunset.

The space allotted to this article is exhausted; and yet we have left untouched many of the points of Mr. Atkinson's narrative to which we had purposed to allude. The life of the officials of the Empire, dispatched to forward its interests upon this distant frontier—a life abounding in hardship and adventure—has remained untouched in this paper. For this and other kindred topics, and especially for an account of the region drained by the Amoor, we must refer our readers to the work of Mr. Atkinson, and to that of our own countryman Mr. Collins, an abstract of whose journal has already appeared in the pages of this Magazine.

A JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF THE MOON.*

A VILLAGE INTERIOR IN THE LAND OF THE MOON.

Utanta or Loom. Iwanza, or Public-houses.

DURING the disastrous years 1857–'58, while the great commercial panic and the cruel Indian mutiny filled all Christendom with fear and trouble, two travelers, starting from nearly opposite points on the widest expanse of the African continent, were endeavoring, through all manner of hardships and dangers, to push their explorations to the very heart of the great *terra incognita*. If Mercury, the god of travelers, were a Frenchman, he would certainly have decreed that these two adventurous spirits, who were, single-handed, breasting the perils of this great waste, should meet and shake hands upon the highest peak of that range which, their discoveries render it probable, crosses the continent without deviating far one way or other from the equinoctial line. Here they should, with rapturous shouts, have planted the star-spangled banner of the Union and the red cross of Old England; and thus have given a subject to some eminent historical painter, languishing in obscurity for lack of human greatness to illustrate.

But whatever Mercury was in his youth, at present he is the most prosaic of old bachelors. Unappreciative of the grand dramatic point which he might have given to African exploration, he decreed that lack of shoes and supplies, the hostility of savages, and deadly fevers, should drive each traveler back on his tracks, and that their first meeting should take place far from the peaks of the Kong, in no more romantic a spot than the Editorial Room of *Harper's Magazine*.

Trusting some day to give our readers some accounts of Mr. Du Chaillu's hunts of the gorilla, and adventures among the ghoul-like tribes of

* *The Lake Regions of Central Africa, a Picture of Exploration.* By RICHARD F. BURTON, Captain H.M.I. Army, etc. 8vo. With numerous Illustrations. Published by Harper and Brothers.

the Western Interior, who eat their dead, and have even disinterred the buried and putrid corpses of their neighbors to convert them into food, we propose now to follow Captain Richard Burton on his tour to the mysterious "Land of the Moon."

For several centuries European geographers have had dim and vague reports of one, or two, or three great seas, said to be situated in the far interior of Central Africa. Arab merchants had traveled thither in search of ivory, the precious copal gum, and slaves. They had brought back accounts, embellished in the Eastern way, of the dangers of the passage, and the beauty and prosperity of the country. Rich princes ruled over industrious people, who practiced the

ENDE WAY.

PERSONNEL OF THE CARAVAN.

Mganga, or Medicine Man. The Porter. The Kirangozi, or Guide.

Muinyi Kidogo. Mother and Child.

arts and amenities of life, owned flocks and herds, houses, slaves, and cultivated fields. The great sea, of almost boundless extent, was navigated by vessels, who carried on a profitable coasting-trade, and made the waters white and gay with prosperous sails. Such a country and people, indeed, as might—but never do—exist in some secluded, well-guarded spot of earth. This was the Land of the Moon. On our most recent charts this considerable region is prudently marked "unexplored," and the blank yellow tint, which seems to consign it to torrid heats and yellow fevers, is blotted only by a series of dots which represent the "great sea," and which, with the infelicity of map-makers, are put in exactly the wrong place.

It is this region, so long wrapped in mystery and given over to Arab tradition, that Captain Burton determined to see with his eyes, and report on with his pen. "The migratory instinct," which, if report speaks true, is now urging him westward to hunt the grizzly bear of our own Rocky Mountains, then turned his face toward the great sea. On the 16th of June, 1857, he left Zanzibar Island. He was accompanied by one European, two half-caste Portuguese of Goa, two negro gun-carriers, and a guard of eight Baloch mercenaries. He had letters of introduction from the Sultan of Zanzibar to some Arab merchants resident at *Unyamwezi*, which may be considered the half-way house on his route. A traveler must not go without cash, and unfortunately the circulating medium in this country consists of such bulky articles as American cotton cloth, brass wire, and various colored beads. The total amount of luggage for the trip—and it proved insufficient in the end—required no less than 170 men—for neither camel nor other beast of burden is known in this region. When the gang was hired and paid in advance, they ran away, fearing to travel with a Muzungu, or white man. Of course they forgot to return their advance.

When the expedition had reached this point of perplexity, naturally they were surrounded by that class who still exist in Africa, and who trace their descent lineally from the gentlemen who comforted Job. One, who had visited *Unyamwezi*, declared that nothing less than 100 guards, 150 guns, and several cannon, could enable them to fight a way through the perils of the interior. Talsi, the Banyan, warned them that for three days they must pass among savages who sit on trees and discharge poisoned arrows with such unvarying dexterity that they never fail to wound the traveler mortally. For this reason they were strongly advised to avoid trees, which, as the country was an almost uninterrupted forest, was of course an easy matter. Farther, they were assured that the chiefs of the interior had sent six letters to the coast forbidding the white man to enter their country. Also that the natives would hide their provisions and starve the invaders; that the rhinoceros, which encumbers the way, constantly kills 200 men at an onset; that armies of elephants attack the camps by night, and that those who escape the rhinoceros and elephant are unfailingly eaten by the hyena. Fortunately it was found that even against such tremendous dangers plenty of speculative fellows would volunteer for a consideration. Of course, the greater the danger the greater the pay.

It is not good to be a white man in Africa.

Even while they were recruiting a wail went through the coast town: "O son, hope of my life! O brother! O husband!"

A young man of a good family traveling up the country had been killed by the upsetting of a boat.

"Insaf Karo!" (be honest), said the Banyan, to Captain Burton, "and own that this is the first calamity which your presence has brought upon the country."

It is not pleasant to be regarded as the cause of every imaginable ill-luck—though it sounds odd to hear Captain Burton devoutly thankful for the safe entrance into the world of a dozen savage babies, any harm to whose tender frames would have been visited on his head. For is not the white man a wizard?

The Wasawahili—the coast tribe—are what Colonel Benton used to call "great liars and dirty dogs." They lie not from principle, but by nature. They glory in it, saying "Are we not Wasawahili?" which is as much as to say "artful dodgers." They claim the right to sell their nephews and nieces into slavery. "Is a man to want when his brothers and sisters have children?" say they. As might be expected, they take the sister's son—the *surer* side—to heir. Withal they are superstitious. If a blackbird cries "chee chee" on the road a whole caravan stops, for that portends blood. Not till the partridge cries "chika" do they advance again. Captain Burton dealt like a man of the world with this point of their character. When the party became anxious he sent for a *Mganga*—a medicine man—paid him liberally for a "good haul of prophecy," and of course had the matter all his own way. The journey was to be prosperous. There would be much talking and little killing (which proved to be entirely true). Before navigating the sea of *Ujiji* (the great sea) a sheep or a parti-colored hen should be killed and thrown into the lake. (They were duly killed, but, alas! eaten by the irreverent white man.)

Great bodies move slowly, especially in Africa, where twelve miles a day is railroad speed for a caravan, and necessitates a rest of at least two following days. Moreover, there are three starts: the little start, when nobody pretends even to get up; the great start, which is all pretense; and the final *go*. By the time this has been attained many days are wasted, and the explorer has got safely rid of that virtue of patience which he inclines to consider a vice in this hot climate. Henceforth he kicks against the pricks; he is a son of anger; a man of thunder.

The first of July saw them on their winding way. Arrived at Nzasa, the capital of the first district, they were requested to delay till news of their coming could be sent to the next chief. As this would cause a stoppage of three days—the first being "no day," the second a day of deliberation, and the third for the message—Captain Burton declined to stay, but offered to pay for leave to go on, with which fascinating proposal to break the law the chief of Nzasa at once closed.

So they passed on; through a country of hills and plains, in which the splendid *Koodoo*—an antelope—the zebra, the pheasant, quail, and other game were seen roaming at will. At every village the inhabitants rushed out to stare at the strangers.

"What should you think of these white men

PERSONNEL OF THE CARAVAN.

A Mnyamwezi. A Mgogo. A Mjiji. Ferry Boat on the Malagarazi River. Mugunga Mbaya, "the wicked white man." A Mzaramo.

THE IVORY PORTER, THE CLOTH PORTER, AND WOMAN, IN USUGARA.

for husbands?" asked one of the fair sex of another.

"What, with such things (jack-boots) on their legs? Sivigo! not by any means!"

Occasionally they heard the howl of the fisi, the wolf of this region; which seldom attacks man, except when sleeping, but then snatches a mouthful from the face, causing a dreadful and permanent disfigurement. In the second week fever struck the explorers. Burton was weakened till he had to be held on his donkey as they traveled through huge morasses which barred their way; through thorny jungles, where every step rent a garment or drew blood from man and beast; up weary ascents, with the vertical sun glaring down upon their heads; across dry wastes, where the fever-parched traveler must cool his thirst with a few lukewarm drops of brackish water. But this was only the beginning. When the route began to be hard the men began to desert. By the end of the third week half the party had gone off, having previously wasted and stolen goods which should have lasted three months. Those who remained speculated with their master's goods, and sold their burdens bit by bit for articles which they even then grumbled to carry. In Africa all men are liars *and* thieves. Moreover, they are lazy, they are grumblers, and they live in fear of their own shadows. This is Captain Burton's verdict.

As they approached the first range of mountains—the Delectable Mountains, Burton calls them, knowing that here health and vigor would come back in a measure—the country became more sickly, the people more rude and barbarous, and their chiefs more insolent and exacting. One of the tribes, the Wadoe, have made their name terrible in East Africa by the practice of cannibalism. It seems to have been deliberately assumed. Finding themselves going to the wall in a war with their neighbors, they began after a battle, and in the presence of their foes, to roast and devour slices of the fallen. This was too much for the enemy. They could stand it to be killed; they did not relish the idea of being eaten. Consequently, they left the country to the victorious Wadoe.

On the 7th of August the expedition left Zungomero, the two Europeans so weak they could scarce sit their donkeys. Now came the ascent of the Usagara Mountains. The next day they saw the cocoa-tree for the last time. In the fields the rats were eating the crops, and the owners were digging out and eating the rats. Weak and exhausted, they at length reached the higher plains, where, beyond reach of the miasmas, they recovered health and strength as by magic.

As they marched on with renewed spirits, they began to meet skeletons, strewing the road—the remains of former caravans which had here starved to death. Happily they as yet ran no risk of that. Again they met a caravan which had lost fifty of its porters by small-pox—which dreadful disease, it seems, rages among the tribes almost constantly. Several of their party caught the infection, lagged behind, and were lost.

On the 10th of August fever reappeared, and several of the porters were down with small-pox. They had lost nearly all their donkeys. The men grumbled at the scarcity of water. When Burton proposed that the loads which there were no longer animals to carry should be put upon the porters who were lightest burdened, a general row ensued. The Jemadar accused him of starving the party. "I told him not to eat abominations, upon which, clapping hand to hilt, he theatrically forbade me to repeat the words. Being prostrate with fever, I could only show him how little dangerous he was by using the same phrase half a dozen times." Truly a lamentable refuge for a stalwart warrior, more inclined to the use of the strong arm than to such child's play. The upshot was that all but his Wanyamwezi (interior) porters left him, but seeing no pursuit made, prudently returned to their duty. All this was worse than fever.

Nor was the road, when they were happily in motion, devoid of pests, enough to sicken a well man, and this man was sick. Often the path was slippery with mud. They sustained as best they could the savage attacks of armies of predatory ants, some of enormous size and all of notably fierce tempers. These animals know neither fear nor fatigue. They rush on, reckless of impending destruction; nor can they be ex-

pelled from a hut but by fire or boiling water. The tzetze, the venomous fly first made known by Dr. Livingstone, also here attacked man. Cattle, fortunately, they had none to be stung to death by it—and to man its bite is merely painful, not poisonous. But its sting is as severe as that of our large horse-fly, and its attacks are so persistent that it is impossible to drive it off. And to crown their misery, there was famine in the land; and on many stages water was scarce and brackish.

Falling short of porters, at Inenge two women were added to the train. One, Sikujui (Don't know) by name, enlivened a few days by her pranks. She was a bad subject; broke every thing intrusted to her, as the best way of getting rid of a load; was married to the giant of the caravan to subdue her temper, and unmarried and sold in a week to a traveling trader, who came with a broken head, next morning, to complain of having been swindled. On the 10th of September they came to another steep ascent. "Trembling with ague, with swimming heads, ears deafened by weakness, and limbs that would hardly support us, we contemplated with a dogged despair the apparently perpendicular path that ignored a zigzag, and the ladders of root and boulder, hemmed in with tangled vegetation, up which we and our starving, drooping asses were about to toil. My companion was so weak that he required the aid of two or three supporters; I managed with one." As they were in the midst of this Pass Terrible the "sayhah," or war-cry, rang out in their rear, and the cowardly guards and porters at once proposed to run off and leave the whites to their fate. For there were savages behind. Fortunately they were plundering somebody else.

They were now in Usagara, of which the chief people, called Wasagara, wear the classical coiffure of ancient Egypt, distend the ear-lobes with ornaments till they hang down on the shoulders, wear scant wrappers of wild beast skins, and ornament themselves with the precious beads, which are the chief circulating medium of the country. They are armed with bows and arrows, spears, and shields of hardened skin.

On the 26th of September they met with the first topographical disappointment. The Ziwa had been described to them as a piece of water fit to float a man of war. They found it a mere pond. "News from afar," said Kidogo, their guide, when spoken to about the false report. Here, too, began the system of levying tribute, or black mail, which continued all the way to Ujiji, and all the way back—every little, petty sultan through whose territory they passed demanding and receiving presents for himself, for his wives, for his children, for his ministers, and for any others of his people who happened to be in necessitous circumstances. The shave is according to the traveler's means. It is set by the sultan, and if refused is taken by force. With the trading caravans it is usual to pay tribute only one way. But these white men were exceptional cases; and as the Sultan of Ugogo

BELOCH GUARD. AFRICAN STANDING POSITION.

justly observed, he never expected to see them again, and it was his painful duty to get all he could out of them, which he faithfully did.

The Wagogo they found a grain more intelligent than their neighbors. Instead of stupidly paying no attention to the whites, they crowded about them with screams and remarks of wonder. Some even asked for particulars of that wonderful "white land" where beads grow in the ground, and where the women weave such cottons. "What will happen to us?" they cried; "we never yet saw this manner of man!" Some Arabs had industriously misrepresented the whites; and they found themselves regarded as "men full of knowledge," which means magic—as causing rain to fall in advance, and droughts to destroy the country in the rear; as possessors of four arms, and but

VIEW IN UNYAMWEZI.

one eye. It was believed that they cooked water-melons and threw away the seeds, thus generating small-pox; that they heated and hardened milk, thus breeding a murrain among cattle; that their wire, cloth, and beads bred misfortunes; and that they intended to return next year to take the country. The last the most terrible threat of all. Nevertheless they were not injured; but the day before they left the country Burton was required to bind himself by solemn oath not to smite the land with drought or with fatal disease, the Sultan declaring that all he had was in their hands.

Here, too, the people began to be great beer-swillers. Pombé is made of fermented grains of the country. It is a highly intoxicating

LADIES' SMOKING PARTY IN UNYAMWEZI.

liquor; and it is the delight of the people to drink deep potations — men and women alike rolling about town in a maudlin or murderous state. The chief is drunk at least every other day, and has wit enough not to do business except on the off days, when his temper is soured by abstinence, and the traveler pays, as he should, for the headache which is the secondary result of pombé.

The religious ideas of the Wagogo are best made apparent by the following story: In the early days of Arab trading a caravan passed through Ugogo, at whose head was Juma Mfumbi, a Diwan, and a huge fat man. The people, penetrated with admiration at his corpulence, after many experiments to discover whether it was real or not, determined that he was, and must be, the deity. After coming to this conclusion, they resolved that, being the deity, he could improve their country by heavy rains. When he protested against both resolutions, they proposed to put him to death. Fortunately a succession of favorable showers released the poor Diwan; but also convinced the Wagogo.

These people are peculiar for the smallness of the cranium, compared with the broad circumference of the lower face. "Seen from behind, the appearance is that of a small half-bowl fitted upon one of considerably larger bias; and this, with the widely extended ears, gives a remarkable expression to the face." They are very greedy of slaves, for whom they give ivory, the country being full of elephants, which are captured in pits. After mid-day it is hard to find a sober man in the whole community.

At last, amidst gun-firing, and dressed in their best, long preserved for this occasion, the caravan entered Kazeh, the chief town of Unyamwezi. It was the one hundred and thirty-fourth day of their journey, and they were now about half way. The porters had begged powder for a grand and noisy entrance, saying, "Every peddler fires guns here. Shall a great man creep into his Tembe (house) without a soul knowing it?" Here they were hospitably received, fed, doctored, comforted, and, after a long, long delay, were able to hire more men to send them on their now still more hazardous way.

And here is, perhaps, the best place to describe a day's work of the caravan. It must be borne in mind that it is a motley, many-minded body — the porters, the guards, and the Arab superintendents and stewards, and Portuguese cooks all ready to cut each other's throats, and each determined to have his own way, if at all possible. About four A.M. the crowing of the

cocks, which accompany every party, announces that daylight is at any rate approaching. Captain Burton, who has been longing for his breakfast since he waked at three, rouses the Portuguese, who, shivering with cold, build up a fire and prepare the morning meal of rice-milk or porridge, and coffee or tea when they are on hand. Meantime the Baloch guard are singing and praying, as a devout introduction to the day's lying and stealing. About five o'clock the camp is fairly roused; and now is the critical moment which decides the fate of the day. The porters have promised to start early, and make a good march. If, as is like to happen, they have unanimously changed their minds, that day is wasted. No persuasion would help on. If, however, the question seems to have two sides, the master may put in a few judicious remarks, and, after some struggle, hear the welcome sounds, "Kweeha! kweeha! pakia! hopa! collect! pack! set out! safari! safari los! a journey, a journey to-day!" mixed with some peculiar African boasts, as "P'hunda! Ngami! I am an ass! a camel!" and a roar of bawling voices, drumming, whistling, piping, and the braying of the surviving donkeys.

Now begins a lively time. Every man is busied, but unhappily his chief business is to look out the smallest burdens, to get out of the way of extra work, and to skulk as far as possible out of the duties he is paid for. In the midst of the hurly-burly the chief guide, Kidogo, comes to consult with his master as to the programme of the day. At last the porters are driven from the fires, over which they linger to the last moment, and begin to pour out of the camp. They rush in a mass to some trees at a hundred yards distance, and stack their loads to wait for the invalid and the lazy. Captain Burton and his companion mount their asses, or, if the fever has proved too much for them, crawl into hammocks which are borne on the shoulders of men. Then follow their gun and ammunition bearers; the cooks with the kitchen department; and when at last the commandant of the rear-guard casts his eyes over the deserted ground, he is pretty sure to find half a dozen packs, which have been left in the hope they would be forgotten. These he bullies some of the quieter porters into carrying in addition to their own loads, and then at last all is in motion.

In advance marches the Kirangozi, or Mnyamwezi guide, bearing a light load and a blood-red flag, the sign of a caravan coming from Zanzibar. Him follows a drummer, who is exempted from loads, and beguiles the way by drumming upon a tom-tom. The Kirangozi is clad in splendor. A magnificent square of scarlet broadcloth is cast over his shoulders in the manner of the Mexican "poncho;" his head is dressed with feathers and monkeys' tails. The skin of a wild-cat hangs about his neck. The insignia of his office is a fly-flapper made of the tail of some wild beast, which he affixes to his person behind, as though it were a natural growth. This custom, which obtains also among the chiefs of some of the interior tribes, has probably given currency to the rumors, brought by French travelers from the coast, of a people having tails. No man is permitted to precede the Kirangozi. Trespassers are fined.

About the time the last man has left the camp, the travelers' houses where they camp, and which are built of thatch, are generally set on fire by some careless or mischievous fellow, and with this excitement the caravan winds on its way in Indian file, each porter bearing upon his shoulders or head a huge bundle, generally about six feet long by two in diameter, weighing some seventy pounds. A Mganga, or medicine man, always accompanies the party, but acts also as porter. The masters of the caravan

HEAD-DRESSES OF THE WANYAMWEZI.

bring up the rear to prevent desertion. The barbarian porters wear their worst clothes on the journey. For head-dress some wear a fillet of zebra's skin, whose long hairs radiate outward like the gloria about a saint's head. Skins of the leopard and ocelot, ostrich feathers, and sometimes an ox-tail stuck perpendicularly upon the forehead, are other ornaments. The arms are decorated with heavy bracelets of ivory, brass, or copper; their necks with beads or little strings of bells. All carry arms: bows and arrows, assegais, a knobstick, or a battle-axe borne upon the shoulder. The recreations of the journey are singing, whistling, shouting, blowing on horns, imitations of the cries of birds and beasts, and the use of a certain slang, which is talked

IVORY HORNS.

only on the tramp. Hopa! Hopa! go on! they cry; Mgogolo! a stoppage! Food! food! Don't be tired! Home is near! Hasten, Kirangozi! Oh, we see our mothers! We go to eat!

As for Burton, he rides silently along, thinking of the imminent attack of fever, or the next black-mail levy of the next sultan, till at last some bright spirit of the motley crew advances to enter into conversation. The intellectual delights of this last resource for passing the weary day are shadowed in the following example. Twanigana is the speaker:

"The state, Mdula?" (i. e., Abdullah, Burton's name, and a word unpronounceable to Negroid organs.)

"The state is very! (well) and thy state?"

"The state is very! (well) and the state of Spikka? (Burton's companion.)"

"The state of Spikka is very! (well.)"

"We have escaped the Wagogo," resumes Twanigana, "white man oh!"

"We have escaped, oh my brother!"

"The Wagogo are bad."

"They are bad."

"The Wagogo are very bad."

"They are very bad."

"The Wagogo are not good."

"They are not good."

"The Wagogo are not at all good."

"They are not at all good."

"I greatly feared the Wagogo, who kill the Wanyamwezi."

"Exactly so!"

"But now I don't fear them. I call them ——s and ——s, and I would fight the whole tribe, white man oh!"

"Truly so, oh my brother!"

A cow is sufficient, if she charges, to break and scatter the line. A hapless hare crossing the path causes the whole 150 men to set down their loads and scamper after him. When they catch him, as they always do, he is instantly torn to pieces and devoured raw. When two caravans meet, the two Kirangozi sidle up with a stage pace, a stride, and a stand, prance with sidelong looks till arrived within distance, then suddenly ducking their heads butt each other like rams. The weaker of course is floored. Both laugh—for it is only a joke. But the party whose headman has been butted down must yield precedence to the conquering caravan.

About eight o'clock, when the fiery sun has topped the trees, a pool of water is the signal for a short halt, which the porters devote to smoking tobacco and bang, and their masters to breakfast. Presently all are under way for another two hours. If the day's work is prolonged beyond ten o'clock, toward noon the porters begin to grumble. The hot sand scorches even their hardened soles. Some set their burdens against trees, and rest in their shade; other stray off the path. This is an anxious time for the master; for now desertions take place if he does not carefully watch. The porters have, however, one very unexpected point of principle. They do not carry off their burdens.

At last, about ten or eleven, the hubbub in front increases, and shows that the resting-place has been reached by the van. Then gradually the elongated train draws in its length like a vast worm. Every fellow rushes to secure the best hut or shelter; fires are lit, provisions cooked, bang smoked, and all is quarrelsome hilarity; and here they are for the rest of the long hot day and the night. In the afternoon rations are foraged for, for the morrow, and cloth served out to buy more; a bull perhaps is slain, and the porters fight about their shares like hyenas. At four Captain Burton dines, when there is any thing to eat. In the evening there are dances and songs. Of the last he gives a specimen—such a maudlin song as sailors sing when weighing anchor:

Muzunga Mbaya (the wicked white man) goes from the shore,
(*Chorus*) Puti! Puti! (meaning "Grub! grub!")
We will follow Muzunga Mbaya,
Puti! Puti!
As long as he gives us good food!
Puti! Puti!
We will traverse the hill and the stream,
Puti! Puti!
With the caravan of this great mundewa (merchant).
Puti! Puti! etc., etc.

These songs are varied by quarrels and discussions on the one standing subject of conversation, *food*, until, at last, they sink off to sleep. But even in the middle of the night the women wake up to have an extra talk.

Besides the pagan medicine man, the caravan is fortunate in the possession of an Arab who unites the avocations of priest and guard. Though a great thief, his religion hangs heavy on this man's hands; and as they sit promiscuously about the fire, he suddenly attacks one of the heathen, who has taken the, in his case, very fanciful name of Muzunga Mbaya (the wicked white man), for he is black as the ace of spades.

"And thou, Muzunga Mbaya, thou also must die!"

"Ugh! ugh!" replies the Muzunga, personally offended, "don't speak in that way! Thou must die too."

"It is a sore thing to die," resumes Gul Mohammed.

"Hoo! Hoo!" exclaims the other, "it is bad, very bad, never to wear a nice cloth, no longer to dwell with one's wife and children, not to eat and drink, snuff, and smoke tobacco. Hoo! Hoo! it is bad, very bad!"

"But we shall eat," rejoins the Moslem, "the flesh of birds, mountains of meat, and delicate roasts, and drink sugared water, and whatever we hunger for."

The African's mind is disturbed by this tissue of contradictions. He considers birds somewhat low feeding, roasts he adores, he contrasts mountains of meat with his poor half-pound in pot, he would sell himself for sugar; but again he hears nothing of tobacco; still he takes the trouble to ask,

"Where, oh my brother?"

"There," exclaims Gul Mohammed, pointing to the skies.

This is a "chokepear" to Muzunga Mbaya. The distance is great, and he can scarcely believe that his interlocutor has visited the firmament to see the provision; he therefore ventures upon the query,

"And hast thou been there, oh my brother?"

"Astaghfar ullah (I beg pardon of Allah)!" ejaculates Gul Mohammed, half angry, half amused. "What a mshenzi (pagan) this is! No, my brother, I have not exactly been there; but my Mulungu (Allah) told my Apostle, who told his descendants, who told my father and mother, who told me, that when we die we shall go to a Shamba (a plantation) where—"

ON THE LAKE TANGANYIKA.

"Oof!" grunts Muzunga Mbaya, "it is good of you to tell us all this Upumbafu (nonsense) which your mother told you. So there are plantations in the skies?"

"Assuredly," replies Gul Mohammed, who expounds at length the Moslem idea of paradise to the African's running commentary of "Nenda we!" (be off!), "Mama-e!" (oh, my mother!), and "Tumbanina," which may not be translated.

Muzunga Mbaya, who for the last minute has been immersed in thought, now suddenly raises his head, and, with somewhat of a goguenard air, inquires,

"Well, then, my brother, thou knowest all things! Answer me: is thy Mulungu black like myself, white like this Muzungu, or whity-brown as thou art?"

Gul Mohammed is fairly floored: he ejaculates sundry la haul! to collect his wits for the reply—

"Verily the Mulungu hath no color."

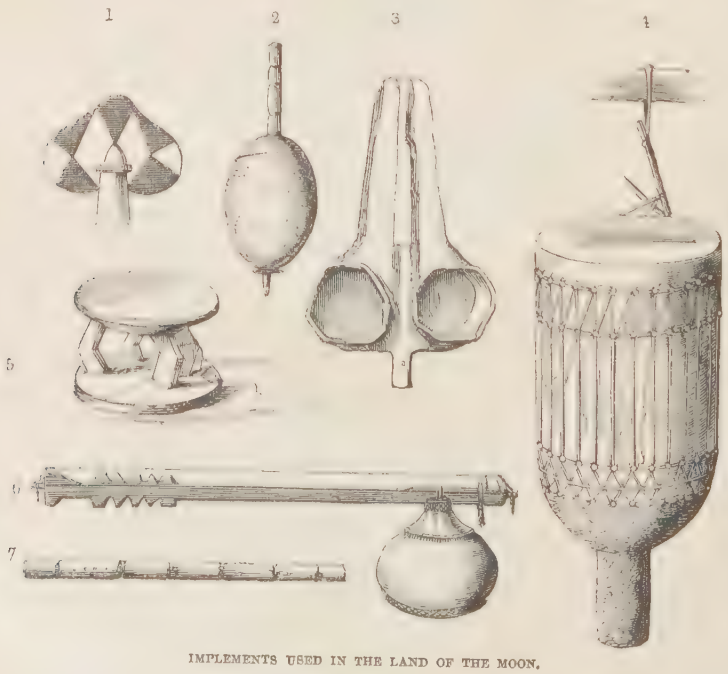
"To-o-oh! Tuh!" exclaims the Muzunga, contorting his wrinkled countenance, and spitting with disgust upon the ground. He was now justified in believing that he had been made a laughing-stock. The mountain of meat had, to a certain extent, won over his better judgment: the fair vision now fled, and left him to the hard realities of the half-pound. He turns a deaf ear to every other word; and, devoting all his assiduity to the article before him, he unconsciously obeys the advice which many an Eastern philosopher has inculcated to his disciples—

"Hold fast the hour, though fools say nay
The spheres revolve, they bring thee sorrow;
The wise enjoys his joy to-day,
The fool shall joy his joy to-morrow."

This is the day's work. As for the progress, ten miles make a huge day's journey.

On the 14th of November the rainy season set in with a tremendous storm of rain and "rain-stones," as hail is here called. The weather now became cooler, and the climate healthier in a degree. The rainy season is the white man's holiday in tropical Africa. Nevertheless the violent change of seasons brought out from their debilitated systems violent paroxysms of fever, which prostrated Captain Burton and all his more immediate attendants. As they advanced a new peril beset them. The currency changed. The blue and black beads, which had passed below, now proved almost worthless. They had to be exchanged at a ruinous discount for the pipe-stem kind, which were in demand. These again came into disrepute, and necessitated another change near the great sea. Finally, at Kajjanjeri Burton was struck with paralysis of the lower limbs. "About three P.M. I was obliged to lay aside the ephemeris by an unusual sensation of nervous irritability, which was followed by a general shudder, as in the cold paroxysms of fever. Presently the extremities began to weigh and burn as if exposed to a glowing fire. At sunset the attack had reached its height. I saw, yawning wide to receive me,

"'those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows.'



IMPLEMENTS USED IN THE LAND OF THE MOON.

1. Paddle.—2. Sange, or Gourd.—3. Bellows.—4. Drum.—5. Stool.—6. Zeze (guitar).—7. D'hete.

The whole body was palsied, powerless, motionless, and the limbs appeared to wither and die; the feet had lost all sensation, except a throbbing and tingling as if pricked by a number of needle points; the arms refused to be directed by will, and to the hands the touch of cloth and stone was the same. Gradually the attack spread upward till it compressed the ribs." This at two months' distance from medical aid, and, as Captain Burton bitterly remembered, with the work of the expedition only half accomplished.

The Arabs who were called in declared the case not novel; it was a consequence of malaria, but beyond their skill. They only prophesied that in ten days he would be able to move. On the tenth he mounted his donkey. But it was a year ere he could walk to any distance; and more ere the numbness of extremities disappeared. Toward the end of January the whites and the Goanese were nearly blind; another result of malaria. Every thing was seen as through a dark mist.

And now at last they entered into the Land of the Moon, a district of peaceful rural beauty, which is really, the explorers say, the garden of Central Intertropical Africa. The fields yield sixty fold; water is abundant; the climate, though unhealthy to residents, is better than to the eastward. The forests abound in lions and leopards, cynhyenas, and wild-cats; on the plains are seen the elephant, rhinoceros, giraffe, zebra, Cape buffalo, the juaygar, and the splendid koodoo. Birds of various kinds and several beautiful monkeys frequent the neighborhood of the pools. The people are fat and brave. They remove the eyelashes, and the women are remarkable for the elongation of the mammary organ. Cloth is only worn by the wealthier classes. The commonalty dress in skins, but wear ornaments of beads and brass wire. When a woman is about to become a mother she retires to the jungle, and after a few hours returns to the hut, with the child wrapped in foal-skin upon her back, and probably carrying a load of firewood on her head besides. When she bears twins, one is immediately killed. But the poor mother wraps a gourd in skins, and tends and feeds it like the survivor, near whom this touching effigy is always laid to sleep. The father *owns* his children, and may sell or slay them without reproach. By a curious reversal of common customs a man leaves property to the children of his concubines, but none to those by his wives. The former have no friends, he says; the latter have relations. At ten the boy is his own master, plants his tobacco patch, and aspires to build a hut for himself.

The young girls remain till marriageable in the father's house. Then they leave it, and live, a number together, in a separate hut. Here they are courted, and from here they are married. Husband and wife have no community of goods. They plant, trade, and save separately, and a husband or wife succeeding to an inheritance will abandon the other partner to starvation. They are fond of pombé, but get drunk in buildings erected for convivial purposes, of which there are two in each village, one for men and the other for women. The sexes do not eat together, even boys disdaining to eat with women. To "sit upon pombé" is the term for drinking to intoxication. When a prominent man falls sick, the Mganga, or doctor, fixes, by incantations, upon the poor wretches who have bewitched him. These are tortured by forcing the thumb back upon the hand; the victim who confesses is speared or beheaded; and every day men and women die, till the sick man either recovers or dies himself.

At last, on the 13th of February, 1858, they stood upon the top of a hill, to surmount which had cost the last donkey his life.

"What is that streak of light which lies below?" inquires Captain Burton of his Arab companion.

"I am of opinion," quoth Bombay, "that that is *the* water."

Looking with his dimmed eyes through a vail of trees and jungle, poor Burton saw a narrow strip of water, a mere pond; and began to curse his ill luck and the Arab exaggeration that led him through this valley of the shadow of death for so poor a prize.

But advancing a little farther, the whole glorious view opened to him, filling him "with wonder, admiration, and delight." With a hearty shout of joy he hailed the goal of all his troublous journey. He had found the sea; and it was worth the discovery.

"Nothing in sooth," he says, "could be more picturesque than this first view of the Tanganyika Lake, as it lay in the lap of the mountains, basking in the gorgeous tropical sunshine. Below and beyond a short foreground of rugged and precipitous hill-fold, down which the foot-path zigzags painfully, a narrow strip of emerald green, never sere and marvelously fertile, shelves toward a ribbon of glistening yellow sand, here bordered by sedgy rushes, there cleanly and clearly cut by the breaking wavelets. Further in front stretch the waters, an expanse of the lightest and softest blue, in breadth varying from thirty to thirty-five miles, and sprinkled by the crisp east wind with tiny crescents of snowy foam. The back-ground in front is a high and broken wall of steel-colored mountain, here flecked and capped with pearly mist, there standing sharply penciled against the azure air; its yawning chasms, marked by a deeper plum-color, fall towards dwarf hills of mound-like proportions, which apparently dip their feet in the wave. To the south, and opposite the long, low point, behind which the Malagarazi River discharges the red loam suspended in its violent stream, lie the bluff headlands and capes of Uguhha, and, as the eye dilates, it falls upon a cluster of outlying islets, speckling a sea-horizon. Villages, cultivated lands, the frequent canoes of the fishermen on the waters, and on a nearer approach the murmurs of the waves breaking upon the shore, give a something of variety, of movement, of life to the landscape, which.

HOUSE-BUILDING IN THE LAND OF THE MOON.

1. The Timber.—2. Burned down.—3. Put into shape.—4. Setting up the Frame.—5. Roofing the House.—6. It is finished.—7. Industry has its reward.

like all the fairest prospects in these regions, wants but a little of the neatness and finish of art—mosks and kiosks, palaces and villas, gardens and orchards—contrasting with the profuse lavishness and magnificence of nature, and diversifying the unbroken *coup d'œil* of excessive vegetation, to rival, if not to excel, the most admired scenery of the classic regions. The riant shores of this vast crevasse appeared doubly beautiful to me after the silent and spectral mangrove-creeks on the East-African sea-board, and the melancholy, monotonous experience of desert and jungle scenery, tawny rock and sun-parched plain, or rank herbage and flats of black mire. Truly it was a revel for soul and sight! Forgetting toils, dangers, and the doubtfulness of return, I felt willing to endure double what I had endured; and all the party seemed to join with me in joy."

On the next day they paddled over the lake—the first white men who had ever bathed their hands in its cool waters—to the locality of the fabled city of Ujiji. But, alas! the town reported by the Arabs to be as large as Zanzibar, proved to be only a rude trading centre, boasting a number of dilapidated houses and an open market space, where crowds of dusky barbarians bought and sold ivory, slaves, provisions, and fruits, with much scolding and frequent dagger-thrusts.

The party were assigned houses, and received numerous civilities from the people, who expected to get their trade. At last Burton was forced to declare that he had no commercial object in view, but that he would pay as much tribute as a trader. It was an incautious acknowledgment. "These are men who live by doing nothing!" exclaimed the suspicious Wajiji; and thenceforth, though they submitted to every exaction, all was vain. They were held in bad odor; and as nobody would gain by them, every body was consistently uncivil.

The first two weeks were days of rest. For a fortnight the unhappy Burton lay upon the earth, too blind to read or write, too weak to ride, too ill to converse. His companion suffered in addition from a curious distortion of face, which forced him to chew sideways like a cow.

With partial recovery came the desire to explore the lake—a desire made more urgent by a report that from its northern extremity issued a large river flowing northward. Perhaps—who knows?—thought our explorers, the Nile! The thought that they held, perchance, in their hands the clew to a riddle which has gone unsolved for twenty centuries—that was a thought to spur them on to their bravest. Fortune, fame, hung upon a voyage of perhaps a hundred miles by water.

To get boats was an undertaking requiring four weeks' negotiations. At last they were fairly embarked in two long, shallow, narrow, and frail boats, crowded with a horde of supernumerary blacks, who had their own business affairs to look after, and in momentary danger of being overset. Seated in the bottom at the midships of the boats, wet through by the spray of the paddles and by the leakage, which required the services of two constant bailers; half starved, and in constant danger of losing their lives in the affrays with people along shore, they at last arrived, after an eleven days' voyage, at an island in the northern portion of the lake, inhabited by indubitable cannibals. They are a

degraded set, who devour, besides man, all manner of carrion and vermin. The next day the narrowing shores proclaimed that they were approaching the termination of their voyage. With anxious eyes they scanned the waters ahead, to catch their first glimpse at the expected fountains of the Nile. On the 27th they landed at the extreme point to which trade is carried by the Ujiji people.

The next day came three stalwart negroes, sons of the sultan of the country, who dispelled all their hopes. They had been to the river. It flowed *into*, not out of the lake. It was a short and trifling stream. They offered to convey Burton to see with his own eyes. But his attendants and the negroes refused point blank either to go along or to await his return. They lived in a state of chronic terror of the barbarians; would not stir five yards from the boats even to get supplies, and insisted upon returning. So, assuring himself that he had at last heard the truth about the mysterious stream, they turned sadly back.

Meantime Burton, by reason of an ulcerated mouth, was compelled to live by suction for the better part of two weeks; and his companion was made deaf by a bug which crawled into his ear, and which he incautiously rammed down with a stick. Moreover, the extortions of the various dignitaries left them with scarce beads enough to buy food, and they actually saw starvation staring them in the face here, where no soul would have pitied them; when luckily supplies, long-expected, reached them from Zanzibar. Then, sore, fevered, wearied, and in many ways disappointed, but yet with the gratification of having made a real and important discovery, they set their faces eastward once more. And here, with some account of the lake and its people, we leave Captain Burton.

The eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika is distant, in a direct line, 540 geographical miles from the eastern coast of the continent. The windings of the caravan route make the distance up to about 950 miles. To traverse this distance the expedition had taken seven and a half months. Their average rate of marching was 2¼ miles per hour, and the number of marching hours was 420. The number of halts exceeded the marches by one-third.

The Tanganyika ("meeting-place of waters") Lake occupies the centre of the length of the African continent, and lies on the western extremity of the eastern third of its breadth. Its total length is about 250 geographical miles; its breadth from 30 to 35 miles. The superficial area it covers is about 5000 square miles. It is therefore somewhat larger than our Lake Ontario, and smaller than Lake Erie. The water is sweet and pure, but has a considerable power of corroding metal and leather. The land and sea breezes are felt upon its shores almost as distinctly as on the shores of the Indian Ocean. The chief breezes are from southeast and southwest. The lake is very subject to squalls, in which a short, chopping sea makes navigation uncomfortable and unsafe in the vessels of the natives. These are mostly long, very narrow, and shallow boats, made of trees, and which they have not yet learned to unite for safety, or to fit with outriggers, in the manner of the Pacific islanders. There is but one Arab *dow* on the lake, and that Captain Burton could not get. The hippopotamus and crocodile are found in great numbers on all parts of the shores. The woods abound in elephants. The soil is fertile. Sugar-cane, tobacco, and cotton are always to be purchased in the bazar. Long-tailed sheep, goats, fowls, and pigeons are reared. Poultry and eggs the people sell, but do not eat. Pigeons they rear, but will not sell. Ujiji is the great slave mart for a vast extent of country around.

The Wajiji are a burly race of barbarians, insolent in their manner, with harsh voices, large feet and hands, dark skins considerably tattooed, plain faces, entirely devoid of mustache or beard which are pulled out with tweezers, and straight, sturdy forms. They wear very little covering, delight to paint themselves with red earth, and are very fond of ornaments of brass and beads. They do not smoke or chew, but, instead, mix snuff with water, and sniff the expressed juice up the nostril, retaining it there by closing the nostrils with a pair of pincers, which every man and woman wears suspended from the neck. They make a kind of felted cloth by beating the fibrous bark of a tree. Their arms are small battle-axes, spears, and bows which carry unusually heavy arrows. The Arabs have avoided giving them muskets, which they therefore have very few of.

They have little family affection; yet when out in a storm, in their boats, the silence is broken only by the exclamation, "Oh my wife!" They are never sober when they can be drunk; never civil, and always ready to rob, steal, or murder.

The tribes who are neighbors to the Wajiji do not materially differ from them. They grow to be a finer race to the north of the lake, lighter colored, better formed, and evidently more intelligent—a different people, but yet barbarous. Of the countries beyond the lake, and in the far north, Captain Burton speaks of course only on the authority of Arab merchants. Some of the accounts are very curious. It appears that in about latitude 0° 10′ south is Kibuga, the residence of the powerful Sultan of Uganda. This town is not less than a day's journey in length. The sultan's palace is a mile long. Its walls have only four gates, which are hung with bells. These announce to the sovereign the approach of strangers. The harem contains 3000 women, children, and slaves. The palace is peculiarly subject to be burned down by lightning; and on these occasions the warriors are expected to assemble and put out the fire by rolling over it. "The Chief of Uganda has but two wants with which he troubles his visitors—one a medicine against death, and the other a charm against the thunder-bolt; and immense wealth would

reward the man who could supply either of these desiderata." Here seems a fine chance for some Yankee lightning-rod or quack-medicine seller.

The army of Uganda numbers at least 300,000 men. Each brings an egg to muster, by which means a general census of the people is made, and the Court is supplied with the material for omelets. Each soldier carries one spear, two assegais, a long dagger, and a shield. The women and children carry the food and baggage. They fight to the sound of drums, and if this ceases the whole host takes to flight. The Sultan's public appearance, on occasions of state, is made riding "pickaback" on the shoulders of his chief minister. When he needs money, he invades one of his own provinces, massacres the chief people, and sells the rest.

Such are the stories which stir up the desire of the travelers to go farther. Doubtless it would be "go farther and fare worse;" and luckily the shortness of supplies obliged them to return from the lake without exploring beyond. Here, therefore, we take our leave of Captain Burton, recommending those who feel a desire for farther knowledge of him and his important discoveries to read for themselves his interesting volume.

THE PEARL RING.

IT was Friday afternoon, and a crowd of girls of all sizes and ages, between seventeen and seven, were pouring out at the great double doors of our old-fashioned country school-house. As different as possible from all modern institutions of learning was this long, low, weather-stained brick building, with its one immense, uncarpeted room, crowded with desks and forms, and answering all the purposes of class-room, recitation-room, lecture-room, chapel, and every thing else.

As different, perhaps, were the order of exercises within; and possibly this was a difference with an advantage. I know we were not crammed with all the "ologies," confounded with all the languages, and tortured with all the accomplishments that ever had been invented; but there was plenty of mental aliment, nevertheless, dealt out to all who would receive it, and some food for heart and soul included.

Such as it was, the school was very popular in a certain county of Virginia, whose name need not be mentioned here. All the best people—the most wealthy as well as the most aristocratic—sent their daughters to Miss Page and the old brick school-house, in preference to distant boarding-schools, whether Northern or Southern; and every body in the village near who would "take boarders" for love or money had applications in plenty from such pupils as lived at too great a distance to come every day from home.

The house stood away back from the roadside, half hidden in the pine woods which made extensive play-ground for us, besides affording delicious shade and coolness in the sultry spring and summer months. I remember well how the sweet woodland breezes used to flutter through the wide-open doors and windows, so fragrant with their piny odor, and so musical with the murmur of the trees. And sometimes I almost forgot my lessons in delightful dreams and fancies, as I gazed out of the window before me down into the glades and arches of the forest, watching the wavering sunbeams with the leafy shadows dancing against them, and listening with an ever-new enjoyment to the surging anthems of the pines.

A group of girls stopped, on this Friday afternoon, under one of the large trees near the house. It was a veteran old pine, whose topmost branches seemed always reaching after the clouds, they held themselves so loftily above all their neighbors. Beneath and around it was a thick carpet of dead pine-leaves, upon which two or three of the girls threw themselves lazily, declaring it was a great deal pleasanter than going home.

"Don't be in a hurry, Nelly Randolph," said Maggie Wise, a stout, merry-faced girl, to another, at least a head taller, and as graceful in appearance as Maggie was clumsy. "Sit down here, I want to talk to you."

"About what?" Nelly answered, pausing a moment, but refusing to sit down.

"Why, about the piece of intelligence Miss Page gave us this afternoon—the new teacher, of course."

"I'm sure I don't know what we can say on that subject," said Elinor Randolph, with a laugh. "We have not even seen him yet, and are not in possession of one item of information concerning him, save and except his name."

"But we are not above the folly of speculation, Miss Randolph," interposed another girl, sarcastically, "upon a matter of interest to us all. Though, of course, it could not be expected of your Majesty to join us."

"If my Majesty could see any satisfaction, Susie, in such speculations, I should not refuse to join you. But I really have nothing to say or think about Mr. Peyton. I know he is to fill Miss Page's place for a little while—a few months at longest; but it doesn't seem to me a matter of much consequence any way."

"Oh, you're always so horridly indifferent, Nelly Randolph!" another voice chimed in. "One would think it was an everyday thing for Miss Page to have a sister get married, and go North for the summer, and have her place filled by a gentleman. For my part, I'm dying with curiosity to know all about him—whether he's young and handsome, and if he's going to be agreeable, and whether I shall like him or not—and *every thing!*"

"And speculating about him will satisfy your curiosity on all points, I suppose," Nelly retorted, gayly.

"Don't you really care?" Maggie Wise asked, wonderingly. "I never had a gentleman teacher in my life—oh! except my music teacher—that cross old Harig!—and I'm delighted with the idea of Mr. Peyton. I'm sure he will be nice. Sha'n't you like it, just for a change?"

"No, I shall not," Elinor answered, prompt-

ly. "If it wasn't outrageously selfish, I should think it was a great bother to have Miss Page go away this summer. I would rather have her for my teacher than all the gentlemen in the world, and I shall be heartily glad when she comes back. There's the truth."

"Of course it is if you say so," laughed Maggie; "but I wouldn't believe any body else was in earnest. You never can be like the rest of us."

"I am like myself," Elinor said, lightly. "You must take me as you find me, Maggie, just as I would advise you to take Mr. Peyton, without getting up any extraordinary expectations. That's all I have to say for him. Good-by, girls. Come, children!"

And she walked away from the group under the tree, followed by her little sister Jessie and myself—"her little friend," as I was very proud to be called. For Elinor Randolph was my childish ideal of every thing that was beautiful and noble in womanhood.

She was the acknowledged queen in our school: the best scholar, in every sense of the word; beyond all comparison the most beautiful and graceful; and the most envied, perhaps, for her worldly position, being the oldest daughter of one of the wealthiest men in the county, and the uncontrolled mistress of his stately establishment. The girls all paid deference to her, and courted her favor; some for these reasons, others for worthier ones, because they appreciated and admired her frank, generous nature, and her earnest, truthful life. But there was a little sense of awe mingled in all feeling for her. She had neither part nor sympathy in any girlish follies of her companions; scorned their gossip about daily trifles, and their continual interchange of wonderful love-secrets; laughed at their little vanities and curiosities; and openly expressed her contempt for the shirking of lessons and subterfuges to cover delinquency which too many of them practiced.

Herself so earnest and sincere in the improvement of all opportunities and advantages that would educate her for the true aims and duties of life, she had little patience with the triflers who carelessly threw them away. And being quite fearless to express her opinions always, without respect of persons, she made herself, if not disliked, yet certainly feared, by many of her companions. Nevertheless her influence was felt for good. Nobody could do without her very well, for in one way or another she helped every body in the school; and nobody could be angry with her very long, there was such a power of fascination in her beauty, her brightness, and real kind-heartedness, notwithstanding her outspoken candor at all times and seasons.

So, rather than offend her, the girls of her own age who coveted the distinction of intimacy with her, both for present and prospective advantages, took pains to be truthful; and the good example spread rapidly through the school. Whatever may be said of the motive, the result was undoubtedly excellent. Miss Page was never tired of praising Elinor for the change wrought by her influence; and Elinor herself, it must be confessed, looked upon what she had accomplished with no little pride and self-gratulation.

She never imagined the possibility of a fall from her own heights. That she whose truth-telling power had compelled a whole school to respect and practice truthfulness could ever fail in sincerity herself, was an idea that never entered her mind. But just here, in the security of her fancied strength, lay the one great weakness of Elinor's character.

My eyes never saw it, however, any more than her own, in those days. It was the most natural thing, in my thought, that she should be proud of herself, for to me she was the embodiment of perfection. A lonely child from my birth—without parents or sisters to divide my love—I gave it all to Elinor from my first acquaintance with her, and worshiped her at a distance, not daring to tell her a word of the passionate admiration which filled my foolish little heart.

I used to sit in my desk by the window, which happened to be just opposite hers, and watch her beautiful face, with its large, liquid eyes, and the clouds of rich brown curls, drooping over cheeks of such peachy bloom as one would gaze upon a picture. It was more delightful than any picture to me, with its varying shades of expression, every one of which I came to understand with love's quick instinct: more like a poem, I thought, that one could never tire of studying. I studied it more than my lessons, I think. She was so busy always herself that she did not notice my watchful eyes for a long time; but, one day, as I sat spell-bound, as usual, by her loveliness, she looked up suddenly, and met my gaze.

The color rushed up to my face, and the tears to my eyes, as I saw her irrepressible smile. I felt overwhelmed with mortification and misery, convinced that she would despise me forever now for my rudeness and impertinence, and thought, with a child's facility for magnifying unhappiness, that I was the most wretched person in the world. As soon as the recess came, and I could escape, I flew down into the woods to hide myself, and cry out my shame and distress. There Elinor found me, crouching among the dead leaves, in an agony of grief; and by her caresses and soothing words I was raised at once from the depth of my despair to the seventh heaven of delight.

"You foolish little thing!" she said, laughingly, after I had grown quiet, and was sitting by her side, half-ashamed, but wholly "happified." "What in the world did you run away to cry for? What possessed you?"

"Because—because I loved you," was my stammering answer.

"As if I didn't know that! I've known it all along, you shy little Molly, although you never came near me, or had a word to say to me, like the other children. I suppose you nev-

er would, either, if I hadn't found you out here, and made you talk to me?"

"Because I was afraid to. I thought you wouldn't like me. I am not pretty and clever, as some of the other girls," I said.

"That's nonsense," Elinor answered, flatly. "You're pretty enough, as far as I see; and that would be no reason, anyway, either for liking or disliking you. If you only love me because you think I am pretty, Molly, or even clever, I must tell you frankly that I don't care much for that sort of love."

"But that isn't all, or half, or any thing, of what makes me love you!" I exclaimed, passionately. "I love you just because you are yourself, Elinor; and I don't know why it is, or what for. I know I never felt so for any body else; and it would be all the same if you were not beautiful, though I like better to have you so. It makes you more perfect still than any body else."

"But I'm *not* more perfect than any body else," Elinor laughed; "and you know I can't have any thing but the truth told to me. So you mustn't flatter, Molly."

"I don't flatter—at least, I don't mean to, Elinor," I said, earnestly. "If you only knew how lonely I have been always—with nobody to love much—nobody to tell what I think and feel—you would understand. It just fills my heart to love you so; and, indeed, you seem perfect to me. If you never speak to me again, I shall always be happy, thinking of this time."

"You are a strange child!" Elinor exclaimed, putting her arms around me, and giving me a kiss. "I don't know what will become of you when you grow up to be a woman, and fall in love with a man. Don't think, though, that I shall never speak to you again. I care a great deal more for you already, little Molly, than for any of the other little girls, or great girls either, for that matter. There isn't one of them that loves me as you do, and have done so long without any reward at all. And you shall see I won't forget it. Only don't make an angel of me in your imagination, because you will see me frightfully cross sometimes, and that would break your heart with disappointment."

"No, indeed!" I cried, rapturously. "You may be just as cross as you like now; I shall never mind."

"Very good. I've only one thing more to say; that is, the next time you come away to cry about me, let me know the particular spot you choose for the purpose, so I needn't lose time in searching for you. I wasted ten minutes hunting over the play-ground for you, and have given up all my recess to you besides. I hear the bell now, and we must hurry back, or we shall be late."

So I went back to school with her, holding her hand as I ran by her side, the happiest child surely in all the county. And after that I was her sworn champion on all occasions, ready to do battle with the whole school, singly or collectively, if need offered in her cause. No knight of chivalry ever reverenced his ladye-love with more romantic devotion than I rendered to Elinor, "my queen," as I called her in my heart; no lover ever treasured more delightedly the tokens of his mistress's favor than I the affectionate words and occasional caresses which Elinor bestowed on me.

My romantic and reverential passion half amused and half touched her. I never offended her with expressions of it, and never presumed upon her fondness for me; so she did not weary of me, but liked to have me often near her, and to make me happy with a kiss now and then—though that was only on special occasions, for she was never lavish of caresses. Generally she treated me in a sort of motherly way, helping me in my lessons, and taking the same oversight of me that she did of her little sister Jessie, while at school. And once in a while, by way of giving me a great treat, she invited me to Elkinton to spend a holiday with Jessie.

I have been invited this afternoon to stay over Saturday till Monday morning, and in my eagerness to be on the way I was impatient even of the short conversation under the pine-tree. Nevertheless I had my little secret curiosity about Mr. Peyton, and so had Jessie as well. I kept mine to myself after hearing Elinor's opinion, but Jessie's came out after we had walked through the woods in silence for a while, in an emphatic assertion:

"You are the most provoking person I know, Nelly Randolph!"

"Why, Jessie?" Elinor started as if caught in a reverie. She had been walking lazily along, not at all with her usual springing step, and had not spoken since we left the play-ground. "What have I done? what am I doing now?" she asked, hastily.

"Waking up now, I believe," Jessie said, saucily. "You've been asleep ever since we started, and Molly hasn't dared to speak for fear of disturbing you."

"Nobody would accuse you of such a degree of consideration," Elinor retorted, gayly.

"I guess not!" was Jessie's answer. "But then I'm not in love with you as Molly is. I'm going to wait till Mr. Peyton comes before I fall in love!"

"Jessie, how foolish you are!" her sister exclaimed, a little impatiently. "What nonsense for a little girl to talk!"

"Well, it's only because you are so stupid, Nelly. If you would take any interest in Mr. Peyton's coming—like the rest of the school—I wouldn't talk so. I believe, after all, you're only pretending not to care."

"Elinor *never* pretends," I interposed, indignantly.

"I wish she did!" Jessie exclaimed, laughing. "It would do me good to catch her in a great big fib sometime. She would have to come down to a level with other people then, instead of marching about with that

"'Sublime significance of mouth,
And forehead royal with the truth'

that she always carries."

Jessie put herself into marching gait as she delivered her sounding quotation, and swept on before us in ridiculous imitation of her sister's style. Elinor laughed heartily.

"I declare I had no idea how your education was progressing, Miss Jessie Randolph," she said, merrily. "A young lady who talks of falling in love, and begins to quote Miss Barrett, ought to be attended to. Pray when did you acquire the latter accomplishment? for I think you were never known to remember a line of verse before."

"Oh!" Jessie shrugged her shoulders. "Don't speak of it! I learned them by heart, and it was worse than Greek grammar. I stumbled upon the book that you are always poring over, and Molly, there, pretends to understand—"

"Molly doesn't do any such thing," I said, hastily.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!—that Molly pretends *not* to understand, I meant—and I found my quotation, which was so like you that I had to learn it. There's another line, but I can't possibly remember it. It's something about 'nostrils,' though I never knew nostrils were poetical before."

"There's something left for you to learn, then," said Elinor; "but just try to be quiet a moment now. I hear somebody coming this way."

"Some of the negroes, I suppose, after 'shatters,'" Jessie returned, dancing along the path; but Elinor drew her back.

"No such thing," she said; "it is some one on horseback." And next moment we heard for ourselves the regular tramp of a horse's feet close at hand, though the sound was deadened by the thick carpet of pine-shatters that lined the wood-road.

We stood aside and waited, for the path was narrow beyond; and presently the rider came in full view, slackening his speed as he drew near and saw us standing by the road-side. It was a gentleman that none of us knew; young and handsome, with a grave sweet mouth, and the most thoughtful brow I had ever seen. I don't know what instinct told me it was Mr. Peyton; but my first glance at his face brought the conviction, which I think was equally shared by my companions, even before we had the confirmation of his words.

"Can you tell me," he asked, with a courteous bow to Elinor, "if I am on the right road to the school-house? I am a stranger in the neighborhood, and am a little puzzled by this wood-path."

"It is your right road, Sir, nevertheless," Elinor answered, quietly. "You will see the school-house in five minutes if you follow it."

"Thank you. Shall I be likely to find Miss Page there?"

"That I can not tell, Sir. School was dismissed half an hour ago, but she often stays sometime afterward."

"Then I shall see her, probably. Thank you again." And with another bow he loosened his rein and rode away. Jessie scarcely waited till the trees hid him from sight before she clapped her hands and burst into a merry, ringing laugh.

"It is Mr. Peyton! it is Mr. Peyton!" she cried, with mirthful delight. "Oh! won't Susie Archer be vexed because we have seen him first! How I wish she knew it. Nelly, *isn't* he splendid?"

"No," said Elinor, shortly; "but you are very foolish."

"I ought to know it by this time," Jessie retorted, comically. "You've told me so often enough this afternoon. But for all that Mr. Peyton *is* handsome, and I know you like him. There!"

"His looks are nothing to me, or to you either, Jessie," Elinor replied, quickly; "and it is ridiculous to talk of liking a person one has not seen two minutes. I wish you were not quite so childish."

"And I wish you were not quite so cross! I declare I won't walk with such a pair of old fogies any longer!"

Saying which, Jessie danced off before us, and ran skipping along the path, laughing and singing for her own amusement until she reached the gates of Elkinton; which Elinor and I, in our slower walk, did not come to till her little figure was quite hidden from sight among the thick shrubbery of the upper lawn.

The Elkinton grounds were very extensive, and arranged with great care and taste. Mr. Randolph had a passion for landscape gardening, and spent most of his time in planning new improvements in the lawns and parks. The place was always like fairy-land to me, with its magnificent trees, its wonderful flowering shrubbery, its mossy banks, and unexpected knolls and hollows, where one was continually surprised by little fairy-like springs of water, or beds of wild flowers; its arbors and summer-houses among the pomegranate trees; and its shady walks in groves of pine and cedar, where I almost fancied myself in the woods, the wind swept through with such a forest murmur.

The house itself was a fine old graystone building, with broad wings on each side, and double piazzas, overgrown with Virginia creeper and wild honey-suckle, running all round it. There were wide, oak-paneled halls inside, and grand ancestral staircases, with lofty rooms hung with family portraits, and filled with cumbrously elegant old furniture; among which Elinor's modern piano and various other articles of her special introduction, had a very graceful effect.

Mr. Randolph was a true Virginian in his hospitable habits; and there were already several guests in the house, but all gentlemen as it happened. So Elinor left them to her father's care, and gave herself up, as she always did when she brought me there, to make my visit happy.

"If you can possibly put Mr. Peyton out of your mind, Jessie," she said, as we all stood together in one of the large upper chambers, where we had been dressing for tea; "so that you can be interested in any thing else, we'll make up a

set of tableaux with those old dresses and things in the east room. Molly has never seen them yet, and there are costumes for all sorts of characters among them."

"But where are the characters to wear them?" asked Jessie. "We three are not enough to make a tableau of any thing but 'Maternal Love.' And besides, you are not old enough to be the mother in that!"

"I sha'n't try to be," said Elinor, laughing. "We can find plenty of pictures for three, if we think a little; and, by way of variety, we can dress up Rose and Clarissa, and some of the little ones, for waiting-maids and pages."

That was agreed to be a capital idea; so we adjourned to the east room, and began to overhaul the ancient wardrobes and bureaus, and bring to light the stores of old satins and brocades that had descended, in their varieties of curious fashion, through three or four generations of Randolphs.

I had never seen such a collection before, and was wonderfully interested in the quaint, costly old garments. But they were as nothing in comparison with the jewels that Elinor produced from a carefully-locked drawer in one of the bureaus. I could have spent an hour in examining and admiring the brilliant stones, diamonds, topazes, and pearls, the delicate cameos and mosaics, and the curiously-wrought charms and hearts and crosses—all in such quaint settings of old, red gold. It was the first time I had ever seen real family jewels, and they interested me then, as they always have since, greatly more than the most dazzling collection of modern ornaments.

I knew there must be so many stories linked with them all; and I would have liked much better to have had Elinor tell me the romantic history of each heir-loom than to help her select the costumes for the tableaux. However, that was the business on hand now; and she promised to tell me the stories another time. So we planned the pictures, tried on dresses, and busied ourselves with the preliminary arrangements till the bell rang for tea.

Afterward we wandered about the grounds, in company with the gentlemen, who required some of Elinor's attention, until it grew dark enough to give the tableaux a proper effect.

The back parlor was chosen for our use, and the folding-doors served instead of a curtain. Rose and Clarissa, two pretty young mulatto girls, took part in various characters, and three or four of the little negro boys were dressed for pages, while troops of the other servants gathered round the doors to look on and admire the proceedings.

The first picture was "Rebecca and Rowena," of course; it would be a sin against all precedence, Elinor said, not to begin with that. Clarissa made a splendid Jewess; and Jessie, who was very fair, made a charming little Rowena. The spectators in the front parlor were good enough to pardon her extreme youth, and applauded the representation quite enough to satisfy the actors.

There was a Convent scene next: a group of nuns who had just finished adorning a novice for her reception of the holy rite which was to make her "the bride of Heaven." Elinor stood in the midst of our sombre figures, a perfect impersonation of light and beauty, in her flowing white robes and glittering jewels. I acted my part to perfection in gazing at her—for the dress and exalted expression which she assumed gave her an almost superhuman loveliness that spelled me while it lasted. She came down from the altitude of her heavenly aspirations as soon as the folding-doors were shut, and laughed gayly at my rapturous admiration, while she was hastily changing her dress to appear as Cinderella in another scene.

So one after another followed, until we came to the last, which was an invention of our own, and not intended to mean any thing especially, but only to exhibit all our actors. Elinor, dressed in a pink flowered-satin, with diamond necklace and bracelets, strings of pearls in her hair, and bouquets of flowers to loop up her skirt, stood in a commanding attitude, giving an order to one little negro page, while another reverently held up her enormous train. Jessie reclined languidly, in muslin robes, upon a heap of cushions, fanned by Clarissa, her humble handmaid; while I sat upon a low seat gazing intently upon a miniature, and paying no heed to Rose, who held upon her arm the splendid dress which was waiting for my wearing.

While the gentlemen were trying to explain the picture, and give the meaning to it that it didn't have, I heard, or fancied, a rattle of wheels in the carriage-drive, and presently a little commotion in the hall, as if some one had arrived. But just then Elinor, tired of standing so long, motioned to have the doors closed; and so I did not think any more about it, until, a few minutes after, I heard Mr. Randolph's voice calling for Elinor. She had sat down to rest without changing her brilliant costume, and opened the door again, still wearing it, to answer her father's call, not thinking of meeting any other spectators than those she had already seen.

But, to our great astonishment, there sat Miss Page upon a sofa; and, in a chair near her, the gentleman we had met in the woods—without doubt now Mr. Peyton himself. Elinor half started back, blushing with embarrassment at her singular attire; but the next moment she recovered her self-possession, and went forward frankly to greet her guests, explaining apologetically to Miss Page the reason of her unseasonable splendor.

Miss Page laughed, declared the dress was exceedingly becoming, and that she must not change it, because they had only a few minutes to stay, and could not spare her for so long. She was to start for Baltimore at sunrise next morning, she said, but could not resist the temptation to bring Mr. Peyton to Elkinton before leaving, that she might herself introduce him to Mr. Randolph. At which Mr. Ran-

dolph, who was one of Miss Page's special friends and upholders, expressed himself duly gratified; and after a few polite words of welcome and greeting to Mr. Peyton, Jessie and I were called in from the next room to be introduced also.

Our tableau costumes were admired and commented upon, and, by opening a topic of conversation, did much to take away the stiffness of a first meeting. In a few minutes we were all, even the children, as much at ease with Mr. Peyton as if we had known him always. There was such a simple ease and frankness in his own manner that one unconsciously fell into the same tone; while at the same time one could not but acknowledge his superiority, which, though asserted by neither look nor voice, was yet instinctively felt by every one.

He led the conversation—though no one was conscious that he took the lead—from one theme of general interest to another. Mr. Randolph and his gentlemen friends, Miss Page and Elinor, though all so different, were all equally impressed by the nameless charm of his manner, and joined with eagerness and animation in the social converse. For myself, I sat quiet on a low seat by Miss Page, and watched, in turn, Elinor and Mr. Peyton, full of delighted admiration for both. I had never seen her so fascinating before. Her brilliant dress accorded perfectly with the delicate bloom of her beauty, and her graceful wit was excited to full exercise by Mr. Peyton's powers. For him I began already to feel a wonderful reverence and admiration. I knew he was good. I had a power which children often possess unconsciously, of insight into character; and my study of Mr. Peyton's face satisfied me of his truth and nobleness. "He is like Elinor," I thought; and then came a foolish fancy, suggested partly by Jessie's nonsense in the woods, and partly by my own involuntary comparison, that possibly he might some day marry Elinor—a fancy which so excited my imagination that I immediately began to build up a romance upon it, which occupied all my thought until the visitors, after refusing many urgent invitations to spend the night, rose up finally to take their leave.

Two hours had passed rapidly, and Miss Page was perfectly astonished at having been beguiled into such a long visit, when she had intended only the shortest call. She declared she would have to sit up all night to finish her packing. So, with good-by kisses, and mutual wishes for a happy summer, she hurried away. And our party soon separated for the night, though not before a short discussion of Mr. Peyton had taken place, in which one and all paid him a tribute of respect.

"A clever fellow—eh, Randolph?" said one of the gentlemen, perhaps the most fastidious and tenacious of his family pride in all the group. "Not a bit of the pedagogue about him. A gentleman every inch."

"Yes, indeed," Mr. Randolph assented, heartily. "A gentleman by birth and education both, I should say. He has a good name, certainly."

"None better," said another. "The only wonder is that he should be playing pedagogue in an out-of-the-way country school."

"Playing pedagogue will be no dishonor to him," Elinor interposed, with animation. "He is a man who would dignify any occupation, even a degrading one, which teaching school is certainly not. And he would be a gentleman if his name was John Hodge, instead of Washington Peyton. Those are Elinor Randolph's sentiments, Mr. Nottingham, at your service."

And so, with a merry bow and smile, Elinor departed to her own room, followed by Jessie and myself, who were to sleep in one adjoining. Old Aunt Amy, who had been Jessie's nurse, and still claimed the privilege of being her waiting-maid, went with us to help us in undressing; and she, too, had a word to say for Mr. Peyton.

"He's got a mighty good face, honey—dat he has. I seen him comin' in de house, an' he looks like real quality, all ober. Dey ain't any body comes yer I took such a shine to, de berry fust time. He's none o' yer poor white folks, ef he does keep school. Dat's what Ada says."

"He's only going to keep school a little while, Aunt Amy," I said, "while Miss Page is gone away. I dare say he is a friend of Miss Page's, and is going to take her place this summer just to oblige her. I don't think he is a teacher always."

"I'd like to know," Aunt Amy pursued, "ef he's one o' de Peytons dat my ole man use to b'long to. Dey was mighty nice people, all on 'em. I jes' like to know ef dis is one o' de fam'ly."

"I'll ask him, Aunt Amy, soon as I get acquainted with him," Jessie promised. "Only please untie my slippers now. I'm awful sleepy, and I want to go to bed right away."

So Aunt Amy made haste with the undressing, and, soon nestled together in the ample bed, Jessie and I forgot all about Mr. Peyton in sound, happy slumber.

We did not see him again, or hear of him, until Monday morning, when he took his seat at Miss Page's desk, with an air of grave authority as if he had always sat there. He opened the school just as she had always done, called one class after another in its exact order, and conducted every thing with such a quiet self-possession, that, except when we looked at him, or heard his manly voice, we were scarcely conscious of the change.

At recess and after school the girls, of course, could talk of nothing else. Mr. Peyton was discussed, from the wave of his brown hair and the curl of his eyelashes down to the covering of his very gentlemanly foot. Face and figure, dress and manner, voice and look, were all commented upon as only school-girls can comment upon and talk over a novelty. Certainly one would have thought some of them had never seen a gentleman before, from their extravagant

interest in this one, so lately a stranger to them all; and Susie Archer, and some others, were just as much vexed and piqued as even Jessie could have wished them to be, when they learned that he had spent the very first evening of his arrival at Elkinton.

I, with Elinor for my model of womanly dignity, thought all their gossip, and rivalry, and plans for attracting Mr. Peyton's notice excessively weak and absurd. And my admiration for Elinor increased as I saw her proud lip curl, half scornfully, half mirthfully, at the silly speeches she constantly heard, not only the first day, but all the time, for the girls only grew more enthusiastic about Mr. Peyton as day after day developed more of his attractiveness.

He was very kind to them all, and without in any degree compromising his own dignity, made himself extremely agreeable. Every one was fascinated—just as all the circle at Elkinton had been that first night—by his brilliant conversation, and the mingled ease and earnestness of his manner. The girls hung upon his words in school, even when making the dryest explanations of uninteresting studies; and when, at recess, he sat down, as he sometimes did, upon the bench under the great pine-tree, and gathered them round him for a half-hour's chat, even the least intellectual of the party were impressed and excited by all he said, whether his theme were poetry or metaphysics, moralities or commonplaces.

I knew that Elinor liked and enjoyed these conversations especially, and someway I felt that they were all chiefly addressed to her, although the others imagined them quite as much intended for themselves. Certainly none of the others were capable of understanding and appreciating the richness of Mr. Peyton's mind as she was; and all her own powers of thought and expression seemed to be quickened by this communion with him. She talked over her favorite books with him, and brought forward all her cherished theories and ambitious ideas of intellectual supremacy and inherent nobility, defending bravely her faith in them all, though it often happened that she was forced to acknowledge herself conquered by Mr. Peyton's clearer comprehension and stronger argument. I always sat by her at such times, and listened with a largely increasing veneration for the powers of both; while, at the same time, I gathered fresh material for my romance about them, which, although I never hinted the thought to any one, was always in my mind.

It was about a month after Mr. Peyton took the school when I heard the girls talking about a new class in mathematics that was to be formed. They were to have new books, more difficult than they had ever studied, and the class was to consist of only six members, to be selected by Mr. Peyton himself. There was quite a little excitement among them about the election, all of them anxious for the honor of the new study, yet many of them shrinking from the difficulty of the enterprise. Mr. Peyton settled the question when the books came, by writing in them, first, Elinor Randolph's name, then Susie Archer's and Maggie Wise's, with three others whom he considered next in ability.

There was a good deal of murmuring at his choice, of course, but Mr. Peyton did not choose to see or hear any of it, and so the class was formed according to his own plan. It went on bravely for a while. The young mathematicians worked with will, bending every energy to the conquest, and rejoicing in seeing Mr. Peyton's pleasure in their rapid progress. Elinor was the head of the class, as she was of all others: no difficulty daunted her; no obstacle but she trampled down; and all the others depended upon her, bringing their perplexities to be untangled by her clearer insight and keener application.

One afternoon she sat alone at her desk, after school had been dismissed for the day, and every one but myself besides had gone. I lingered to walk part of the way home with her; but she was busy with an unsolved problem that had puzzled the whole class for two days, and would not let me wait for her.

"I'm determined not to leave this house till I prove whether I can do it or not," she said; "so you had better run home, Molly, and not wait for me. It may be night before I get through. Good-by, little girl."

She kissed me as she spoke—I had reason to remember it, for I did not get another in a long time—and I went away happy and contented, and left her to her work. I was very proud of her perseverance and energy, which had positively refused assistance from Mr. Peyton, though all the others wished to ask it; and felt perfectly sure that she would accomplish every thing she wished. Still I was a little anxious to see her next morning and get the certainty from her own lips. So I hurried to school as soon as possible, but was disappointed in my hope of finding her already there. She did not come till late, and then went immediately to her own seat without speaking to any one.

I saw directly that something was amiss. Her face had lost all its bloom; her eyelids were heavy and drooping, with dark circles under them; and her lips were pallid. She looked really ill; but there was such a stern, rigid expression about her mouth, such a gloom in her eyes, that I shrank involuntarily from any questioning. I knew she was suffering, but I did not dare to ask her why; and I could only watch her with a sense of vague anxiety in my heart, and a troubled yearning to comfort her. I did not even ask her if she had finished her work: some impulse that I did not try to account for restrained me. But her class were not so scrupulous: they gathered round her with eager inquiries about the problem, to all which Elinor only answered by placing the solution before them.

"Oh! and you have really done it! How did you manage it? When did you finish it? Tell us this, Elinor; explain that!" the girls

exclaimed, as they clustered round her. But she seemed to have no patience for explanations this morning, and leaving the worked-out problem in their hands, she turned away from them greatly to their discontent.

"Elinor Randolph is too proud for any reason," Susie Archer cried, angrily. "She thinks she has done what nobody else could do, and she is more unapproachable than ever. What absurd pretension!"

"The absurd pretension is in your attempting to judge her one way or another," I answered, with hot indignation, for I never would hear patiently a word against Elinor from any one. At which Susie Archer called me, passionately, "a little fool," and told me to "hold my tongue, and not make myself ridiculous." So a quarrel began, in the midst of which Mr. Peyton made his appearance. He had heard the high voices evidently from the grave and pained look which he gave us. I fell back, ashamed and sorry; but he said nothing to us, and took his seat quietly as usual. Then I saw, what no one had seemed to notice before, a small pool of ink on the floor of the platform upon which his desk stood, and ink oozing slowly, drop by drop, from above. Mr. Peyton saw it too, and opening the desk quickly, he found books, papers, and every thing saturated with the contents of an overturned ink-bottle.

"How could it have happened?" every body exclaimed, for the desk was locked, and it was plain that no outward influence could have caused the accident. Mr. Peyton busied himself with remedying the mischief as well as he could, without saying any thing; but when every thing was done, he turned to the school and asked what we all considered a very unnecessary as well as unkind question.

"I wish to inquire," he said, "if any one of you have had any thing to do with this accident, or have reason to suspect the cause of it. If any one has either knowledge or suspicion please rise."

No one rose of course; but a murmur, half of astonishment, half indignation, ran round the room. I saw Elinor's pale cheek flush crimson: no wonder, for every one was provoked. How was it possible that we should know any thing about it when every body saw that the desk was locked and the ink spilled inside? It had been his own carelessness in putting the bottle where it could not stand. So we all thought and said among ourselves. Elinor alone took no part in the murmurs. Mr. Peyton said nothing more when his question met no response, and the school-exercises went on as usual. But all day long I wondered what he could have meant by asking us such a thing, and why his manner had changed so strangely. He was unlike himself all day, so grave, and stern, and silent, never speaking a word to any one that was not strictly required by the duty before him, and at recess keeping aloof from every one until it was school-time again.

Elinor was more incomprehensible still. All her bloom and brightness had faded utterly away. I never had seen her so gloomy and cold, and so wretched-looking, as at times, in my close watch of her, she seemed to me. It was all a painful mystery which made me miserable, but which I could no way understand.

The mathematical class was called in the afternoon as usual, and, thanks to Elinor, each one had mastered the difficult problem. But it was very dull notwithstanding: each one took her place in turn at the black-board, and Mr. Peyton watched them in silence. It was very different from the quick and keen interest which he had always manifested, and consequently excited, in the class. It was a great relief to me when school was finally dismissed. I had had a wretched day, and Elinor was miserable, I knew that. I did so long to do something for her to comfort her in some way; but how could I? I did not dare offer any sympathy, much as I wanted to. I could only walk silently by her side on my way home.

There was a little branch or brook that we had to cross in the woods. The only bridge over it consisted of a couple of flat logs that stretched from bank to bank, and sometimes we used to kneel upon these and dip up the cool water in our hands to drink. Elinor stooped down this afternoon and bathed her forehead. I asked her if her head ached. She said "Yes," shortly, and Jessie just then exclaimed, as Elinor's white hands lay for a moment on her head:

"Oh, Nelly, see! you've dropped your ring in the water. Hurry and get it before it sinks in the sand."

She plunged her own hand into the stream as she spoke, and Elinor, with a half-suppressed cry, did likewise. I looked eagerly into the water; but neither their search nor my gaze discovered any trace of the missing ring. The branch was but a shallow stream, and its bright transparent waves, rippling over the hard yellow sand, could not have concealed it if it had been dropped there. She had evidently lost it some time before, though unconscious of it till then.

"It isn't here, that's certain," said Jessie as she flung off the drops from her wet hand. "You must have lost it at school, Nelly: when did you see it on your finger last?"

"I don't know," Elinor answered, in a choking voice. She walked across the bridge with a hurried step, went a few paces up the bank on the other side, then suddenly threw herself down upon the ground, buried her face in her hands, and burst into an agony of passionate tears. I never had seen her in such grief before, and I sprang to her side, broken-hearted at the sight of her distress, pleading with her not to cry, and promising wildly to search all over the woods, or the school-house, or any where, till I found the ring. Jessie joined with me in my attempt to comfort her, offering to run back to the school-room and look there; for she thought that the loss of the favorite ring was the only cause of her sister's distress. It was, indeed, one that she prized greatly; a large, pure pearl in a plain setting of black enamel, with her mother's name

engraved inside, and a tiny braid of her mother's hair beneath the pearl. She had had it made for herself when quite a child, after her mother's death, and it was the only one she had ever worn since. So that every one who knew Elinor was familiar with that ring. All this made sufficient reason to Jessie for Elinor's tears. She would have cried herself under like circumstances, but she forgot that Elinor was not given to such demonstrations. I could not help feeling, however, that there was a deeper cause underneath. It seemed to me just as if this were the last drop overflowing her cup of misery which had been growing fuller all day. More especially when, after she had with great effort controlled herself, she positively refused our offers of search, and made a special request that we would never speak about the ring again to her or any one.

I acquiesced silently, but Jessie was surprised and inquisitive. "Why not?" she asked. "I know it might be found if we looked for it—why don't you want any body to know? I thought you cared more for that ring than any thing in the world!"

"So I did!" Elinor exclaimed, bitterly. "I would rather have lost my finger than that ring! But I never want to see it again now—never, never!"

And with this passionate exclamation she hurried away from us, and walked rapidly on alone. Jessie and I lingered in astonishment for a moment. "Did you ever see any body like her?" Jessie ejaculated, presently, half in anger, half in bewilderment. "I do believe she is crazy, but I vow I won't listen to her absurdity. I mean to ask every body at school to-morrow if they have seen the ring."

"Don't!" I pleaded, eagerly. "Elinor never says what she doesn't mean, and she must have some reason for this. You will only vex her—trouble her, if you don't mind what she says. You *must* not ask any body, Jessie."

"Well! it's none of my business, I suppose," she retorted. "Elinor will have her own way, but I wish she wasn't so ridiculous sometimes. *I* don't care about the ring though, if she doesn't."

So we parted—Jessie to follow her sister, I to take my lonely walk home, to ponder in vain thought over Elinor's incomprehensible conduct, and to wonder whether she would ever be like herself again. Eagerly I waited her coming to school next morning, but there was no more comfort even then. The same heavy cloud of sullen despair was on her face, and I did not dare approach her. It was the same next day, and the next. At last I could not bear it any longer.

"*Do* tell me what is the matter, Elinor," I implored. "You look so wretched, I know you must be sick. *Won't* you tell me?"

"I will tell you nothing, but to leave me alone," was her angry answer, while a hot flush rose to her cheek. "What ails me is nothing to you, and I don't choose to be either questioned or watched. Please remember that for the future, and spend your study on your lessons instead of wasting it on my face."

I went away from her perfectly heart-broken. It was the first harsh word she had ever given me, and it almost killed me. But I obeyed her literally after this, and neither spoke to her nor looked at her, nor talked about her; though all the girls remarked it, and were continually torturing me with their mocking, curious questions about the "separation," as they called it, "between Orestes and Pylades." I did not care so much for what they said of myself, but it enraged me to hear them commenting upon Elinor's altered appearance, and speculating with malicious curiosity upon the causes of Mr. Peyton's changed manner toward her. It enraged me, but I could not deny a word of what they said. Mr. Peyton *had* changed as strangely as Elinor herself. He treated her always with the most marked coldness, never spoke to her except when it was absolutely necessary, and then as he might have done to a stranger. The pleasant conversations under the pine-tree never included her now; indeed they came very seldom to any one. He used to wander away in the woods at recess, where he need not speak to the girls, and came back always looking worn and unhappy. Sometimes I used to see him watching Elinor with such a strange, searching, sorrowful look; and then the conviction grew upon me stronger than ever that he was conscious of the reason of her trouble, and in some way connected with it.

How I vainly tried to imagine, fancying a thousand impossible things, but I never found any satisfactory solution to the mystery.

Things went on in this way for more than a week, and I began to despair of any change for the better. A vacation came about this time, on account of the camp-meetings. Every body went to them, and school-girls expected a holiday for camp-meeting as confidently as for Christmas. So Mr. Peyton yielded to the *vox populi*, though avowing that he did not clearly see the necessity; and school was closed for a week. Jessie Randolph begged me to spend it with her, offering all sorts of tempting inducements. Her father was going to have a tent on the camp-ground, where we could stay all night as often as we chose; Alice Floyd and Linda Nottingham—two of the nicest girls in school—had promised to go to Elkinton for the week, and altogether we could have famous fun.

I was not entirely insensible to the prospect of "famous fun;" for I was almost sick with my worry and anxiety, and any excitement, I thought, would be a relief. But the greatest inducement, after all, was the thought of being at home with Elinor every day, and the hope of possibly discovering her trouble, and being able to comfort her some way. It was a very vague hope; but, cherishing it, I accepted the invitation gladly, especially when Elinor herself, with somewhat of her old kindness, joined in extending it to me.

It deceived me, however, for day after day went by, and I never was alone a moment with

Elinor. Indeed I saw less of her than at school; for Jessie and Alice and Linda wanted to be at the camp-ground every day, while Elinor would not go at all after the first time. The house was besieged with gentlemen entreating the honor of Miss Randolph's company to the meeting; but Miss Randolph continued obdurate, and kept herself at home, shut up in her own room most of the time, or else wandering off for long solitary walks, nobody knew where.

"I do believe Elinor's getting religion," said Jessie, irreverently, one day. "I don't know what else can make her so stupid."

"You ought to be ashamed, Jessie!" I exclaimed, quite shocked; but the others laughed, and Linda Nottingham said, merrily, that couldn't be the matter at all. She knew all about it; because she had a cousin last year that was under conviction, and she wanted to be at meeting all the time, night and day.

"So, you see, if Nelly was so," said the thoughtless girl, "she would go to camp-meeting instead of staying away. She'd want to be at the mourner's bench, of course!"

"She wouldn't want no sech thing, Miss Linda," Aunt Amy interposed, indignantly. "Ketch Miss Nelly 'meanin' herself wid all dem poor white trash at de mourner's bench! I reck'n my young mistis a mighty long shot 'buv dat! No, indeed! She not gwine 'bout de camp-groun' hollerin' and shoutin' like a crazy nigger. She stays home an' says her prars by herself, jes' whar de Lord ken hear her, an' nothin' else. I knows!"

"Oh dear!" Jessie exclaimed, with a comical face; "is it really so, then, Aunt Amy? Is Elinor going to be religious? I declare there won't be any living with her! She was so awfully good before; and now it will be worse than ever!"

"Jessie!"—I turned upon her angrily—"you shall not talk so about Elinor, and about such things. It is shameful, and I won't stay to listen to it!"

Aunt Amy nodded her head approvingly. "Dat's right, Miss Molly; she oughter be 'shamed of herself, sure nuff. You'd mighty sight better foller Miss Nelly's sample, all you young 'uns, 'stead o' racketin' 'bout de camp-groun', an' cuttin' up yer nonsense de whole blessed time. I's boun' dey ain't one o' you, 'less it's Miss Molly, 's heard a word o' preachin' dis week, for all ye bin to meetin' every day. Nebber min'! Ole Satan's gwine about like a roarin' lion in de middle of us, de preacher said las' night, an' I reck'n he'll be arter some o' ye 'fore long."

"After you first, you old sinner!" was Jessie's laughing retort. "Come along, girls! let's take a walk before Aunt Amy does any more preaching. She's worse than any camp-meeting exhorter when she once gets started!"

We ran down stairs, and out upon the lawn, leaving Aunt Amy singing a wild judgment hymn to herself, by way of consolation for our iniquity. It was Friday; the last day of the camp-meeting, and the last but one of our holiday—a fact which Jessie was lamenting pathetically.

"Only think of having to go back to school Monday morning. Isn't it tiresome? Latin grammar, and French exercises, and sums on the black-board! Oh dear! if I was as old as Elinor I wouldn't go to school one day longer: I wish I was."

"Talking about school," Alice exclaimed, "if there isn't Mr. Peyton this very minute! Coming here, too: look, girls!"

We looked quickly, and found that it was true. There was Mr. Peyton just leading his horse through the lower gate-way; and a minute after he came galloping toward us. He stopped his horse and sprang off, as he came near us, throwing the bridle to a negro boy who ran up at his approach; and then we all walked back to the house with him. It was just at sunset, and Elinor was standing on the piazza, half leaning against one of the vine-wreathed pillars. The mellow golden light shone soft and bright upon her white dress and the long rich tresses of her hair; but her face was almost hidden by the thick clustering leaves, and she did not seem to be conscious of our approach until we stood directly before her and Mr. Peyton's voice awakened her.

She started affrightedly as he called her name. I thought she looked as if she wanted to run away; but she conquered the impulse in a moment, whatever it was; took his offered hand, and welcomed him hospitably. He would not go in: the evening was too beautiful, he said; and so we all lingered in the piazza. Jessie grew tired of the quiet talk by-and-by, and wanted to go away to the swing; but I had an instinctive feeling that Elinor did not wish to be left alone with her teacher, and so I staid behind, drawing closer to her. She put her arm round me gently, for the first time during my visit; and I felt then that she wanted me—that my presence was a comfort to her. In the joy of that knowledge I think I could have laid my life down freely at that moment to have given her peace and happiness.

"Have you been as devoted to the camp-meeting as most of your neighbors, Miss Randolph?" Mr. Peyton asked, presently.

"No, Sir, I have been but once," Elinor answered.

"And I not at all; this is the last day too, I believe?"

"Yes," said Elinor.

"I have a fancy," Mr. Peyton went on, "to go to-night. I have never seen a camp-meeting by torch-light, and I imagine it must be a very wild and impressive scene."

"I do not like it," Elinor answered, hastily. "It excites me too much; I lose all control of myself, and could be tempted to any ridiculous thing. I never went but once, and—"

"Please do not say that you never will again," Mr. Peyton interrupted. "I intend to ask you to accompany me to-night, and I trust you will not refuse."

Elinor did not answer, but I saw—for I watched her *very* closely—that her face grew pale with a sudden fear, and she shut her lips tightly as if in pain. Her father's entrance saved her from speaking, and a few moments after we were called to tea. The conversation turned upon the camp-meeting again, and Mr. Peyton spoke of his invitation to Elinor. "Elinor can do as she likes," Mr. Randolph said, good-naturedly; "but for myself I must beg a reprieve. I feel much more inclined for a cigar, and a quiet nap in my arm-chair, maybe, than another ride to the ground."

"But, papa, *we* want to go," cried Jessie. "Molly, and Alice, and all of us. We must really go this last night."

"Go along with you," said Mr. Randolph, pleasantly. "Sam can drive you over if Mr. Peyton will have an eye upon you after you get there. You're used to that—eh, Mr. Peyton? One would think you were most devout little Methodists, the whole crew of you. I'll venture to say my horses are glad this is the last of it."

So it was arranged that we should all go together, greatly to Elinor's relief, I fancied; and as soon as supper was over, the large old-fashioned family-carriage came to the door for us. It was a drive of five miles, and the conversation was kept up chiefly among the children. Elinor never spoke except in reply to Mr. Peyton, and he said but little to her. I sat all the way close by her side, holding her hand in mine: she seemed glad to have me near her this evening.

The services had just begun as we reached the ground. We threaded our way through the long lines of vehicles of every sort and condition, guided partly by the moonlight, partly by the flaming knots of pinewood burning at regular intervals down the line to the bower in the centre of the clearing. The rude wooden benches with which the bower was furnished were already thronged with people, and it was some time before Mr. Peyton could procure seats for us. We worked our way up toward the altar, where some one was bringing a reinforcement of chairs, and were seated finally, while Mr. Peyton took his stand behind Elinor.

From our station we had a full view of the pulpit; a sort of rude wooden platform, boarded in, and containing chairs for the three or four ministers who occupied it. Just below the pulpit was an open space thickly strewn with straw, with one or two benches in it, now quite empty. But every one knew the object of the "mourner's bench;" and no one cared to take a seat there who did not come as a penitent and suppliant for the prayers of the people. The pulpit was lighted with a row of pine torches, throwing their wild red glare around its immediate vicinity, but only making darkness visible down through the bower. Even where we sat, the shadows fell thickly, and we could only see the outline of each other's faces in the fitful radiance.

The scene was very grand and solemn to me always; often as I had seen it, I was hushed into the same trembling awe. The pine forest overshadowing us and shutting out the moonlight except in occasional pallid glimpses; the long, low, gloomy-looking bower, with its sea of human faces surging up in the darkness; the great bursts of flame from the light-wood knots, throwing so unearthly a glow upon every thing near; the shouts and songs of the negroes mellowed in the distance, and the wild chanting hymns ringing through our own congregation—all stirred my spirit with a strange, deep excitement. I could not chatter and whisper as Jessie and Linda did in their girlish mirth, but shrank away from them, clinging more closely to Elinor. She sat very still and silent, her face drawn into the shadow as much as possible, and her hands folded passively in her lap. Mr. Peyton stood beside her, looking down into her face all the while, though Elinor did not seem to see him.

The minister who was to preach came forward under the light as the plaintive hymn died away. He had a young, enthusiastic face, pale and thin from much exertion, and looking paler than usual now in the strong glare of the pine knots. Without preface of chapter or text, he began with a torrent of fiery denunciation and appeal from the prophet Isaiah; following it up in his own words with a flow of eloquent, passionate pleading, a tide of accusation, rapid and resistless, a heart-arousing summons to one and all, being sinners, to come to the Lord and seek His salvation.

With outstretched arms and a high, excited voice he poured forth passages of Scripture for warning, invitation, mercy, and judgment, mingling them with human words of such power that the great congregation were thrilled to their centre, and the people swayed to and fro as if a wind had swept over them. Cries, and moanings, and tremulous prayers rose up from many a heart stricken suddenly with fear or penitence. One after another they crowded up to the mourner's bench, prostrating themselves to the earth; the ministers came down from the pulpit, going about among the people, comforting and praying with the penitents, and exhorting others to come and do likewise; the church members went hither and thither, praying with those who knelt in despair, singing hymns of rejoicing with others who believed themselves to have found happiness and peace.

It was a scene of wild excitement. No heart in all the assembly but was shaken as it felt this whirlwind of human passion. And for myself, I was completely lost in it, overwhelmed by it, unconscious of my own existence almost, in its absorbing power.

The first thing that recalled me was a sudden flash of light upon Elinor's face. It was uplifted for a moment, white and dumb, and with such an agony in it as I had never seen on human face before. In another instant it was dropped and hidden in her hands; her figure was bent almost to the ground, and the pent-up wretchedness found vent in a passion of woeful crying that heeded neither place nor circumstance in its abandonment of despair.

No one noticed her, however, though we were in the midst of a crowd. There were too many such scenes every where around us, and the darkness vailed her identity. Jessie and her companions had been separated from us in some way, pressing on toward the altar with the eager throng; and so only Mr. Peyton and myself were witnesses of Elinor's emotion. I clung to her for a moment, frightened and distressed, entreating her to be comforted; but Mr. Peyton put me aside almost immediately. He lifted her head forcibly, and grasped her hands in his, whispering imperatively, "Come away with me, Elinor, at once. This is no place for you here."

And half carrying her unresisting form, he led her away, forcing a passage through the crowd until they were without the inclosure of the bower. I followed them; I could not stay behind, though I knew that neither of them was conscious of my presence. And so on with them I went, keeping close behind Elinor, till we came to a quiet shaded spot, where a bench had been left beneath a group of trees. Here Mr. Peyton stopped, and made Elinor sit down. I crept close to her; but they did not mind me; and Mr. Peyton, still grasping her hands and looking full into her face, that, all drooping and tearful, dared not raise itself to his, said, firmly:

"Now, Elinor, it is time to put an end to this, and I insist upon an explanation from you. I have a right to *demand* it; but I *entreat* it, for your sake as well as my own."

I felt my cheek grow hot with anger as I listened to his peremptory words. What right had he to demand *any thing* of her? how dared he speak so sternly to her? I said to myself. But Elinor, so proud as she was, did not answer haughtily, as I hoped she would. Her head dropped lower and lower instead upon her breast; she drew her hands from his grasp to cover her face; and again her whole frame shook with her bitter sobbing.

Mr. Peyton turned from her abruptly, and walked away to a little distance. He stood with his face averted a few moments, and then came back. "Forgive me, Elinor," he began gently, almost tearfully, "for speaking so rudely to you. Believe me, only the deepest sorrow for and with you, and the most earnest desire to do you good, influenced me. Will you not confide in me now? You must know why I urge you."

But she was still silent, and never looked up; and Mr. Peyton continued most sorrowfully: "I have waited a long time before I would speak to you, hoping and expecting that you would make it needless, by being first to offer an explanation of a matter that has caused me more pain than you can imagine. It is possible that you do not understand what I mean; but when I tell you that I found this ring in my desk on the morning that the ink was so mysteriously spilled, you will be able to comprehend my pain and perplexity. I return it to you now, not feeling justified in retaining it longer."

He held out Elinor's lost ring. Even in the darkness I could see plainly the pale pure gleam of the large pearl, and my heart sank within me with a sense of bitter desolation and disappointment. My Elinor! my ideal of truth and nobleness! Oh, could it be that *she* had been unworthy, untrue?

But it was so, indeed. She took the ring from his hand passively, expressing no astonishment, and attempting no defense. She did not seem to have strength to speak; but Mr. Peyton was waiting for some answer, and presently, with a great struggle to command her voice, she half rose, saying, brokenly and pleadingly, with a depth of humiliation in every word:

"Will you please take me home, Mr. Peyton? I am unworthy as you can imagine me; guilty as you can believe; and deserve all the contempt that is in your heart for me. But I can not confess every thing to you now and here. Will you please take me home?"

He grasped her hand tightly without saying a word, then dropped it, and turned away to look for the children. Elinor sat in utter silence till his return, which was in a short time. The girls came with him, chattering and laughing, wondering how we all got away without their missing us, and protesting against being taken home so soon. But Mr. Peyton gave his arm to Elinor without listening to them, and led the way through the woods to the carriage. Sam was within reach, fortunately; so we were soon on the way home. There was very little said among us: Jessie, and Linda, and Alice, who occupied the front seat, cuddled themselves together for a nap, and Elinor might have been asleep too, she was so silent and motionless. Mr. Peyton spoke now and then to her, with a tender pity in his voice; and I crouched upon the floor of the carriage, where I might lay my head in her lap and cry unseen, for my heart was full of dread and sorrow.

We all retired very soon after we reached home; Mr. Peyton consenting to remain all night, more I thought for the sake of Elinor's timid entreaty, "Please stay," than for all Mr. Randolph's hospitable urgings. I had a restless night, full of dreams and fancies about Elinor. The thought of her trouble and her shame, whatever it was, haunted me through all my sleep, assuming now fantastic, now terrible shapes; but altogether worrying and oppressing me with an indescribable misery. I was heartily glad when the early dawn wakened me from my troubled slumbers; and getting up silently not to disturb Alice who slept with me, I dressed myself and stole out of the room, intending to go down for a walk in the shrubbery. But Elinor's door opened just as I stood upon the landing, and to my surprise and delight she called me to her. I sprang up the steps again in glad obedience; and she drew me into her room, shutting the door afterward.

"I thought I heard you, Molly," she said, gently. "You are always up before the others, and this morning your early rising is a great comfort to me."

"A comfort to you! Oh, Elinor!" I threw

myself upon the floor beside her, flushed with pride and happiness: "I would do *any thing*, every thing in the world, to be a comfort to you!"

"I know you would, Molly;" she bent down to kiss me, with her eyes full of tears. "You have been a faithful little friend to me all this time, while I have treated you shamefully. But I never ceased to love you, in spite of all my unkindness. It was only because I had been so wicked, and was so wretched, I could not bear myself, and I knew I did not deserve any love from you. So I kept you away from me."

I only answered by covering her hands with kisses, and Elinor went on quietly, but with a tremor in her voice: "I am going to tell Mr. Peyton all about it this morning, but I want first to tell you, Molly. It will be easier to say it to him, after I have talked it over with you. That is why I was glad that you were up so early. Do you remember, Molly, the afternoon you left me alone in the school-room, nearly three weeks ago?"

"Yes," I said, "perfectly. You were working out that hard problem."

"That was the time," she assented, "and the problem was the cause—or the instrument rather, for my own wicked pride was the true cause—of all the shame and suffering I have had to bear ever since. You know I was determined to accomplish the solution by my own effort, and the girls thought I did. But Molly, it was not true. I acted a lie; after all my contempt for every thing and every body that was not up to my standard of truth—I acted a lie, and I have lived a lie all these weeks since!"

She hid her face for a moment, as if she could not endure the recollection of her shame; and I threw my arms around her, weeping, and declaring passionately that I would not believe it, she should not say such things of herself. But she lifted her head again, saying, sorrowfully:

"You must believe it, and bear it, Molly. I am speaking the truth now, though I say that I lied then. I could not do any thing with the problem, it baffled every effort of my mind, although I labored patiently until the sun went down; and at last, in my weariness and disappointment, I yielded to a temptation that seemed to spring up in my path without warning. I was sitting on Mr. Peyton's platform, for the sake of the better light, and looking up suddenly, just when I was in despair, I saw that his desk was unlocked. There was no key in it, and he thought he had locked it, I suppose, but the lid only rested on the spring without being fastened down. The thought came to me like a flash. I knew there was a Key in the desk which would tell me, at one glance, all I wanted to know, and I never paused to think of right or wrong. I sprang up and lifted the lid; the book was right before my eyes, and almost of itself opened to the very problem I was working upon. One look gave me the clew; then I let the desk-lid fall, and not till then did I realize the sin I had committed. It was all a wild excitement before; the temptation was so sudden I had no time to resist it; but afterward the sense of what I had done overwhelmed me. I can not tell you what I felt, Molly—only, one minute after I had looked into that book, God knows I would have laid down my right hand gladly but to have undone what I had done!"

She paused again, pale and excited, but went on presently in a voice still more humble and subdued: "I think I know now that I was suffered to fall into that sin for my best good. I was so proud, you know; I had such a scorn for every thing false or underhanded that I thought I could not do a mean thing; and this trouble has taught me how poor and weak I was in myself, and how little power there was in my own strength to resist any evil whatever. I have been sorely punished for my pride and self-confidence; but I believe, Molly, that I am forgiven now. This has been such a week for remembrance to me! and last night's suffering will live forever in my mind; but it has brought me peace."

There was, indeed, peace upon her brow, in spite of all her humiliation and sorrow. A sweet light of hopefulness and trust in her eyes, tearful as they were, and a meek patience in all the lines of her saddened face. It had lost much of its brilliance lately; but there was a loveliness on it now which it had never worn before, and which I felt deeply, little as I then understood of the power which had worked in secret such a change.

"You know all the rest," she continued. "About the spilled ink, and my pearl ring, which Mr. Peyton found in his desk. When I slammed the lid down heavily, to fasten the spring-lock, I must have jarred the ink-bottle in some way. But I did not know it then, any more than I knew that I had left my ring there to be a witness against me. You know when I first missed that at the branch in the woods; and I knew then immediately where I had lost it, and why Mr. Peyton had asked the question which made the girls so indignant. He wanted to test my truth, of which he had heard me boast so much; and he did it, and found me wanting. He guessed at once, I know, that I had been looking at the Key, and he despised me in his heart when I worked out the problem before him that afternoon. It was a bitter thing to see and feel that, Molly. I don't know what evil spirit made me use the knowledge I had gained in such a way; but I had pledged myself to the girls, and I could not bear the thought of their triumphing over my failure. Then I said to myself that I was already fallen and degraded, and nothing could be worse than what I had done. So one evil led on to another, you see, and the last was worse than the first. But the retribution has been terrible, Molly; night and day the bitter remorse has haunted me, and the worst agony was that I dared not go to Mr. Peyton with the confession that he expected and waited for. I knew he looked for some explanation from me every day; and I have felt his eyes upon me so many times when I could not

look up to meet them. Oh, how I longed for the right to meet his look honestly and fearlessly! But I was such a coward I could not, dared not go and tell him!"

"I don't wonder!" I exclaimed, with a shudder. "It must have been *terrible*. Oh, Elinor, if it were only all over now!" for the thought that she had still to make this confession to Mr. Peyton was awful to me. I did not know how she could ever endure it, ever bear the humiliation and shame. But she kissed me tenderly and comforted my distress.

"I do not dread it now, Molly," she said, with a patient smile. "Indeed it will be a great relief, and it seems quite easy to tell him the story now, after this long talk with you. I feel as if I could say a great deal to him this morning, and I think he will be kind to me—kinder than I deserve."

"No, indeed, he *can not* be that!" I exclaimed, passionately. "I shall hate him if he is *not* kind to you, Elinor!"

"You must not expect him to be as tender with me as you are, Molly," she said, gravely. "You love me so that you don't feel the greatness of my fault, and he will not be blinded in the same way. But he will forgive me, because I shall prove to him that I am truly penitent; and so you must not hate him, whatever he says—I want you to take a message to him now for me; will you, Molly?"

"Yes," I said, eagerly, "I will do any thing for you, Elinor."

"Well, this will not be hard for you. I only want you to knock at his door—I think he will be up—and tell him that I am down stairs in the library, and want to see him if he will come. I am going down now—there will be nobody in the library for an hour yet—so we shall not be disturbed."

"And may I stay here, in your room, till you come back, Elinor?" I asked.

"Yes, Molly, and I will tell you what he says to me."

We went out of the room together; Elinor ran down stairs, and I crossed the broad hall to Mr. Peyton's room. My first timid knock brought him to the door, and my message brightened his face with pleasure. "Tell her I will be with her immediately, Molly," he said, kindly and cheerfully; and I went back, feeling almost light-hearted again, for I knew now that he would not break my poor Elinor's heart with any harshness.

I seated myself by her window, and waited patiently till she should return; thinking over all she had told me, and imagining her repeating the same story to Mr. Peyton down stairs. It was very hard for me to realize that this story of falsehood and moral cowardice could be true of Elinor, my noble, fearless Elinor! In all my distress at her inexplicable conduct and manner, I never dreamed that any fault or wrong-doing of hers was at the bottom of it; and it was still so hard to believe, even after her own sorrowful confession. I could not help feeling, however, through all my regret, that in her penitence and humiliation she was better and nobler than she had ever been before. I knew what a life-lesson this would be to her, how much it had already taught her, and how it would be her great safeguard from so many temptations of pride and self-confidence. At least, I had a dim perception of this truth, though the full comprehension did not come till afterward.

I waited a long time, it seemed to me, for Elinor's return. The sun had risen an hour ago, and now the household was all astir. I heard the girls in the next room talking and laughing, and wondering what had become of Molly; and Jessie saying, gayly, that she supposed I was either closeted with Elinor, or else taking a sentimental morning walk by myself. Then I heard their door open, and the three romping noisily down stairs. Still Elinor did not come. At last a thought flashed across my mind—my old romance which had been forgotten of late in the midst of a deeper interest; and then I was no longer impatient. I waited, quiet and happy, building up a beautiful castle in the air; and just as it was crowned and completed, Elinor herself stepped in visibly to take possession of it.

She did not speak to me for a little while, but stood by the window; and I, standing silently beside her, watched the flush upon her cheek, the half-shy, half-tender gladness in her eyes, the restless motion of her lip, that trembled with "the secret of the pleasant thought she did not care to speak." I was a child, and I knew Love's signs and tokens only as I found them in my own heart. The same tremulous delight, the same sweet excitement thrilled me always when I met any loving demonstration from Elinor: so I recognized the feeling thus revealed in her, though my childish knowledge could not yet comprehend its deep significance. I understood, even before I had the assurance of her own low-spoken words, that Mr. Peyton loved her, and that she had given him all her heart in return.

"I can not believe it yet, Molly," she said, after a while. "It is like a wild, beautiful dream, even with this bright sunshine streaming in upon us, and you listening to me! I thought he despised me; that even forgiving me he could never respect me again; and yet he loved me through all, and after all—more and better, he said, than if I had never fallen into this sin!"

"And he was right, Elinor," I cried, eagerly. "So do I love you better a thousand times, because you are truer and nobler now than you ever were before."

"I only know myself better," she answered, humbly; "and that knowledge does not make me agree with you, Molly. Do not praise me, for I can not bear it. I know how unworthy I am of such a reward as this which has been given me; but I feel now as if my whole life should be spent in thankfulness for it. God helping me, I will try to become more worthy of this love He has sent me."

I would not say what I thought, for I saw how

earnestly she felt; but in my eyes then she seemed already as perfect as humanity might be. And I thought I could read the same feeling in Mr. Peyton's beaming looks, when some short time afterward they met again at the breakfast-table. Poor Elinor was very shy and silent through the meal, but Mr. Peyton's face seemed transfigured almost with its expression of perfect happiness and trust; and never had he been so agreeable, so fascinating, so perfectly charming as he was then.

After breakfast there was another long tête-a-tête in the library; this time with Elinor's father instead of Elinor's self. I sha'n't repeat though, because I never heard the details of their matrimonial consultation; only this explanation is important to my story, namely, that Mr. Peyton was not by habit or profession "a pedagogue," as Mr. Nottingham had irreverently termed him; but a Virginian of wealth and family, who lived upon his own estate, and found ample employment in the due and conscientious care of the colony of slaves who called him "Master" and knew him "friend." Miss Page had been a friend from his childhood, and he had offered to fill her place in the school for friendship's sake, upon her writing to him about her intended absence; and it was by his own wish that she told no one what was his real position.

So much in explanation of his worldly fitness to be Elinor Randolph's mate; though Elinor declared proudly that he was no more worthy of all honor as a wealthy planter than he had been as an unknown school-teacher—that no circumstance or position could alter *the man!* The engagement was kept secret until Miss Page's return at the end of the summer. Mr. Peyton had kept it as a surprise for her; but I think her pleasure exceeded her astonishment.

The school-girls declared they had suspected it all along; of course, for school-girls always know such things. Blunt Maggie Wise expressed her congratulations and good wishes very heartily, if not very elegantly, for she really liked Elinor; and Susie Archer comforted herself for her vexation at being *always* behind Elinor, in the fact of having received one of the earliest invitations to the wedding. She could not refrain, however, from some sarcastic allusions to the time when Elinor had been so supremely indifferent to Mr. Peyton's coming or going, and wondered when she discovered the sum of his attractions.

But Elinor took all these things in good part now: her gladness lay too deep to be disturbed by the trifles of life; and even Susie Archer, by-and-by, was fain to give way before the warmth and sweetness of her bright, loving disposition.

And so the wedding came at Christmas-time—a very grand affair—to which all the county nearly were invited. Not one of the school-girls, down to the smallest, was neglected; and Jessie and I were radiant as bridemaids in pink tarleton and geranium leaves. Elinor was the loveliest bride in the world, of course, and every one said that Mr. Peyton seemed neither to see or hear or feel any other reality but her presence. But every one wondered at the curious bridal-ring he had selected: instead of the universal plain gold band it was a circlet of black enamel, beautified with one large pearl. Some recognized this as a ring long worn by the bride, which made the mystery greater; but no one knew, save only myself, the history of that pearl ring, or the deep feeling which caused Elinor's wish to make it the link between her old and new life—the type of her wedded happiness, and her talisman for all time to come.

PRECOGNITION.

I SIT and watch the light and shadow blending,
As day's receding glory leaves the west,
Till night's dark curtain, silently descending,
Drives back my winged day-dreams to their nest,
And the dusk landscape's vast, unbroken plain
Falls on my sense with dull and heavy pain.

Oh, night and silence! solemnly enshrouding
The objects that my heart has learned to love,
Roused by your spell weird messengers come crowding,
Which only hours like these have power to move,
Beckoning my spirit inward to behold
The curtain of their mystic world unrolled.

Then thou art with me; thou, my soul's ideal,
A presence felt—a prophecy fulfilled—
A life within my own, intensely real—
Whose pulses with my holiest hopes have thrilled—

Thou, whose great soul, with loftier aim than mine,
Liftest my struggling nature up to thine.

It may be that the earthly name thou bearest
Will ne'er be spoken to my mortal ear;
Yet though unrecognized the form thou wearest,
I feel no less thy living presence near,
Which, entering in my soul's most deep recess,
Reveals thy being to my consciousness.

Perhaps we side by side have stood together,
And hand with hand in transient clasp have met,
Trod the same path in bright and stormy weather,
Seen childhood's sweet illusions rise and set;
Perhaps exchanged life's outward courtesies,
While soul from soul was vailed in close disguise.

Or it may be from heights we call unreal,
Because our sight is dulled by mists of earth,
Thy fervid thought shapes many a bright ideal,
O'er which I muse unconscious whence its birth.
It may be that this homesickness of heart
Is but a yearning to be where thou art.

And it may be a pang of isolation
Mingles with thy delight its sad alloy;
That life lacks fullness, even in near relation
To the eternal source of life and joy.
Panting, though living waters round thee burst,
To quench the fever of thy human thirst.

Perhaps, though entered on thy rest before me,
Thou watchest, waiting, wanting something still;
And by that speechless yearning weavest o'er me
A mystic chain that binds me to thy will.
Else what the secret of this vague unrest,
This longing unfulfilled within my breast?

I know but this: how opposite soever
Our paths in time's short passage may diverge,
Though change or accident may seem to sever,
And seas between us roll their sleepless surge,
There is a goal where I shall meet with thee,
And join my life to thine eternally.

And when I wake or sleep, in joy or sorrow,
Though care may weave for me its heaviest chain,
Nothing can quench the light of that to-morrow
Whose promise brightens every hour of pain.
When the celestial gates for me unclose,
My soul shall find in thee its lost repose.

A DINNER AT THE MAYOR'S.

IN the year 1855 I attended a remarkable dinner-party at the residence of Hon. Fernando Wood, then Mayor of New York—remarkable chiefly with regard to the character of the guests. Delmonico's *maître* had received all the proper orders for entrées and wines; and it is sufficient, on these scores, to say that every thing (the Scylla of entrées and the Charybdis of bibulous alternation included) was worthy of the occasion. The Mayor sat at the head of the table, and his wife was *vis-à-vis*. As the magic words *Monsieur on à servi le diner* had been uttered, I found a momentary pride in enumerating the guests. Towering above all was Winfield Scott. Martin Van Buren and his tall son John, Washington Irving, Commodore Perry, Bancroft, Horatio Seymour (just superseded as Governor), and Ogden Hoffman were in the first group as the doors opened. Of the local celebrities Collector Redfield, Surveyor (and since M.C.) Cochrane, Lorenzo B. Shepherd, Recorder Smith, and that prince of diners out and Saratoga habitués, Barrister Gerard, stood around in a confidence of buzzy chat, which generally succeeds the "service" announcement.

Upon entering, the Ex-President was waved to the right, and General Scott to the left, of the head. The General, with a grace most delightful, took Irving by one arm and Bancroft by the other, saying, playfully,

"You honor me, Mr. Mayor, but allow me to honor myself by being sandwiched between the two historians."

"A palpable bribe to a favorable posthumous biography," instantly cried Prince John.

"And long may it be before it appears!" added the Presidential father.

These *bon mots* seemed to drop from the napkins as Commodore Perry, Horatio Seymour, and Ogden Hoffman were obtaining their honorary places at the other end. All was napkin rustle and preliminary bustle when Irving, who had been momentarily cogitating the jokes, twinkled his eye mischievously, and in his peculiar low, womanly voice, said, glancing up the table to Commodore Perry,

"General Scott, *you* ought to have for a biography more genuine lustre than either Mr. Bancroft or I could give you; in fact you ought to be *Japanned*, and the Commodore yonder is *your* man."

This agreeable sally took all eyes to the burly and bluff Commodore, who, always blushing like a true seaman, seemed to grow feminine about the eyes as he saw all the others leveled at his quarter-deck. But he rallied enough to stammer out that, "for his part, he preferred the Knickerbocker shines."

Here the soup was served; and I remember taking another and more personal survey while the fragrant and steaming terrapin momentarily interrupted the feast of reason. Four of the guests are now dead, but I seem to see them distinctly—Irving, Perry, Hoffman, and Shepherd.

Lorenzo Shepherd, although attaining only a local popularity and prominence, was a remarkable *young* man. While scarcely over boyhood he had written very artistic verses, which one will find in the *Democratic Review* of about 1840; and barely past twenty-five he had excelled as a member of the Constitutional Convention. The notes he wrote, and the treatise on Mandamus, furnished for an edition of "Johnson's Cases," are satisfactory monuments of his legal mind. Had he lived he would have been *primus inter pares*. Shortly afterward he was politically estranged from his host, but on this night in question his modest but self-conscious bearing and geniality were very delightful. I am referring to them in a court-martial way—youngest first.

Hoffman died the year ensuing the dinner. No one can fully understand a description of this incomparable orator unless there exists personal knowledge of the man. Indeed, *can* any one describe him? He had but two faults in the world—lavish generosity, and a confidence in native genius which interfered with private industry. In all other qualities he was excelling and beloved. He was high-toned, courteous to the meanest, never irritated or petulant, with a fund of conversation and oratory inexhaustible. His mind was a fountain perpetually at play, and its stream ever pellucid. If ever phrenology desired vindication it found the same in surveying his head and features. Benevolence and love of approbativeness were large, and language was enshrined in his eye. His voice was a personification of lingual melody. Utterances that in other mouths would have been termed "sing-song" became on his tongue oratorical psalmody, perceptible only to cool remembrance and calm criticism. Where has been the New York advocate who found such grateful listeners in the "asides" of court-rooms, or at the club, or in the evening *salons*, or in the jury-box? I remember once being on a jury in a case wherein he was counsel, and it was about being taken from us by the judge on some law point, when old Turnure, that ancient juryman, insisted upon hearing Hoffman sum up! This night in question he was somewhat reticent, but when the dinner topics drifted toward him they were melodiously treated.

Commodore Perry was the most silent man at table. I had never met him before, but I was charmed with even his silence. He seemed the embodiment of a true sailor, who loved to listen to the yarns of the scholars around him. There was a spontaneity of hearty response, however, when he was addressed that tempered the licenses of the dining-room with the decision of the quarter-deck.

Irving appeared as the apotheosis of a dear delightful scholastic old bachelor, with his trim wig, and thoughtful face, and methodical ways in turning to the butler and to the viands, or in nursing the bottle. He looked ill (for he had just been correcting Washington's Life) and to some extent nervous. It was evident that the

pen in hand rather than the knife and fork accorded with his flow of language. There was a halo of geniality about his head as he sat towered over by General Scott, and *vis-à-vis'd* by Ex-President Van Buren, whose polished head and venerable locks befitted the geniality of atmosphere I refer to.

Of course I surveyed the *personnel* of the others; they, however, are living, and the references in this aspect of individualization may stop here.

I do not propose to narrate all that occurred. I remember very distinctly the prominent topics discussed, however, although half a dozen years have tripped away. Nor do I propose to speak of what was said in the precise order of saying, but as the things come to mind.

The Ex-President was among the first talkers, and he led the conversation very diplomatically and aptly to the Japan Expedition and Commodore Perry; and in allusion to the advantages which were before long to accrue from the Perry-wedge of civilization in that very close granite-block-government. The Mayor took an animated part in trussing the topic; he little thought at that time that he would be asked to veto a little bit of Japanese hotel arrangement. Bancroft fired off a few historical references to Japan, which Perry with perfect *rapport* responded to briefly. The Commodore gave sundry laughable anecdotes of the extent to which the Japanese carried imitation. He said that he had seen at Jeddo, in the hands of a boy, as perfect a model of the steamship, wooden pipes and all, as a Yankee artificer could make. The inhabitants seemed to rival the Chinese tailor in some of their exactitudes; the ship's cook having cooked some rice and burned it, one of the native cooks, on a subsequent manifestation of hospitality, performed the same blunder.

The Ex-President and Mr. Irving being *vis-à-vis*, then fell into a conversational amble in and around Lindenwold, the seat of the former. Irving had been a guest of Judge Van Ness many times when the Judge owned and occupied the present mansion near Kinderhook; and the two discoursed gratefully of remembrances. The Van Ness house had been much altered and improved under the Van Buren purchase, and, indeed, made a different place. Mr. Irving acknowledged to the delights of Lindenwold, with its English lawn and tree-clumps (literally linden-wood) and thoroughly British landscape. Barrister Gerard fired in a good-natured remark about the cabbages; when the Ex-President remarked that the "saw," so popular in the canvass of 1840, was as pointless, applied to his place and Kinderhook, as probably the hard cider was to General Harrison. Irving added, that he had never observed a place in the country so free from cabbages, and indeed cabbage heads, as was Kinderhook. This induced some humorous remarks from Horatio Seymour upon the curiosities of political personalities. Somebody among the local celebrities then referred to an editorial tilt in progress between Messrs. Greeley and James Brooks, with reference to the fact that, in the early volumes of the *New Yorker*, edited by the former, certain European letters of the latter had been copied week by week with ecstatic commendation. A guest remarked that to differ with Greeley, even on the taste of porridge, was to become an enemy at once, and that the able editor of the *Tribune*, in controversy, merely squared the hypothenuse without summing up the two sides. Then the conversation drifted back to Lindenwold, and the Ex-President commented upon certain remarkable coincidences of individuals and locality near Kinderhook to those of the Ichabod Crane story. Irving had heard of this. He remembered the school-house between Lindenwold and Kinderhook, and the village bridge beyond, and Merwin the old schoolmaster, who was so much like Ichabod Crane—so much so that a correspondence ensued akin to that between Dickens and the Yorkshire schoolmaster, who deemed himself libeled by the character of Squeers in Nickleby. Mr. Irving admitted that possibly his descriptions of the Tarrytown neighborhood had been colored by remembrances of the accessories to the Van Ness mansion in whose library he confessed to scribbling.

Governor Seymour gave a neat eulogy of Judge Van Ness, remembered from his father's account of the hospitality. Van Ness had been Burr's second in the duel. Lorenzo Shepherd had something to say about a ramble he had recently taken over the Weehawken rocks, near to which a client of his had a ferry in contemplation. He had visited the dueling ground, which was exactly opposite Thirty-fourth Street. The old cedar-tree was still standing just outside of which the duel had been fought, but all of the other trees about then standing had been thinned away.

John Cochrane became poetical at this juncture, repeating, over a glass of Champagne, some lines which Irving said had been written by the lamented Robert C. Sands at the very spot:

> "Here last he stood! Before his sight
> Flowed the fair river, free and bright;
> The rising mart, the isles, the bay
> Before his view in grandeur lay:
> Scenes of his glory and his fame—
> That instant ere the death-shot came."

Referring, of course, to Hamilton.

This brought out Ogden Hoffman, with some choice rhetoric about New York and the Knickerbockers and the changes of locality and society. He stated that, in court that morning, he heard some steps applied for to open Park Place, through Columbia College grounds, where Hamilton had made youthful revolutionary speeches!

"And where Peter Stuyvesant used to retire of damp nights before the King's farm was laid out, to air his wooden leg," added General Scott, with a wine-glass wave toward Irving.

General Scott referred to the first volume of Irving's Life of Washington, just then in press. Irving said he hoped to live to finish it. Said Bancroft, "I trust the pages are not to be your limit of life." "I hope," retorted Prince John,

perceiving that Mr. Irving grew modest, "that the pages of *your* history, Mr. Bancroft, *may* measure *your* life." Bancroft laughed heartily at the sally, and said that, if at his age he had only got down toward the American revolution before he came to the campaigns of the American Marlborough (bowing to Scott), decrepitude as well as the responsibility of the task might altogether prevent its completion. The references now being historical, allusion was made to a volume said to be preparing by George H. Moore, Librarian of the Historical Society, proving the treason of General Lee. Bancroft remarked that the conduct of Lee, in reference to overtures to the British during the Boston occupation, and his vacillations with respect to Moultrie on Sullivan's Island, were conspicuously reprehensible.

"At one time," said Bancroft, "Lee ordered Moultrie to build a bridge for his retreat from the island and refused him gunpowder."

"Moultrie was one of the bravest men of the revolution," said General Scott; "and there is no account of the revolution I read with more interest than the one of Moultrie's defense against Sir Peter Parker and Clinton. And I seem always to see Moultrie and Marion together in the fort. However," continued General Scott, very gracefully, and looking equally at Irving and Bancroft, "*the* account has yet to be written. It was the *ford* helped Moultrie, though: Clinton heard that he could ford from the neck of land on which were his troops over to the island. He never sounded, however, and when the attempt was made there was only a swimming and sinking. So Parker had it all to himself."

"I place that defense of Charleston next to Bunker Hill in point of interest, valor, and importance," remarked Governor Seymour; "and yet some of our Anti-Nebraska orators will have it that South Carolina had no hand in '76 patriotism or in fighting."

"It would be very hard to write a sectional history of the American revolution," said General Scott; "there must needs be such interlacing of patriotic deeds from all the States on the tapestry of commemoration."

At this stage in the entertainment I remember Mayor Wood promptly gave *The health of General Scott—a true defender of the Union*. It was drank with all honors, and Prince John Van Buren called for the General's rattlesnake-story, which the old soldier gave with emphasis!

It seemed that, during the Florida campaign, the General and his staff were quartered for a night in a rough building constructed from the ground, and the floor open at various places. Scarcely had the preparations for the bivouac been completed when a noise from below of rattling told conclusively that rattlesnakes had their bivouac on the ground under the floor. Indeed they were soon seen from above as a goodly battalion. "I went outside and measured with my eye," said General Scott, "the height of the floor from the ground, and saw at once I was beyond reach, by about two inches, of the tallest rattlesnake ever known! I knew as a boy, from experiments, that the rattlesnake never jumped or darted. He stood up as far as he could reach only, and then bit. I returned and told the officers that I intended nevertheless to sleep on the floor, and pronounced it safe. But they left me alone in my glory with my martial cloak around me—a temporary Sir John Moore—while they camped outside. Indeed, I rather enjoyed the discomfiture of the snakes as they rattled me to sleep and vainly tried to reach the holes in the floor."

"So much for a knowledge of natural history," said the younger Van Buren; "but there were no *Scott* snakes there (alluding to the General's height), or you might have been wounded!"

Some one remarked that Thackeray, who had been two years before in the country with his George's lectures, was meditating a novel in which Washington was to be introduced.

"That will be difficult," responded Irving, to the allusion, "if the story be of the Thackeray style; for no hero ever had so little private life as had Washington."

"The circumstance is indeed remarkable," added Bancroft. "From the time he took surveyor's tools to the day of resigning the Presidential-eagle's-quill, he was incessantly in public life."

"And always hard at it," said General Scott. "I'll venture to say that nine out of ten well-read boys, when asked about the private life of Washington, will tell you about the hatchet story, the camp prayer, and the rides around Mount Vernon, and that will be all."

"Unless he chose to add about the love-ditties," added Bancroft; "Washington wrote a good many love-lines, almost as many as Judge Story, whose youthful volume of "Solitude and Other Poems" was always kept chained in Harvard Library to his great annoyance!"

"Who was Washington's flame?" asked Hoffman.

"That will be left to future historians, I trust," replied Bancroft. "Some gentleman of the Boswell and Malone school of commentatorship will embalm the lady or write essays about her."

"Come now, I protest against this belittling the memory of Washington," said Martin Van Buren, playfully. "Remember, at least, that he was once so unfortunate as to be President."

"Next to Washington, who is your favorite revolutionary hero?" some one asked of Mr. Irving.

"A very hard question," he replied; "but my mind inclines to Philip Schuyler."

"Ay!" responded Hoffman, heartily. "With all my heart, ay! Like Washington, his purse, his time, his home sacrifices, his disinterested services, his burials of slights—all, all were at the demand of his country."

"What a fine picture that is in Charles M. Leupp's collection!" said John Van Buren. "I noticed it the last time of dining there. The

subject is Mrs. Schuyler firing her husband's grain, as an example to the neighbors, when Burgoyne was on his Saratoga expedition, and the result was doubtful."

"Who is the artist?" some one asked.

"Why, Leutze; and it is not odd that some of our best revolutionary scenes have been most artistically sympathized with by foreign painters."

Before leaving, Commodore Perry had insisted upon hearing from Ogden Hoffman the story of his boy-client, Richard P. Robinson. Hoffman, in response to a direct inquiry, answered that he most implicitly believed in the boy's innocence; and this had been deepened since his death and the decease of two of the women living in the house at the time of the murder. He admitted that the case on the surface was a very strong one against the client; but when analyzed the evidences became susceptible of explanation. Robinson had been in the house during the evening; he certainly owned the cloak which was found in the adjacent yard; the hatchet picked up was undoubtedly one from the store wherein Robinson was employed, and he possessed some motive for wishing the death of the unfortunate girl. There was thus the usual concomitants of guilt—occasion, presence, motive. But another in the house was jealous of her, and all the circumstances of cloak and hatchet connecting the boy with the crime were in the power of that other to manufacture. The annals of crime abounded with manufactured testimony, especially against the young and those carelessly surrounded with peccadillo. Add to this the boy's youth, the fondness of each for the other, the double heinousness of the crime (superadding bodily disfigurement of the dead—the lovely dead—to murder and arson), and then the improbabilities of his guilt increased. Commodore Perry became intensely interested in the advocate's melodious story, and expressed himself abundantly convinced of Mr. Hoffman's theory.

There was very much more said on all these and other topics by not only the prominent persons above referred to, but by those who do not figure so much in my narration. The Van Burens, and Mr. Irving, with General Scott, left the earliest of the guests. Mr. Bancroft and Gerard drew chairs together and had some little passages of wit between themselves, in which the barrister's facile countenance and the historian's merry eyes alternated in apparently selfish enjoyment, for none of the others heard the sallies.

Gerard, soon after Bancroft's retirement, told a very amusing passage of travel happening to Ned Sandford (his New York confrère, lost in the *Arctic* steamer the previous autumn) and himself in Vienna. Sandford persisted in wearing a felt hat, *à la Kossuth*, and had several times nearly got into the clutches of the Austrian police. One moonlight night, by the aid of a few groschen, he captured an organ-grinder and set him at work in one of the public squares. After he had got freshened up to his melody, Sandford, leaving Gerard at the foot of an adjoining equestrian statue, by which also the organ-grinder stood, climbed upon the railing, and mounting the Kossuth hat, asked the purveyor of harmony, in rather loud tones, to please strike up the Marseillaise or any tune favorable to liberty. At this sentence a convenient spy, who mentally added hat and liberty together in his despotic arithmetic as a dangerous sum, arrested the exuberant barrister, and was about to imprison him, when Gerard, interfering in the right kind of diplomatic French, convinced the official that his American friend was crazy and had been sent abroad for a cure. The spy asked Gerard what made him crazy, to which he made answer that his friend had unfortunately in early youth swallowed a spread eagle. "Not half so crazy as the Austrian coat of arms," muttered Sandford, within his breath, "for that has swallowed a two-headed eagle!"

EPPING.

"THERE," exclaimed Aunt Dallas, in a rather vexed tone—"there is the bell for afternoon service, and Katy's frock to be changed still! I think it is terribly unwise to give those children strawberries with their Sunday dinner. Will, show me your hands. Mercy on me! whatever shall I do? No, no! don't, pray, wash them yourself, because then you'll have to be dressed anew entirely."

These words came through the open door of a room adjoining the parlor, in which sat two persons, both women, both young; diverse of feature, yet with a general resemblance—"*qualem decet esse sororum.*" One was fair, the other brown; one observably fine-looking, the other quite commonplace. One was Helen, the other myself—Alice.

Each held a book, and one seemed to read, while the other looked out on the front yard, where the maple-trees made great plashes of shadow on the sunny green-sward. A convolvulus—that heat-shunner—which had twined itself around the trunk of one tree, still held wide its fresh, purple cups, proving how effective was the shelter from the noontide glare. Huge bees, black and golden, were prospecting among the brilliant blooms that edged the gravel-walk from gate to door, and making a loud ado about it. Tawny butterflies hovered over the pink azalea, as if lured by the pleasant odor. A golden robin, crested and edged with jet-black, flitted from bough to bough, and sang out such a profusion of trills, roulades, cadenzas, and rich, prolonged notes that it seemed a veritable rain of music. Louder than this, but not sweeter, Katy lifted up her voice:

"I won't go to church! I don't like to go to church!"

"Not go to church! But how naughty that is! All good little girls do like to go to church."

"*I* won't go to church!" repeated Katy, resolutely.

"But you can't stay at home all alone; and

Polly Kidder is gone away for all day. Come, now; Katy will be good, and have on her clean frock."

"I won't go to church!" said Katy.

"Was ever such a tiresome little three-year old?" said Aunt Rachel, despondingly. "Then I suppose I must stay at home myself."

One of the young persons in the parlor came to the rescue.

"Aunt Rachel, let me stay at home with Katy. I should really like it. Do you go and leave her with me."

"But it is a shame to give you the trouble of her—the naughty, naughty girl!"

"She will not be naughty with me; she never is. Will you stay with Cousin Alice, Katy?" and Alice stooped and whispered a bribe in the ear of the pretty, willful gipsy.

The clouded brow cleared, the pouting lips smiled. Katy, wary as well as spoiled, thought fit to come to terms. In a few minutes the rest of the household were on their way across the grassy common to the village church. In winter their course might have been traced quite to the door; but not now, when the thorn-shrubs that skirted the yard wore their densest foliage. Then Katy the rampant, left alone with Cousin Alice and a brilliant picture-book, which had been discreetly reserved for extremities, became for the nonce altogether satisfactorily docile and demure.

The south chamber—that which was assigned to Helen and myself—was a large, low room; to my mind the pleasantest in the house. The walls were covered with pretty clusters of white, shining leaves on an amber ground. The windows, at opposite ends, for the room extended quite across the house, fronted the sunrise and the sunset. Helen and I had furnished the chamber, following freely for once the promptings of our fancy. The way we came to do so was just this. A far-off relative, whom we had never seen, left in her will to each of us a small sum of money. Now there was this great room at Uncle Nathaniel Dallas's, which had never been furnished; as Aunt Rachel used to say, "the right time had never come." We knew her well enough to be certain that, if she were to discover our plan of appropriating Mrs. Goldthwaite's legacy in the fitting up of that unoccupied room, she would surely forestall us. We knew, too, that there were ways and means enough to dispose of all the surplus funds which might come to Uncle Dallas's hands. Moreover, since we were made to feel ourselves daughters of the house in all the indulgences of daughters, we determined still further to avail ourselves of our privileges. So this year, when the welcome cessation of our school-work came, and our faces were set homeward, we took Boston in our way; and there we spent almost the whole of two days, and quite the whole of our great-aunt Goldthwaite's bequest. And really, if shopping is always so charming as were those two days, I do not wonder that women are fond of it.

We were not tempted by any thing out of keeping with Aunt Rachel's existing housekeeping appointments; but in choosing our pretty muslin curtains, we remembered that some new ones would not be amiss in the parlor also. We remembered that Uncle Dallas had greatly admired Helen's writing-desk, averring its only fault to be that it was not capacious enough. And we remembered Aunt Rachel's incredulity in respect of sewing-machines, and the accompanying wish that such marvels as were affirmed of them were within the range of possibilities. We had seen a "Grover and Baker" well tested, and we chose that. All this, and much more, was to follow us the day after we went ourselves.

Uncle Dallas met us at the station, and the welcome in his eye was kinder even than his cordial words, "I am right glad to see you home again, children."

At the gate was Aunt Rachel, come down the gravel-walk to meet us, leading little Katy, who, in spotless white frock very low off the dimpled creamy shoulders, with her bright carnation cheeks, smooth, shining curls, hyacinth-blue eyes, and small even teeth shining from her little red mouth, made a decidedly pretty picture against the thorn-bush back-ground.

"Welcome home again, you dear children," Aunt Rachel says; "welcome as May flowers! How glad I am you have come! Katy, kiss your cousins."

Katy plays shy for full ten minutes, and we earnestly discuss the probability that she recollects us, seeing that she is in her third summer, and that it is a year since we were at home before.

She has grown, however, and so have the boys; and so, manifestly, have the tall oak-trees, we think, south of the house, that ward off the summer sun. No other change; every thing else wears the dear old familiar look.

Since it was quite too late for opposition, when Aunt Rachel knew of our investment she thoroughly enjoyed it, and was like ourselves heartily eager to come to the unpacking.

"What a pretty, comfortable chair!" Aunt Rachel says.

"That is Uncle Dallas's chair," Helen replies; "Alice would get that for him. Sit down in it, Uncle Nathaniel! isn't it charming?"

"And this one," I chime in, "Helen chose for you, Aunt Rachel." So Aunt Rachel, after trying, affirms that it suits her perfectly—that it is delightful. But little Katy is entranced into quiet by the wonderful loveliness of her own brocatel-covered rocking-chair, whose brilliant hues vie with the brightest out there in the flower-border. Joe — precocious fellow—is already off to his favorite seat in the apple-tree, with the long-coveted copy of Shakspeare; and Will is enraptured with a set of carpenter's tools.

In brief, we are all charmed with every thing. The carpet, curtains, every thing, looks prettier even than it did in the shops. Sam Daggett, the hired man, is dispatched to Deborah Wag-

staff to secure her valuable aid. Deborah is the village factotum—can whitewash, paint, paper, and sew, and lay down carpets, with a degree of nicety to excel which would pose a thoroughbred upholsterer. Fortunately she is now at leisure, for it is the interlude between spring and fall house-cleaning. Deborah works with a will, and so do we. In two days the room is fit for a princess.

I know that one may purchase quite expensive, showy gilt frames for the beautifying of one's walls, and quite inexpensive, showy pictures to occupy the square or oval inside the frame. Or one may, instead, for the same expenditure of dollars, obtain some really valuable engravings; and, always supposing the existence of discernment and judgment enough to secure the election of the latter alternative, it is easy, by a little farther outlay of taste and skill, and just by appropriating the materials of which the fir-trees will provide an infinite and endless supply, to furnish one's self with frames, and those, too, carved and tinted with such exquisite delicacy and marvelous beauty as no human handicraft may achieve.

But the setting of our loveliest picture is that in which neither of us had any hand—of green, shining ivy-leaves, namely. The picture is the out-look from our west window, and its vanishing point is in the red of the sunset. Its tone varies with every mutation of the atmosphere. To my thought it is fairest in the reflected light of the sunrise. Then the rough mountain summits, as they receive the red baptismal wave, become transfused with spirit; not mere rocks now, but living, conscious beings, exchanging intelligence with all other conscious existence. Slowly the boundary of the faint crimson sweeps downward, here and there a vein of glittering light revealing the water-courses; now it invests the hill-side burial-ground, with the pine woods stretching thence northward; the sombre foliage of the trees, their dark trunks, the white, gleaming grave-stones; over all flows the tranquil, gracious, mystic beauty of the new morning.

Doubtless to us the chief spell in the picture is this: our father and mother are lying in that grave-yard. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord"—that is what is written on the stone that covers them. We first read it on the seventh birthday of Robert, the eldest of us, for then we were three. Now Robert sleeps there too.

"Who lives in the Elliot house?" we inquired. For years it had stood unoccupied; but as we came by we had seen that it was bravely fitted up, and had now a tenant.

"One Mrs. Darussy," Uncle Nathaniel told us; "widow of an officer of the army. Her husband has been dead some years. They call her very gay and stylish. You will probably see her soon; she will doubtless strive to enlist you in her gayeties, as she does all the rest of the young folk. Only don't let her bewitch you quite. They say she has wonderful powers of fascination."

"And why does she choose a quiet New England village for her abiding-place?"

"Oh, a whim; love of rusticity on the principle of opposites. And once, years ago, in traveling, she saw and fancied our hills and rivers; so, in thinking about a country residence, a recollection of these prompted her to take the trouble of looking if they were as attractive as ever. Fortunately they had not deteriorated; and that is the way we have a Darussy among us."

On Sunday we saw her at church. Myself I can always tell what people wear; and I took note of a handsome silver-gray silk, a shawl of rose-colored crape, a bonnet simple and elegant, a little black lace vail of exquisite texture, a small and perfectly-gloved hand. Of course she was a little conspicuous in a plainly-clad congregation, and evidently did not reject the prestige conferred by a moderate devotion to the decorum of dress. As she never once raised her vail I could not judge of the face, but dark, heavy curls were plainly visible.

For me, I was quite impatient that she should come and see us. Helen laughed a little at my *empressement*, and seemed indifferent; but then Helen had things to think of which I had not.

She came very soon. I found her piquant and delightful. Helen, manifestly less charmed, yet admitted that she was singularly graceful and courteous, but remarked a certain want of harmony in her face. The forehead and eyebrows—the latter inky black—were beautiful; the eyes too; but these, dark and brilliant, were exceedingly mutable, now closing narrowly, and then suddenly widening to great luminous circles; however, close or open, their expression was inscrutable. The teeth were even and beautiful, and the lips richly colored; but there were curves about them sometimes when at rest which indicated the sway of relentless moods. Then, as I came to think afterward, for at first I saw only splendor, there was now and then a look of blended craft and fear, which flitted lightning-wise across the handsome features.

The week after we came home the Leightons, who lived a mile north of the village, took advantage of a few days of cool weather to give an impromptu dancing party. Helen did not care for these gatherings, but I did, and to pleasure me she went then, as often before. We were late, and while we were in the dressing-room an amber bracelet which I wore broke, and the beads were scattered over the carpet. This was troublesome, but I would not give up the search till I had found again the whole mystic number. Then I looked in the glass to see if I were presentable, and what I saw there must have photographed itself on my memory, for it has so often and so distinctly recurred.

Helen stood looking down, arranging the velvet bands on her wrists. She wore a dress of fresh, transparent white, which became well the exquisite fairness of her complexion, pure and soft as a young child's; the color in her cheeks was like the pink lining of a shell; her hair, just

the hue of a ripe hazel-nut tinted with sunshine, assumed always the prettiest possible curves. I thought, I think now, that Helen's face was the loveliest I ever saw. She wore no ornaments except, to fasten the velvet around her neck, a ruby pin like a spark of fire set in great white pearls. Looking toward her and down upon her, for she was slightly taller, stood Mrs. Darussy. The disagreeable look about her mouth was undisguised; the wide eyes shone with a fierce, lurid light. The face was transfigured; hate glared in the eyes, flushed the cheeks, and writhed the lips. This passed in a moment; when I turned the wonted expression had come back; bland and brightly smiling, she was nonchalantly swaying her jeweled fan and expressing her great pleasure at meeting us there.

It was a very gay, pleasant evening. The Leightons had telegraphed some friends who came up in the evening train from Boston, and who were already there when Helen and I arrived. Among these was Mr. Lester, whom Jenny Leighton laughingly pointed out to me as her cousin seven times removed, whom only the potent spirit of clanship had prevailed on to forego the preponderating attractions of business, but who, once on the ground, seemed as much as any other to find zest in the amusements of the evening.

"Set your cap for him," whispered Miss Sophronia Wiggan, an elderly young lady who never failed to be present on festive occasions, and who, with her youthfulness of costume, retained also perfectly her youthfulness of spirit and manner. "He is just back from Australia, and they say he owns rocks of gold as high as a house, to which he can at any time have recourse. He will perhaps carry off Mrs. Darussy; who knows? She's a splendid woman too. How well she is looking to-night, with that lilac silk, and clouds of lovely lace, and sparkling topaz ornaments! What a color! I shouldn't wonder if there was a little more tinting there than is strictly natural. Between you and me, Alice, she looks as if she had got a temper!"

"So does he!" I thought to myself; "in spite of his gracious ways and handsome teeth, he hasn't got those flashing eyes for nothing!" I don't think either he found me very attractive, for a single bow—well enough in its way—was the only courtesy for which I was indebted to him the whole evening.

We went home earlier than most, because we knew Aunt Rachel would sit up until we came. Late enough it was, however, and yet Helen read over and over again a long, closely written letter which had come by that evening's mail, and which, if she had been aware that it awaited her, would, I know, have very materially shortened our stay. It told that Helen's betrothed, Philip Grey, would leave California for home in the very next steamer; that he had been successful in his undertakings; that his affairs were so arranged that henceforth he could live nearer home; and if Helen had not already resigned her teachership, she was enjoined to do so forthwith. I suppose he must have said a great deal more than this, by the number of pages there seemed to be, and the length of time—into the small hours—that she pored over them.

That letter made us both very happy, and yet we both cried: was that an omen of coming ill? A month afterward we read Philip's name among the passengers in a vessel that never arrived. A few, very few, of those on board had been saved, and as from time to time their names reached us, with what a blending of fear and hope we looked for his! It never came.

If I could have taken the whole burden of sorrow from poor Helen, and endured it all, every whit for her, I would gladly have done so. She was never demonstrative in grief, but I thought I could see that she grew whiter and more shadowy every day. She never complained, never intermitted her quiet activity, doing every possible kind deed for those about her.

One of those virulent fevers which from time to time sweep over the country towns of New England broke out in Epping, and Helen went among the sick and dying till Dr. Hale positively interdicted it: for her to continue in such a course, he said, would be suicide. Plainly, it would seem to her much easier to die than to live; but she was unequivocally religious, and would seek to evade no jot or tittle of the suffering meted out to her.

"Mrs. Darussy is down," Dr. Hale said, as, one evening, he passed the gate when I was watching to make inquiries about the sick. "Her housekeeper has gone off in a fright, and there is no woman in the house but an Irish girl, who is as ignorant of nursing as can be. Can you go over?"

I went into the house to tell them, and to say that I might be absent all night. When I reached Mrs. Darussy's the doctor was already there.

"It is not the fever, as I had expected," he said, when I met him in the hall. "It is a disease of the heart, and a dangerous and most painful one too. Just now she is a good deal relieved. She may, I think probably she will, recover from this paroxysm; but she is continually liable to a recurrence, and it would not take many as severe as this to wear her out. I will tell her that you have come. You need not fear but that, with the servant's help, you will be able to do all she will need to-night. The worst is over for the present; and, if necessary, you can send my man for me. He will remain till morning."

She knew me as I entered the room, and stretched her hand toward me. Her lips were dark and blue, and great livid circles were around her eyes. I should not have recognized her, suffering had changed her so much. She could speak only with difficulty and painfully. I pitied her so much—I so wanted to do something for her. I stooped and kissed her forehead, and smoothed away the hair. Before I knew a tear fell on her hand. She looked up, smiled faintly, and slightly shook her head. I

did not know why she did this. Dr. Hale told me what medicines to administer, and just how and when to give them, and then left me.

What a sad night it was! not much past midsummer, yet it seemed very long. It was the old of the moon, cloudy and very dark. The night-lamp that stood beyond the folding-doors sent a long beam of hazy light out into the blackness. Now and then a breeze went by. I could hear it, first rustling the leaves afar off, then coming near; stirring the woodbine at the open window, then again retreating, and dying away in the distance. I could hear a whip-poor-will chanting his ill-boding refrain. I could hear the ripples in the river a furlong up-stream. I could hear the chirping of the crickets, the ticking of the clock on the mantle-piece, and the striking of the slow quarters; and more distinct than all, the labored breathing of the sick.

At three o'clock she was awake and spoke with more ease:

"What does Dr. Hale say of me, Alice?"

"He will be here at daylight, and will tell you himself what he thinks," I answered, gently as I could.

"You need not fear to tell me," she said. "There can be nothing I should regret to hear. You would scarcely think it, Alice, but for the last eight years there has not been a day when my life was worth the asking."

"But you know"—I replied, hesitatingly, for I felt my own incompetency—"that there are other things which are worth the asking, even if this life be not."

"Such as what?" said she.

"Forgiveness of sins, and the life everlasting," I ventured to say.

"You believe in these things?" she asked.

"Yes, unreservedly," I said.

She did not reply; she seemed disposed to say no more, and soon after, I think, slept again.

When the doctor came she wanted to lie down, for she was tired of the half upright posture: but she could not lie down; she never would again while she lived. Before he went away she requested and he gave his opinion of her disease.

"Can you stay with me, Alice? Will you?" she said. I wished to do so. I remained there five days. I think she grew to love me, and I am sure that I loved her.

One morning, when she was greatly freer from pain, she told me the story of her strange, wrong life, so seemingly brilliant, so really pitiable. There were, I thought, many circumstances to extenuate her faults; and God is more merciful than we.

"You are pitying me, Alice," she said, suddenly looking up to me. Of course I was; my tears fell like rain.

"The reason that I came here to live," she went on to say, "is that I knew Epping to be Philip Grey's home, and that when he returned from California he would come here. I had no definite hopes of the result of a meeting with him; but when I learned that your sister Helen was to be his wife, I felt a fierce resentment toward her for coming between him and me. Even since he was lost I have almost been envious of her; for she has the memory of his love, which I never had, and which I know, since I have known her, that I never could have had.

"Helen's grief will touch her life, Alice," she continued. "Misery does not kill people; it is less merciful. And yet it may be that suffering has brought me to this. I have had wretchedness enough, Heaven knows—if there be a heaven! I have had many days and nights far worse to endure than any you have witnessed, though you have felt so much compassion. If there be no after-life, still death would look to me very desirable, as a cessation from this. In fact, there has been nothing in my own experience, or almost nothing, to enable me to conceive of existence apart from misery."

One day—the fifth that I had been there—Mr. Weld, our clergyman, came to the house. He had been there previously, and she had not wished to see him. Now, however, she desired that he would come in.

"Alice," said she to me, "open that drawer and bring me the rose-wood box." I brought it. "It does not open with a key, but by a spring—look!—by pressing just here. Take it, Alice; I give it to you with its contents; I shall want them no more. Do whatever you like with them. Take it home with you now, Alice. I want to see Mr. Weld alone. See that Ann waits in the next room; and please, dear, don't be gone long. Perhaps Helen may return with you."

She did return with me, and immediately; but I do not know whether Mrs. Darussy was aware of it; even then she was dying. Dr. Hale had said that her last hour might probably be free from suffering, and so it proved. Yet it was a death shrouded in deepest gloom.

The weather grew cooler. The epidemic had gone by without a victim from our house. The greenness of the summer was still undimmed; but to how many in our little village life had assumed a new and saddened aspect! It seemed as if half the pews in church were occupied by those who wore mourning garments. And I well believe that not one heart among them all was heavier than poor Helen's.

"Alice," she said, one day, "we must go back to Virginia."

I had supposed so, but had waited for Helen to suggest it. So that day she talked over the matter with Aunt Rachel and Uncle Dallas, who reluctantly admitted that constant occupation would be best for her. The next day one of us would write to ascertain if our places in the school were filled; and if they were so, we would ask of Mr. Mayo, who had always shown us great kindness, to aid her in obtaining employment elsewhere.

"We will try to do our duty, Alice," said Helen. "If happiness do not come from it, there will at least be comfort in trying to impart it to others."

Yes, I would endeavor too, I thought. "You are so brave, Helen," I said.

"No; do not call me so," she said, gently. "I am not brave; I only seek to endure unresistingly."

So we went about our customary vacation work of refitting half-worn garments and making new ones; each striving to hide from the other how little heart she had in her employment. I remember that there was a pretty striped lilac silk, which had been chosen with reference to Walter's fancy; he always liked that color. "You must wear that, Alice," she said; "I think I can not."

For my part, I am shamefully superstitious. I believe in dreams, and omens, and the evil-eye, and every thing else except modern Spiritualism. I don't like to begin a piece of work on Friday, nor to see the new moon over my left shoulder, nor to spill the salt at table. I always say, "Of course, there's nothing in it;" but I say so from my reason, and not one bit from my feelings.

So, then, it is no wonder this dream impressed me. I thought it was night, the very darkest, blackest night; and the stillness equaled in intensity the darkness. Presently a far-off, faint, broken sound began, and increased; now surging onward, now retreating, but merging finally in the wild, tumultuous sound of shuddering, clashing waves. Then a weird electric light, blue and wavering, played over the murk abyss of waters. I saw crested wave after wave hurrying toward a high jutting cliff; and once, as a prolonged, vivid glare of lightning draped with fire the whole black dome above, I saw the encounter — the mad, whirling, seething water erecting itself, and rushing onward against the stern, defiant rock; and the water was shivered to phosphorescent sparkles. Then, and near by, I saw the light and heard the sounds of a vessel in distress. It must go down. I knew that; and yet, while my heart grew sick and faint, I could not forbear looking, straining my eyes out into the bewildering blackness; then the lights had disappeared, the sounds of the guns had ceased. It was all over; but three times a despairing cry came through the receding tumult, so distinct that I recognized the voice. It was Walter's, and the cry was, "Helen!"

Helen's kiss on my forehead awoke me. "What is the matter, Alice?" she said. "You were so restless, so evidently dreaming something painful, that I awoke you. What is it?"

But I did not then tell her. Almost I conjectured that in some inscrutable way I had been made to witness the scene of Walter's death. If there had lurked in my heart any the faintest hope that he might by some contingency have escaped destruction, it lurked there no longer.

Helen wrote the letter to Mr. Mayo; and that it might go at once, we walked ourselves with it down to the post-office.

"It is well for us," said Helen, as we walked home again in the twilight, "that we have such kind friends to come to. Next year it is likely we shall come again, and the next, and the next; and so on to the last. And at all events, each one will be a year nearer to the end."

It was quite dusk when we reached the house. Aunt Rachel sat in the nursery and chanted a low lullaby to baby-Katy, who, tired though she was with play, would not else go to sleep. No lamps were lighted; we sat down on the front door-step, and listened to the katydids and watched the heat lightning. Uncle Nathaniel was gone to the village. He has been very quickly we thought, as the gate opened and shut again; and I observed that he walked faster than usual as he approached the door where we were sitting. "Uncle Nathaniel?" I said, as the steps came nearer, then stopped. I was a little startled; but Helen arose, and with outstretched arms uttered such a cry of blended joy and pain as I never heard before or since, and then Walter's strong, loving arms were folded around her.

For it was Walter's veritable self. At the latest moment, just as he was about to embark on the vessel on which he had taken passage, he had been unavoidably detained. He had written to this effect by the earliest mail, but that letter never came; a second and a third, written subsequently, followed him—not long afterward his own arrival.

"I'll never believe in dreams again—never!" I said, laughing and crying all in one, when lamps were brought in, and I had a good view of Walter, handsome, manly fellow that he was! Dark-haired, dark-bearded, and with a humid light flashing from his dark eyes.

"I wouldn't," said Uncle Nathaniel; "don't you know what the wise man said?"

For all that I was the first who took thought to recall the letter which might else have given poor Mr. Mayo so much useless trouble.

So, then, before long there was a wedding in church. And then Walter and Helen went to St. Louis to live and I with them; for they said they could not begin housekeeping without me. And I found assisting them so agreeable that, within the last year, I have undertaken to assist some one else.

Don't you remember that I mentioned a somewhat fiery-looking personage who was present at that party of the Leightons? Well, I must confess that was very like slander. I don't deny that he may have faults—doubtless he has—every body has; but he is not ill-tempered, and he is the kindest-hearted, and at the same time the most magnanimous being *I* ever knew. I could tell you things of him! His golden rocks, though, were quite unreal. But, *moi qui vous parle*, I know that he has treasure better than silver and gold, and laid up in a safe place too.

"Could you in any way help me to a few hundreds, Alice?" said he, one day; "I could invest it charmingly."

"And how, then, Mr. Harry Lester?" I inquired.

So he told me a plausible story.

"Well, what should hinder?" I asked, bringing forward the rose-wood box, Mrs. Darussy's gift. The contents were jewelry, expensive and beautiful; but I had never worn it; it was all there except a little watch, which I had prevailed on Helen to take. But Harry Lester would none of it. He said he was only seeking to prepare me for the astounding intelligence that he had just completed the purchase of a very charming unincumbered freehold, where he hoped for the pleasure of seeing me grow as old as the hills. So he adorned me with the jewels—a dozen different sorts; he put them all on, rings, chains, brooches, bracelets, and eke ear-rings, though I have no conveniences for wearing such gear. Then he declared that I looked like a popish saint hung with votive offerings; and then the trinkets went back to their velvet-cushioned home, where they remain to this day.

This summer Helen and I have come home to Epping for a month, at the end of which the other twain are coming for us. The old homestead is just as charming as ever. Uncle Dallas and Aunt Rachel we love just as dearly as ever. Katy was wild with joy to see us; she fulfills well the promise of her remarkable childish beauty; and, after all, she is by no means quite spoiled. Joe is in the navy, and well spoken of. Will, at home from college for the summer vacation, is manly and sensible. "Both the boys," says Aunt Rachel with eyes shining through happy tears, "are such thoroughly good sons!"

"The girls' chamber," as Aunt Rachel still calls our old room, remains unchanged; and still to me the ivy-framed picture from the west window, with the white grave-stones gleaming out from the green, is one of the loveliest my eyes have ever seen.

TWO AGAINST ONE.

DUSK was just deepening into dark upon the Highlands and the Lower Bay, and against the western sky Staten Island lay in blue indistinctness underneath the fantastic and feathery clouds, which still bore a faint empurplement—the dying traces of a gorgeous sunset.

A light breeze had arisen as the sun went down, and the dusky bosom of the bay was swept by long swathes of ripples, shattering the white reflections of the fishing smacks that were moving homeward after a hot and windless day of immobility.

This breeze crossed the broad waters, and came more gently up a grassy lawn on the northern slope of the Highlands, dotted with groups of shade trees, flower-beds, and marble vases, whence trailed heavy masses of flowering vines, among which stood a large Gothic cottage, once a private summer residence of some merchant prince, but now occupied as a country boarding-house.

In the parlor, through the open French windows of which the breeze brought mingled odors and music from the roses of the garden and the ripples on the beach, a young man sat at the piano, singing, and assisting his voice with a tolerably skillful accompaniment. His song was one of those sweet, sympathetic German melodies, full of fiery longing and sad prescience—a song of love, of sorrow, and of farewell.

It is curious that, while the instrumental music of the Germans is of the dryest, most mechanical school, their songs are the richest, the most eloquent, and poetical in the world.

Two ladies were listening to the singer with rapt attention. One—a full-figured blonde, with golden hair and deep blue eyes—leaned upon the end of the piano, with a dim red reflection falling upon her from the crimson window-curtains. The other—a darkly splendid brunette—half-reclined upon a sofa near by in an attitude of luxurious abandon.

The performer finished with a cadence of wonderful strength and sweetness, and, dashing off a few bars of instrumental finale, arose suddenly from the piano.

"Where is Zoe?" he asked.

As he spoke a fine soprano voice, outside, took up the refrain of the song, and a young girl entered from the piazza through one of the long windows, bearing a magnificent bouquet of flowers, which she had been selecting in the twilight from the lavish stores bequeathed to summer by the dying June.

"Aha, Zoe! are you there?" said the young man, with a vivacity hardly to be expected from his pale and somewhat melancholy face—"are you there, *ma chère?*—and with posies, too—oh, such a bunch of posies! Let me have a sniff."

Zoe presented her bouquet, and, as he stooped to inhale its fragrance, thrust it playfully into his face, so that his nose was quite gilded with the yellow pollen of the white lilies. Then, taking advantage of his momentary confusion, she darted from the room, down the piazza-steps, and along the gravel walk like a bird.

This was so clearly an invitation—a challenge—to a harmless romp, that the young man pursued closely, and in a few moments sounds of entreaty, laughter, and mock indignation came up to the parlor from the garden.

The two ladies within looked significantly at each other.

"What a hoyden that girl is!" said the blonde.

"Terrible," replied the brunette; "she shocks me twenty times a day by her forwardness."

"I wonder that Herbert can tolerate her."

The brunette made a sort of inexpressible noise—between a sigh, a cough, and a grunt—for answer, and relapsed into an elegant apathy, tapping the sofa listlessly with her jeweled fingers. The blonde straightened herself up, beat the folds out of her expansive skirt, pressed her temples with both hands, and walked out upon the piazza, where she promenaded slowly up and down, very intently looking at nothing, and probably seeing it.

Her attention was soon diverted from this

popular but negative subject of contemplation by a red light that flashed up from among the trees which lined the foot of the lawn, separating it from the beach. Herbert was lighting a cigar, the faint aromatic odor of which came presently to her nostrils. Stopping in her loitering walk, she leaned against a vine-entangled column, and saw the young man's airy white linen glimmering dimly between the trees in close proximity to Zoe's pale blue muslin. As they strolled along the sands their romp changed into a pleasant chat.

Not finding much gratification in this sight, the blonde re-entered the parlor; and when the young couple also came in they found her reading at the centre table, under the great kerosene lamp that swung from the ceiling.

The brunette was at the piano, playing one of those silly little polkas that certain composers of the machine style of music seem to take delight in spawning by the hundred—miserable, little, cheap, jingling tunes, of two strains each, and about as much like real artistic music as *eau sucrée* is like green seal.

The blonde, bending over her book, with the lamplight falling upon her gleaming hair and snowy shoulders, looked so lovely that Zoe's eyes fairly glistened with admiration, unsullied by envy or hypocrisy.

"*Isn't* Miss Wolcott lovely?" she whispered to Herbert, pinching his arm in sheer girlish enthusiasm.

"So-so; but too statuesque. I like something a little more human—somebody who can unbend a trifle without spoiling dignity—yourself, for instance."

"Oh, of course, I'm a lovely creature, I know! Do you say such things to all ladies? I should think you would, they sound so nice."

"I only say them when I think the hearer will be rendered obliging by a little flattery. In your case, now, I want half of that bouquet for my dressing-table."

"After the compliment, how can I refuse?"

"Don't try, I beg."

Zoe tossed her wide-brimmed straw-hat into a corner, and in taking a seat made a movement common to young girls. It consisted in spreading out her skirt, raising herself slightly, turning a little around, and sinking into position on the sofa somewhat sideways—just the least bit. When she was finally composed only one diminutive brown gaiter touched the floor.

I wonder what can be the significance of the habit of sitting upon one's own foot! What could ever originate such a fashion? Will not some one of the several hundred young ladies who will read these words in that attitude inform me?

The brunette ceased playing—much to Herbert's delight, for he hated "popular polkas" as devoutly as I do—and approaching him, assumed one of her indolent, tropical positions on an ottoman almost at his feet.

If you have ever witnessed the embarrassment of a young, good-looking, and reasonably modest fellow, when some woman persists in making obvious love to him before other persons, you can appreciate my hero's sensations for the half hour that ensued. Zoe, who was arranging her large bouquet into two small ones, looked up, occasionally, in astonishment at the almost nauseous compliments and sentimental outbursts of the dark beauty, who, being a widow, and older than Herbert, might surely have been expected to preserve a rather more circumspect demeanor.

Miss Wolcott continued her reading, but ever and anon she raised her eyes from the book, to cast a furtive glance toward Herbert's corner, and smile with splendid scorn.

At length, thoroughly annoyed, the young man sprang up, and going to the piano, dashed into a rollicking bacchanalian song, with a great deal of "drowning Old Care," and a great many "rosy bowls" in it. Zoe joined in the chorus, with immense zest and hilarity, to the magnificent displeasure of the two other ladies, who withdrew to a window, as if to escape the racket.

"Oh, that girl!" said the brunette, pettishly.

Miss Wolcott raised her eyes quickly, and a little red flush overspread her face, from the throat upward.

"I—ahem!—I really do not see how you can say any thing, Mrs. St. John. I do not think I am prudish, but really your conduct with Herbert just now was any thing but retiring!"

Mrs. St. John's coal-black eyes came slowly around till they rested full on Miss Wolcott's blue ones. There was a trifling expression of surprise, perhaps, on the widow's face, but nothing of emotion; and her voice, when she replied, was perfectly deliberate and sweet:

"Are you afraid you won't make your market this summer, dear?"

A good home-thrust, but Miss Wolcott was self-possessed enough to give what the pugilists technically call a "counter."

"I am in no fear about my own prospects, Madame; but I thought that ladies were generally a little more prudent *at your age!*"

There are certain insults that certain women can neither forgive nor forget. This is one of them. Mrs. St. John was thirty-one, and acknowledged to twenty-six. Miss Wolcott was twenty-six, and acknowledged to twenty-one. A faint smile, almost of pity, came over the elder lady's countenance.

"Yes, I ought to know something of the world by this time," said she, calmly; "you know, dear, I succeeded in getting a husband before I was near your present age!"

Miss Wolcott winced, but drew herself up for a climax:

"Oh yes, indeed! You buried him before you were my age!"

The emphasis on the words "you buried him" made them libelous. It was little short of an accusation of murder.

The widow had nothing more to say. She swallowed convulsively once or twice, hesitated, and then turning from the window sought her own apartment.

Nobody saw her again till breakfast-time next morning, when she came down looking as fresh, as benign, as tranquil, and as magnificent as ever.

Ah, she was an old stager in society, was Madame St. John!

After breakfast the matutinal cigar drew Herbert to the beach, and he left the two fine ladies sitting together over a third cup of tea, as kind and gracious toward each other as two infinitely sweet-tempered lambs could have been. No stranger, seeing them, could have suspected the silent but earnest thoughts that brooded over their hearts, as a blackbird of ill omen hovers over its unwholesome nest.

Pacing the sands soon became monotonous to Herbert, and he ascended the slope, past the house, to the loftier part of the ground that bears the name of the Highlands. Gaining the summit, he made his way through the woods, among the whispering chestnut-trees and thick-blooming laurels, to a point where the bluff comes boldly out and overhangs the bay. Here some rustic seats, fashioned about the trunks of the cedars, gave an opportunity for rest and a splendid look-out at the same time; so the young man lighted a second cigar, and sat down to enjoy the view spread out before him.

At his feet, over the edge of the bank, only the tops of trees were visible—cedars, laurels, and spice-wood, which had been precipitated from the former brink by some ancient landslide, and left upon the steep slope below, swayed and leaning in picturesque disorder.

Beyond, the bay was spread in broad beauty, its surface wrinkled by the summer breeze, and strangely mottled with the shadows of clouds, the glassy streaks of counter-currents, and the broken reflections of sky and shore. Afar on the southwestern horizon lay Staten Island, half veiled by the thin and trailing mists of morning. Its cedar-forests were dimly blue, and its sunlit fields were tinged with a golden gray, interspersed by shining villas and farm-houses, perched on the heights or nestled in the valleys and gorges. From a lofty summit the dark smoke of some kiln or factory floated softly, slowly upward, to mingle with the clouds.

To the right, the long, low, tawny line of Sandy Hook stretched far out, dividing the bay from the ocean. Just over its outer edge the flying foam of the surf showed a shifting outline of feathery white, and the low rumble of the breakers, ceaselessly beating upon the unyielding sand, came in breezy cadences to the young man's ear. Upon the farthest point of the Hook two light-houses gleamed in the sun, their dazzling white contrasting sharply with the black of their lanterns.

Above this bar lay a wide band of blue water, beyond which, upon the horizon, the hazy form of Long Island was faintly distinguishable—a mere azure stain against the sky—more like a cloud than a shore. In the Narrows, between the ends of the two islands, a host of sails were dotted about; some black in the shadow, and some shimmering in the sunshine bright as stars. Not far from land, in a calm spot, a Coast-Survey schooner lay anchored, and her yacht-like lines, new canvas, and the stars and stripes fluttering at her gaff, gave an additional liveliness to this charming marine view.

The dreamy monotone of the surf, the fitful rustling of the wind-swept foliage, and the idle chirp and twitter of a few birds, were the only sounds that awoke the otherwise perfect stillness of the place; and Herbert soon lost all consciousness of himself in the fascinations of the panorama that surrounded him, and the sublime reveries into which his love for nature led him.

Rustic chairs are apt to be better to look at than to sit upon, so Herbert chose a sheltered bank, covered with grass, and shaded by the thickly-matted boughs of a cedar. His position was too comfortable for wakefulness, and as his sleep had been light the night before, he soon dropped off into a profound slumber.

When he awoke he found that the shadow had moved around some feet from him, but a friendly hand had suspended a large shawl from two trees near by, which protected him still from the sun.

Recognizing the shawl as Zoe's, he judged she must be somewhere in the vicinity, and went to look for her. She was sitting in a little quiet nook, just by the edge of the bank, weaving a chaplet of maple-leaves, and singing softly to herself.

Herbert stole noiselessly up behind her, and, taking her fair head in his hands, bent it over backward very gently, and kissed her warm, rosy cheek.

At first she started, with a little exclamation of terror; but seeing immediately who it was, submitted with a very good grace. As he sat down beside her she blushed prettily, and looked at him with a serio-comic expression.

"Why did you do that?" she asked, naïvely.

"Because you looked charming, and I like you."

"Flatterer! What favor do you want this time?"

"None. The truth is not flattery."

"But you said I looked charming."

"I retract. I will say *I thought* you looked charming."

"How can you think so, when you see Miss Wolcott every day? Oh, I *do* think she is splendid!"

"She is handsome, but I don't like her; so I should not have kissed her."

"Then I am the honored one alone! Ought I not to be proud of the distinction?"

"And you are good, too. You hung your shawl up to shade me, just now."

"Well, who wouldn't? There you were, asleep in the full blaze of the sun, burning your face to a blister!"

"Exactly; and nobody would have thought of it, except you."

"Therefore you are grateful?"

"Yes."

"Then sing to me, while I finish this wreath. It is to adorn my 'charming' self at dinner?"

"What shall I sing?"

"The song you sang last evening."

"What, the bacchanalian song,

"'With roses twine the rosy bowl?'"

"No; the other—the German melody."

Herbert, strange to say, unlike all other amateurs, had not a "shocking cold," and could sing "without his notes," so he complied, and sang the plaintive little song very well, despite the absence of any accompaniment. When he finished he glanced at his companion. The chaplet was not completed; it lay upon her lap untouched; her head was bent down, and her face hidden in her hands.

"What is the matter, little one?"

She raised her head; there were tears in her eyes.

"Nothing; only I am a fool," she said.

"Confide in me, then, for I am a fool, too."

"You are just the one in whom I can not confide."

"And why? Ah, Zoe, if you only knew—"

Their eyes met, and each saw where the other's foolishness lay—an old foolishness, as old as humanity—a fond foolishness that young folks are always falling into—a pure and holy foolishness that, I hope, will never be done away with. Ah, I'm afraid I have been a little foolish myself before now!

So, while the birds twittered complacently about, celebrating the occasion with such scanty and simple songs as the mid-summer had left them, and the gentle breeze from the bay slowly swayed the listless cedar-boughs, and the warm sunshine mingled peacefully with the flickering shadows upon the grass, these young people confessed their love in few and earnest words, binding the compact with that ancient seal so well known and long in use among true lovers every where.

That night, at the supper-table, Madame St. John and Miss Wolcott both noticed the glitter of a diamond upon Zoe's finger. It was the only jewel Herbert had been accustomed to wear.

One evening, not long after the inauguration of this happy state of things, Herbert sat alone in the unlit parlor, running his fingers idly over the piano-keys—touching chords and harmonies, runs and roulades, fragments of half-remembered melodies and half-conceived themes, as an imaginative musician will, when alone and thoughtful.

Presently he heard the crisp rustle of a dress, and felt the light touch of a hand upon his shoulder. He turned around, expecting to see Zoe, but found it was the handsome widow, St. John, instead.

"All alone here, Sir Moody?" asked she, in a musical but somewhat artificially-modulated voice.

"Yes, quite alone," said he, with a shade of disappointment.

"Do you like to be alone?"

"Why, yes; sometimes."

"'It is not good for man to be alone.'"

"Not always; but solitude has its charms. Where is Zoe?"

"How should I know? Oh, I believe she has gone out to walk."

"With Miss Wolcott?"

"No, alone—that is, she went out alone, I think."

"She also finds a charm in solitude then?"

"I don't know. I believe she had some engagement."

"Engagement! With whom?"

There was a little anxiety in his tone.

"Some friend of hers, I fancy."

The words were nothing; but their accent and expression were significant.

"What friend? She has no friends here, except in this house. What do you mean, Mrs. St. John?"

"Fie! Are you jealous already? I thought you had learned the ways of the world, and especially of young girls, more fully. Why shouldn't she have friends about here — the steamboat-landing and hotels are not far off!"

"But I should have expected that she would tell me—I—"

"You are jealous! Poor boy!"

The pressure of her hand on his shoulder was almost a caress—slight, but very sympathetic and womanly.

"What do you mean? You are mysterious, to-night. Be careful, or I shall suspect you of trying to poison my mind!"

He tried to say this playfully, but failed.

"Now don't be foolish. You ought never to keep too close a surveillance over a woman. I'm sure I don't believe there is any harm in this affair."

"What affair?"

"Nothing of any consequence. Be a good boy, and don't ask questions."

"No—this has gone too far. I would scorn to suspect Zoe of any wrong; but you should not speak thus, Mrs. St. John, unless you mean something. You must explain — not for her sake, nor for mine, but for your own. You have committed yourself. Take care!"

"It is for you to take care, my good friend," said the lady, coolly; "I am a woman of the world, and I warn you, if you would be happy, be blind. If Zoe has given you her hand, and you love her, take her without question. There never was a girl yet, who reached the age of twenty, without having had at least one affair of the heart. It is well to be off with the old love before one is on with the new marriage. When one has a *grand parti* in view, it is best that all adieux and reminiscences should be terminated before the ring is bought. Now you understand!"

"This is too grave a matter, Madame, to be lightly discussed. Do you positively assert, on your own knowledge, that Zoe has gone to meet a former admirer?"

"I assert nothing."

"But you have hinted as much."

"You have led me into expressions I should not have used. I must go now."

He whirled around on the music-stool, and seized her vigorously by both hands.

"Not till you prove what you have said! It is dangerous to trifle with such subjects!"

"Oh! you hurt my wrists! Let me go, and I will satisfy you. Come, let us walk on the piazza. It is cool and pleasant there, and I will tell you all I know about the matter."

They went out and promenaded up and down, arm in arm.

The story told by Mrs. St. John, with consummate tact and tenderness, was that Zoe had loved a young man in New York for some time, but his poverty was considered a sufficient obstacle to prevent their union. Now that she was definitely betrothed to Herbert, she wished to say a final farewell to this former suitor, and he had, by invitation, come down from the city. He was stopping, the widow said, at one of the watering-place hotels near the Highland light-houses, and walked up the beach every evening to meet his inamorata.

All this was told with the utmost delicacy and regard for Herbert's feelings. No syllable of blame nor accent of reproach were apparent, and the whole story bore the impress of a simple truth regretfully told.

"Can this be proven?" asked Herbert, huskily.

"Yes."

"By whom? Let me understand it all before I sleep!"

"By yourself. But wait till to-morrow night. Then your own eyes can test my truthfulness."

How the young man passed the night and the next day I can not describe. He retired as soon as he saw Zoe approaching the house, and tossed sleeplessly upon his bed till morning. The headache he then complained of as a reason for keeping his room was not a feigned one, and he only appeared in the parlor late that afternoon while the ladies were dressing.

When they came down he pretended to be asleep upon a sofa, and permitted Zoe to sit by him and fan him without seeming to awake.

After dinner—during which meal he preserved a moody silence, accounted for by his supposed indisposition—Herbert sought the bluff above the beach, in accordance with the instructions of Mrs. St. John, and, securing a sheltered position, whence he could command a view of the shore, delivered himself up to the most agonizing doubts and fears—all the more poignant, because he felt that he must be wronging Zoe in harboring such thoughts for an instant.

The night was calm, and a long path of silvery ripples danced across the bay, from where the broad full moon was rising over the low-lying and indistinct line of Sandy Hook. The still air was full of a drowsy sweetness, exhaled from shrubs and flowers, and the large pale fire-flies floated hither and thither, with their fitful lustre illuminating the cool darkness of the mid-summer night. A vague murmur of waters plashing on the shore came up to Herbert's ear, with now and then a sudden and heavy plunge, when some fish leaped from his element in play or in alarm.

But the young man paid little heed to the pleasures of sight or sound. He remained sitting upon the bank among the cedars, in a sort of painful torpor, until he distinguished footsteps upon the stony beach, and, looking down, saw the dim outline of Zoe's white muslin dress. Walking by her side, with one arm about her waist, was a masculine figure, and their conversation, vivacious and cheery, was interrupted now and then by little caresses such as lovers know.

Herbert arose and walked calmly to the house.

"Well," said he to himself as he lighted a lamp in his chamber—"well, I have loved one woman and trusted her. So much for the experiment. I know the sex now, and have done with them!"

He packed up his trunks, and arranged every thing with precision for leaving the place early on the morning following. Pride and philosophy kept back any exhibition of the emotions that crowded his heart save when he came upon some withered flowers and leaves, a ribbon, a glove, or some such little *chiffons de femme;* trifling but eloquent souvenirs of his love and happiness. These he was about to throw into the fire-place, but without analyzing his thought he placed them in one of his trunks.

"After all," said he, "*they* have not offended me!"

The ladies were greatly surprised and grieved, on coming down to breakfast, to learn that their only cavalier had forsaken them. He had arisen and breakfasted, "after a fashion," the hostess said, very early, in order to take the Red Bank boat for New York.

"Did he leave no word, no message?" asked Zoe.

"None, except that important business called him away. He has looked poorly," said the good woman, "these two days, and I guess he has heard some bad news."

"I guess so," said Mrs. St. John.

"Well, he will write to us, no doubt, unless he comes back again very soon," Miss Wolcott suggested.

Zoe thought so too, but when two, three, four weeks slipped away, without a word or rumor of his reason for going, she gave it up as a sad mystery, and grew pale and listless.

Ennui settled upon the Gothic cottage and its inmates. Herbert's vivaciousness, his conversation, his music, had filled up more weary hours than they had thought, until they came to miss him; so Miss Wolcott went off for a month at Cape May, and Mrs. St. John fancied that the waters of Saratoga would benefit her. Zoe alone remained, and wore out the heavy time by walking where *he* had walked, singing the songs that *he* had sung, and living in the past that *he* had made happy.

With the cool, bracing, and breezy days of September—days of splendid sunshine and pleasant promenade, days of fall silks and brilliant toilets generally—Mrs. St. John returned from Saratoga, and plunged at once into the circles of society where she fancied she would find Herbert.

Her surmises had been shrewd. She found him in the vortex of fashionable life, pale, weary-looking, and *distrait*, but pursuing the pleasures of the gay world with an ardor unknown to him theretofore. A cross in love affects different men in different manners. Some become woman-haters, and take to study and seclusion. Some marry "for spite," and suffer the penalty of folly ever after. Some become profligate, and put an unworthy end to their unworthy lives. Some put up with the ills they can not help, and after a season of reaction are reconciled to the destiny that has thwarted them.

Of this sort was Herbert. The distractions of society still amused him, and he found much to enjoy in life. The only mark he bore of the failure of his dearest hope was a slight cynicism—a tendency to doubt the earnestness of human emotions. Perhaps this was not altogether unbecoming in him, however, mingled as it was with a philosophical coolness. At all events he found great favor among those who met him, and the ladies, especially, considered him quite a valuable acquisition at parties and receptions.

Mrs. St. John, woman of the world as she had said, and old stager in society as I have shown, knew just how to treat this condition of mind, and it was a splendid study for an analyst of human nature to see her when with him. She was familiar and confidential, as one person may be with another whose life-secret he knows, yet always with a womanly reticence and delicacy that were charming. Before the holidays came in the handsome widow's receptions would have been as incomplete without her protégé, Herbert, as without herself, and he had the privilege of calling at any time he liked, enjoying, in fact, that old-friend freedom of the house that is so agreeable and so difficult to obtain in fashionable mansions.

In conversation with the widow, Herbert often dropped little sharp flings at the love of women and its value; but Zoe's name never passed his lips, and Mrs. St. John knew too much to probe a cicatrice which could hardly be healed as yet.

The difference between thirty-one and twenty-seven is not very enormous, and Herbert had grown old faster since the summer than ever before; so it was not strange that whispers began to float about to the effect that Mrs. St. John was shortly to try the matrimonial estate a second time. All this familiarity must mean something, Mrs. Grundy argued, and the young fellows of the clubs already congratulated Herbert on his prospect of getting "a doocéd fine-looking woman, by Jove, with a doocéd neat little bank-account!"

"Hm! yes," said Herbert; "when I marry I'll invite you all; but—don't be in a hurry!"

Matters were in this position when Miss Wolcott arrived in New York from a winter's sojourn in Paris. Moving in the same social sphere with Mrs. St. John, she soon met that lady, and almost always with Herbert. She had not forgotten him—quite the contrary. His refinement, intelligence, and accomplishments had made too deep an impression upon her to be easily effaced; and rumor said that she had rejected an eminently desirable offer abroad, in consequence of the influence of some attraction at home.

In a word, as the reader must have already divined, she was in love with him.

When she heard, therefore, that he was shortly to be married to Mrs. St. John she suffered a little nervous attack that kept her at home for several days. At the end of that period her resolve was taken and her course decided upon. She sat down at once and wrote the following note:

"My dear Mrs. St. John,—Will it be possible for you to make up a little party with me for the opera, to-morrow night? I have a friend here who would like to hear 'Don Giovanni,' and if you and Herbert can meet us at the Academy of Music it would be pleasant. We shall have the right-hand proscenium-box. Do come, if possible, and oblige your friend, Anne Wolcott.

"London Terrace, New York, Wednesday."

After writing this friendly invitation she ordered her carriage, and driving to the house of the friend mentioned in the note, told her of the proposed party, and promised to call for her on the ensuing evening, to take her to the opera. Then she went to a private ball, given by one of her most fashionable acquaintances, and it was observed that she had never seemed more vivacious, more spirituelle, or more charming altogether than on that evening.

"My little illness has done me good," said she; "one needs a reaction occasionally."

Do you remember, good reader, how deliciously little Piccolomini used to play the part of Zerlina, in "Don Giovanni," and what a splendidly dashing and rakish Don Signor Gassier made? I have enjoyed that naughty but charming opera many times at the Academy of Music, but never so thoroughly as when those artists were there.

The curtain rose, on the evening in question, before a crowded and brilliant house. Light, and music, and perfume, the glances of bright eyes and the waving of many-colored fans, the buzz of softened whispers, fading to silence as the conductor's baton sharply smote his desk—all mingled to produce a delightful *ensemble*, equaled by nothing else that the New York pleasure-seeker can find.

Shortly after the rising of the curtain a battery of lorgnettes brought a focus to bear upon the right-hand proscenium-box, where two ladies appeared, escorted by a footman in livery. The man retired, leaving the ladies seated in the front of the box, exposed to the admiration which the freshness of their beauty and the splendor of their toilets demanded.

While this admiration still turned the attention of the audience from the performances, Her-

bert entered the house with Mrs. St. John leaning upon his arm, magnificent in purple velvet and diamonds. It was rather a severe trial for her to sit beside Miss Wolcott, whose gracious blonde beauty was still as pure as that of a child, and only the most elaborate and gorgeous toilet could render a comparison favorable to the widow.

Passing through the lobby, the new-comers penetrated the dark and narrow passage to the box, and Herbert knocked gently at the door.

"There are the friends I invited, dear," said Miss Wolcott to her companion; "be kind enough to open the door, please."

The young lady complied gracefully, and Herbert, who was a step in advance, shrank back with an icy sensation about his heart. It was Zoe.

They stammered a broken salutation, and Mrs. St. John, upon whose face no one could have observed the faintest trace of the fearful mood that possessed her, came forward, with well-feigned *empressement*, to the rescue.

"My dear child," she said, kissing the young girl affectionately, with one of those terrible, tragic kisses that remind one of nothing so much as the scene when "he that was called Judas, one of the twelve, went before them, and drew near unto Jesus to kiss him!"—"my dear child, how glad I am to meet you again—and looking so charmingly too!"

Zoe sank into a chair, pale and trembling, quite unable to say a word.

Miss Wolcott arose, her fine blue eyes glittering with an awful light.

"Ah, Mrs. St. John, I am happy to see you. It was kind of you to come. You are beautiful, to-night."

"Thank you, you are complimentary."

"Oh no! That purple velvet is exceedingly becoming. I do not think you ever dressed more effectively, with the exception of one occasion."

"When was that?" asked the widow, in a hard, dry tone.

Miss Wolcott's voice was a little uncertain, as she answered:

"The night of the 15th of July—the night before Herbert left the Highlands so mysteriously. Zoe told me all about your mad pranks—how you dressed in boy's clothes, and made love to her on the beach. Wasn't that a capital joke, Herbert? How you would have laughed, to be sure, if you could have seen it! What is the matter, Mrs. St. John?"

The whirlwind of revelation that swept through Herbert's mind at these words prevented him from remarking their result upon Mrs. St. John. He seized Zoe's hand convulsively, and looking into her eyes with an intense gaze of mingled love and remorse, begged her forgiveness.

When he turned around the widow was lying back in her chair pale and haggard; and Miss Wolcott was slowly, coldly uttering these words in her ear:

"Stratagem for stratagem. If you, Madame, can enact comedies, I can turn them to tragedies!"

"She is dying!" cried Zoe, in terror.

"No, it is nothing," murmured Mrs. St. John, making a frightful effort to regain her strength and composure.

"How beautifully Signor Gassier sings that aria!" said Miss Wolcott.

Herbert, who was humane and generous, even toward those who had wronged him beyond reparation, assisted the widow to her carriage; and conducting her rapidly home, where he left her in the care of her servants, returned to the opera.

Miss Wolcott had gone, and Zoe was weeping hysterically in a corner of the box, half with joy, half with alarm at this strange scene. A full explanation followed, and the young girl dried her tears. Miss Wolcott, it seemed, had long known the plot by which Mrs. St. John had compassed Herbert and Zoe's separation, but hoping to win him herself, had avoided an exposure until his supposed engagement to the widow brought matters to a desperate crisis. Then Miss Wolcott determined that if she could not be successful with Herbert she could at least thwart the success of her rival. Hence this singular and dramatic *eclaircissement* in the opera-box.

From this night forward the calm and joyful spirit of the old June days hovered about the young couple so strangely severed and so strangely reunited. The paleness and sadness that had marked both for many months disappeared; and when the blushing summer again awoke the birds and flowers, they wandered together once more about the hills and shores of the Highlands, careless, indolent, and happy as two children.

And when the breezes of October began to whirl the gold and crimson maple-leaves along the Ridge Road, and rustle down the tiger-spotted laurel-leaves upon the bank, and drift soft, deep beds of oak-leaves into the narrow gorges, the lovers left their olden summer haunt; for there was a home awaiting them in the city—a snug and cheery home, to be lit by the torches of the boy-god Cupid and his elder brother Hymen.

As for the baffled ones, Mrs. St. John, after a fierce illness that hardly spared her life, became rigidly and austerely pious—savagely good—and devoted herself to the patronage of youthful divines and the support of missionary societies. Miss Wolcott went abroad again, immediately after her *coup-d'état*, and I have heard that she married a splendid Count, with any number of crosses and ribbons on his coat, but not altogether so spotless in his life as some less brilliant personages are said to have been.

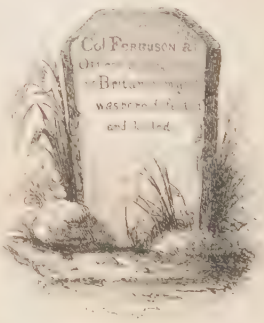
And here, it strikes me, is an excellent point at which to terminate my story. If, as I more than half suspect, it contains no striking moral, it at least possesses the element of poetical justice—the rendering of which, I hope, will leave my good reader in the happy state of mind that all good readers deserve.

VIEW OF KING'S MOUNTAIN BATTLE-GROUND.

KING'S MOUNTAIN.—A BALLAD OF THE CAROLINAS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

[The battle of King's Mountain, fought October 7, 1780, constituted a turning point in the war of the Revolution in the South; the British and Tories, under Colonel Ferguson, being defeated, with great slaughter, by the mountaineers of Virginia, Georgia, and the two Carolinas. The battle took place in South Carolina, but only a mile and a half south of the North Carolina line. Colonel Ferguson was one of the most distinguished of the British partisan warriors in America during the Revolution. He was especially opposed, as a great leader of riflemen, to the Southern riflemen; was himself an inventor of an improved rifle which, in that day, gained him large reputation. His bravery was remarkable, as well as his skill. During the battle he used a silver whistle, which was to be heard sounding every where through all the din of the conflict. The Tory chiefs were executed on the spot soon after the battle. Tradition says that ten were hung from the tree which appears on the right in our view of the battle-ground. The Deckard rifle was named, we believe, from a famous maker of that region; it was the weapon most in use among the mountaineers of the South during the period of the Revolution. It is, perhaps, not so generally known that, along the dividing ridges of the two Carolinas, there have been manufacturers of the rifle famous for the excellence of this weapon from a very early period. Even in the Revolution the native rifle has been known to kill across a river 250 yards wide. This range, at that period, was held to be almost miraculous.]



MONUMENT ON KING'S MOUNTAIN.

I.

HARK! 'tis the voice of the mountain,
And it speaks to our heart in its pride,
As it tells of the bearing of heroes
Who compassed its summits and died!
How they gather'd to the strife as the eagles,
When the foemen had clamber'd the height!
How, with scent keen and eager as beagles,
They hunted him down for the fight!
Hurrah!

II.

Hark! through the gorge of the valley,
'Tis the bugle that tells of the foe;
Our own quickly sounds for the rally,
And we snatch down the rifle and go.
As the hunter who hears of the panther,
Each arms him and leaps to his steed,
Rides forth through the desolate antre,
With his knife and his rifle at need.
Hurrah!

III.

From a thousand deep gorges they gather—
From the cot lowly perch'd by the rill,
The cabin half hid in the heather,
'Neath the crag where the eagle keeps still;
Each lonely at first in his roaming,
Till the vale to the sight opens fair,
And he sees the low cot through the gloaming,
When his bugle gives tongue to the air.
Hurrah!

IV.

Thus a thousand brave hunters assemble
For the hunt of the insolent foe;
And soon shall his myrmidons tremble
'Neath the shock of the thunder-bolt's blow.
Down the lone heights now wind they together,
As the mountain brooks flow to the vale,
And now, as they group on the heather,
The keen scout delivers his tale.
Hurrah!

V.

"The British—the Tories are on us,
And now is the moment to prove,
To the women whose virtues have won us,
That our virtues are worthy their love!
They have swept the vast valleys below us,
With fire, to the hills from the sea;
And here would they seek to o'erthrow us
In a realm which our eagle makes free!
Hurrah!

VI.

No war council suffer'd to trifle
With the hours devote to the deed;
Swift follow'd the grasp of the rifle,
Swift follow'd the bound to the steed;
And soon, to the eyes of our yeomen,
All panting with rage at the sight,
Gleamed the long wavy tents of the foemen,
As he lay in his camp on the height.
Hurrah!

VII.

Grim dash'd they away as they bounded,
The hunters to hem in the prey,
And with Deckard's long rifles surrounded,
Then the British rose fast to the fray;
And never, with arms of more vigor,
Did their bayonets press through the strife,
Where, with every swift pull of the trigger,
The sharp-shooters dash'd out a life!
Hurrah!

VIII.

'Twas the meeting of eagles and lions,
'Twas the rushing of tempests and waves,
Insolent triumph 'gainst patriot defiance,
Born freemen 'gainst sycophant slaves;
Scotch Ferguson sounding his whistle,
As from danger to danger he flies,
Feels the moral that lies in Scotch thistle,
With its "touch me who dare!" and he dies!
Hurrah!

IX.

An hour, and the battle is over,
The eagles are rending the prey;
The serpents seek flight into cover,
But the terror still stands in the way:
More dreadful the doom that on treason
Avenges the wrongs of the State;
And the oak-tree for many a season
Bears its fruit for the vultures of Fate!
Hurrah!

THE FOUR GEORGES.

SKETCHES OF MANNERS, MORALS, COURT AND TOWN LIFE.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

III.—GEORGE THE THIRD.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

WE have to glance over sixty years in as many minutes. To read the mere catalogue of characters who figured during that long period would occupy our allotted time, and we should have all text and no sermon. England has to undergo the revolt of the American colonies; to submit to defeat and separation; to shake under the volcano of the French Revolution; to grapple and fight for the life with her gigantic enemy Napoleon; to gasp and rally after that tremendous struggle. The old society, with its courtly splendors, has to pass away; generations of statesmen to rise and disappear; Pitt to follow Chatham to the tomb; the memory of Rodney and Wolfe to be superseded by Nelson's and Wellington's glory; the old poets who unite us to Queen Anne's time to sink into their graves; Johnson to die, and Scott and Byron to arise; Garrick to delight the world with his dazzling dramatic genius, and Kean to leap on the stage and take possession of the astonished theatre. Steam has to be invented; kings to be beheaded, banished, deposed, restored; Napoleon to be but an episode, and George III. is to be alive through all these varied changes, to accompany his people through all these revolutions of thought, government, society; to survive out of the old world into ours.

When I first saw England she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the hope of the empire. I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a long walk over rocks and hills until we reached a

garden where we saw a man walking. "That is he," said the black man: "that is Bonaparte. He eats three sheep every day, and all the little children he can lay hands on!" There were people in the British dominions besides that poor Calcutta serving-man with an equal horror of the Corsican ogre.

With the same childish attendant I remember peeping through the colonnade at Carlton House, and seeing the abode of the great Prince Regent. I can see yet the Guards pacing before the gates of the place. The place? What place? The palace exists no more than the palace of Nebuchadnezzar. It is but a name now. Where be the sentries who used to salute as the Royal chariots drove in and out? The chariots, with the kings inside, have driven to the realms of Pluto; the tall Guards have marched into darkness, and the echoes of their drums are rolling in Hades. Where the palace once stood a hundred little children are paddling up and down the steps to St. James's Park. A score of grave gentlemen are taking their tea at the Athenæum Club; as many grisly warriors are garrisoning the United Service Club opposite. Pall Mall is the great social Exchange of London now—the mart of news, of politics, of scandal, of rumor—the English forum, so to speak, where men discuss the last dispatch from the Crimea, the last speech of Lord Derby, the next move of Lord John. And, now and then, to a few antiquarians, whose thoughts are with the past rather than with the present, it is a memorial of old times and old people, and Pall Mall is our Palmyra. Look! About this spot Tom of Ten Thousand was killed by Königsmark's gang. In that great red house Gainsborough lived, and Culloden Cumberland, George III.'s uncle. Yonder is Sarah Marlborough's palace, just as it stood when that termagant occupied it. At 25 Walter Scott used to live; at the house now No. 79, and occupied by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, resided Mrs. Eleanor Gwynn, comedian. How often has Queen Caroline's chair issued from under yonder arch! All the men of the Georges have passed up and down the street. It has seen Walpole's chariot and Chatham's sedan; and Fox, Gibbon, Sheridan, on their way to Brookes's; and stately William Pitt stalking on the arm of Dundas; and Hanger and Tom Sheridan reeling out of Raggett's; and Byron limping into Wattier's; and Swift striding out of Bury Street; and Mr. Addison and Dick Steele, both perhaps a little the better for liquor; and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York clattering over the pavement; and Johnson counting the posts along the streets, after dawdling before Dodsley's window; and Horry Walpole hobbling into his carriage, with a gimcrack just bought out at Christie's; and George Selwyn sauntering into White's.

In the published letters to George Selwyn we get a mass of correspondence by no means so brilliant and witty as Walpole's, or so bitter and bright as Hervey's, but as interesting, and even more descriptive of the time, because the letters are the work of many hands. You hear more voices speaking, as it were, and more natural than Horace's dandified treble, and Sporus's malignant whisper. As one reads the Selwyn letters—as one looks at Reynolds's noble pictures illustrative of those magnificent times and voluptuous people—one almost hears the voice of the dead past; the laughter and the chorus; the toast called over the brimming cups; the shout at the race-course or the gaming-table; the merry joke frankly spoken to the laughing fine lady. How fine those ladies were, those ladies who heard and spoke such coarse jokes! how grand those gentlemen!

I fancy that peculiar product of the past, the fine gentleman, has almost vanished off the face of the earth, and is disappearing like the beaver or the Red Indian. We can't have fine gentlemen any more, because we can't have the society in which they lived. The people will not obey: the parasites will not be as obsequious as formerly: children do not go down on their knees to beg their parents' blessing: chaplains do not say grace and retire before the pudding: servants do not say your honor and your worship at every moment: tradesmen do not stand hat in hand as the gentleman passes: authors do not wait for hours in gentlemen's ante-rooms with a fulsome dedication, for which they hope to get five guineas from his lordship. In the days when there were fine gentlemen, Mr. Secretary Pitt's undersecretaries did not dare to sit down before him; but Mr. Pitt, in his turn, went down on his gouty knees to George II.; and when George III. spoke a few kind words to him, Lord Chatham burst into tears of reverential joy and gratitude; so awful was the idea of the monarch, and so great the distinctions of rank. Fancy Lord John Russell or Lord Palmerston on their knees while the Sovereign was reading a dispatch, or beginning to cry because Prince Albert said something civil!

At the accession of George III. the patricians were yet at the height of their good fortune. Society recognized their superiority, which they themselves pretty calmly took for granted. They inherited not only titles and estates, and seats in the House of Peers, but seats in the House of Commons. There were a multitude of Government places, and not merely these, but bribes of actual £500 notes, which members of the House took not much shame in assuming. Fox went into Parliament at 20: Pitt was just of age: his father not much older. It was the good time for patricians. Small blame to them if they took and enjoyed, and over-enjoyed, the prizes of politics, the pleasures of social life.

In these letters to Selwyn we are made acquainted with a whole society of these defunct fine gentlemen: and can watch with a curious interest a life, which the novel-writers of that time, I think, have scarce touched upon. To Smollett, to Fielding even, a lord was a lord: a gorgeous being with a blue ribbon, a coroneted

chair, and an immense star on his bosom, to whom commoners paid reverence. Richardson, a man of humbler birth than either of the above two, owned that he was ignorant regarding the manners of the aristocracy, and besought Mrs. Donnellan, a lady who had lived in the great world, to examine a volume of Sir Charles Grandison, and point out any errors which she might see in this particular. Mrs. Donnellan found so many faults that Richardson changed color, shut up the book, and muttered that it were best to throw it in the fire. Here, in Selwyn, we have the real original men and women of fashion of the early time of George III. We can follow them to the new club at Almack's: we can travel over Europe with them: we can accompany them not only to the public places, but to their country-houses and private society. Here is a whole company of them; wits and prodigals; some persevering in their bad ways; some repentant, but relapsing; beautiful ladies, parasites, humble chaplains, led captains. Those fair creatures whom we love in Reynolds's portraits, and who still look out on us from his canvases with their sweet calm faces and gracious smiles—those fine gentlemen who did us the honor to govern us; who inherited their boroughs, took their ease in their patent places, and slipped Lord North's bribes so elegantly under their ruffles—we make acquaintance with a hundred of these fine folks, hear their talk and laughter, read of their loves, quarrels, intrigues, debts, duels, divorces; can fancy them alive if we read the book long enough. We can attend at Duke Hamilton's wedding, and behold him marry his bride with the curtain-ring: we can peep into her poor sister's death-bed: we can see Charles Fox cursing over the cards, or March bawling out the odds at Newmarket: we can imagine Burgoyne tripping off from St. James's Street to conquer the Americans, and slinking back into the club somewhat crest-fallen after his beating: we can see the young king dressing himself for the drawing-room and asking ten thousand questions regarding all the gentlemen: we can have high life or low, the struggle at the Opera to behold the Violetta or the Zamperini—the Macaronies and fine ladies in their chairs trooping to the masquerade or Madame Cornelys's—the crowd at Drury Lane to look at the body of Miss Ray, whom Parson Hackman has just pistoled—or we can peep into Newgate, where poor Mr. Rice, the forger, is waiting his fate and his supper. "You need not be particular about the sauce for his fowl," says one turnkey to another: "for you know he is to be hanged in the morning." "Yes," replies the second janitor, "but the chaplain sups with him, and he is a terrible fellow for melted butter!"

Selwyn has a chaplain and parasite, one Dr. Warner, than whom Plautus, or Ben Jonson, or Hogarth never painted a better character. In letter after letter he adds fresh strokes to the portrait of himself, and completes a portrait not a little curious to look at now that the man has passed away; all the foul pleasures and gambols in which he reveled, played out; all the rouged faces into which he leered, worms and skulls; all the fine gentlemen whose shoe-buckles he kissed, laid in their coffins. This worthy clergyman takes care to tell us that he does not believe in his religion, though, thank Heaven, he is not so great a rogue as a lawyer. He goes on Mr. Selwyn's errands, any errands, and is proud, he says, to be that gentleman's proveditor. He waits upon the Duke of Queensberry—old Q.—and exchanges pretty stories with that aristocrat. He comes home "after a hard day's christening," as he says, and writes to his patron before sitting down to whist and partridges for supper. He revels in the thoughts of ox-cheek and Burgundy—he is a boisterous, uproarious parasite, licks his master's shoes with explosions of laughter and cunning smack and gusto, and likes the taste of that blacking as much as the best claret in old Q.'s cellar. He has Rabelais and Horace at his greasy fingers' ends. He is inexpressibly mean, curiously jolly; kindly and good-natured in secret—a tender-hearted knave, not a venomous lickspittle. Jesse says, that at his chapel in Long Acre, "he attained a considerable popularity by the pleasing, manly, and eloquent style of his delivery." Was infidelity endemic, and corruption in the air? Around a young king, himself of the most exemplary life and undoubted piety, lived a court society as dissolute as our country ever knew. George II.'s bad morals bore their fruit in George III.'s early years; as I believe that a knowledge of that good man's example, his moderation, his frugal simplicity, and God-fearing life, tended infinitely to improve the morals of the country and purify the whole nation.

After Warner, the most interesting of Selwyn's correspondents is the Earl of Carlisle, grandfather of the amiable nobleman at present Viceroy in Ireland. The grandfather, too, was Irish Viceroy, having previously been treasurer of the king's household; and, in 1778, the principal commissioner for treating, consulting, and agreeing upon the means of quieting the divisions subsisting in his majesty's colonies, plantations, and possessions in North America. You may read his lordship's manifestoes in the *Royal New York Gazette*. He returned to England, having by no means quieted the colonies; and speedily afterward the *Royal New York Gazette* somehow ceased to be published.

This good, clever, kind, highly-bred Lord Carlisle was one of the English fine gentlemen who was well-nigh ruined by the awful debauchery and extravagance which prevailed in the great English society of those days. Its dissoluteness was awful: it had swarmed over Europe after the Peace; it had danced, and raced, and gambled in all the courts. It had made its bow at Versailles; it had run its horses on the plain of Sablons, near Paris, and created the Anglomania there: it had exported vast quantities of pictures and marbles from Rome and Florence: it had ruined itself by building great galleries and palaces for the reception of the statues and

pictures: it had brought over singing-women and dancing-women from all the operas of Europe, on whom my lords lavished their thousands, while they left their honest wives and honest children languishing in the lonely, deserted, splendors of the castle and park at home.

Besides the great London society of those days, there was another unacknowledged world, extravagant beyond measure, tearing about in the pursuit of pleasure; dancing, gambling, drinking, singing; meeting the real society in the public places (at Ranelaghs, Vauxhalls, and Ridottos, about which our old novelists talk so constantly), and outvying the real leaders of fashion in luxury, and splendor, and beauty. For instance, when the famous Miss Gunning visited Paris as Lady Coventry, where she expected that her beauty would meet with the applause which had followed her and her sister through England, it appears she was put to flight by an English lady still more lovely in the eyes of the Parisians. A certain Mrs. Pitt took a box at the opera opposite the countess; and was so much handsomer than her ladyship, that the parterre cried out that this was the real English angel, whereupon Lady Coventry quitted Paris in a huff. The poor thing died presently of consumption, accelerated, it was said, by the red and white paint with which she plastered those luckless charms of hers. (We must represent to ourselves all fashionable female Europe, at that time, as plastered with white, and raddled with red.) She left two daughters behind her, whom George Selwyn loved (he was curiously fond of little children), and who are described very drolly and pathetically in these letters, in their little nursery, where passionate little Lady Fanny, if she had not good cards, flung hers into Lady Mary's face; and where they sate conspiring how they should receive a new mother-in-law whom their papa presently brought home. They got on very well with their mother-in-law, who was very kind to them; and they grew up, and they were married, and they were both divorced afterward —poor little souls! Poor painted mother, poor society, ghastly in its pleasures, its loves, its revelries!

As for my lord commissioner, we can afford to speak about him; because, though he was a wild and weak commissioner at one time, though he hurt his estate, though he gambled and lost ten thousand pounds at a sitting—"five times more," says the unlucky gentleman, "than I ever lost before;" though he swore he never would touch a card again; and yet, strange to say, went back to the table and lost still more: yet he repented of his errors, sobered down, and became a worthy peer and a good country gentleman, and returned to the good wife and the good children whom he had always loved with the best part of his heart. He had married at one-and-twenty. He found himself, in the midst of a dissolute society, at the head of a great fortune. Forced into luxury, and obliged to be a great lord and a great idler, he yielded to some temptations, and paid for them a bitter penalty of manly remorse; from some others he fled wisely, and ended by conquering them nobly. But he always had the good wife and children in his mind, and they saved him. "I am very glad you did not come to me the morning I left London," he writes to G. Selwyn, as he is embarking for America. "I can only say, I never knew till that moment of parting what grief was." There is no parting now, where they are. The faithful wife, the kind, generous gentleman, have left a noble race behind them: an inheritor of his name and titles, who is beloved as widely as he is known; a man most kind, accomplished, gentle, friendly, and pure; and female descendants occupying high stations and embellishing great names; some renowned for beauty, and all for spotless lives, and pious, matronly virtues.

Another of Selwyn's correspondents is the Earl of March, afterward Duke of Queensberry, whose life lasted into this century; and who certainly as earl or duke, young man or graybeard, was not an ornament to any possible society. The legends about old Q. are awful. In Selwyn, in Wraxall, and contemporary chronicles, the observer of human nature may follow him, drinking, gambling, intriguing to the end of his career; when the wrinkled, palsied, toothless old Don Juan died, as wicked and unrepentant as he had been at the hottest season of youth and passion. There is a house in Piccadilly, where they used to show a certain low window at which old Q. sat to his very last days, ogling through his senile glasses the women as they passed by.

There must have been a great deal of good about this lazy, sleepy George Selwyn, which, no doubt, is set to his present credit. "Your friendship," writes Carlisle to him, "is so different from any thing I have ever met with or seen in the world, that when I recollect the extraordinary proofs of your kindness, it seems to me like a dream." "I have lost my oldest friend and acquaintance, G. Selwyn," writes Walpole to Miss Berry: "I really loved him, not only for his infinite wit, but for a thousand good qualities." I am glad, for my part, that such a lover of cakes and ale should have had a thousand good qualities—that he should have been friendly, generous, warm-hearted, trust-worthy. "I rise at six," writes Carlisle to him, from Spa (a great resort of fashionable people in our ancestors' days), "play at cricket till dinner, and dance in the evening till I can scarcely crawl to bed at eleven. There is a life for you! You get up at nine; play with Raton your dog till twelve, in your dressing-gown; then creep down to White's; are five hours at table; sleep till supper-time; and then make two wretches carry you in a sedan-chair, with three pints of claret in you, three miles for a shilling." Occasionally, instead of sleeping at White's, George went down and snoozed in the House of Commons by the side of Lord North. He represented Gloucester for many years, and had a borough of his own, Ludgershall, for which, when he was too lazy to contest Gloucester, he sat himself. "I have given directions for the election of Ludgers-

hall to be of Lord Melbourne and myself," he writes to the Premier, whose friend he was, and who was himself as sleepy, as witty, and as good-natured as George.

If, in looking at the lives of princes, courtiers, men of rank and fashion, we must perforce depict them as idle, profligate, and criminal, we must make allowances for the rich men's failings, and recollect that we, too, were very likely indolent and voluptuous, had we no motive for work, a mortal's natural taste for pleasure, and the daily temptation of a large income. What could a great peer, with a great castle and park, and a great fortune, do but be splendid and idle? In these letters of Lord Carlisle's from which I have been quoting, there is many a just complaint made by the kind-hearted young nobleman of the state which he is obliged to keep; the magnificence in which he must live; the idleness to which his position as a peer of England bound him. Better for him had he been a lawyer at his desk, or a clerk in his office; a thousand times better chance for happiness, education, employment, security from temptation. A few years since the profession of arms was the only one which our nobles could follow. The church, the bar, medicine, literature, the arts, commerce, were below them. It is to the middle class we must look for the safety of England: the working educated men, away from Lord North's bribery in the senate; the good clergy not corrupted into parasites by hopes of preferment; the tradesmen rising into manly opulence; the painters pursuing their gentle calling; the men of letters in their quiet studies; these are the men whom we love and like to read of in the last age. How small the grandees and the men of pleasure look beside them! how contemptible the story of the George III. court squabbles are beside the recorded talk of dear old Johnson! What is the grandest entertainment at Windsor, compared to a night at the club over its modest cups, with Percy, and Langton, and Goldsmith, and poor Bozzy at the table? I declare I think, of all the polite men of that age, Joshua Reynolds was the finest gentleman. And they were good, as well as witty and wise, those dear old friends of the past. Their minds were not debauched by excess, or effeminate with luxury. They toiled their noble day's labor: they rested, and took their kindly pleasure: they cheered their holiday meetings with generous wit and hearty interchange of thought: they were no prudes, but no blush need follow their conversation: they were merry, but no riot came out of their cups. Ah! I would have liked a night at the Turk's Head, even though bad news had arrived from the colonies, and Doctor Johnson was growling against the rebels; to have sat with him and Goldy; and to have heard Burke, the finest talker in the world; and to have had Garrick flashing in with a story from his theatre!—I like, I say, to think of that society; and not merely how pleasant and how wise, but how *good* they were. I think it was on going home one night from the club that Edmund Burke—his noble soul full of great thoughts, be sure, for they never left him; his heart full of gentleness—was accosted by a poor wandering woman, to whom he spoke words of kindness; and, moved by the tears of this Magdalen, perhaps having caused them by the good words he spoke to her, he took her home to the house of his wife and children, and never left her until he had found the means of restoring her to honesty and labor. Oh, you fine gentlemen! you Marches, and Selwyns, and Chesterfields, how small you look by the side of these great men! Good-natured Carlisle plays at cricket all day, and dances in the evening "till he can scarcely crawl," gayly contrasting his superior virtue with George Selwyn's, "carried to bed by two wretches at midnight with three pints of claret in him." Do you remember the verses—the sacred verses—which Johnson wrote on the death of his humble friend, Levett?

"Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend;
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

"In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured the groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

"No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride,
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

"His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void:
And sure the Eternal Master found
His single talent well employed."

Whose name looks the brightest now, that of Queensberry the wealthy duke, or Selwyn the wit, or Levett the poor physician?

I hold old Johnson (and shall we not pardon James Boswell some errors for embalming him for us?) to be the great supporter of the British monarchy and church during the last age—better than whole benches of bishops, better than Pitts, Norths, and the great Burke himself. Johnson had the ear of the nation: his immense authority reconciled it to loyalty, and shamed it out of irreligion. When George III. talked with him, and the people heard the great author's good opinion of the sovereign, whole generations rallied to the king. Johnson was revered as a sort of oracle; and the oracle declared for church and king. What a humanity the old man had! He was a kindly partaker of all honest pleasures: a fierce foe to all sin, but a gentle enemy to all sinners. "What, boys, are you for a frolic?" he cries, when Topham Beauclerc comes and wakes him up at midnight: "I'm with you." And away he goes, tumbles on his homely old clothes, and trundles through Covent Garden with the young fellows. When he used to frequent Garrick's theatre, and had "the liberty of the scenes," he says, "All the actresses knew me, and dropped me a courtesy as they passed to the stage." That would make a pretty picture: it is a pretty picture in my mind, of youth,

folly, gayety, tenderly surveyed by wisdom's merciful, pure eyes.

George III. and his queen lived in a very unpretending but elegant-looking house, on the site of the hideous pile under which his grand-daughter at present reposes. The king's mother inhabited Carlton House, which contemporary prints represent with a perfect paradise of a garden, with trim lawns, green arcades, and vistas of classic statues. She admired these in company with my Lord Bute, who had a fine classic taste, and sometimes counsel took, and sometimes tea, in the pleasant green arbors along with that polite nobleman. Bute was hated with a rage of which there have been few examples in English history. He was the butt for every body's abuse; for Wilkes's devilish mischief; for Churchill's slashing satire; for the hooting of the mob that roasted the boot, his emblem, in a thousand bonfires; that hated him because he was a favorite and a Scotchman, calling him "Mortimer," "Lothario," I know not what names, and accusing his royal mistress of all sorts of crimes—the grave, lean, demure, elderly woman, who, I dare say, was quite as good as her neighbors. Chatham lent the aid of his great malice to influence the popular sentiment against her. He assailed, in the House of Lords, "the secret influence, more mighty than the throne itself, which betrayed and clogged every administration." The most furious pamphlets echoed the cry. "Impeach the king's mother," was scribbled over every wall at the Court end of the town, Walpole tells us. What had she done? What had Frederick, Prince of Wales, George's father, done, that he was so loathed by George II., and never mentioned by George III.? Let us not seek for stones to batter that forgotten grave, but acquiesce in the contemporary epitaph over him:

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead.
Had it been his father,
I had much rather.
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

The widow, with eight children round her, prudently reconciled herself with the king, and won the old man's confidence and good-will. A shrewd, hard, domineering, narrow-minded woman, she educated her children according to her lights, and spoke of the eldest as a dull, good boy. She kept him very close: she held the tightest rein over him: she had curious prejudices and bigotries. His uncle, the burly Cumberland, taking down a sabre once, and drawing it to amuse the child—the boy started back and turned pale. The prince felt a generous shock: "What must they have told him about me?" he asked.

His mother's bigotry and hatred he inherited with the courageous obstinacy of his own race; but he was a firm believer where his fathers had been free-thinkers, and a true and fond supporter of the Church, of which he was the titular defender. Like other dull men, the king was all his life suspicious of superior people. He did not like Fox; he did not like Reynolds; he did not like Nelson, Chatham, Burke; he was testy at the idea of all innovations, and suspicious of all innovators. He loved mediocrities; Benjamin West was his favorite painter; Beattie was his poet. The king lamented, not without pathos, in his after-life, that his education had been neglected. He was a dull lad, brought up by narrow-minded people. The cleverest tutors in the world could have done little, probably, to expand that small intellect, though they might have improved his tastes, and taught his perceptions some generosity.

But he admired as well as he could. There is little doubt that a letter, written by the little Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz—a letter containing the most feeble commonplaces about the horrors of war, and the most trivial remarks on the blessings of peace, struck the young monarch greatly, and decided him upon selecting the young princess as the sharer of his throne. I pass over the stories of his juvenile loves—of Hannah Lightfoot, the Quaker, to whom they say he was actually married (though I don't know who has ever seen the register)—of lovely black-haired Sarah Lennox, about whose beauty Walpole has written in raptures, and who used to lie in wait for the young prince, and make hay at him on the lawn of Holland House. He sighed and he longed, but he rode away from her. Her picture still hangs in Holland House, a magnificent master-piece of Reynolds, a canvas worthy of Titian. She looks from the castle window, holding a bird in her hand, at black-eyed young Charles Fox, her nephew. The royal bird flew away from lovely Sarah. She had to figure as bridemaid at her little Mecklenburg rival's wedding, and died in our own time a quiet old lady, who had become the mother of the heroic Napiers.

They say the little princess who had written the fine letter about the horrors of war—a beautiful letter, without a single blot, for which she was to be rewarded, like the heroine of the old spelling-book story—was at play one day with some of her young companions in the gardens of Strelitz, and that the young ladies' conversation was, strange to say, about husbands. "Who will take such a poor little princess as me?" Charlotte said, to her friend, Ida von Bulow, and at that very moment the postman's horn sounded, and Ida said, "Princess! there is the sweet-heart." As she said, so it actually turned out. The postman brought letters from the splendid young King of England, who said, "Princess! because you have written such a beautiful letter, which does credit to your head and heart, come and be Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and the true wife of your most obedient servant, George!" So she jumped for joy; and went up stairs and packed all her

little trunks; and set off straightway for her kingdom in a beautiful yacht, with a harpsichord on board for her to play upon, and around her a beautiful fleet, all covered with flags and streamers, and the distinguished Madame Auerbach complimented her with an ode, a translation of which may be read in the *Gentleman's Magazine* to the present day:

"Her gallant navy through the main,
Now cleaves its liquid way.
There to their queen a chosen train
Of nymphs due reverence pay.

"Europa, when conveyed by Jove
To Crete's distinguished shore,
Greater attention scarce could prove,
Or be respected more."

They met, and they were married, and for years they led the happiest, simplest lives sure ever led by married couple. It is said the king winced when he first saw his homely little bride; but, however that may be, he was a true and faithful husband to her, as she was a faithful and loving wife. They had the simplest pleasures—the very mildest and simplest—little country dances, to which a dozen couple were invited, and where the honest king would stand up and dance for three hours at a time to one tune; after which delicious excitement they would go to bed without any supper (the Court people grumbling sadly at that absence of supper), and get up quite early the next morning, and perhaps the next night have another dance; or the queen would play on the spinnet—she played pretty well, Haydn said—or the king would read to her a paper out of the *Spectator*, or perhaps one of Ogden's sermons. O Arcadia! what a life it must have been! There used to be Sunday drawing-rooms at Court; but the young king stopped these, as he stopped all that godless gambling whereof we have made mention. Not that George was averse to any innocent pleasures, or pleasures which he thought innocent. He was a patron of the arts, after his fashion; kind and gracious to the artists whom he favored, and respectful to their calling. He wanted once to establish an Order of Minerva for literary and scientific characters; the knights were to take rank after the knights of the Bath, and to sport a straw-colored ribbon and a star of sixteen points. But there was such a row among the *literati* as to the persons who should be appointed that the plan was given up, and Minerva and her star never came down among us.

He objected to painting St. Paul's, as Popish practice; accordingly, the most clumsy heathen sculptures decorate that edifice at present. It is fortunate that the paintings, too, were spared, for painting and drawing were woefully unsound at the close of the last century; and it is far better for our eyes to contemplate whitewash (when we turn them away from the clergyman) than to look at Opie's pitchy canvases, or Fuseli's livid monsters. And yet there is one day in the year—a day when old George loved with all his heart to attend it—when I think St. Paul's presents the noblest sight in the whole world: when five thousand charity children, with cheeks like nosegays, and sweet, fresh voices, sing the hymn which makes every heart thrill with praise and happiness. I have seen a hundred grand sights in the world—coronations, Parisian splendors, Crystal Palace openings, Pope's chapels with their processions of long-tailed cardinals and quavering choirs of fat soprani—but think in all Christendom there is no such sight as Charity Children's Day. *Non Angli, sed angeli.* As one looks at that beautiful multitude of innocents: as the first note strikes: indeed one may almost fancy that cherubs are singing.

Of church music the king was always very fond, showing skill in it both as a critic and a performer. Many stories, mirthful and affecting, are told of his behavior at the concerts which he ordered. When he was blind and ill he chose the music for the Ancient Concerts once, and the music and words which he selected were from *Samson Agonistes*, and all had reference to his blindness, his captivity, and his affliction. He would beat time with his music-roll as they sang the anthem in the Chapel Royal. If the page below was talkative or inattentive, down would come the music-roll on young scape-grace's powdered head. The theatre was always his delight. His bishops and clergy used to attend it, thinking it no shame to appear where that good man was seen. He is said not to have cared for Shakspeare or tragedy much; farces and pantomimes were his joy; and especially when clown swallowed a carrot or a string of sausages, he would laugh so outrageously that the lovely Princess by his side would have to say, "My gracious monarch, do compose yourself." But he continued to laugh, and at the very smallest farces, as long as his poor wits were left him.

There is something to me exceedingly touching in that simple early life of the king's. As long as his mother lived—a dozen years after his marriage with the little spinnet-player—he was a great, shy, awkward boy, under the tutelage of that hard parent. She must have been a clever, domineering, cruel woman. She kept her household lonely and in gloom, mistrusting almost all people who came about her children. Seeing the young Duke of Gloucester silent and unhappy once, she sharply asked him the cause of his silence. "I am thinking," said the poor child. "Thinking, Sir! and of what?" "I am thinking if ever I have a son I will not make him so unhappy as you make me." The other sons were all wild, except George. Dutifully every evening George and Charlotte paid their visit to the king's mother at Carlton House. She had a throat complaint, of which she died; but to the last persisted in driving about the streets to show she was alive. The night before her death the resolute woman talked with her son and daughter-in-law as usual, went to bed, and was found dead there in the morning. "George, be a king!" were the words which she was forever croaking in the ears of her son: and a king the simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigoted man tried to be.

He did his best; he worked according to his lights; what virtue he knew, he tried to practice; what knowledge he could master, he strove to acquire. He was forever drawing maps, for example, and learned geography with no small care and industry. He knew all about the family histories and genealogies of his gentry, and pretty histories he must have known. He knew the whole *Army List;* and all the facings, and the exact number of the buttons, and all the tags and laces, and the cut of all the cocked hats, pigtails, and gaiters in his army. He knew the *personnel* of the Universities; what doctors were inclined to Socinianism, and who were sound Churchmen; he knew the etiquettes of his own and his grandfather's courts to a nicety, and the smallest particulars regarding the routine of ministers, secretaries, embassies, audiences; the humblest page in the ante-room, or the meanest helper in the stables or kitchen. These parts of the royal business he was capable of learning, and he learned. But, as one thinks of an office, almost divine, performed by any mortal man—of any single being pretending to control the thoughts, to direct the faith, to order the implicit obedience of brother millions, to compel them into war at his offense or quarrel; to command, "In this way you shall trade, in this way you shall think; these neighbors shall be your allies whom you shall help, these others your enemies whom you shall slay at my orders; in this way you shall worship God"—who can wonder that, when such a man as George took such an office on himself, punishment and humiliation should fall upon people and chief?

Yet there is something grand about his courage. The battle of the king with his aristocracy remains yet to be told by the historian who shall view the reign of George more justly than the trumpery panegyrists who wrote immediately after his decease. It was he, with the people to back him, who made the war with America; it was he and the people who refused justice to the Roman Catholics; and on both questions he beat the patricians. He bribed: he bullied: he darkly dissembled on occasion: he exercised a slippery perseverance, and a vindictive resolution, which one almost admires as one thinks his character over. His courage was never to be beat. It trampled North under foot: it beat the stiff neck of the younger Pitt: even his illness never conquered that indomitable spirit. As soon as his brain was clear it resumed the scheme, only laid aside when his reason left him: as soon as his hands were out of the strait-waistcoat they took up the pen and the plan which had engaged him up to the moment of his malady. I believe it is by persons believing themselves in the right that nine-tenths of the tyranny of this world has been perpetrated. Arguing on that convenient premiss, the Dey of Algiers would cut off twenty heads of a morning; Father Dominic would burn a score of Jews in the presence of the Most Catholic King, and the Archbishops of Toledo and Salamanca sing Amen. Protestants were roasted, Jesuits hung and quartered at Smithfield, and witches burned at Salem, and all by worthy people, who believed they had the best authority for their actions. And so, with respect to old George, even Americans, whom he hated and

LORD NORTH. ME. FOX.

[After Gilray.]

who conquered him, may give him credit for having quite honest reasons for oppressing them. Appended to Lord Brougham's biographical sketch of Lord North are some autograph notes of the king, which let us most curiously into the state of his mind. "The times certainly require," says he, "the concurrence of all who wish to prevent anarchy. I have no wish but the prosperity of my own dominions, therefore I must look upon all who would not heartily assist me as bad men, as well as bad subjects." That is the way he reasoned. "I wish nothing but good, therefore every man who does not agree with me is a traitor and a scoundrel." Remember that he believed himself anointed by a Divine commission; remember that he was a man of slow parts and imperfect education; that the same awful will of Heaven which placed a crown upon his head, which made him tender to his family, pure in his life, courageous and honest, made him dull of comprehension, obstinate of will, and at many times deprived him of reason. He was the father of his people; his rebellious children must be flogged into obedience. He was the defender of the Protestant faith; he would rather lay that stout head upon the block than that Catholics should have a share in the government of England. And you do not suppose that there are not honest bigots enough in all countries to back kings in this kind of statesmanship? Without doubt the American war was popular in England. In 1775 the address in favor of coercing the colonies was carried by 304 to 105 in the Commons, by 104 to 29 in the House of Lords. Popular?—so was the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes popular in France: so was the massacre of St. Bartholomew: so was the Inquisition exceedingly popular in Spain.

Wars and revolutions are, however, the politician's province. The great events of this long reign, the statesmen and orators who illustrated it, I do not pretend to make the subjects of an hour's light talk. Let us return to our humbler duty of court gossip. Yonder sits our little queen, surrounded by many stout sons and fair daughters whom she bore to her faithful George. The history of the daughters, as little Miss Burney has painted them to us, is delightful. They were handsome—she calls them beautiful; they were most kind, loving, and lady-like; they were gracious to every person, high and low, who served them. They had many little accomplishments of their own. This one drew: that one played the piano: they all worked most prodigiously, and fitted up whole suits of rooms —pretty, smiling Penelopes—with their busy little needles. As we picture to ourselves the society of eighty years ago, we must imagine hundreds of thousands of groups of women in great high caps, tight bodies, and full skirts, needling away, while one of the number, or perhaps a favored gentleman in a pigtail, reads out a novel to the company. Peep into the cottage at Olney, for example, and see there Mrs. Unwin and Lady Hesketh, those high-bred ladies, those sweet, pious women, and William Cowper, that delicate wit, that trembling pietist, that refined gentleman, absolutely reading out Jonathan Wild to the ladies! What a change in our manners, in our amusements, since then!

King George's household was a model of an English gentleman's household. It was early; it was kindly; it was charitable; it was frugal; it was orderly; it must have been stupid to a degree which I shudder now to contemplate. No wonder all the princes ran away from the lap of that dreary domestic virtue. It always rose, rode, dined at stated intervals. Day after day was the same. At the same hour at night the king kissed his daughters' jolly cheeks; the princesses kissed their mother's hand; and Madame

MR. PITT. MR. BURKE.

[After Gilray.]

Thielke brought the royal night-cap. At the same hour the equerries and women in waiting had their little dinner, and cackled over their tea. The king had his backgammon or his evening concert; the equerries yawned themselves to death in the ante-room; or the king and his family walked on Windsor slopes, the king holding his darling little Princess Amelia by the hand; and the people crowded round quite good-naturedly; and the Eton boys thrust their chubby cheeks under the crowd's elbows; and the concert over, the king never failed to take his enormous cocked hat off, and salute his band, and say, "Thank you, gentlemen."

A quieter household, a more prosaic life than this of Kew or Windsor, can not be imagined. Rain or shine, the king rode every day for hours; poked his red face into hundreds of cottages round about, and showed that shovel hat and Windsor uniform to farmers, to pig-boys, to old women making apple dumplings; to all sorts of people, gentle and simple, about whom countless stories are told. Nothing can be more undignified than these stories. When Haroun Alraschid visits a subject incog., the latter is sure to be very much the better for the calif's magnificence. Old George showed no such royal splendor. He used to give a guinea sometimes: sometimes feel in his pockets and find he had no money: often ask a man a hundred questions; about the number of his family, about his oats and beans, about the rent he paid for his house, and ride on. On one occasion he played the part of King Alfred, and turned a piece of meat with a string at a cottager's house. When the old woman came home, she found a paper with an inclosure of money, and a note written by the royal pencil: "Five guineas to buy a jack." It was not splendid, but it was kind and worthy of Farmer George. One day, when the king and queen were walking together, they met a little boy—they were always fond of children, the good folks—and patted the little white head. "Whose little boy are you?" asks the Windsor uniform. "I am the king's beef-eater's little boy," replied the child. On which the king said, "Then kneel down, and kiss the queen's hand." But the innocent offspring of the beef-eater declined this treat. "No," said he, "I won't kneel, for if I do, I shall spoil my new breeches." The thrifty king ought to have hugged him and knighted him on the spot. George's admirers wrote pages and pages of such stories about him. One morning, before anybody else was up, the king walked about Gloucester town; pushed over Molly the housemaid, who was scrubbing the door-steps with her pail; ran up stairs and woke all the equerries in their bedrooms; and then trotted down to the bridge, where, by this time, a dozen of louts were assembled. "What! is this Gloucester New Bridge?" asked our gracious monarch; and the people answered him, "Yes, your Majesty." "Why, then, my boys," said he, "let us have a huzzay!" After giving them which intellectual gratification, he went home to breakfast. Our fathers read these simple tales with fond pleasure; laughed at these very small jokes; liked the old man who poked his nose into every cottage; who lived on plain wholesome roast and boiled; who despised your French kickshaws; who was a true hearty old English gentleman. You may have seen Gilray's famous print of him—in the old wig, in the stout old hideous Windsor uniform—as the King of Brobdignag, peering at a little Gulliver, whom he holds up in one hand, while in the other he has an opera-glass, through which he surveys the pigmy? Our fathers chose to set up George as the type of a great king; and the little Gulliver was the great Napoleon. We prided ourselves on our prejudices; we blustered and bragged with absurd vainglory; we dealt to our enemy a monstrous injustice of contempt and scorn; we fought him with all weapons, mean as well as heroic. There was no lie we would not believe; no charge of crime which our furious prejudice would not credit. I thought at one time of making a collection of the lies which the French had written against us, and we had published against them during the war: it would be a strange memorial of popular falsehood.

Their majesties were very sociable potentates: and the Court Chronicler tells of numerous visits which they paid to their subjects, gentle and simple: with whom they dined; at whose great country-houses they stopped; or at whose poorer lodgings they affably partook of tea and bread-and-butter. Some of the great folks spent enormous sums in entertaining their sovereigns. As marks of special favor the king and queen sometimes stood as sponsors for the children of the nobility. We find Lady Salisbury was so honored in the year 1786: and in the year 1802, Lady Chesterfield. The *Court News* relates how her ladyship received their majesties on a state bed "dressed with white satin and a profusion of lace: the counterpane of white satin embroidered with gold, and the bed of crimson satin lined with white." The child was first brought by the nurse to the Marchioness of Bath, who presided as chief nurse. Then the marchioness handed baby to the queen. Then the queen handed the little darling to the Bishop of Norwich, the officiating clergyman: and, the ceremony over, a cup of caudle was presented by the earl to his majesty on one knee, on a large gold waiter, placed on a crimson velvet cushion. Misfortunes would occur in these interesting genuflectory ceremonies of royal worship. Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe, a very fat, puffy man, in a most gorgeous court-suit, had to kneel, Cumberland says, and was so fat and so tight that he could not get up again. "Kneel, Sir, kneel!" cried my lord in waiting to a country mayor who had to read an address, but who went on with his compliment standing. "Kneel, Sir, kneel!" cries my lord, in dreadful alarm. "I can't!" says the mayor, turning round; "don't you see I have got a wooden leg?"

In the capital *Burney Diary and Letters* the home and court life of good old King George

and good old Queen Charlotte are presented at portentous length. The king rose every morning at six: and had two hours to himself. He thought it effeminate to have a carpet in his bedroom. Shortly before eight the queen and the royal family were always ready for him, and they proceeded to the king's chapel in the castle. There were no fires in the passages: the chapel was scarcely alight: princesses, governesses, equerries grumbled and caught cold: but cold or hot, it was their duty to go: and, wet or dry, light or dark, the stout old George was always in his place to say Amen to the chaplain.

The queen's character is represented in *Burney* at full length. She was a sensible, most decorous woman; a very grand lady on state occasions, simple enough in ordinary life; well-read as times went, and giving shrewd opinions about books; stingy, but not unjust; not generally unkind to her dependents, but invincible in her notions of etiquette, and quite angry if her people suffered ill health in her service. She gave Miss Burney a shabby pittance, and led the poor young woman a life which well-nigh killed her. She never thought but that she was doing Burney the greatest favor in taking her from freedom, fame, and competence, and killing her off with languor in that dreary court. It was not dreary to her. Had she been servant instead of mistress, her spirit would never have broken down: she never would have put a pin out of place, or been a moment from her duty. *She* was not weak, and she could not pardon those who were. She was perfectly correct in life, and she hated poor sinners with a rancor such as virtue sometimes has. She must have had awful private trials of her own: not merely with her children, but with her husband, in those long days about which nobody will ever know any thing now; when he was not quite insane; when his incessant tongue was babbling folly, rage, persecution; and she had to smile and be respectful and attentive under this intolerable ennui. The queen bore all her duties stoutly, as she expected others to bear them. At a State christening the lady who held the infant was tired and looked unwell, and the Princess of Wales asked permission for her to sit down. "Let her stand," said the queen, flicking the snuff off her sleeve. *She* would have stood, the resolute old woman, if she had had to hold the child till his beard was grown. "I am seventy years of age," the queen said, facing a mob of ruffians who stopped her sedan: "I have been fifty years queen of England, and I never was insulted before." Fearless, rigid, unforgiving little queen! I don't wonder that her sons revolted from her.

Of all the figures in that large family group which surrounds George and his queen, the prettiest, I think, is the father's darling, the Princess Amelia, pathetic for her beauty, her sweetness, her early death, and for the extreme passionate tenderness with which her father loved her. This was his favorite among all the children: of his sons, he loved the Duke of York best. Burney tells a sad story of the poor old man at Weymouth, and how eager he was to have this darling son with him. The king's house was not big enough to hold the prince; and his father had a portable house erected close to his own, and at huge pains, so that his dear Frederick should be near him. He clung on his arm all the time of his visit; talked to no one else; had talked of no one else for some time before. The prince, so long expected, staid but a single night. He had business in London the next day, he said. The dullness of the old king's court stupefied York and the other big sons of George III. They scared equerries and ladies, frightened the modest little circle, with their coarse spirits and loud talk. Of little comfort, indeed, were the king's sons to the king.

But the pretty Amelia was his darling; and the little maiden, prattling and smiling in the fond arms of that old father, is a sweet image to look on. There is a family picture in Burney, which a man must be very hard-hearted not to like. She describes an after-dinner walk of the royal family at Windsor: "It was really a mighty pretty procession," she says. "The little princess, just turned of three years old, in a robe-coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close cap, white gloves, and fan, walked on alone and first, highly delighted with the parade, and turning from side to side to see every body as she passed; for all the terracers stand up against the walls, to make a clear passage for the royal family, the moment they come in sight. Then followed the king and queen, no less delighted with the joy of their little darling. The Princess Royal leaning on Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, the Princess Augusta holding by the Duchess of Ancaster, the Princess Elizabeth led by Lady Charlotte Bertie, followed. Office here takes place of rank," says Burney, to explain how it was that Lady E. Waldegrave, as lady of the bedchamber, walked before a duchess; "General Bude, and the Duke of Montague, and Major Price as equerry, brought up the rear of the procession." One sees it: the band playing its old music; the sun shining on the happy, loyal crowd, and lighting the ancient battlements, the rich elms, and purple landscape, and bright green-sward; the royal standard drooping from the great tower yonder, as old George passes, followed by his race, preceded by the charming infant, who caresses the crowd with her innocent smiles.

"On sight of Mrs. Delany, the king instantly stopped to speak to her; the queen, of course, and the little princess, and all the rest, stood still. They talked a good while with the sweet old lady, during which time the king once or twice addressed himself to me. I caught the queen's eye, and saw in it a little surprise, but by no means any displeasure, to see me of the party. The little princess went up to Mrs. Delany, of whom she is very fond, and behaved like a little angel to her. She then, with a look of inquiry and recollection, came behind Mrs. De-

lany to look at me. 'I am afraid,' said I, in a whisper, and stooping down, 'your Royal Highness does not remember me?' Her answer was an arch little smile, and a nearer approach, with her lips pouted out to kiss me."

The princess wrote verses herself, and there are some pretty plaintive lines attributed to her, which are more touching than better poetry:

"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung:
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain:
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

"But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,
It then occurred, how sad 'twould be
Were this world only made for me."

The poor soul quitted it—and ere yet she was dead the agonized father was in such a state that the officers round about him were obliged to set watchers over him, and from November, 1810, George III. ceased to reign. All the world knows the story of his malady: all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse Hombourg—amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast—the star of his famous Order still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless: he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had; in one of which, the queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

What preacher need moralize on this story? what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. "Oh brothers!" I said to those who heard me first in America—"Oh brothers! speaking the same dear mother tongue—oh comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest: dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

'Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer!'

Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, Trumpets, a mournful march! Fall, Dark Curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!"

UP HIGHER.

"DOWN again!" I heard remarked, in a half pitying, half complaining way.

"Martin?"

"Yes; he's tripped again."

"So I heard this morning."

"Tripped, and gone down with a heavy fall; so heavy that I doubt if he ever recover himself again."

"I'm sorry for Martin," said the other. "He has always impressed me as a well-meaning man."

"Yes, well-meaning enough; but something more than well-meaning is required for success in this world."

"A spice of cunning and shrewdness, not to speak of roguery."

"Shrewdness is required, and forethought, and a number of other qualities not possessed, I think, in a high degree by Martin. As to the cunning and roguery, they may succeed for a time, but they always outwit themselves in the end."

"Poor fellow! Be the cause what it may, I pity him. He's tried hard enough to keep up. No man could have been more faithful to business, so far as the devotion of his time and his active attention were concerned. He deserved a better fate."

"How will his affairs settle?"

"Not particularly well, I hear."

"Does he show a fair hand?"

"Oh yes." The answer was without hesitation.

"I might have known that from what I know of the man."

"I don't believe Martin would hold any thing back. He has always impressed me as a man who would pay to the uttermost farthing. Poor fellow! I'm sorry the fortunes of war are against him, and that he has gone down in the heat of battle, unvictorious."

"Yes, gone down, gone down, unvictorious," was responded, in a tone of pity.

It was the first intimation I had of Martin's failure in business, and I was pained to hear of his misfortune. I knew him very well, and held him, as a friend, in high personal regard. The testimony which had been borne in favor of his integrity was in agreement with my own estimate of his character.

Intelligence of this failure soon spread through all the business circles in which Martin was known, and for two or three days almost every other person you met had something to say about it. The ordinary way of referring to the subject was in the words, "Poor Martin, I hear, has gone down again." And not a few responded, "He's reached the bottom of the hill this time." Some pitied; some blamed; and some spoke harshly and angrily—the latter were of those who lost by the failure. I felt grieved for Martin. It was a sad ordeal for a man of right feelings to pass through.

I did not meet him, except casually in the street, for some time after his failure. But, passing his store one day, and seeing it closed, as a sign that he had given up business, I felt that, as one who had known him with some personal intimacy, I should not hold myself aloof in this his day of trouble. So I called at his house one evening. When I grasped his hand and looked into his face I saw that he had not come through this trial without great suffering. He had the appearance of a man who had come recently from a bed of sickness.

"How are you, my friend?" I asked, as we sat down together.

"As well as could be hoped for," he replied, a feeble smile touching his lips with a ray of light.

"Cast down, but not forsaken."

"Not forsaken, I trust," he answered, in a firmer voice.

"This is one of the troubles that is hard to bear," said I.

"Yes; but, as in all other troubles, our strength is as our day."

"I am pleased to hear you say that," I remarked.

"I should be sorry, indeed, if I could not say it," he answered, still gaining steadiness of manner. "We look forward to great trials with a shuddering sense of fear, because we are conscious only of the feeble power of endurance that may be called our own. But when the trial comes, and we go down amidst the rushing waters, in fear and shuddering lest they overwhelm us, we find an arm to lean upon that is unseen but full of strength."

"And so your strength has been as your day?" said I.

"Yes; or I should have perished among the floods. That I sit here, and talk with you as a man to his friend, clothed and in my right mind, makes the fact evident."

"Could you not have prevented this disaster?" I asked, during our conversation.

"Yes," he replied, with such confidence in his voice that I said, with some earnestness,

"Then why did you not use the means?"

"Simply because I could not satisfy myself that they were the right means. You shall hear and judge for yourself.

"Two months ago one of my customers, to whom I had sold rather more freely than my judgment afterward approved, failed. It was only a few days before the notes which I had received in payment came due. These notes had been discounted, and I had, of course, to take care of them. In doing this the means held in reserve for maturing payments were exhausted for the time, and I was thrown upon the street as a borrower, on most disadvantageous terms. Another loss, following quickly on this one, alarmed and bewildered me. Twice before had I failed in business, and now this dreaded ordeal, more painful than death in my imagination, looked me in the face again, and I grew faint with heart-sickness. I looked eagerly this way and that. Caught at one expedient and another; dropping each in turn as of little promise, or as indefensible on the score of honest dealing.

"While sitting at my desk one day, searching about in my thought for a way of escape from the difficulties that environed me like a steadily approaching wall of fire, a real estate agent with whom I was well acquainted, came in, and said to me, in a confidential way,

"'I know where some money is to be gained, Mr. Martin.'

"'Money is a very desirable thing,' I answered.

"'And not always to be picked up in the street,' said he.

"'Not so far as my experience is concerned.'

"'Or mine either. Well, as I was saying,' he went on, 'I know where some money is to be made. Would you like to join me in making it?' I answered yes, without hesitation; for, of all things, money was what I then most wanted; and asked for a statement of the ways and means required.

"'In the first place,' said he, 'can you raise three or four thousand dollars within a week?'

"I said yes, if the amount was only needed temporarily; if for permanent investment, no.

"'It will only be needed temporarily,' he answered, 'as bait for taking a big fish.' And he smiled in a way that did not strike me as pleasant.

"'Explain yourself fully,' I now said, and he went on.

"'There is a piece of wild land in the interior of this State, which has been owned for years by two elderly maiden sisters, who, long ago, were sick of paying taxes on property that yielded no income. The tract includes nearly two thousand acres, and was bought originally at one dollar and a half an acre. It can be had to-day for three dollars an acre. I know the parties who own it, and they are now, as they have been for years, anxious to turn this property into money, which can be invested and insure an annual interest. They are advancing in life, and prefer a present certainty to large hopes in the future. I have known of the existence of this property for some time, and have had itching fingers toward it, because I felt satisfied from its location that it must contain valuable mineral deposits—coal or iron. Perhaps both. Last week I ran up into the region where it was situated, and getting a skilled man in the neigh-

borhood, spent two days in a careful examination of the entire tract. The result more than confirmed my expectation. Coal crops out in many places, specimens of which I brought away. It proves, on testing, to be of superior quality. Moreover, a railroad is now in the course of construction, which will pass within three miles of the land. Why, Mr. Martin, this whole tract could be sold for a hundred thousand dollars in an hour, if its value was known in the market as I know it. Now, what I require to gain possession is the money. But unfortunately I am poor. I know twenty men who would clutch at the opportunity of joining me in the purchase, and put down the cash at a word; but I'm afraid to trust them with my secret. And this is why I come to you. If you can furnish the means required, one half of the land is yours. I have already seen the old ladies, and they are ready to sell the property for six thousand dollars; one half cash, and the balance in six and twelve months' payments. The thing must be done quickly, or they may get an inkling of the truth. What do you say, Mr. Martin? You can sell out your interest in a week for fifty thousand dollars!'

"Now this man was not a scheming visionary, who got rich on paper twenty times a year, but a cool, shrewd person, who understood entirely what he was about. If he had spent two days on the property referred to, in company with an expert, the report he made as to coal deposits might be fully relied upon. Here, then, was a way of escape made plain to me. I had but to raise the sum of three thousand dollars, which my credit would enable me to do, and hold my portion of this land until we could make its value known. I was on the point of thanking him for the offer of a share in so promising an enterprise, and saying that I would go in with him of course, when this question came into my mind: 'Is it right to take advantage of the ignorance of these old ladies, and get possession of their property at a mere tithe of its real worth?' The question disturbed me considerably, and I endeavored to put it out of my mind. But it kept repeating itself, and growing more and more intrusive every moment.

"'What do you say?' asked the man, breaking in upon my long, hesitating silence.

"'In one hour I will give you an answer,' said I.

"This would afford me time to look at the subject on all sides. The temptation, under the dreadful pressure of my circumstances, was very great. In either of the previous ordeals through which I passed I would have yielded with scarcely a struggle. But I could not see, now, that a way of escape like this was defensible in any clear aspect of Christian morality. It was taking advantage of my better information to obtain valuable property for a most trifling consideration. Would this be in harmony with the Golden Rule? Would there be justice and judgment in the act? Was it a deed that any good conscience could bear onward to the closing of life, and not feel its pressure as a burden growing heavier and heavier? As I dwelt on the subject my mind grew excited and eager. On the one hand was inevitable ruin—my affairs were so near a crisis that hope had given way; on the other, a fortune as large as I had ever asked for lay within my reach, and I had only to put forth my hand and take it—only to put forth my hand and save myself from disaster and my creditors from loss. Then came the additional argument that my refusal to accept the advantage would not prevent the old ladies from losing this property. Some other person would be found to take my place in furnishing the cash required, and so the land would pass to new owners. But this did not satisfy me. It was the old false argument in favor of appropriating another's goods because they were doomed to be stolen by somebody.

"In an hour my tempter returned.

"'What's the word, Mr. Martin?' he asked, looking at me so confidently that I saw he was in no doubt about my acceptance of his proposal. I had settled the question, after a severe struggle, and was prepared to answer without hesitation.

"'The thing seems promising enough,' said I; 'but I have concluded against becoming a party in the transaction.'

"'Why not?' he asked, looking disappointed.

"'Plainly,' was my answer, 'because it hasn't a fair look. Advantage will be taken of another's ignorance.'

"The man's face betrayed an instant angry movement of his feelings, and he muttered something in an undertone, in which my ears seemed to detect the words, 'Stupid fool!'

"'And you are really in earnest?' said he, scarcely seeking to hide a look of contempt that was rising to his face.

"'I am,' was my firm answer.

"'Good-morning!'

"He threw the words at me with an impatient impulse, and left me on the instant."

"Did he find a less scrupulous individual to join him?" I asked.

"Yes; and what is more, the purchase of the land was made, and it has since been sold to a company for some fabulous sum—two or three hundred thousand dollars, I believe."

"Half of which would have been yours?" said I.

"Yes," he answered, without change of tone or manner.

"And instead of being away down in this low, dim valley, you would now be on the sunny heights of prosperity?"

He looked at me for a little while without answering.

"Have you, at any time, regretted that decision?" I asked.

"Not for a single instant," he replied. "After the temptation was over, and my mind was able to rise into a clearer region, I saw the transaction in such an hideous aspect that I almost shuddered in thinking of my escape. Ah! Sir,

there are greater evils than poverty, and higher good than riches. With that sin upon my conscience I would have gone down into regions of doubt and darkness, and mayhap lost my way, never to find it again. It is better, far better, I think, to walk in the right way, even if it be with naked feet, than to tread on soft velvet in passing along the road that leads to destruction at last."

"Better? Yes, a thousand times better!" said I, with ardor. "This fall, then—this 'going down' again, as the common saying is—can not, in one sense, be called a misfortune, but a trial in which there might come a death of something evil and selfish in your soul, and thence a new birth of higher and more heavenly principles. You were brought into a strong temptation, in which good gained a victory over evil; and you are a truer man for the fierce struggle and conquest."

"I know not how that may be," he answered. "I only know that I have a clear conscience; that in the fire through which I have been required to pass I have not let truth or justice go to the flames."

How think you, reader? Had that man gone down lower or up higher? What would you have done under circumstances of like trial? Would you have clutched eagerly at the golden opportunity which came with such tempting smiles; or, like Martin, risked the fire? If you are a man looking heavenward—and doubtless this is so—let the question come home; it may give you a new consciousness of your own state. In the mirror of his scrupulous action you may see a reflection of yourself.

"UNTO THIS LAST."

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

II.—THE VEINS OF WEALTH.

THE answer which would be made by any ordinary political economist to the statements contained in the preceding paper is in few words as follows:

"It is indeed true that certain advantages of a general nature may be obtained by the development of social affections. But political economists never professed, nor profess, to take advantages of a general nature into consideration. Our science is simply the science of getting rich. So far from being a fallacious or visionary one, it is found by experience to be practically effective. Persons who follow its precepts do actually become rich, and persons who disobey them become poor. Every capitalist of Europe has acquired his fortune by following the known laws of our science, and increases his capital daily by an adherence to them. It is vain to bring forward tricks of logic against the force of accomplished facts. Every man of business knows by experience how money is made, and how it is lost."

Pardon me. Men of business do indeed know how they themselves made their money, or how, on occasion, they lost it. Playing a long-practiced game, they are familiar with the chances of its cards, and can rightly explain their losses and gains. But they neither know who keeps the bank of the gambling-house, nor what other games may be played with the same cards, nor what other losses and gains, far away among the dark streets, are essentially, though invisibly, dependent on theirs in the lighted rooms. They have learned a few, and only a few, of the laws of mercantile economy; but not one of those of political economy.

Primarily, which is very notable and curious, I observe that men of business rarely know the meaning of the word "rich." At least if they know, they do not in their reasonings allow for the fact that it is a relative word, implying its opposite "poor" as positively as the word "north" implies its opposite "south." Men nearly always speak and write as if riches were absolute, and it were possible, by following certain scientific precepts, for every body to be rich. Whereas riches are a power like that of electricity, acting only through inequalities or negations of itself. The force of the guinea you have in your pocket depends wholly on the default of a guinea in your neighbor's pocket. If he did not want it, it would be of no use to you; the degree of power it possesses depends accurately upon the need or desire he has for it; and the art of making yourself rich, in the ordinary mercantile economist's sense, is therefore equally and necessarily the art of keeping your neighbor poor.

I would not contend in this matter (and rarely in any matter) for the acceptance of terms. But I wish the reader clearly and deeply to understand the difference between the two economies, to which the terms "Political" and "Mercantile" might not unadvisably be attached.

Political economy (the economy of a State, or of citizens) consists simply in the production, preservation, and distribution, at fittest time and place, of useful or pleasurable things. The farmer who cuts his hay at the right time; the shipwright who drives his bolts well home in sound wood; the builder who lays good bricks in well-tempered mortar; the housewife who takes care of her furniture in the parlor, and guards against all waste in her kitchen; and the singer who rightly disciplines, and never overstrains her voice: are all political economists in the true and final sense; adding continually to the rich-

es and well-being of the nation to which they belong.

But mercantile economy, the economy of "merces" or of "pay," signifies the accumulation, in the hands of individuals, of legal or moral claim upon, or power over, the labor of others; every such claim implying precisely as much poverty or debt on one side as it implies riches or right on the other.

It does not, therefore, necessarily involve an addition to the actual property or well-being of the State in which it exists. But since this commercial wealth, or power over labor, is nearly always convertible at once into real property, while real property is not always convertible at once into power over labor, the idea of riches among active men in civilized nations generally refers to commercial wealth; and in estimating their possessions they rather calculate the value of their horses and fields by the number of guineas they could get for them than the value of their guineas by the number of horses and fields they could buy with them.

There is, however, another reason for this habit of mind, namely, that an accumulation of real property is of little use to its owner unless, together with it, he has commercial power over labor. Thus, suppose any person to be put in possession of a large estate of fruitful land, with rich beds of gold in its gravel, countless herds of cattle in its pastures; houses, and gardens, and store-houses full of useful stores; but suppose, after all, that he could get no servants? In order that he may be able to have servants some one in his neighborhood must be poor, and in want of his gold or his corn. Assume that no one is in want of either, and that no servants are to be had. He must therefore bake his own bread, make his own clothes, plow his own ground, and shepherd his own flocks. His gold will be as useful to him as any other yellow pebbles on his estate. His stores must rot, for he can not consume them. He can eat no more than another man could eat, and wear no more than another man could wear. He must lead a life of severe and common labor to procure even ordinary comforts; he will be ultimately unable to keep either houses in repair or fields in cultivation; and forced to content himself with a poor man's portion of cottage and garden, in the midst of a desert of waste land, trampled by wild cattle, and encumbered by ruins of palaces, which he will hardly mock at himself by calling "his own."

The most covetous of mankind would, with small exultation, I presume, accept riches of this kind on these terms. What is really desired, under the name of riches, is, essentially, power over men; in its simplest sense, the power of obtaining for our own advantage the labor of servant, tradesman, and artist; in wider sense, authority of directing large masses of the nation to various ends (good, trivial, or hurtful, according to the mind of the rich person). And this power of wealth of course is greater or less in direct proportion to the poverty of the men over whom it is exercised, and in inverse proportion to the number of persons who are as rich as ourselves, and who are ready to give the same price for an article of which the supply is limited. If the musician is poor, he will sing for small pay, as long as there is only one person who can pay him; but if there be two or three, he will sing for the one who offers him most. And thus the power of the riches of the patron (always imperfect and doubtful, as we shall see presently, even when most authoritative) depends first on the poverty of the artist, and then on the limitation of the number of equally wealthy persons who also want seats at the concert. So that, as above stated, the art of becoming "rich," in the common sense, is not absolutely nor finally the art of accumulating much money for ourselves, but also of contriving that our neighbors shall have less. In accurate terms, it is "the art of establishing the maximum inequality in our own favor."

Now the establishment of such inequality can not be shown in the abstract to be either advantageous or disadvantageous to the body of the nation. The rash and absurd assumption that such inequalities are necessarily advantageous, lies at the root of most of the popular fallacies on the subject of political economy. For the eternal and inevitable law in this matter is, that the beneficialness of the inequality depends, first, on the methods by which it was accomplished, and, secondly, on the purposes to which it is applied. Inequalities of wealth, unjustly established, have assuredly injured the nation in which they exist during their establishment; and, unjustly directed, they injure it yet more during their existence. But inequalities of wealth justly established, benefit the nation in the course of their establishment; and, nobly used, aid it yet more by their existence. That is to say, among every active and well-governed people, the various strength of individuals, tested by full exertion and specially applied to various need, issues in unequal, but harmonious results, receiving reward or authority according to its class and service;* while, in the inactive or ill-

* I have been naturally asked several times, with respect to the sentence in the first of these papers, "the bad workman unemployed," "But what are you to do with your bad unemployed workmen?" Well, it seems to me the question might have occurred to you before. Your housemaid's place is vacant—you give twenty pounds a year—two girls come for it, one neatly dressed, the other dirtily; one with good recommendations, the other with none. You do not, under these circumstances, usually ask the dirty one if she will come for fifteen pounds, or twelve; and, on her consenting, take her instead of the well-recommended one. Still less do you try to beat both down by making them bid against each other, till you can hire both, one at twelve pounds a year, and the other at eight. You simply take the one fittest for the place, and send away the other, not perhaps concerning yourself quite as much as you should with the question which you now impatiently put to me, "What is to become of her?" For all that I advise you to do, is to deal with workmen as with servants; and verily the question is of weight: "Your bad workman, idler, and rogue—what are you to do with him?"

We will consider of this presently: remember that the administration of a complete system of national commerce

governed nation, the gradations of decay and the victories of treason work out also their own rugged system of subjection and success; and substitute for the melodious inequalities of concurrent power the iniquitous dominances and depressions of guilt and misfortune.

Thus the circulation of wealth in a nation resembles that of the blood in the natural body. There is one quickness of the current which comes of cheerful emotion or wholesome exercise; and another which comes of shame or of fever. There is a flush of the body which is full of warmth and life; and another which will pass into putrefaction.

The analogy will hold, down even to minute particulars. For as diseased local determination of the blood involves depression of the general health of the system, all morbid local action of riches will be found ultimately to involve a weakening of the resources of the body politic.

The mode in which this is produced may be at once understood by examining one or two instances of the development of wealth in the simplest possible circumstances.

Suppose two sailors cast away on an uninhabited coast, and obliged to maintain themselves there by their own labors for a series of years.

If they both kept their health, and worked steadily, and in amity with each other, they might build themselves a convenient house, and in time come to possess a certain quantity of cultivated land, together with various stores laid up for future use. All these things would be real riches or property; and, supposing the men both to have worked equally hard, they would each have right to equal share or use of it. Their political economy would consist merely in careful preservation and just division of these possessions. Perhaps, however, after some time one or other might be dissatisfied with the results of their common farming; and they might in consequence agree to divide the land they had brought under the spade into equal shares, so that each might thenceforward work in his own field and live by it. Suppose that, after this arrangement had been made, one of them were to fall ill, and be unable to work on his land at a critical time—say of sowing or harvest.

He would naturally ask the other to sow or reap for him.

Then his companion might say, with perfect justice, "I will do this additional work for you; but if I do it, you must promise to do as much for me at another time. I will count how many hours I spend on your ground, and you shall give me a written promise to work for the same number of hours on mine, whenever I need your help, and you are able to give it."

Suppose the disabled man's sickness to continue, and that under various circumstances, for several years, requiring the help of the other, he on each occasion gave a written pledge to work, as soon as he was able, at his companion's orders, for the same number of hours which the other had given up to him. What will the positions of the two men be when the invalid is able to resume work?

Considered as a "Polis," or state, they will be poorer than they would have been otherwise: poorer by the withdrawal of what the sick man's labor would have produced in the interval. His friend may perhaps have toiled with an energy quickened by the enlarged need, but in the end his own land and property must have suffered by the withdrawal of so much of his time and thought from them; and the united property of the two men will be certainly less than it would have been if both had remained in health and activity.

But the relations in which they stand to each other are also widely altered. The sick man has not only pledged his labor for some years, but will probably have exhausted his own share of the accumulated stores, and will be, in consequence, for some time dependent on the other for food, which he can only "pay" or reward him for by yet more deeply pledging his own labor.

Supposing the written promises to be held entirely valid (among civilized nations their validity is secured by legal measures*), the person who had hitherto worked for both might now, if he chose, rest altogether, and pass his time in idleness, not only forcing his companion to redeem all the engagements he had already entered into, but exacting from him pledges for further labor, to an arbitrary amount, for what food he had to advance to him.

There might not, from first to last, be the least illegality (in the ordinary sense of the word) in the arrangement; but if a stranger arrived on the coast at this advanced epoch of their political economy, he would find one man commercially Rich; the other commercially Poor. He would see, perhaps with no small surprise, one passing his days in idleness; the other laboring for both, and living sparely, in the hope of recovering his independence at some distant period.

and industry can not be explained in full detail within the space of twelve pages. Meantime, consider whether, there being confessedly some difficulty in dealing with rogues and idlers, it may not be advisable to produce as few of them as possible. If you examine into the history of rogues, you will find they are as truly manufactured articles as any thing else, and it is just because our present system of political economy gives so large a stimulus to that manufacture that you may know it to be a false one. We had better seek for a system which will develop honest men, than for one which will deal cunningly with vagabonds. Let us reform our schools, and we shall find little reform needed in our prisons.

* The disputes which exist respecting the real nature of money arise more from the disputants examining its functions on different sides, than from any real dissent in their opinions. All money, properly so called, is an acknowledgment of debt; but, as such, it may either be considered to represent the labor and property of the creditor, or the idleness and penury of the debtor. The intricacy of the question has been much increased by the (hitherto necessary) use of marketable commodities, such as gold, silver, salt, shells, etc., to give intrinsic value or security to currency; but the final and best definition of money is that it is a documentary promise ratified and guaranteed by the nation to give or find a certain quantity of labor on demand. A man's labor for a day is a better standard of value than a measure of any produce, because no produce ever maintains a consistent rate of productibility.

This is, of course, an example of one only out of many ways in which inequality of possession may be established between different persons, giving rise to the Mercantile forms of Riches and Poverty. In the instance before us, one of the men might, from the first, have deliberately chosen to be idle, and to put his life in pawn for present ease; or he might have mismanaged his land, and been compelled to have recourse to his neighbor for food and help, pledging his future labor for it. But what I want the reader to note especially is the fact, common to a large number of typical cases of this kind, that the establishment of the mercantile wealth which consists in a claim upon labor, signifies a political diminution of the real wealth, which consists in substantial possessions.

Take another example, more consistent with the ordinary course of affairs of trade. Suppose that three men, instead of two, formed the little isolated republic, and found themselves obliged to separate, in order to farm different pieces of land at some distance from each other along the coast; each estate furnishing a distinct kind of produce, and each more or less in need of the material raised on the other. Suppose that the third man, in order to save the time of all three, undertakes simply to superintend the transference of commodities from one farm to the other, on condition of receiving some sufficiently remunerative share of every parcel of goods conveyed, or of some other parcel received in exchange for it.

If this carrier or messenger always brings to each estate, from the other, what is chiefly wanted, at the right time, the operations of the two farmers will go on prosperously, and the largest possible result in produce, or wealth, will be attained by the little community. But suppose no intercourse between the land-owners is possible, except through the traveling agent; and that, after a time, this agent, watching the course of each man's agriculture, keeps back the articles with which he has been intrusted until there comes a period of extreme necessity for them, on one side or other, and then exacts in exchange for them all that the distressed farmer can spare of other kinds of produce: it is easy to see that by ingeniously watching his opportunities he might possess himself regularly of the greater part of the superfluous produce of the two estates, and at last, in some year of severest trial or scarcity, purchase both for himself, and maintain the former proprietors thenceforward as his laborers or servants.

This would be a case of commercial wealth acquired on the exactest principles of modern political economy. But more distinctly even than in the former instance, it is manifest in this that the wealth of the State, or of the three men considered as a society, is collectively less than it would have been had the merchant been content with juster profit. The operations of the two agriculturists have been cramped to the utmost; and the continual limitations of the supply of things they wanted at critical times, together with the failure of courage consequent on the prolongation of a struggle for mere existence, without any sense of permanent gain, must have seriously diminished the effective results of their labor; and the stores finally accumulated in the merchant's hands will not in anywise be of equivalent value to those which, had his dealings been honest, would have filled at once the granaries of the farmers and his own.

The whole question, therefore, respecting not only the advantage, but even the quantity, of national wealth, resolves itself finally into one of abstract justice. It is impossible to conclude, of any given mass of acquired wealth, merely by the fact of its existence, whether it signifies good or evil to the nation in the midst of which it exists. Its real value depends on the moral sign attached to it, just as sternly as that of a mathematical quantity depends on the algebraical sign attached to it. Any given accumulation of commercial wealth may be indicative, on the one hand, of faithful industries, progressive energies, and productive ingenuities; or, on the other, it may be indicative of mortal luxury, merciless tyranny, ruinous chicane.

Some treasures are heavy with human tears, as an ill-stored harvest with untimely rain; and some gold is brighter in sunshine than it is in substance. And these are not, observe, merely moral or pathetic attributes of riches, which the seeker of riches may, if he chooses, despise; they are, literally and sternly, material attributes of riches, depreciating or exalting, incalculably, the monetary signification of the sum in question. One mass of money is the outcome of action which has created—another, of action which has annihilated—ten times as much in the gathering of it; such and such strong hands have been paralyzed, as if they had been numbed by nightshade: so many strong men's courage broken, so many productive operations hindered; this and the other false direction given to labor, and lying image of prosperity set up, on Dura plains dug into seven-times heated furnaces. That which seems to be wealth may in verity be only the gilded index of far-reaching ruin; a wrecker's handful of coin gleaned from the beach to which he has beguiled an argosy; a camp-follower's bundle of rags unwrapped from the breasts of goodly soldiers dead; the purchase-pieces of potter's fields, wherein shall be buried together the citizen and the stranger.

And, therefore, the idea that directions can be given for the gaining of wealth, irrespectively of the consideration of its moral sources, or that any general and technical law of purchase and gain can be set down for national practice, is perhaps the most insolently futile of all that ever beguiled men through their vices. So far as I know, there is not in history record of any thing so disgraceful to the human intellect as the modern idea that the commercial text, "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest," represents, or under any circumstances could represent, an available principle of national economy. Buy in the cheapest market?—yes; but what

made your market cheap? Charcoal may be cheap among your roof timbers after a fire, and bricks may be cheap in your streets after an earthquake; but fire and earthquake may not therefore be national benefits. Sell in the dearest?—yes, truly; but what made your market dear? You sold your bread well to-day; was it to a dying man who gave his last coin for it, and will never need bread more; or to a rich man who to-morrow will buy your farm over your head; or to a soldier on his way to pillage the bank in which you have put your fortune?

None of these things you can know. One thing only you can know; namely, whether this dealing of yours is a just and faithful one, which is all you need concern yourself about respecting it; sure thus to have done your own part in bringing about ultimately in the world a state of things which will not issue in pillage or in death. And thus every question concerning these things merges itself ultimately in the great question of justice, which, the ground being thus far cleared for it, I will enter upon in the next paper, leaving only, in this, three final points for the reader's consideration.

It has been shown that the chief value and virtue of money consists in its having power over human beings; that, without this power, large material possessions are useless, and to any person possessing such power, comparatively unnecessary. But power over human beings is attainable by other means than by money. As I said a few pages back, the money power is always imperfect and doubtful; there are many things which can not be reached with it, others which can not be retained by it. Many joys may be given to men which can not be bought for gold, and many fidelities found in them which can not be rewarded with it.

Trite enough, the reader thinks. Yes: but it is not so trite—I wish it were—that in this moral power, quite inscrutable and immeasurable though it be, there is a monetary value just as real as that represented by more ponderous currencies. A man's hand may be full of invisible gold, and the wave of it, or the grasp, shall do more than another's with a shower of bullion. This invisible gold, also, does not necessarily diminish in spending. Political economists will do well some day to take heed of it, though they can not take measure.

But farther. Since the essence of wealth consists in its authority over men, if the apparent or nominal wealth fail in this power, it fails in essence; in fact, ceases to be wealth at all. It does not appear lately in England that our authority over men is absolute. The servants show some disposition to rush riotously up stairs, under an impression that their wages are not regularly paid. We should augur ill of any gentleman's property to whom this happened every other day in his drawing-room.

So also the power of our wealth seems limited as respects the comfort of the servants, no less than their quietude. The persons in the kitchen appear to be ill-dressed, squalid, half-starved. One can not help imagining that the riches of the establishment must be of a very theoretical and documentary character.

Finally. Since the essence of wealth consists in power over men, will it not follow that the nobler and the more in number the persons are over whom it has power, the greater the wealth? Perhaps it may even appear, after some consideration, that the persons themselves *are* the wealth—that these pieces of gold with which we are in the habit of guiding them are, in fact, nothing more than a kind of Byzantine harness or trappings, very glittering and beautiful in barbaric sight, wherewith we bridle the creatures; but that if these same living creatures could be guided without the fretting and jingling of the Byzants in their mouths and ears, they might themselves be more valuable than their bridles. In fact, it may be discovered that the true veins of wealth are purple—and not in Rock, but in Flesh—perhaps even that the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed, and happy-hearted human creatures. Our modern wealth, I think, has rather a tendency the other way—most political economists appearing to consider multitudes of human creatures not conducive to wealth, or at best conducive to it only by remaining in a dim-eyed and narrow-chested state of being.

Nevertheless, it is open, I repeat, to serious question, which I leave to the reader's pondering, whether, among national manufactures, that of Souls of a good quality may not at last turn out a quite leadingly lucrative one? Nay, in some far-away and yet undreamed-of hour, I can even imagine that England may cast all thoughts of possessive wealth back to the barbaric nations among whom they first arose; and that, while the sands of the Indus and adamant of Golconda may yet stiffen the housings of the charger, and flash from the turban of the slave, she, as a Christian mother, may at last attain to the virtues and the treasures of a heathen one, and be able to lead forth her sons, saying,

"These are MY Jewels."

BLUE SKY SOMEWHERE.

IT was the remark of a child, consoling himself for the loss of a promised pleasure on a rainy afternoon, that there was "blue sky somewhere." And the sapphire heavens, flooded with sunshine, on the next day made his faith a verity.

The lesson is for you, and for all of us, reader; and we need it quite as much as the boy who sat looking out of the window upon a leaden sky and the fast-falling rain, and trying to find comfort in the thought that, far above the cloud and storm, the sun was shining in his undimmed splendor.

"Into each life some rain must fall," says the poet-teacher; and in the days that come "dark and dreary" we are apt to feel, in spite of experience and reason, that the brightness has passed

from our lives forever. But it is not so. Like travelers we rise, now upon mountain heights, and now descend into deeply shaded valleys; pass through open savannas, down upon which the golden sunbeams fall; and anon are buried in dense forests, that seem stretching their interminable vistas to the very end of our journey. We encounter all aspects of the heavens; have our mornings, our noondays, our evenings, and our nights with only the stars for guidance; our wild, contending storms, and our sunny, tranquil atmospheres. Has it not been so with you, reader? And yet, when the sun goes down, or hides his face in mantling clouds, does not your heart grow faint, and your faith in "blue sky somewhere" become feeble as the rays of an expiring lamp? The very children are our teachers!

Between our inner and our outer worlds there is something more than simple analogy; the relation bears the higher one of correspondence, even to minutest things; so that nature, with all its infinite varieties of aspects and changes, representing interior aspects and changes, becomes our instructor. Our true poets rise into a perception of this, and give us lessons of wisdom that sink deeply into the heart, and become to us as lights in dim places, strength in weariness, and confidence in last results when the mind is trembling in doubt and fear. Not mere words in rhythmic order are the poet's, when he says:

> "Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
> Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
> Thy fate is the common fate of all,
> Into each life some rain must fall,
> Some days must be dark and dreary."

"If I could only believe that the clouds would pass away—that sunny days would come again—I might weep less," was the language of one who sat in the darkness of sorrow and disappointment, as a friend and consoler offered her the poet's lesson, that she might take it into her heart. "But I can see no rift in the clouds; no line of light along the dark horizon; no abatement of the fast-falling rain."

"We are sure that the rain will cease; that behind the clouds the sun is shining. We have the fullest confidence in returning sunbeams; and why? Because we know that clouds are merely earthly exhalations; that they do not rise high in the heavens—that they can never reach the sun, whose beams shine ever on with undiminished splendor, and have power to disperse the densest vapors that ever drew their curtains before his radiant face. Now the world of mind, like the world of nature, has its sun, as the poet has so beautifully intimated. Thought sees by its light, and the heart is refreshed and beautified with flowers and verdure by its warmth. But at times this sun is hidden by clouds, and there are shadows in the mind and rain upon the heart. The days are dark and dreary. Why? Whence are these clouds? Let visible things become our teachers."

The countenance of the listener grew attentive, and the friend went on:

"They go up from the natural earth, as clouds go up from the earth of our minds; and even while we sit in sorrow for the beams that have faded from our paths, the sun is dissolving these clouds in rain for refreshment and fruitfulness. Our hearts are watered in the days of sorrow, that they may bear good fruit when the sunshine comes again."

"If it ever comes." The despondent soul could not look beyond the clouds.

"Have you heard of Mrs. Elford's trouble?" asked the friend.

"No." There was a quick flash of interest in the mournful face. "What of her?"

"Her husband is dead."

"Oh no!" The lady clasped her hands in sudden surprise and pain at this intelligence.

"The news came yesterday. He died on the Pacific coast."

"Captain Elford?"

"Yes."

"Oh dear! that is trouble! And he has left her poor, without doubt."

"I fear as much."

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes, I called this morning."

"How is she?"

"Entirely prostrated by the blow."

"Poor Margaret!" The tone of sympathy was genuine. "I must go to her in this affliction. I must try to speak some word of comfort."

"She needs all the support her friends can give. It is her hour of darkness, and she is sorrowing as one without hope. The sun has withdrawn himself behind thick clouds, which are pouring down heavy rain upon her life. Yes, go to her by all means, and tell her that, though her sky is dark to-day, and filled with cloud and storm, that the sun of God's love is still shining as brightly as ever, and will, in the good time of Him who is all-merciful, send down his beams upon her heart again."

It was an old and dear friend who had passed under the cloud of sorrow, and the doubting and despondent one, already half-forgetting her own pain, was pondering over words of consolation.

"God is really nearer to us in affliction," she said, as she sat holding the nerveless hand of Mrs. Elford, "than at any other time, though He may seem farthest off; for His infinite, divine pity, is moved with the tenderest compassion for the griefs of His children. Though His face may be hidden from us, it is not the less a smiling face."

A sob and a long tremulous sigh were the only answer.

> "Into each life some rain must fall,
> Some days must be dark and dreary."

Yet no response came. The words of the comforter seemed as if spoken to shut ears. Not so, however. They entered, and like seed when first cast into the ground, gave no life-sign of their presence. But memory held them for the time of fructification.

And now it happened to the despondent and

grieving one, who had refused to be comforted, yet tried to speak in consolation to another heart, that light seemed to come around her. She did not see the sun, nor even a rift in the clouds with azure in the far distance. But it was not so dark in the chambers of her soul. The pressure on her spirit that seemed at one time as if it would close her life in suffocation, was not so great. She could breathe deeper, and with even a sense of relief and satisfaction.

"My poor friend!" she said, many times, as she thought of Mrs. Elford. And as her desire to bring relief to another heart grew stronger and stronger, her own consciousness of suffering diminished. In the magnitude of another's sorrow hers seemed to grow less.

Almost daily she visited her afflicted friend, into whose sad face a little light would come on her appearance; and though it faded instantly, the sign of pleasure at seeing a welcome countenance was too palpable for any mistake as to its origin. She had really been helped and comforted, though she knew it not; and the face of the comforter was therefore welcome.

When next her own friendly visitor called, she was not sitting in idleness, brooding over the irrevocable past; but really forgetful of the past in present thought of home duties with which her hands were busy.

"How is it with you to-day?" said the friend, as she took her hand. "But I need scarcely ask, for the cheerful tone of your countenance tells me that light is breaking through the clouds."

"I have been too busy to think dark thoughts this morning," was the answer; and even as this was said the lips which had arched with a feeble smile fell back into a sadder outline.

"Busy in what?"

"In the duties of my home. I'm afraid that, under the pressure of pain, I grew selfish, loving to nurse despondent states, and growing forgetful of the comfort and happiness of those around me. And now I am trying to make amends."

"And in the first right effort comes a more peaceful state."

"Perhaps so."

"Don't speak doubtfully. Say yes."

"I am not so much depressed in mind as I have been."

"And if you keep on in this path of duty the weight which has been bearing you down will grow less and less burdensome; the clouds that mantle your sky thinner and thinner, until light breaks through, and disperses them altogether. There are only some dark days in our lives, and the sun must and will penetrate the gloomy vapors, and reveal his smiling countenance. If these days are prolonged it is our own fault. But how is Mrs. Elford? I have not seen her for some time."

"More cheerful," was the answer.

"That is gratifying."

"She received a few days since a long and satisfactory letter—if I may use the word satisfactory in such a connection—about her husband, who had the most careful attendance and every comfort during his last illness. Unexpectedly, this letter brought her the intelligence that Captain Elford left property to the value of nearly fifteen thousand dollars, the result of some trading adventures on the coast."

"Then she is not left destitute?"

"No."

"Already there is a break in the clouds, showing a clear blue sky above them."

"Yes."

"And the days must come for her as well as for you, and for all whose sky has become dark and threatening, when the broad, bright sunbeams will flood the whole horizon again. Let us not give way to weak distrust, or a paralyzing despondency, when the rainy days come; but keep hands and thoughts busy with useful work, having faith in the law that governs the world of mind as well as the world of nature, and live in hope of to-morrow's sunshine. What is the lesson that past experience teaches? Is it not the same in regard to the inner as to the outer world? There have been times of cloud and rain, and times of sunshine. There have been declining days, even to evening and solemn night; and mornings coming in beauty and joy. Even the seasons are represented in our varying states of mind, as the years progress toward a completion of their earthly cycle. And all these changes are for the sake of fruit—the fruit of righteousness. Let us be mindful, my friend, of the lesson, and not keep too much out of the sunshine; lest, when we come to make up our sheaves in the harvest-time, there be found only husk instead of grain."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE Presidential Canvass is now fairly opened. The precise position assumed by the different nominees for the Presidency is best defined by their letters of acceptance of the nominations tendered to them. However widely they may differ upon other points, all concur in expressing a determination to maintain the Union and the Constitution. Disunion sentiments find no advocates in any of the leading candidates for the highest offices in the gift of the nation. Mr. LINCOLN, referring to the platform epitomized in our Record for July, says:

"Imploring the assistance of Divine Providence, and with due regard to the views and feelings of all who were represented in the Convention; to the rights of all the States and Territories and people of the nation; to the inviolability of the Constitution, and the perpetual union, harmony, and prosperity of all, I am most happy to co-operate for the practical success of the principles declared by the Convention."

Mr. BRECKINRIDGE, referring to the platform of

the Convention by which he was nominated (given in our Record for June), says:

"The questions touching the rights of persons and property, which have of late been much discussed, find in these resolutions a Constitutional solution. Our Union is a confederacy of equal sovereign States, for the purposes enumerated in the Federal Constitution. Whatever the common Government holds in trust for all the States must be equally enjoyed by each. It controls the Territories in trust for all the States. Nothing less than sovereignty can destroy or impair the rights of persons or property. While they continue to be Territories they are under the control of Congress, but the Constitution nowhere confers on any branch of the Federal Government the power to discriminate against the rights of the States or the property of their citizens in the Territories. It follows that the citizens of all the States may enter the Territories of the Union with their property, of whatever kind, and enjoy it during the Territorial condition without let or hindrance, either by Congress or by the subordinate Territorial Governments."....."It will be impossible for a candid mind to discover hostility to the Union or a taint of sectionalism in the resolutions adopted by the Convention. The Constitution and the Union repose on the equality of the States, which lies like a broad foundation underneath our whole political structure. As I construe them, the resolutions simply assert this equality. They demand nothing of any State or section that is not cheerfully conceded to all the rest."..... "By a constitutional struggle it is intended to assert and establish the equality of the States as the only basis of union and peace. When this object, so national, so constitutional, so just, shall be accomplished, the last cloud will disappear from the American sky, and with common hands and hearts the States and the people will unite to develop the resources of the whole country, to bind it together with the bonds of intercourse and brotherhood, and to impel it onward in its great career. The Constitution and the Equality of the States! These are the symbols of everlasting union. Let these be the rallying cries of the people."

Mr. BELL, replying to the note apprising him of his nomination, says:

"The Convention, in discarding the use of platforms, exact no pledge from those whom they deem worthy of the highest trusts under Government, wisely considering that the surest guaranty of a man's future usefulness and fidelity to the great interests of the country, in any official station to which he may be chosen, is to be found in his past history connected with the public service. The pledge implied in my acceptance of the nomination of the National Union Convention is, that should I be elected, I will not depart from the spirit and tenor of my past course; and the obligation to keep this pledge derives a double force from the fact that none is required from me."....."If, under Providence, I should be called to preside over the affairs of this great country, as the Executive Chief of the Government, the only further pledge I feel called upon to make is, that with the utmost of my ability, and with whatever strength of will I can command, all the powers and influence belonging to my official station shall be employed and directed for the promotion of all the great objects for which the Government was instituted, but more especially for the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union against all opposing influences and tendencies."

Mr. DOUGLAS, in his letter of acceptance, after giving his cordial adhesion to the platform and principles adopted at Charleston, and reaffirmed with an additional resolution at Baltimore, as noted in our Record for June and August, says:

"The peace of the country and the perpetuity of the Union have been put in jeopardy by attempts to interfere with and control the domestic affairs of the people in the Territories through the agency of the Federal Government. If the power and the duty of Federal interference is to be conceded, two hostile sectional parties must be the inevitable result—the one inflaming the passions and ambitions of the North, the other of the South—and each struggling to use the Federal power and authority for the aggrandizement of its own section, at the expense of the equal rights of the other, and in derogation of those fundamental principles of self-government which were firmly established in this country by the American Revolution, as the basis of our entire republican system. During the memorable period of our political history, when the advocates of Federal intervention upon the subject of slavery in the Territories had well-nigh precipitated the country into a revolution—the Northern interventionists demanding the Wilmot Proviso for the prohibition of slavery, and the Southern interventionists, then few in number and without a single representative in either House of Congress, insisting upon Congressional interference for the protection of slavery, in opposition to the will of the people in either case, it will be remembered that it required all the wisdom, power, and influence of a Clay, a Webster, and a Cass, supported by the conservative and patriotic men of the Whig and Democratic parties of the day, to devise and carry out a line of policy which would restore peace to the country and stability to the Union. The essential, living principle of that policy, as applied to the legislation of 1850, was, and now is, *non-intervention by Congress with slavery in the Territories*. The fair application of this just and equitable principle restored harmony and fraternity to a distracted country."....."The Federal Union must be preserved. The Constitution must be maintained inviolate in all its parts. Every right guaranteed by the Constitution must be protected by law in all cases where legislation is necessary to its enjoyment. The judicial authority, as provided by the Constitution, must be sustained, and its decisions implicitly obeyed and faithfully executed. The laws must be administered and the constituted authorities upheld, and all unlawful resistance to these things must be put down with firmness, impartiality, and fidelity, if we expect to enjoy and transmit unimpaired to our posterity that blessed inheritance which we have received in trust from the patriots and sages of the Revolution."

The result of the August elections in several of the Southern States, although they turned mainly upon local issues, has been such as to encourage the friends of Messrs. Bell and Douglas in their opposition to Mr. Breckinridge. In *Kentucky* Mr. Coombs (Opposition) was elected Clerk of the Court of Appeals by a majority of more than 25,000 over his Democratic competitor. In *Missouri* Mr. Jackson (Douglas Democrat) was elected Governor. In *Arkansas* Mr. Rector, the Independent candidate for Governor, was elected over his Democratic opponent. In *North Carolina* Mr. Ellis, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was re-elected over his Opposition competitor by a majority of about 5000, being a reduction of 11,000 from his former majority.—Present appearances indicate that the friends of Mr. Bell and those of Mr. Douglas will combine in the Southern States in opposition to Mr. Breckinridge, and in the Northern States in opposition to Mr. Lincoln.—Mr. Houston, who was nominated in Texas, has declined.—Mr. Douglas, after his Northern tour, proceeded to Virginia and North Carolina, making public speeches, advocating his doctrine of non-intervention in opposition to the views of Mr. Lincoln on the one hand, and those of Mr. Breckinridge on the other.

It is conceded on all hands that the State of *New York* is to be the chief battle-ground in the present campaign. Three full tickets for State officers and Presidential electors have been nominated. The Breckinridge Democratic Convention met at Syracuse on the 7th of August. James T. Brady was nominated for Governor, and Henry R. Viele for Lieutenant-Governor. The electoral ticket is headed by Gideon J. Tucker and Henry S. Randall as electors at large. Resolutions were passed indorsing the platform of the party, sustaining the national Administration, affirming Breckinridge and Lane to be the only regular candidates of the National Democracy, and inviting all Democrats to vote for them. A resolution for the appointment of a Special Committee to confer with Committees of other Conventions for the purpose of uniting upon a common electoral ticket in opposition to the Republicans, was rejected; but the State Central Committee were empowered "to confer with any other Committee appointed for the purpose of consolidating the national elements of the State in opposing the Re-

publican electoral State ticket, upon the principles enunciated by this Convention in its resolutions."——The Douglas Democratic Convention met at Syracuse on the 15th of August. William Kelley was nominated for Governor, and William F. Allen for Lieutenant-Governor. An authorized Committee of the "Union Party" being in session, negotiations were opened which resulted in the formation of an electoral ticket to be supported by both parties. It is headed by the names of Reuben H. Walworth and Heman J. Redfield, and contains twenty-five electors favorable to Mr. Douglas and ten who prefer Mr. Bell. The resolutions deprecate the formation of a Northern sectional party; recognize the great Democratic principle of non-interference by Congress with slavery in a State or Territory; approve the platform of the National Convention, and accept the nomination of Douglas and Johnson as in accordance with the popular will of the State; and as the election of Mr. Lincoln would be the most disastrous result, recommend all conservative men to vote for the fusion electoral ticket, "appealing to its high personal and political character as a vindication of the wisdom and liberality of its selection, and guaranteeing that the suffrages of all Union-loving citizens may be safely committed to the electoral college thus composed of dispassionate, honorable men."——The American State Council met at Schenectady on the 23d of August, and divided; the larger portion indorsing the fusion effected at Syracuse.——The Republican State Convention met at Syracuse on the 22d of August. Edward D. Morgan and Robert Campbell, the present incumbents, were nominated by acclamation as candidates for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. The electoral ticket is headed by the names of William Cullen Bryant and James O. Putnam. The only resolution passed relating to national affairs is as follows: "This Convention, representing the Republican electors of the State of New York, heartily accepts and adopts the resolutions of the National Republican Convention held at Chicago, and it has no disposition to alter one line or word of that masterly and patriotic expression of political faith."

Intense excitement has for many weeks been felt in *Texas*, arising from the alleged discovery of a wide-spread conspiracy of slaves and Abolitionists, for the purpose of murder, robbery, and insurrection. Many fires have occurred in different places, which appear to have been the work of incendiaries, and, according to report, strychnine and other poisons have been found in the possession of slaves, with which the wells were to be poisoned. Quite a number of summary executions have taken place, and Vigilance Committees have been organized for the purpose of punishing offenders, and driving from the country all persons suspected of favoring the designs of the conspirators.

The Prince of Wales continues his progress through the British Provinces. He reached Kingston on the 5th of September. Here an attempt was made to give a partisan character to his reception by the erection of an "Orange arch." The Prince refused to land unless it was removed. This not being done, he passed on without stopping.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* the latest intelligence is that General Miramon has been defeated at Lagos. With 2000 men he attempted to cut his way through the forces of Degollado, by whom he was surrounded. The action lasted for five days; Miramon was wounded, but escaped with a few of his cavalry, losing his artillery, and leaving most of his troops prisoners. The result of this action inspired the Liberal party with the hope that the capital, and with it the whole country, would be soon in their hands. But almost simultaneously with this intelligence it is reported that France, England, Spain, and Prussia have signed a convention, to which the adhesion of the United States is asked, for the pacification of Mexico, upon the basis that an armistice of a year is to be entered into between the parties, during which each shall retain the territory in its possession; and that at a time hereafter to be fixed the people are to called upon to choose between the two parties; the government thus chosen to be protected by the contracting Powers.

General William Walker, of Nicaraguan notoriety, has embarked in another expedition to Central America. The expedition appears to have left New Orleans in April, so quietly as to excite no observation, and proceeded to Ruatan, in Honduras. Here Walker made his appearance about the middle of June. Some weeks were spent in deciding upon future proceedings. At length, on the 6th of August, the expedition made an attack upon the town of Truxillo, which was captured with little difficulty. It appears evident that Walker has taken this step with the assent of the party opposed to Guardiola, the present ruler of Honduras. If we may trust the statements of his adherents, his present scheme includes the union into one confederacy of the Isthmus states—Honduras, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Salvador, and Costa Rica.

EUROPE.

In *Great Britain* the prospect of a deficient harvest, and the great expenditures necessary for defense, form the current topics of interest. The Government request for an appropriation of £2,000,000 for fortifications was agreed to, in the Commons, notwithstanding the opposition of Mr. Bright, by a vote of 268 to 39.——The Emperor Napoleon, by way of answer to the panic speech of Lord Palmerston, cited in our last Record, wrote to M. Persigny the following letter, with the purpose that it should be communicated to the British Government:

"Affairs seem to me to be so complicated—thanks to the mistrust excited every where since the war in Italy—that I write to you in the hope that a conversation in perfect frankness with Lord Palmerston will remedy the existing evil. Lord Palmerston knows me, and when I affirm a thing he will believe me. Well, you may tell him from me in the most explicit manner, that since the peace of Villafranca I have had but one thought, one object—to inaugurate a new era of peace, and to live on the best terms with all my neighbors, and especially with England. I had renounced Savoy and Nice; the extraordinary additions to Piedmont alone caused me to resume the desire to see reunited to France provinces essentially French. But it will be objected, 'You wish for peace, and you increase, immoderately, the military forces of France.' I deny the assertion in every sense. My army and my fleet have nothing in them of a threatening character. My steam navy is even far from being adequate to our requirements, and the number of steamers does not nearly equal that of sailing ships deemed necessary in the time of King Louis Philippe. I have 400,000 men under arms; but deduct from this amount 60,000 in Algeria, 6000 at Rome, 8000 in China, 20,000 gens d'armes, the sick, and the new conscripts, and you will see—what is the truth—that my regiments are of smaller effective strength than during the preceding reign. The only addition to the army lists has been made by the creation of the imperial guard. Moreover, while wishing for peace, I desire to organize the forces of the country on the best possible footing, for, if foreigners have only seen the bright side of the last war, I myself, close at hand, have witnessed the defects, and wish to remedy them. Having said thus much, I have, since Villafranca, neither done nor even thought any thing which could alarm any one. When Lavalette started for Constantinople, the instructions which I gave

him were confined to this: 'Use every effort to maintain the *status quo;* the interest of France is that Turkey should live as long as possible.' Now, then, occur the massacres in Syria, and it is asserted that I am very glad to find a new occasion of making a little war, or of playing a new part. Really, people give me credit for very little common sense. If I instantly proposed an expedition, it was because my feelings were those of the people which has put me at its head, and the intelligence from Syria transported me with indignation. My first thought, nevertheless, was to come to an understanding with England. What other interest than that of humanity could induce me to send troops into that country? Could it be that the possession of it would increase my strength? Can I conceal from myself that Algeria, notwithstanding its future advantages, is a source of weakness to France, which for thirty years has devoted to it the purest of its blood and its gold? I said it in 1852 at Bordeaux, and my opinion is still the same. I have great conquests to make, but only in France. Her interior organization, her moral development, the increase of her resources, have still immense progress to make. There a field exists vast enough for my ambition and sufficient to satisfy it. It was difficult for me to come to an understanding with England on the subject of Central Italy, because I was bound by the peace of Villafranca. As to Southern Italy, I am free from engagements, and I ask no better than a concert with England on this point, as on others; but, in Heaven's name, let the eminent men who are placed at the head of the English Government lay aside petty jealousies and unjust mistrusts. Let us understand one another in good faith, like honest men as we are, and not like thieves who desire to cheat each other. To sum up, this is my innermost thought. I desire that Italy should obtain peace, no matter how, but without foreign intervention, and that my troops should be able to quit Rome without compromising the security of the Pope. I could very much wish not to be obliged to undertake the Syrian expedition, and, in any case, not to undertake it alone; firstly, because it will be a great expense, and, secondly, because I fear this intervention may involve the Eastern question; but, on the other hand, I do not see how to resist public opinion in my country, which will never understand that we can leave unpunished, not only the massacre of Christians, but the burning of our consulates, the insult to our flag, and the pillage of the monasteries that were under our protection. I have told you all, I think, without disguising or omitting any thing. Make what use you may think advisable of my letter."

The success of Garibaldi in Sicily is complete, although the announcement of the entire withdrawal of the Neapolitan troops from the island was erroneous. Advancing upon Messina, he encountered the enemy at Melazzo, on the 20th of July. A severe battle took place, lasting a part of two days, which resulted in the defeat of the Neapolitan troops. Alexandre Dumas, who was present, thus describes the battle:

"At dawn on the 20th all the troops were in movement to attack the Neapolitans, who had come out of the fort and village of Melazzo, which they occupied. Malenchini commanded the left, General Medici and Cosenz the centre, while the right was composed of a few companies only, intended to cover the centre and left wing from a surprise. Garibaldi was in the centre, where the action was expected to be the sharpest. The firing began on the left from the Neapolitan outposts, concealed in a reed-bed half-way between Meri and Melazzo. A quarter of an hour later the centre attacked the Neapolitan line, and drove it from its position. The right, meanwhile, dislodged the Neapolitans from some houses which they occupied. As the difficulties of the ground prevented reinforcements from arriving, Bosco, with 6000 men, turned upon the 500 or 600 who had driven him back. The latter were at first obliged to retire before the superior numbers of the enemy; but when other troops came up to their aid, they again attacked the enemy, many of whom were still concealed among the reeds and protected by fig-trees, so that a charge with the bayonet was impossible. Medici, while advancing to the head of his men, had a horse killed under him. Cosenz was struck in the neck by a spent ball, and fell; he was for a moment supposed to be mortally wounded, but he was only stunned, and almost instantly he was on his legs again, shouting "*Viva l'Italia!*" Garibaldi, at the head of the Genoese Carbineers and some Guides, attempted to take the enemy in the flank, but suddenly came on a gun placed in the centre of the road, and which he determined to attack. When within twenty paces the cannon, loaded with grape, was fired by the King's troops. The effect was terrible; only five or six men remained standing. Garibaldi had part of his boot and his stirrup carried away; his horse was also wounded, and he was compelled to alight. Major Breda and his trumpeter was killed by his side; Misori's horse fell dead under him; Statella was left standing unhurt in the midst of the iron storm; all the others were killed or wounded. The gun which had done all this mischief was taken soon after. Then the Neapolitan infantry opened and gave passage to a charge of fifty cavalry for the purpose of retaking the piece. Colonel Donon's men, who had been but little under fire, threw themselves to the sides of the road instead of receiving the charge on their bayonets. The cavalry came like a whirlwind, the Sicilians firing from both sides. Thus assailed both right and left, the commander of the Neapolitan cavalry stopped and wanted to turn back, but found the passage barred by General Garibaldi, Misori, Statella, and five or six men. The General seized the officer's bridle, and cried out 'Surrender!' The officer replied with a blow of his sabre, which Garibaldi parried, and by a back stroke cut the officer's cheek open. The latter fell from his horse. Meanwhile three or four sabres were raised against the General, who wounded one of his assailants with a thrust of his sabre, while Misori killed two others and the horse of a third with his revolver. Statella brought down one antagonist, while another, who sprang at Misori's throat, was killed by the fourth shot of his revolver. While this struggle was drawing to a close, Garibaldi rallied his scattered men, charged with them, and either took or killed the rest of the fifty horsemen. Seconded by his centre, he next charged the Neapolitans, Bavarians, and Swiss with the bayonet. The Neapolitans fled at once, but the Bavarians and Swiss made a short stand before they gave way. This decided the fate of the day."

The loss is not stated, but it is represented as very severe. Garibaldi entered Messina in triumph, the defeated Neapolitans throwing themselves into the citadel. A convention was entered into, in accordance with which they were to retain the fortress, but were not to fire upon the city unless attacked. The subsequent operations of Garibaldi have been conducted with much secrecy, little having transpired beyond the fact that he was engaged in preparations for sending men to the continent, with the design of encouraging a rising in Naples, which had been declared in a state of siege. The future operations of the revolutionists will doubtless be modified by the action of the great European Powers. A letter from King Victor Emanuel has been published, in which, after stating that the expedition to Sicily was undertaken without his approbation, he requests Garibaldi to renounce the idea of passing to the main land, provided that the King of Naples will consent to abandon the Island of Sicily, and leave its people free to settle their own destinies. Garibaldi, in reply, regrets that he can not comply with this request. He says that he had vainly tried to restrain the people of Naples, feeling that it was better to wait for a more favorable moment; but he is called upon by them, and if he should now hesitate, he would endanger the Italian cause. As soon as he had fulfilled the task imposed upon him by the people who groan under the tyranny of the Neapolitan Bourbon, he would lay down his sword, and for the rest of his life obey his Sardinian Majesty.——Meanwhile the Papal States are in a precarious condition. Large contributions have been sent from different parts of the Catholic world to meet the deficiency in the revenues. An experiment has been tried of raising in Ireland a body of recruits for the Papal service; but the conduct of the volunteers seems to have been quite unsatisfactory.

THE EAST.

The Syrian massacres, it is hoped, are at an end. It is now affirmed, upon creditable authority, indorsed in Parliament by Lord Palmerston, that the Maronites were the original aggressors. At Damascus the actual outrages far exceeded what the

first accounts gave reason to anticipate. Captain Paynter, an English officer, writes to the Vice-Admiral that "from Monday the 9th until Saturday the 14th of July, the game of blood, fire, and treachery went on, with the following result: The whole Christian quarter of Damascus, a city in itself, has been ruthlessly plundered and burned to the ground. Loss estimated at £1,200,000; 2000 dead bodies lie unburied among the ruins, and 20,000 houseless wanderers, whose only crime was that they were followers of Christ, now live on charity, and ask for justice at the hands of Europe." Other accounts, which it may be hoped are exaggerated, speak of 30,000 Christian women sold at twenty-five piasters each, and detained in harems; and of 1000 families finding refuge in a Government house, the women of the families having nearly all been violated by the Turkish soldiers, under the very eye of the Pacha. Abd-el Kader, the Algerian Emir, distinguished himself by his noble efforts to protect the Christians of Damascus. The latest intelligence from Syria informs us that Fuad Pacha had put an end to hostilities, and had threatened to inflict exemplary punishment upon the perpetrators of outrages, and promised to support those who had been driven into exile. Still the European Powers can not avoid interfering in the affairs of Syria. A portion of the French expedition sailed from Marseilles on the 9th of August. The Emperor, who gave 200,000 francs for the relief of the Christian fugitives, addressed the departing troops in a few stirring sentences. "France," he said, "hails with joy an expedition the sole aim of which is to cause the rights of justice and humanity to triumph."....."You do not leave in great numbers; but your courage and prestige are a supply to the deficiency, because wherever the French flag is seen to pass the nations know that a great cause precedes it, and that a great people follow it."

Literary Notices.

The Life of George Washington, by EDWARD EVERETT. (Published by Sheldon and Co.) The present admirably condensed biography was originally prepared for the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," at the suggestion of Lord Macaulay, who had himself been requested to write the article by the proprietors of that work, but who advised them to intrust the memoir of Washington to the hands of one of his own countrymen. On every account Mr. Everett was one of the most suitable persons for the task to whom it could have been confided. His familiar acquaintance with the details of American history, his admiration of the character and principles of Washington, the habitual temperance and impartiality of his judgments, his discipline in accurate statement and appropriate expression, the classic elegance of his style, and the occasional graphic splendor of his descriptions, gave him eminent qualifications for executing a popular memoir of Washington, which should become a household book wherever the English language is read. He has certainly accomplished his work in a manner which will bring no discredit on his high and brilliant reputation. Without abounding in the passages of gorgeous eloquence which mark his public addresses, the volume is written in a singularly chaste and refined style; presenting the career of its illustrious subject with few attempts at rhetorical embellishment, and depicting the essential features of his character by a series of brief but not superficial touches, which derive equal vigor from their aptness and their simplicity.

In addition to the contents of the biography, Mr. Everett has given an interesting appendix, comprising, among other papers, a medical examination of the disease of which Washington died, and its professional treatment by the attending physicians, prepared by the venerable head of the medical profession in Boston, Dr. James Jackson. As this subject has elicited not a little controversy, a rapid summary of Dr. Jackson's exposition can not fail to be of interest to our readers.

The disease which was the cause of Washington's death is now known as the acute laryngitis—an inflammation of the larynx, or the upper part of the windpipe. Although many have doubtless fallen victims to this malady in times past, it is still of rare occurrence; and it was not until 1810 that it was brought into notice and distinctly described by Dr. Matthew Baillie, at that time the most eminent physician in London. The disease consists in an inflammation in the mucous membrane of the whole larynx, including the epiglottis; but it also extends to the adjacent cellular membrane, and, indeed, to all the soft parts, including the muscles, and perhaps, in some degree, to the cartilages. The epiglottis is thus disabled from the free and ready motion essential to its office, which is that of guarding the windpipe from the admission of substances passing through the pharynx. Hence the principal cause of the difficulty in swallowing. In such a state the instinctive effort of the epiglottis to close the windpipe, on the passage of any substance, liquid or solid, must give great pain, and could not succeed in the most severe state of the disease. But the difficulty in swallowing is aggravated by the inflammation of the pharynx, which disables that part from performing its office in carrying down the liquids or solids brought to it. Just below the entrance to the windpipe are the delicate structures belonging to the organ of the voice; and here is the narrowest part of the air-tube. A common inflammation in these parts causes soreness and hoarseness; but when the disease is severe, extending from the mucous to the cellular membrane, all these parts are thickened by the distension of the small blood-vessels, and the more if there be an effusion of any fluid into the cellular membrane. The swelling thus produced occasions a great difficulty of motion in the organs of the voice, impairing the power of speech, and at the same time the passage of the air is impeded, and at last entirely obstructed, producing difficulty of breathing, and finally strangulation. This disease, accordingly, though so destructive of life, is among the most simple in its nature. A finger may become inflamed—that is, red, swollen, indurated in all the soft parts—to such a degree as to make motion in them difficult, and at length impossible. But this may take place without interfering with any important vital functions. On the contrary, let the organs by which the voice is formed, and through which the air must be passed for the supply of the lungs, be swollen and rigid so as to block up the passage, it is evident that life may be arrested in a very short time, both in young or old, in the strong as well as in the feeble. Hence

the only question in a disease of this kind, as it occurs in adults, is, whether the fatal obstruction characteristic of the disease can be prevented or removed.

Now, in the case of Washington, he was bled, he was blistered, and calomel and antimony were administered internally. The question arises, was blood-letting in that case a rational practice? Dr. Jackson defends it theoretically by the following considerations. The danger to life was from the filling up of a part of the windpipe. In what way, or by what material, is the windpipe filled up? By an extra quantity of blood in the small vessels of the part, followed by the effusion under the mucous membrane of the windpipe of a watery fluid called serum. Now, when a man is bled, the small vessels of the external surface contract under the loss of blood, and the skin becomes white or sallow, according to the complexion of the individual. Hence, if in the disease in question the small blood-vessels in the morbid part will contract, like those of the skin, after the abstraction of blood, we may hope for relief as long as that contraction is maintained. If this contraction, moreover, takes place in the diseased part, the effusion of serum is more readily absorbed than it would otherwise be. The effect on the small blood-vessels in the windpipe, it is true, does not certainly follow the loss of blood, but depends mainly on the period of the disease at which the bleeding takes place. The chance of success is great in the very beginning of the inflammatory process, but it is less the later the period at which the remedy is employed. Still, there is no other measure by which effectual relief is so likely to be produced as by blood-letting. Even in an advanced stage of the disease it affords a chance of relief. In the case of Washington, however, the first stage was of short duration. Bleeding was resorted to early, by his own direction; but that bleeding was nominal, it having been objected to by his wife, because the patient was old, and it had not been ordered by a physician. When Dr. Craik arrived, several hours afterward, he prescribed new venesection, which, in the opinion of Dr. Jackson, was the most judicious course that could have been pursued. Although the remedy was unavailing, it was every thing that the circumstances permitted; and the fatal termination of the disease was due to its intrinsically formidable character, and not to any want of skill on the part of the physician.

A Course of Six Lectures on the Various Forces of Matter, by Michael Faraday, F.R.S. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A peculiar interest is attached to this recent production of the illustrious British philosopher, from the fact that it consists of popular lectures especially intended for young people, and hence, to a great degree, free from the technicalities of science, and printed without change as they were delivered at the Royal Institution. They treat of gravitation, cohesion, chemical affinity, heat, magnetism, and electricity; and are remarkable alike for the philosophical precision of their statements and the lucid beauty of their illustrations. It is rarely that a treatise on physical science presents so much sound and important information in such a singularly attractive manner.

Among the publications for the month of Harper and Brothers may be mentioned *Our Year*, by Miss Mulock, a delightful series of sketches, in prose and verse, for children, with quaint pictorial illustrations by Clarence Dobell; *The Woman in White*, a novel, by Wilkie Collins, showing the fine power of description and character-drawing for which the author is distinguished; and the highly interesting travels of Captain Richard F. Burton in the *Lake Regions of Central Africa*, and of Mr. T. W. Atkinson in the *Regions of the Amoor*, of which a detailed account will be found in another part of the present number.

The Barefooted Maiden, translated from the German of Auerbach, by Mrs. Eliza Buckminster Lee, is one of the highly imaginative German stories which possess such a strange fascination for juvenile readers of every land. The accomplished translator has rendered the fanciful conceptions of Auerbach into lively and idiomatic English. (Published by James Munroe and Co.)

Prolegomena Logica, by Henry Longueville Mansel. In this inquiry into the psychological character of logical processes, the author aims at an explanation of the constitution and laws of the thinking faculty, such as they are assumed by the logician as the basis of his deductions. The work exhibits no common degree of philosophical erudition and acute analytical power, though many of its conclusions may challenge further examination, if not immediate dissent. Professor Mansel has evidently made a diligent, if not a profound, study of Kant, Cousin, and Sir William Hamilton, on whose writings he offers numerous suggestive comments. (Published by Gould and Lincoln.)

Reminiscences of an Officer of Zouaves. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) The materials for this volume were furnished by notes carefully taken every day by one of the most eminent officers of the 2d Zouave Regiment, General Cler, who was subsequently killed at the battle of Magenta. It gives an interesting history of the origin and services of this branch of the French army, and affords an answer to many questions on the subject to which few have the correct reply at hand. The term Zouaves, in the first instance, was the name given by the Turks to the native foot-soldiers whom the Dey of Algiers was in the habit of recruiting from one of the great tribes of the Kabylia. It was then applied to a battalion of infantry, of which the companies, though commanded by French officers, were almost entirely recruited from among the natives of the country, who had shown a disposition to enter the French service. This battalion proved so successful in the war of detachments carried on against the native tribes, that it was decided to raise a new battalion and form the two into a regiment. In this regiment the natives were still permitted to serve, but the French element had already become predominant, and in a short time the native soldiers disappeared from it almost entirely. Admission to its ranks was an object of emulation among the bravest soldiers of the army; and from that period the reputation of the Zouaves has been constantly on the increase. A large portion of the volume is occupied with an account of the exploits of the Zouaves in the Crimea, and will amply reward perusal.

Introduction to the Study of International Law, by Theodore D. Woolsey. In this admirable manual, by the distinguished President of Yale College, the principles of international law are set forth in a form adapted to the use of students, affording, at the same time, the most valuable book of reference on the subject, for popular use, that can be found in the language. (Published by James Munroe and Co.)

Editor's Table.

DOMESTIC IDEALITY.—Ideality is a beautiful word, and it stands for a beautiful thing. Every body has an interest in it, and therefore every body should preserve it from false associations. Some persons have no conception of its meaning. It is a fiction of the dictionary, and, as such, dismissed from their understandings. Others consider it as the opposite of reality. They, too, are in error. For ideality is the very soul of reality. It is reality over and above its low limitations by the senses—reality expanded and perfected. Every object around us is more or less beneath itself, debased by its connections, impaired by its circumstances. It has an idea, shut up in its own bosom, better than its form, aspects, manifestation; and ideality professes to seize this original idea and bring it forth, so that we may see and love the essential spirit of the thing itself.

Is there an ideal of home and domestic life? Yankee-like, we may answer the question by asking another. Has God a purpose of gentle, tender love in home and its offices? If so, then that purpose, defined to the mind and embraced by the heart, is the ideal of home. Let us see how this thought may be elaborated.

You see a bird's nest. Admire as you may the mechanical skill and manifold uses of the simple but perfect contrivance, it is something more to your eye than a little receptacle for eggs and a nursery for young birds. It goes beyond this fact in its impression. You transfer a sentiment—a thought with a feeling—to it. Maternal love, watchfulness and care, music and animated life, are identified with its peaceful shelter under the drooping foliage. But suppose you take a home where kindred hearts are dwelling in serene and growing companionship—a human home with its fireside, table, and altar—there is something more about it than the outside senses report, or the recipient intellect is content to know. The simplest form of consciousness is impelled to superadd other ideas to it. Thoughts as solid as any facts, and feelings thoroughly instinctive, and therefore unquestioned, spring up in its presence. Bare walls smile; the fireside has another warmth than its fire, and the table is spread with a sweeter repast than the body enjoys. Certainly the imagination finds exercise here; and perhaps its earliest sense of something beyond the ordinary routine of mechanical life—of a bliss hidden far below the surface of our being—of a spirit that replenishes the soul out of its vast fullness, springs up at the bidding of this genial sentiment.

The ideality of home is seen in the fact that no true-hearted man ever yet found poet, novelist, philosopher, divine, who could exactly, fully, satisfactorily embody its charm. The songs have no apt syllables, the intellect no complete images to set it forth in its native aspects. Who ever saw his own fireside in print? Who ever beheld his wife and children in literature? Who ever met with his own soul, as that soul throbs and glows at its hearth and altar, in fine essays and brilliant romances? Men of cold temperament, men of social misfortunes may perchance accept these pictures of the imagination, and rest contentedly in them as the elysium of life. But not so those to whom Heaven has opened the mystery of love. The great heart of home is always their own private heart, above and beyond utterance, awaiting no revealer, no seer, no bard. Thanks for this gracious prerogative! The intellect retains its royal dignity here, and the soul is entitled to enjoy this jubilee. We are proud of nothing on this earth except this one thing, viz.: language can not take all our thoughts and make them over by quick title-deeds to this avaricious world. The whole race of poets stand outside of us in this untouched and unapproached heritage of personal glory. Home, wife, children, are ours—in sentiment, in perfected consciousness, in rapture, in exclusive and seclusive meaning ours, such as no genius may hope to speak in words.

But how shall we realize this domestic ideality? The relations of husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, were certainly not meant to be free from the intrusion of disturbing causes. They are human relations, and, as such, subject to the laws and circumstances of human life. But the truth of ideality still holds good; there is room enough in them, with all their earthly liabilities and infirmities, for the inspiration of noble and beautiful sentiments—room enough for a great soul to animate them. If a man or a woman has no other ideas of these ties and their offices than just such as are suggested by observing their outward action; if they see nothing beyond the machinery of household duty and toil, then all ideality is banished from their conceptions. But look deeper: see what heart throbs in those busy hands and active feet; see what a joy beams around the fireside; see what a charm there is in homely service; see how mind and manner are continually working upward toward something above the mere forms and usages of conventional propriety, and replenishing their freshness and vigor out of the deep resources that imagination holds for affection; see this life of love never contented with words or deeds, but still seeking a stronger and more perfect expression, and you have the silent, mighty influence of this domestic ideality. It is idle to suppose that many persons enjoy the serene presence of this ideality with them in their daily being. Great love is almost as rare as great genius. But it is possible in a far higher degree than we generally believe. Sentiment is not designed to dwell by itself, to commune with flowers and rainbows, to waste away in poetic raptures, to float in the clouds as on a bed of sloth. It is the twin-sister of all strong, earnest, profound feeling; and it is God's purpose, by means of elevated sentiment and impassioned feeling, to lift up our earthly relations above the dust and drudgery of a dull existence, and qualify them in this way to prepare us for a still higher companionship in the world above.

Then comes the ministry of sorrow to our homes and hearts, and then the anguish beyond tears, and then the solitary pathos of life as wife and children fall into the grave. How the soul, in these desolate hours, how the soul of every thing has escaped! Not even our prayers and praises are the same. Sublime words, grand images, pathetic passages, seem suddenly and strangely to have lost all their meaning. The heart knows not its own throb, and the pulse in our forehead moves to an alien measure. But better moments come, and then how strong grief makes the soul! Not untinged with selfishness, and yet purged of all its grossness, is the thought that no more remains to be suffered—the cup of life drained to its dregs of the wormwood

and the gall. Thus, by the same means, there comes an end to joy and an end to sorrow; and the spirit, ascending from their experience to God, finds the long-concealed import of earthly love in the hopes and aspirations of its immortal nature.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" comes long before the maples are crimson and the birches yellow. The splendor of the summer is very brief. If it be really hot, July is not over before you may see the leaves slightly shriveling, and the woods have a half crisp, curdled aspect. The intense heat of the year gives a sense of violent and rapid struggle, as if all the natural processes were wonderfully accelerated by an access of fever, and the long cool repose of convalescence follows in the clear, bright autumn days.

The enjoyment of these things is a kind of test of character. If a man found himself ceasing to take pleasure in the moon, and flowers, and children—if the red leaf of the fall gave him the same emotion as the green leaf of the spring—he might well feel that he was old and his heart worn out.

The finest sight is the autumn of age, like that of the year. Some men shrivel and dry up as they grow old. Some become coarse, or cynical, or sad. Some, after a noble promise and even a full flowering, ripen no fruit at all, and leave only a few reluctant and blighted results. Some stand covered with "nurly" balls, hard, dry, and useless. Others are stripped and bare. But a genial, golden age has all the qualities of a warm October day. There is soft repose upon the landscape. No harsh winds blow, no sharp chills freeze. The distance on all sides is delicate and lost in luminous haze. Behind, it is romantic and fair; before, it is beautiful and alluring. On all the misty hill-tops visible summer seems to linger. The fields are crimson and yellow with the riches of the orchard; the purple grape glistens kindly, and the golden pumpkin lies comfortably under the stooks of dry corn. In the woods the light winds shake the trees and the dropping nuts patter upon the fallen leaves. Along the road the profuse golden-rod waves its bright spray, and the cool, scentless asters gleam like pallid stars. The heat is so honest that the round earth seems to bask in it with conscious joy. That shining sky hides no lightning. It hangs serenely over, a visible benediction. Night and day the barn doors stand wide open, and the great barn is bursting with its heaped treasures. The wagons come and go, and the beat of the flail begins. Bright and beautiful and abundant is the cheery scene, but there is a pervading sense of accomplishment. The cattle graze in the pastures, and in the meadows where the growth is over. The harvest fields will clearly do no more. The green of June has faded into the russet of October, and even the gorgeous leaves burn, a hectic hue, upon the landscape. The earth has done its work for the year, and there is a feeling of gathering in, of closing the doors, and of going to rest.

When the autumn of a man's life is thus sweet and fruitful and serene, we see how outward nature merely hints and foreshows its master. In great, visible, palpable operations and results, it images the fine and unmarked processes that go on in man. And yet, by its unfailing method, its annual return, the regular spring and bud and flower and fruit, it is a ceaseless, silent monitor. Measured by our own lives how touching the fidelity of the year! Who is not rebuked by the honest apple-tree in his own garden? The plums are more like us. They are almost infallibly stung by the curculio. But how many a man who fights the curculio with all his fortune is himself stung all over by selfishness and pride! We might well be ashamed to walk in the woods. The mute obedience of the trees ought to be too impressive for us. Yes, in the long autumn nights they wrestle and roar. Their mighty voice thunders out and smites the heart of the awakening sleeper. But will you claim that it is their protest against the inevitable law, that they too are rebellious and forgetful and disdainful as we are? It seems to me only piercingly sad in its wildest tumult. It is the blind king feeling for his peers and crying out when he does not find them. "Lords of the world," shout the autumn woods, tossing their branches and groping blindly in the air—"men and women who are the latest born, the Benjamins of Heaven, who are set over us to subdue and govern, ye alone, in all the wide creation, are false and heedless! What man of you all is as true and noble for a man as the oak upon your hill-top for an oak? The oak obeys every law, regularly increases and develops, stretches its shady arms of blessing, proudly wears its leafy coronal, and drops abundant acorns for future oaks as faithful; but who of ye all does not violate the law of your life—so that we, if we followed you, would be so death-struck with dry-rot that the trees would fail upon every hand and the earth become a desert!"

So wail and roar the storm-swept autumn woods. In the late October nights you may awaken, when the world is lost in the mystery of darkness, and hear that appealing cry. Time and civilization have slain the dryads and the sweet sylvan populace, as Herod slew the innocents. But although common-sense has buried them the imagination will not let them die. They survive in other forms, and with other voices they speak to us—not as the spirits of the trees, but as their conscious life, they yet whisper, and our hearts listen. Let the hickories and pine-trees preach to us a little in these warm October afternoons. A stately elm is the archbishop of my green diocese. In full canonicals he stands sublime. His flowing robes fill the blithe air with sacred grace. The light west winds and watery south are his fresh young deacons, his ecclesiastical aids-de-camp. He rules the landscape round. And I—this penitent old Easy Chair—attend devoutly when I hear the eloquent rustling of his voice—as the neighbors of Saint George Herbert, of Bemerton, used to stop their plows in the furrow and bow, with uncovered head, while the sound of his chapel-bell tinkled in the air.

I SAW the *Great Eastern* sail away. The afternoon was exquisite—one of the cool, clear, perfect days that followed the storm in the middle of August; and it seemed to hang over the great ship like a cordial smile. But it was the only smile the poor Leviathan received. There was a Christian resignation in her departure. The big ship, like Falstaff, "'a made a finer end and went away, an it had been any christom child: 'a parted even just between" four and five, "ev'n at turning o' the tide." But as when a prince is born, and the bells are rung, and the cannon fired, and the city is illuminated, and with music and shouting the people swarm the streets—and when the same prince, grown to be a bad king and tyrant, dies, outcast and contemned,

with never a tear to fall nor a bell to toll for him—even such was the coming and the going of the *Great Eastern*.

I remember also the June afternoon when she arrived, and at the same hour. The city was excited as London used to be by the news of a famous victory. It was reported early in the morning that she was below, and public expectation, which had been feeding upon print and picture of her, was dispatching the population to the Battery, to the wharves, to the excursion boats, and wherever she could be seen. At four o'clock you could see, off Staten Island, a pyramid of towering masts above all other masts. She looked a mighty admiral; and as she came up the bay, attended by the little boats—for all other craft are little beside her—you could easily remember the approach of Columbus to the shore and the canoes of curious savages that darted and swarmed around his ship. Her very size gave her a kind of superiority: the silence of her progress was full of majesty.

The shores teemed with people. The heights of Staten Island twinkled and fluttered with the gay toilets of the spectators that covered them. The Jersey shores were alive. The Battery looked white with human faces. The piers upon the river, the decks of vessels in the stream, and the windows and roofs of the buildings that commanded the water, were crowded with eager watchers. But the prettiest sight was the convoy of every kind that attended the surprising guest. Yachts, sloops, schooners, steamers, and tow-boats, large and small, moved down toward her, came out from the shore, sailed round her, sailed beside her, crossed her bows, followed her, so that the bay was bewitched with excitement. Cannon roared, bells rang, flags waved, and the crowds huzzaed welcome.

Through all the great ship glided majestically on. In response to each fresh salute of steam-whistle the bell was touched upon the deck—it was like the quiet nod or smile of a prince in reply to the noisy complimenting of a Common Council. There was an air of dignity and of grandeur in the size and movement of the ship; and as the public was not disappointed in her size, but found that she really looked as large as she had been described and represented; and as every circumstance of her arrival was propitious, so that she slipped quietly into her dock, like a ferry-boat—it may fairly be claimed that the *Great Eastern* had already won the hearty regard of the New York public.

How she lost it—is it not all related in indignant reports, and letters, and caricatures? How she dared to charge a dollar for admission—how hapless sailors lost their lives—how she went to Cape May—and there black night rushes down upon the tale. After a visit of forty-nine days, in which she had unhappily, but too surely, worn out her welcome, she prepares to depart. But at the last moment petty suits almost detain her. She shakes them off, however, and with them the cables that bound her to our shore. She slips into the stream. She promptly points her head down the bay. It is a lovely afternoon—it is the same river full of craft—there are the wharves, the windows, the roofs—but where, oh! where are the people? She fires her departing gun. A few loiterers, whom chance or business has called to the water-side, look up for a moment as she goes by. Idle boys upon the wharves joke and jeer at her. Where are the wolves, naughty boys? How dare you cry baldhead? Every thing in the river and the city slouches in the everyday costume of habit. There are no gala garments, no fluttering flags, and merry bells, and booming guns, and cheering crowds. The *Great Eastern* is going away—who cares? She will never come back—so much the better! Alas! the poor old King of yesterday is dying, and there is no one to close his eyes. No; the courtiers are booted and spurred to dash away the moment the breath is out of his body, and salute the young Prince, the next Sensation, who shall rule the realm for a day.

When she came in I saw her come up the bay. I saw her come down as she departed. In the distance, blending with the spires of the city and the lesser masts, there was the towering cluster rising above all. I listened for the guns. I looked for the attendant craft. There were neither, except a brief salute from the Cunarder in port. But the bay of New York will be watched for many a year before so grand and stately a sight will be seen again as the great ship making her way through the Narrows to the sea. When she entered the bay she seemed majestic and conciliatory; as she left it, she was majestic and disdainful. Yet this was only the impression of a moment and of the distance. As she neared the forts at the Narrows entirely alone, with no accompanying steam or sail vessel, with all the hard luck of her life behind her and following her even to the latest hour of her stay in America, with the fact that she had utterly lost all hold upon public interest made glaringly palpable by the absolute loneliness of her departure, she yet fired a proud salute as she swept out of the upper bay—a stern farewell that echoed coldly from unanswering shores—and with the stars and stripes floating at her peak, magnificent and majestic, the *Great Eastern* departed.

Gradually, as she passed far down the lower bay, she returned into the same hazy vastness that I remembered when I first saw her—in which, in the memories of all who saw her, she will forever remain.

Mr. Thackeray, the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, evidently finds his chair to be not altogether an easy one. The jealousy of literary cliques in London is so bitter that a leader in any of them must expect rough handling from the others, and take it as smilingly as he can. But despite his most heroic intentions, Mr. Editor Thackeray finds it very hard even to seem good-natured and unruffled under such aspersions as have been lately made. Fancy a man of delicate feelings—a gentleman, in short—publicly accused of offensively "chaffing" a friend at his own table, and that friend the person to whom the gentleman owed a most lucrative position!

This is the unpleasant situation into which the editor has been thrust. Indeed, the tenor of many of the London notices of the *Cornhill Magazine* and its management are full of a personal and private ill-feeling which are almost totally unknown in the literary criticism of this country. The beloved John Bull may be excellent at a prize-fight, and in the fine old manly sports of running in sacks, climbing greased poles, and grinning through horse-collars; but he should not undertake to teach the world good manners. We can only teach what we know; and when mankind go to elephants for grace they will repair to the wooden-walled island for politeness.

John Bull is very fond of sniffing at his lank cousin for talking about the private history of public men—prying into their bathing-tubs and counting the moles upon their necks. But after all, what

soil is it that grows toads? Where is Jeames immortal? Where, oh where, did Jenkins first breathe the air of heaven and the court? Whence came the portraits of sham, and flunky, and snob? The excellent Bull sat for the likeness of all three.

The American scribbler often enough remarks, in his letters from the great cities or watering-places: "I met my friend Bryant, the poet, yesterday. He is as hearty as a man of thirty;" or, "Bancroft and I rode in the Central Park yesterday afternoon;" or, "Longfellow is very urgent that I should pass a few days with Hawthorne." These harmless things are said and nobody is hit. But the peculiar garbage of gossip which drops sometimes, and not infrequently, from the pen of the embittered Bull is rarely found in corresponding places among us. The Easy Chair is by no means a believer in his country, right or wrong. A bully doesn't mend matters by being a fool. But when we love truly we love discriminatingly, and there is no need of claiming or renouncing every thing through morbid pride or equally morbid humility.

As the editor of the *Cornhill* says, authors are legitimate subjects of public notice and criticism only as writers of books, not as men. A critic has no more right to retail scandal in print about Bryant, or Motley, or Hawthorne, because they have published books, than he has to tell mean stories in the papers about dry-goods jobbers in Broadway, or wholesale grocers on Front Street, who have not published books. Pitch into the book, if you will, and welcome. Cut and thrust; slash and dash; lay it all out in mince-meat. But don't say, "And besides having written a stupid book, this man changes his shirt only three times a week; and, dining with his publisher the other day, he spat out the mutton upon the carpet, and said, in an under-voice, to his neighbor (the well-known poet, Elkanah Settle) that the meat was like the host—past its prime."

That is not criticism—it is only filth. It is something in which gentlemen do not deal. It is something that only spite, and prejudice, and hatred would prompt one man to publish about another. Why, good Sir, is it not enough to have written a stupid book? To be laughed at as a literary oaf? To have the papers and reviews saying that you are sadly falling off—quite run out, in fact? To be spoken of as *Blackwood* speaks of Dickens, or the *Saturday Review* of Thackeray?

In addition to this, must all other offenses which are not dependent upon your literary vocation—meannesses of which you might have been guilty if, instead of writing books, you did a great trade in dry or wet goods—must all these be raked out, and set to fatten a prurient public curiosity? The editor of the *Cornhill* protests vehemently against such a proceeding. Who doesn't? Who for a moment would try to justify it? Who does not know that the public has no more right to be treated to a view of Tennyson's dressing-room than to the garret of the under-porter of the Bank of England? If you don't like his poetry, say that you think it is poor stuff; but don't nudge the public with your elbow, and whisper in print that he has holes in his stockings.

The "Personal" column in our papers, I am told, is the most eagerly sought and read of any part of the sheet. It is very likely. But what then? Merely that, knowing this fact, the character of the column shows the character of the man who prepares it. There is a natural curiosity about the personality of famous men; and there is no harm done in saying that Bulwer has gone to Paris, and that Dickens is shooting in Scotland. But there the right of the public in the personality of those gentlemen ceases. Whoever intrudes further, and reports their private sayings and doings, whether they are good or bad, is a vulgar twaddler, and will be so accounted among decent people.

It is a line easily enough drawn and observed by a true sense of honor. A good joke, a *bon mot*, an honest opinion not involving personality, are always pleasant to hear, and nobody, when he has said any thing of the kind, is sorry to have it repeated. Nor would I for a moment forget the heavy responsibility of a correspondent. "Be spicy—without malice, if you can—but be spicy," seems to be his tacit instruction. One of our own noted *littérateurs* once said to me, "The public want personalities. If you would please them, *voila!*" And when a man who has to make up a weekly letter hears a fresh dart of hot scandal hissing through the air he breathes, he must be a brave fellow not to catch it, fold it up in his missive, and so hurl it at the victim as many times as he has number of readers. It is hard not to do it. But he *is* a brave if he refrains.

Think of it a moment longer, Mr. Correspondent. What do *you* gain, the actual pay apart, for serving up the scandal that floats like scum upon the surface of society? The public will read it. Do you think the public respects you for writing it? Do you not know that "newspaper men" have come to be considered dangerous men in society. Gentlemen of the press are mentioned with the same lurking sarcasm that gentlemen of the road used to be. The "power of the press" is a very curious power when you analyze it. It is a mere terror often—a horror of publicity that leads men to propitiate it. Or it is a simple system of black-mail.

For the honor of the guild—for the fair name of literature—let us have done with peeping through keyholes and listening at cracks. Pandering is pandering still, whatever you call it. It is not all equally bad, certainly. But have you ever been at the Café Europa in Naples at nightfall? Do you remember some of the people that haunt its purlieus? What do you think of having such a class in literature? Yes, good Heavens! but what do you think of *being* one of them?

THE Prince of Wales will have come when you read this—and he may have gone. At the frontier he is to drop his royalty, and rise Baron Renfrew. What a sudden and remarkable change he will observe, from the wild enthusiasm of loyalty which has lighted his Canada journey to the cool curiosity of the American people! It is very likely that the young man will prefer the enthusiasm. Most of us would.

But the pageant of a princeship is not without its sober side. The sea-monsters in the old fables used to consume virgins who were tied to pitiless rocks. It was a state sacrifice. It purchased peace. And is not a constitutional king or queen the victim of a similar sacrifice? What is the King of England but a state-puppet? He is the visible head of the empire—not as Albert Edward Guelph, or whatever his name may be—but as an official personage, as King. The loyalty of the people is not to him personally—it is only to the idea which he represents. Do you suppose Walter Scott could have had any *personal* loyalty to that "swell" George Fourth? Yet he begged to preserve the glass out of which his sacred

Majesty had drunk the punch in Edinburgh. That big, ignorant, vain man was simply a symbol; and it was the symbol Sir Walter honored. "God save the King!" doesn't mean God save this or that fat or lean dullard. It means only, may he preserve the system of which that fat man happens to be a representative.

There is the sting of it. How often a quiet, thoughtful man, who wears a constitutional crown, must reflect ruefully upon the absurdity of his position! Nominally a ruler of men, he has no more power than any one of his subjects. They bow before him. They dress old gentlemen in extraordinary costumes, and make them walk backward before him, and carry huge swords and gold-headed sticks. They give enormous sums of money to support a vast establishment, in many splendid houses, with splendor of retinue and service. They kiss his hands. They fall upon their knees. They call him Defender of the Faith, High and Mighty; and all the larger superlatives are paraded in his honor. Yes, and in China they call him the brother of the sun and moon, and great-grandfather of the fixed stars.

But for all the fine adjectives, and houses, and servants, and genuflexions, the quiet, thoughtful man knows that he is virtually a Grand Lama. If he be a kind, wise, and good man, he has the respect which such qualities always command. If he be a foolish and bad man, then the ceremony of adulation is only the more absurd and transparent. What faith, for instance, did the man known as George Fourth defend? Think of his being the Head of a Church! The head of a Church of which Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, and George Herbert were devout members!

Now the King is chief of the state in the same way that he is Head of the Church. His position is the nearest annihilation of personality possible. He can do nothing but follow. If he try to lead by his own will, he is instantly checked by the constitution and the Parliament. The state keeps him because its imagination is not lofty—because it must have a visible personification of Law. It worships its own power in the puppet it adorns. To fight for his king and country is the patriot's way of saying that he fights for his country and its laws and system.

The truth is, that with the progress of civilization the world has outgrown kings. He was a king whose will was law; who did what he would, and it seemed right to others; or who chastised others into silence and acquiescence if they differed. Louis Napoleon is king to-day because he renounces the original royal prerogative of a despotic will. That is, he sits securely upon his throne and makes himself the ruler of France because he conforms his own wishes to what he knows to be the wish of the people. Genghis Khan did not care about the wishes of the Tartars. They wished what he did. There is no divinity hedging Louis Napoleon. He is only a man of great political genius maintaining a splendid post by commanding skill.

So you see, my dear young Gunnybags, that it is not all happiness to a thoughtful man to be public property. Who wants to be valuable for something else than himself? You, for instance, are sought because Solomon Gunnybags, your father, is a very rich man, and money is power. Suppose he were to lose every penny to-morrow, do you suppose that your society would be so desirable as you secretly feel it to be now? Certainly not. You would no longer represent power; you would merely stand for S. Gunnybags, Jun.—a very different thing. Do you suppose that sensible young men who are also princes and kings never have the same thought? Why, you remember Stella, whom you met at Newport this summer, how worshiped she was—how she held her court in the parlor—how she dashed across the beach girdled by an eager crowd of cavaliers—how she entered the ball-room hidden among her strings of bouquets—how every motion and look were watched, and the great world seemed to pause to look at her and smile. You remember it well, I think, dear Gunnybags, Jun.; and for how many of those bouquets did S. G., Esq., pay?

Yet you know she was not handsome; she was not graceful; she was not distinguished in any way. She was not especially clever, or amiable, or agreeable. Yet her whole summer, so to speak, was padded with soft velvet. And she was not deceived. She was young and well; she had high spirits and a strong constitution; and she enjoyed the festival and the excitement. And yet I have known her to steal off to her chamber when all was over, and sit with streaming hair among the piles of flowers, the cards, the notes, the signs of homage, and feel, with a chill at the heart, that all this worship was not to her, but to her wealth. The story is old enough. Do you love me for myself?

Do you suppose the King never looks at his crown as Stella in her chamber looks at her flowers?

In this country of newspapers and morality we are constantly troubled to know what ought to be published in a paper, to define the precise line where propriety ends and immorality begins.

If a publisher should issue an obscene work, and plead in justification that he was only a merchant who must make his living like other men, he would still be scouted by all decent and honest people. Trade is a good thing, making a living is a very good thing, but trade in the virtue of women is not good, and making your living by pandering to the low passions of others is very bad.

The daily newspaper is published primarily for the pecuniary benefit of the owners. If it does not pay, after a certain time it stops. It professes to give the news and to comment upon it. But unhappily every kind of crime, in many aspects, becomes matter of news. Prize-fights, scenes in gambling-houses, crimes in brothels; they may all suddenly become the topic of universal conversation and attention. The paper has contracted with the public to furnish a current history of public interests, can it avoid mentioning these things?

Clearly, any sheet which should omit all allusion to topics of current interest is not a newspaper, although it may supply very agreeable reading. But in giving the news the line of honor and decency seems to be plainly marked. In the case of every crime, for instance, there is a natural and proper curiosity and a prurient curiosity; and every report of it which panders to the last is unquestionably a public offense. It may pay: so do houses of prostitution. There is no more doleful reading than the facetious reports of the daily trials in the police courts.

But the case is not always so simple as this. Any honorable editor would doubtless say, "If I can not make my paper spicy without obscenity or indiscriminate persiflage, I will give it up. It may be profitable, but so it might be to sell rum at the corner." But the same editor will be often called upon to exercise his discretion and to choose between

evils. For instance, we will say that there is a bloody prize-fight in England in which one of the fighters is killed. An account of it is prepared by the survivor, in which he defends the disgusting business by a specious eloquence. Now what does experience teach the editor? Does he not know, what every body in the country knows, that in response to the public curiosity upon this side, every possible account and detail of the fight will be printed in all the papers? Is he not as sure as he can be of the sun's rising in the morning, that the defense and story of the prize-fighter will be spread wide before the public? Will not the same experience and common-sense teach him that it is most desirable, in the interests of good order and general morality, that the defense should be simultaneously and conclusively answered?

Certainly, under such circumstances, knowing that the story will be published, and so mentioned as to make it a hundred-fold more poisonous, it is the duty of an editor, since he can not suppress its publication, to take the bull by the horns, and, if possible, publish the defense before any other paper, and take care to show its dangers in detail. He ought to do this the more that the very fact of his prior publication of it may tend to exclude it from rival papers. Of course if it had that effect those papers would be very likely to say that upon no consideration would they have inserted it, but men and papers must be measured by their antecedents not by their protestations. And again, if a rival refuses to insert the story of the fight in order that it may brand the publishing paper as a pander to low tastes, that very exclusion serves the cause of decency, for the story is then seen only with the exposure of its craft.

Nor does this principle cover the publication of every foul thing that may be written. It is not true that it justifies reprinting all kind of nastiness, that would not otherwise be known, if you only say that it is nasty. For the very ground of publication is that it is sure to be known. Except for that certainty there would be no excuse for its reproduction. Suppose—it is only to test the argument—that you were the editor of a daily newspaper, and you knew that, for some reason not worth fancying, your contemporaries were going to publish a version of some prurient poem of old Ovid; do you act more wisely for the public morality by waiting until it has been published by them, either without comment or a kind of comment whose influence will be kin to that of the poem, or by boldly printing the poem and exposing its character?

At least, it is a question; and a man may fairly decide to do the latter without being honestly reproached as a licentious man. It is a question of common-sense.

Nor can it be said that an editor might as well tell us all that happens every day and night in every infamous place—because those scenes, until they are made conspicuous by some especial reason, are not news. Fights between bullies are matters of every moment in the grog-shops. Was the fight at Farnborough between Sayers and Heenan therefore not a matter of news which any decent paper ought to publish? It was only a fight, and there were fights all the time every where in England and America of which no notice was taken. But this fight, for various reasons, excited universal public attention. It was unavoidable news—and therefore the wisest plan for a decent paper was to publish an account which was likely to satisfy the reader, and comment in a way to satisfy common humanity. Such a course tends to destroy the taste which makes public prize-fights matters of news. But to ignore them has no such effect, and to criticise the accounts without publishing them simply sends the public to find them in other papers.

In the August number of the Magazine the good manners of Baltimore were called in question upon the ground that some rowdies smashed the hats of the Japanese Embassadors over their eyes. One of the papers of the Monumental City indignantly retorts that "the berth of an editor of that Magazine must indeed be an 'easy' one, if he is at liberty to publish every unfounded statement he hears, without troubling himself to investigate it." The editor of a daily newspaper, who, of course, never publishes any thing which is matter of common report, without personal investigation, makes such a remark with peculiar grace—and the Easy Chair is duly reproved.

But while it strips for punishment, it respectfully suggests that there was, *prima facie*, no strain of the imagination in the supposition that rowdies were known in Baltimore. They have certainly been mentioned in connection with that city. Nor is there any thing in the character and antecedents of the rowdy, whether in Baltimore or New York, inconsistent with the probability of his smashing the embassadorial hat upon any fit opportunity. Moreover, it was the unanimous report of the New York papers (mere jealousy, as is now made evident) that the behavior of the roughs and the kosmosses of Baltimore toward the Japanese was not coldly distant; and as the Easy Chair chats about the current talk and topic of the moment, it listened to the story, and was betrayed into believing a newspaper. It now humbly begs pardon of the Baltimore *Exchange* for so doing. But still, another time, don't be so savage. Go along with your "baseless fabrications." It seems Baltimore has purged itself of its old fame—but how are we all to know it at once? And you know, as well as every body, that the City of Monuments has not been famous for good order.

That is all. The Easy Chair is upon its knees, and you ought to be satisfied. The Easy Chair penitentially holds up the following letter, and you ought to be appeased:

"As a Baltimorian, and one who took an active part in that local *revolution* which redeemed the Monumental City from 'Club' rule, and has made its police models for imitation, and its good order *at least* as conspicuous as were its late lawlessness—which is saying more than you are probably aware of—I had intended writing to you on the subject mentioned in the inclosed slip from the *Exchange* daily newspaper.

"Knowing what I say, I assert positively that there is not only no truth in the allegation, but that there never occurred any thing which, to a truthful man, could give the slightest foundation for such a statement. T. J. F."

Our Foreign Bureau.

WE are not tied to Paris either for news or outlook: ours is a bureau *ambulant*. We have a mind, perhaps, to sift our journals upon the other side of the channel; we have a mind, perhaps, to ward off the fierce heats of August under the shades of Derbyshire.

A swift run through Lille, and through scores of

gray villages that lie stretched on the northern plains of France; a swift receding view of poplars, pollards, people in sabots; a bustling shore town, with rocking boats and clumsy-waisted fish-women; a pitching sea, and a snug steamer that plunges madly into great clouds of spray; a yearning outlook for the chalk shores, which, when seen, are buried in mist and fog; sharp "Yes-sirs," and "This way, Sir," and "Directly, Sir;" clean sheets, and high-posted beds, and big ewers of water; clamorous, fathomless London; swift hurtling over long lines of bridges—through tunnels; emerald bits of lawn and graceful roads—all these seem to pass dreamily through our thoughts before we fairly settle into our chair in the old Royal Inn of Matlock. Behind us rocks, cliffs, wood-slanted grain-fields, brown thatched houses—hemming us so swiftly and closely that a musket-shot would reach the horizon. Before us a deep valley, in whose woody depths we hear a river rustling, and see the dank, mossy roofs of mills; while beyond it the bank is green with close-growing trees, under which trailing paths lead up, three hundred feet or more, to a spot of level ground, where we see plowmen at work, and the clustered chimneys of an English home. To the left, confusion of rounded hills and wooded valleys; to the right, a church, a gorge, through which, and through a wilderness of leaves, a glimpse of distant meadow. At the door, a garden with turf like velvet; a fountain gushing through moss-covered stones from beneath a leaning elm; geraniums holding their crimson candelabra of bloom out of flaming beds of verbena. For sounds, a flail yonder on the hill; a softened clamor from the valley mills; the click of a stone-breaker's hammer; a murmur of Derwent water.

Could there be a quieter spot from which to take our month's look at the world?

Around us people are talking of the strange child-murder at Frome. Frome is a market town in Somersetshire; near it is the village of Road, and in Road lives the family of a Mr. Kent, consisting of wife and two children, besides four children by a former wife. The younger children, a girl and little boy of three years old, slept in a chamber adjoining that of the parents, with the nursery maid. Miss Constance Kent, just sixteen, slept in a room by herself; William Kent, something younger, occupied a chamber near by; the two eldest (girls) had a room together. On the 29th of June last the youngest boy, Francis Saville Kent, was put into his cot in the nurse's room, as usual. When the nurse retired the little child was asleep; the door being ajar, and the inner door, which led to the chamber of Mr. and Mrs. Kent, being also ajar. At five, or thereabout, the nursery maid woke, and observed that the boy was missing; but presuming that Mrs. Kent had taken him to her own room, she fell asleep again, and did not wake till seven. She dressed the other children, without inquiring after the boy—observing only that the coverlet was neatly folded down over the foot of the cot.

But Mrs. Kent has not seen the boy; knew nothing of him. Immediately there is great alarm. Mr. Kent, after hastily looking about the house, which he finds undisturbed, save that the parlor window (which was fastened every night) is half-open, sets off for Frome, in pursuit of the police, believing that the child is stolen. He says as much to two neighbors on the way, who presently come over to the home of the Kents, and, after long search, finally find the body of the poor boy, wrapped in his blanket, and with his throat cut from ear to ear. To reach the out-house from the dwelling at night would involve intimate knowledge of the grounds, as the path led through dense shrubbery. Moreover, a watch-dog was set loose every night to guard the premises: no one had heard the bark of the dog, and he appeared as usual on the morning succeeding the murder.

All the knives of the house were found in their places, and on submitting them to examination with a microscope, showed no traces of blood. Two additional servants in the house, who slept in one room, had heard no unusual noise.

An experienced detective came down from London and took up his quarters at the house; he very soon came to the conclusion that no one but an inmate could be guilty. A night-dress of Miss Constance Kent was found to be missing: on the strength of this circumstance only she was taken before a magistrate and examined. The servants, without exception, testified to uniform kindness on her part toward the murdered boy. A school-mate of the accused gave testimony to the effect that Constance Kent had often complained of the partiality of the father for his younger children, and in a laughing way had hoped she could be rid of them.

She was honorably discharged; her lawyer expressing great indignation at the course which the detective had seen fit to pursue. As yet there is no clew to the mystery.

Can it be worth while to tell American readers of the misfortunes of Lord William Osborne? A lord only by courtesy, though second son of the Duke of Leeds, and now in a British jail for debt. Educated at a school instituted for the benefit of the sons of poor clergymen, he received the munificent allowance from his Ducal father of £12 a year. At twenty-one the £12 were made £100, and upon this Lord William Osborne has worried on through four years of a wild and recreant life, until at twenty-five he finds himself in a debtor's jail. Like all embarrassed men, he had a *Fidus Achates* in the person of a Mr. Headley, whose sister he ultimately married. Lord William stated to the Judge that his only prospect of paying his debts was that which every son of a Duke has, and Mr. Headley's only prospect seems to have been that which every brother-in-law of a lord has. With these problematic assets the firm of "Osborne and Headley" managed to struggle on for nine long years. There was a party called "Cohen," an old-clothesman of Jewish extraction, who knew a party by the name of "Laxton," or "Woolly Laxton," as his intimates termed him, a dog-fancier, and these parties had between them an "unknown friend," who acted as banker to the firm. It is the old story, which has been told a hundred times. There was a bill of £20 signed by the lord and his brother-in-law, for which they each received in cash the sum of 50*s*., and then there was a renewed bill for £25 to cover expenses, and so on, with writs, and protests, and loans, and advances on account, and blank acceptances, and exchanged checks, and pre-dated receipts, and the whole devil's machinery, till at last the usual result came, and the insolvent was utterly unable to tell what he had received or what he had repaid, beyond the broad general fact that he had got very little and paid a great deal, and owed a great deal more still. Then there was jewelry purchased and never paid for, and disposed of somehow to raise money, and watches

pawned, and moneys borrowed from hostlers and dog-keepers and tailors, and petty basenesses without end. Then, too, there is a mysterious connection between the young nobleman and a certain London tailoring firm, also apparently of Jewish parentage, who, strange to say, do not oppose at the examination. This confiding firm used to honor Lord William's orders for clothes for himself and friends. The clothes thus obtained were apparently sold to "Laxton," a stranger still, the orders were handed to Cohen, who gave the nobleman ten shillings, or even a sovereign at a time, for the trouble. Yet somehow the firm in London seem to have found their account in the transactions.

For all this sin and shame and wretchedness, what is it that the unhappy lord has to show? The only feats of daring or claims to distinction recorded of him in his trials are, that he used to give sumptuous breakfasts, at which "Woolly Laxton" was a frequent guest; that he was seen drunk in Norfolk Street, Cambridge, with two ladies, about whose character, considering our recollection of the locality, there can be little doubt; and that he once drove a four-in-hand to Newmarket. His final crash has not even the grandeur of a great ruin. The total of his debts is only a little over £1000. His whole receipts for the nine years are another £1000, and his largest creditor is only a £300 man. Whereupon that good radical paper, the *Leader*, says: "If a lord can do no grander things than this by nine years or more of paltry roguery, he had better be an honest man."

The story counts little better for the Duke of Leeds than for the son.

It is not the least merit of a country inn that one happens there upon old papers religiously preserved which, otherwheres, pass into the waste-basket and away. Thus we come now upon some long reports of the meeting of the British Association which was held as long ago as June, Lord Wrottesley presiding and giving an elaborate opening address.

The Darwin theory comes in for a large share of the talk; and among the titles of the papers read we notice this by Dr. Draper of New York: "On the Intellectual Development of Europe, considered with reference to the views of Mr. Darwin and others, that the progression of organisms is determined by law."

Among others who opposed the new "species" theory stoutly was the Bishop of Oxford. Professor Huxley had appeared to indorse a view that man might by successive stages of development be provably descended from an ape, and the bishop rallied the Professor on his hypothetical paternity, and put to him whether he would be content to be reduced to such a pedigree; to which the Professor, blandly smiling, said, "If it were a matter to me of choice that I should accept as my father a person whose vast abilities and large eloquence were devoted to the casting ridicule on the patient and conscientious students of science, and of perversely distorting their reasoning, I should perhaps prefer the humble ape."

The antiquity of man was a moot question. Some gave him thirteen thousand years, others more or less. A worthy and gallant admiral, who was present at one of these debates—for they were intermittent—after saying, as is the wont of such glorious old warriors, that he would not detain them a minute, fulminated at the scientific men with a pocket Bible in his hand, which, by-the-way, he called his pocket-book; and was not to be put down by Murchison, who, whatever may be his merits, is at least as conscious of them as other people. At last the audience rose *en masse*, and insisted on the gallant admiral stopping, which he did with the air of a martyr, and the satisfaction of an approving conscience.

In the speech of Lord Wrottesley we notice a curious statement made, in connection with the theory of Professor Thomson, who has suggested that the heat and light of the sun may be from time to time replenished by the falling in and absorption of the countless meteors which circulate round it. His lordship mentions this, after descanting upon the accelerated motion of comets on each successive approach to our system—an eccentricity which must eventually bring about a fiery plunge into the sun itself.

"On the 1st of September last," he continues, "at eighteen minutes past 11 A.M., a distinguished astronomer, Mr. Carrington, had directed his telescope to the sun, and was engaged in observing his spots, when suddenly two intensely luminious bodies burst into view on its surface. They moved side by side through a space of about 35,000 miles, first increasing in brightness, then fading away; in five minutes they had vanished. They did not alter the shape of a group of large black spots which lay directly in their paths. Momentary as this remarkable phenomenon was, it was fortunately witnessed and confirmed, as to one of the bright lights, by another observer, Mr. Hodgson, at Highgate, who, by a happy coincidence, had also his telescope directed to the great luminary at the same instant. It may be, therefore, that these two gentlemen have actually witnessed the process of feeding the sun, by the fall of meteoric matter; but however this may be, it is a remarkable circumstance, that the observations at Kew show that on the very day, and at the very hour and minute of this unexpected and curious phenomenon, a moderate but marked magnetic disturbance took place; and a storm or great disturbance of the magnetic elements occurred four hours after midnight, extending to the southern hemisphere."

Again there comes to our eye, under old date, some notice of the "Memorials of Thomas Hood," the work of son and daughter. The American publishers will have given you the book; but if familiar already, your readers will relish again the way in which he filled letters for children. He is writing to "My dear Jeanie:"

"I have heard that you bathe in the sea, which is very refreshing, but it requires care; for if you stay under water too long, you may come up a mermaid, who is only half a lady, with a fish's tail—which she can boil if she likes. You had better try this with your doll, whether it turns her into half a 'doll-fin.'

"I hope you like the sea. I always did when I was a child, which was about two years ago. Sometimes it makes such a fizzing and foaming, I wonder some of our London cheats do not bottle it up and sell it for ginger-pop.

"When the sea is too rough, if you pour the sweet-oil out of the cruet *all over it*, and wait for a calm, it will be quite smooth—much smoother than a dressed salad.

"Some time ago exactly, there used to be, about the part of the coast where you are, large white birds with black-tipped wings, that went flying and screaming over the sea, and now and then plunged

down into the water after a fish. Perhaps they catch their sprats now with nets or hooks and lines. Do you ever see such birds? We used to call them 'gulls'—but they didn't mind it! Do you ever see any boats or vessels? And don't you wish, when you see a ship, that Somebody was a sea-captain instead of a doctor, that he might bring you home a pet lion, or calf elephant, ever so many parrots, or a monkey, from foreign parts? I knew a little girl who was promised a baby whale by her sailor brother, and who *blubbered* because he did not bring it. I suppose there are no whales at Sandgate, but you might find a seal about the beach; or, at least, a stone for one. The sea stones are not pretty when they are dry, but look beautiful when they are wet, and we can *always* keep sucking them!

"If you can find one, pray pick me up a pebble for a seal. I prefer the red sort, like Mrs. Jenkins's brooch and ear-rings, which she calls 'red chamelion.' Well, how happy you must be! Childhood is such a joyous, merry time; and I often wish I was two or three children! But I suppose I can't be; or else I would be Jeanie, and May, and Dunny Elliot. And wouldn't I pull off my three pairs of shoes and socks, and go paddling in the sea up to my six knees! And oh! how I could climb up the downs, and roll down the ups, on my three backs and stomachs! Capital sport, only it wears out the woolens. Which reminds me of the sheep on the downs, and little May, so innocent; I dare say she often crawls about on all-fours, and tries to eat grass like a lamb. Grass isn't nasty; at least not very, if you take care, while you are browsing, not to chump up the dandelions. They are large, yellow star-flowers, and often grow about dairy farms, but give very bad milk!"

After this we broach, here and there, little patriotic tributes to the new military zeal of Englishmen. A grand affair in all the papers has been the Queen's review of 20,000 volunteers in Hyde Park. They came up (some 10,000 of them) by rail, took up their positions without disorder, went into the Park in fairish military costume, performed certain evolutions creditably (as Sir John Burgoyne was overheard to say), and, in consequence, every London paper grows rampant and eloquent in view of the immense military capability of the realm and of British yeomen. In virtue of the volunteers and their strategy, England is made arbiter of the destinies of Europe. Yet she does not threaten (in the papers); she only intimates, with a persistent "point" at the Hyde Park review, that her power is now utterly beyond question: she counts her volunteer display as carrying a serious warning to all bad governors, and ill-doers, and ambitious despots, and glory-loving Frenchmen every where. And in one sense it is: for it offers demonstration of the fact that a free people, with no badge of conscription to wear, can yet march, and countermarch, and present arms, and (if need be) fire—for what they value—any time and in all weathers.

But yet to men living on the Continent it seems tame cause of ovation that ten thousand men should, by dint of arrangement, come up to town—march through it—stack their rifles—go through "creditable" drill, and march out again. It carries no shock to nerves that are used to see fifty thousand men come up on an hour's notice, and pitch their tents, and take quarters like a besieging army. It will take a great number of such volunteer drills to wipe out from the memory of Europe the unburned coffee, and the wretched commissariat, and the dying soldiers of the Crimea.

Punch's pictures of the volunteers carry a good measure of the alarm and consternation which their drill is creating on the Continent of Europe.

A tall man in green spectacles, and a short pluffy one in red whiskers, and a third in yellow gaiters, and a fifth rubicund and heavy as Boniface, are good types of British subjects, and good fellows, and possibly stout walkers, and may be good shots with a rifle; but, after all, they are not the stuff to make Europe quake in virtue of a drill twenty thousand strong (as the good British papers, next day after review, seemed to think they would).

This brings us again to Continental politics.

The Persigny letter of the Emperor has not met with the same success in France as in England. The French, with all their democratic instincts, and their practical method in military, business, and police matters, have yet a high faith in elevated diplomatic courtesies. They do not quite understand how a monarch can tap another sovereign upon the shoulder and talk to him about the interests of a nation, as he would talk of the Goodwood Cup. Least of all do they relish this familiarity of the Emperor toward *perfide Albion;* they count all *bonhomie* wasted in that direction. Again, they ask, what special call is there for these earnest protestations of loyalty and good intention toward those who have so long misconstrued every act and vilified every Imperial declaration? Is France to beg England, with such cordial iteration, to believe her true and honest? Is she to speak apologetically of her determination to avenge the insults to her flag in the East, and the wrongs which her weak Christian brothers are bleeding under to the death?

There can be no manner of doubt that the Emperor has for these five years past done more to humor the good-will of England, and to consolidate the international alliance, than the majority of Frenchmen would have done. These recall now, with some bitterness, how Napoleon yielded largely to the opinions of British ministers in the settlement of the Danubian Principalities; how he gave but a cold welcome to the anti-English projects of M. Lesseps for the piercement of the Isthmus of Suez; how, in the question of refugees, which sprung from the attempted assassination of the Rue Lepelletier, he opposed a conciliatory policy to the fierce invectives of his army; how Aden and Perim passed into British hands, without that earnest protest on his part which Frenchmen were eager to point with a sword; how he listened without a murmur to the loud British abuse of his good friend Spain at the outset of the Morocco war; how he sprung the Cobden treaty upon the unsuspecting manufacturers of France, and yielded his favorite plan of stocking the French tropical colonies with African apprentices to the fulminations of such as Lords Brougham and Shaftesbury. Unquiet and ambitious Frenchmen, of whom so many love war, are asking how far this Imperial condescension is to go. Shall France, with a foot firmly planted on the Syrian shore, making what she counts holy battle for the oppressed and defenseless, measure her crusade, and her mercy, and her glory by the wishes of England?

It is very doubtful. In 1849 it was only to serve as temporary police for the misguided Pope that an army of Republican France crossed the Campagna, and, shooting down certain brother Republicans

more earnest than they, restored the Pope to his place. That French army is still at its post, watching over the last hours of an expiring dynasty. The army that goes to Syria, with far more of hearty French benison than attended the Roman army, may wait yonder to watch the death agony of the great head of Islamism. It seems coming, as surely as the death throes of a Papal temporal power. Rumor says that Pio Nono is at length giving way to despair; the Sultan's turn must come next. In the interval, Christian Europe, in the interests of humanity, carries its guns and standard to Syria; not all the cimeters will cut it down. To say that the heart of France leaps to this Eastern war mission with a crazy fervor is to tell only half the truth: it irks at the courtesy which compels consultation with any other Christian Power whatever; it recalls with vengeful memory the massacre of Djeddah, where, in 1858, the French flag was trailed in the mud under the feet of the unbelievers, and the French consul murdered. There is a wild eagerness to avenge these new wrongs with a swifter justice than overtook Djeddah. The British papers fan the excitement by a quasi defense of the Druses. It is certain, indeed, that the Maronites are not angels, any more than were the barefooted pilgrims who in the old days went to the Holy Sepulchre (junketing by the way), and made such pitiful story of the outrages thrust upon them as to startle all Europe into a crusade. Instead of a Peter the Hermit to tell such story now, the telegraph carries it; and instead of a strong Pope to listen, whose missives would call out armies by thousands, the tale of the Christian woes go to the ear of a weak old man, who trembles lest he be shot down in his own palace. And it is a notable and somewhat sorry fact for our Christian epoch that the monarch who is essentially the leader and the champion of this new crusade is reviled by one Christian nation as an oath-breaker, is feared by another as a covetous man, and is thoroughly hated by the accepted Head of the Church. But still the Maronites may be sure of a strong arm and a clear head in the person of their Imperial defender.

They will need them, sooner or later. The Prussian Press, and the English, talk very sanguinely of the well-appointed army which Fuad Pasha has taken to the punishment of the lawless Druses; but other accounts represent it as ill-fed, ill-paid, and ill-disciplined. At all events, it is Turkish; it can have no sympathies with the wrongs of Christians; there is a vital antagonism between the two faiths, which no discipline or generalship can break down; there is an impassive, traditional, Mussulman pride, glorying in long ascendency, which can not look calmly or complacently upon the growth of a faith which brings civilization in its train—a civilization which abhors and rejects all the rites of Islamism. It is easy to see where the sympathies of a Turkish army will lie, and easy to see that no discipline will overmaster them.

Even the Sultan, in his appeal to the recreant governors of the Syrian cities who have looked tamely on these outrages, does not venture a single expression of sympathy for the victims; he appeals to them only as the supporters of his dynasty and faith, and begs them to enforce a tranquillity without which their danger is imminent.

We give hearty God-speed to the Syrian expedition, and we are glad it is mainly French, because it will carry a passionate fervor to its onslaught upon the Eastern barbarism.

INTEREST in Italian matters and Garibaldi has been almost outmatched latterly by the Syrian imbroglio; yet there they stand (at our writing), the hero of Sicily, cool and defiant, pitted against the fainting Bourbon, and making ready for a dash at the decrepit Pope. No longer a question about Sicily and Sicilians but about Rome and Neapolitans. All Europe looking on with a feverish expectancy—scarce knowing if it will come to a general melée, or if a few sword cuts more of Garibaldi will solve quickly and forever the problem of Italy. England, talking very brave and generous language through Lord John Russell, does nothing; nothing for the Bourbon, nothing for Garibaldi. France is watchful and silent, save so far as she may have dictated the tone of King Emanuel's letter to the Sicilian deliverer; watchful and inactive, and may remain thus, until a liberating Italian army shall march on Rome and challenge the French sentries at the gates. Will the sentries withdraw, or will they stand fire? Cavour knows already; but we do not.

Sardinia waits too with calm; it is a hazardous game that Garibaldi is playing for Italy; it seems doubly so to Sardinia and to statesmen of the stamp of Cavour. A most rare and sagacious minister; but one who by reason of his astuteness and caution can not measure justly the *elan* and fire of Garibaldi. The Sicilian deliverer is leading the passions and the hopes of Italy, while Cavour has led her *thought*. And the plans and purposes of Garibaldi are as much in advance of those of Cavour as passion is always in advance of reflection.

Why not accept and admire them both? History will not forget them if we do.

Austria, too, has a close eye upon the progress of events in the Peninsula. If Naples and Rome open wide doors to an avenging and liberating army, what shall forbid a march through Emilia to the valley of the Po—to Mantua, and Padua, and Venice? The hopes that are half stifled now in Venetia will surely kindle when the Pope is gone, and the King of Naples. If Austria retains Venice and Verona after that day, she must fight for it; and if she sees a fight before her, why not fight at Naples while she can join forces with the Bourbon, and with Lamoricière at Rome? There are Austrian war-vessels lying in the Bay of Naples as we write; but whether they are there to give timely escape to the royal family, or to lend aid against the advance of a liberating army, none of the publicists venture to say. If Austria could be sure of the co-operation of Prussia (and since the interview of the Emperor with the Regent this point is determined either for or against), we believe that Francis-Joseph would strike his first blow in the South. And if so, what of France? And England?

It is clear enough to see where the right lies, and where the victory should rest, and where a brave and a liberal nation should give its weight; if liberality were not so slow, and bravery so weak, oftentimes.

No more hopeful words for Italy come from any quarter than from England; even poor Savage Landor, who so little time ago had the miserable meanness to lampoon a woman with his fierce rhyme, is stirred into these lines of greeting:

"Again her brow Sicania rears
Above the tomb: two thousand years
Have sorely swept her beauteous breast,
And War forbidden her to rest.
Yet War at last becomes her friend,
And cries aloud—

'Thy grief shall end,
Sicania! hear me; rise again;
A houseless hero breaks thy chain.'"

There are Normanbys in England, however, as well as Landors; and incredible as it may seem, the weak and vain old Marquis of Normanby ventured to protest, the other evening in the House of Lords, against any official recognition of Garibaldi or his representatives. And "the British Government," said he, "being on terms of friendly relation with the Government of the King of the Two Sicilies, could not recognize the representative of an adventurer, who by force of arms and the aid of other adventurers had possessed himself of a portion of his Sicilian Majesty's dominions."

Lord Brougham, referring to the term adventurers, said that all such terms and comparisons were invidious. This, however, he would say of Garibaldi, that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand persons in England heartily wished him success. [Cheers.]

The Earl of Ellenborough apprehended that the last official communication from the Neapolitan Government must have been the dispatch of General Lanza announcing the complete defeat of Garibaldi. ["Hear," and a laugh.] As to any person coming over here to represent Garibaldi, he could only say that it would be difficult to find a more truly dignified or worthy person to represent. [Cheers.]

The Marquis of Normanby said that there was little credit to be attached to the accounts which were published on either side in this quarrel, but this much was proved, that not by tens, but by hundreds, persons were assassinated, not only the agents of the police, but women—in one case a woman had been burned alive by persons acting under the authority of Garibaldi. The correspondence published in the French papers of Lyons and Marseilles was perhaps no more worthy of implicit credence than the statements on the other side; but he wished his noble and learned friend would take the trouble of reading the statements on both sides, and also some of his own published opinions on the horrors of revolution, delivered both in that House and in his works.

And then Lord Brougham, fumbling nervously at his bunch of seals, makes retort, which must be tingling even now in the breast of the gallant marquis. "I am very much obliged to my noble friend for volunteering an advertisement without any payment by Mr. Ridgway [his lordship's publisher?]. On the part of Mr. Ridgway I thank my noble friend, as probably he has saved Mr. Ridgway five shillings. [Laughter.] But I do not value to the extent of that sum all the information to which my noble friend refers, and which I have read in the foreign papers. I mean to put a still smaller value on it. I don't value it as much as I do my noble friend's own private correspondence from Florence and Naples. [Loud laughter.] With respect to my opinions upon revolution, delivered either in this House or elsewhere, I maintain every tittle of them."

And so the elegant Marquis of Normanby is indebted to his sneer at Garibaldi for one of the most effective "book notices" which we remember ever to have seen.

It is certainly outside the limits of the Italian question, yet we can not forbear saying that Lord Brougham was far less happy in the observation he took occasion to address to the American minister, Mr. Dallas, apropos of the attendance of an African *savan* at the Statistical Congress. His lordship is reported to have called the attention of Mr. Dallas pointedly and publicly to the fact that a negro was present as member of the Congress, whereat there was some mirth, and, we may easily believe, some wonderment. The act of his lordship appears to us to have been simply and purely an impertinence. If, indeed, Mr. Dallas had shown disrespect for any member of the Congress, whether white or black, he would have laid himself open to rebuke. It does not appear, however, that the American minister did any thing of the sort. His lordship's remark was construed by nine in ten as a reproach to the man who was notoriously the official representative of a country where blacks were held in slavery, and where even free blacks enjoyed less consideration than in almost any other civilized nation. However just a reproach might be on these grounds under other circumstances, it certainly did not belong to Lord Brougham to address it to a member or an invited guest of the Statistical Congress. It smacked not so much of a large charity as of rank discourtesy. It surely could not help or dignify the status of the black member to remind him, even by allusion, of the inferior condition of his race, nor could Lord Brougham contribute greatly to the doing away of whatever unfortunate American prejudices may exist on that subject by flinging an impertinence at the head of the American minister.

The American world will probably before this have seen, in cheap and vastly inferior reprint, the last book of Mr. Ruskin, being the closing one of his magniloquent series entitled "Modern Painters." We say entitled thus, since the title carries no idea of the wayward and eloquent caprices, the subtle analyses, the remote and splendid allusions, the delicate description, the fiery polemics, religious and other, which find place in this extraordinary series of volumes. Suggestive every where, glowing every where, subtle every where; definite and practical scarce any where: growing into added largeness of view as he writes on, by reason of which, as he himself admits, his first opinions have grown false because of their smallness; but yet the added largeness of his view has not the cumulated and organic largeness of a plant that has unfolded from a seed, but rather of some bursting bit of fire-works whose widening blaze knows no law. No more brilliant scintillations of word-craft ever illumined any pages of prose; they gush and flame and consume away, only to give place to new jets of splendor. With too much subtlety to teach, he is too visionary to establish a system, and yet too earnest to be untrue. Not one positive law by which we may judge of Art, and say, this is Mr. Ruskin's law; but yet a world of suggestions, which will make our look on Art the deeper, our love the truer, and our appreciation of artistic work the more acute.

Let us here make special note of one or two brilliancies of Ruskin; as where he talks of the Swiss pine-trees:

"Magnificent! nay, sometimes almost terrible. Other trees, tufting crag or hill, yield to the form and sway of the ground, clothe it with soft compliance, are partly its subjects, partly its flatterers, partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained: nor can I ever, without awe, stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all house or work of men, looking up to its companies of pine as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall in quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one

beside it — upright, fixed, spectral as troops of ghosts standing on the walls of Hades not knowing each other — dumb forever. You can not reach them, can not cry to them; those trees never heard human voice; they are far above all sound but of the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs. All comfortless they stand between the two eternities of the Vacancy and the Rock; yet with such iron will, that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them—fragile, weak, inconsistent, compared to their dark energy of delicate life and monotony of enchanted pride: unnumbered, unconquerable."

Again, these two bits from his chapter (iii.) of the "Bud;"

"Every leaf has assuredly an infant bud to take care of, laid tenderly, as in a cradle, just where the leaf-stalk forms a safe niche between it and the main stem. The child-bud is thus fondly guarded all summer; but its protecting leaf dies in the autumn, and then the boy-bud is put out to rough winter schooling, by which he is prepared for personal entrance into public life in the spring."

The other is at the close of the chapter:

"And thus we have, as the final result of one year's vegetative labor on any single spray, a twisted tower, not similar at any height of its building; or (for, as we shall see presently, it loses in diameter at each bud) a twisted spire, correspondent somewhat in principle to the twisted spire of Dijon, or twisted fountain of Ulm, or twisted shafts of Verona. Bossed as it ascends with living sculpture, chiseled, not by diminution but through increase, it rises by one consistent impulse from its base to its minaret, ready, in spring-time, to throw round it at the crest at once the radiance of fresh youth, and the promise of restoration after that youth has passed away. A marvelous creation—nay, might we not almost say, a marvelous creature—full of prescience in its infancy, foreboding, even in the earliest gladness of its opening to sunshine, the hours of fainting strength and falling leaf, and guarding under the shade of its faithful shields the bud that is its hope through winter's shieldless sleep!"

And yet again this other, of the Swiss pine once more:

"And the one of the three [states] which contains the most touching record of the spiritual power of Swiss religion, in the name of the convent of the 'Hill of Angels,' has, for its own, none but the sweet, childish name of 'Under the Woods.' And indeed you *may* pass *under* them if, leaving the most sacred spot in Swiss history, the Meadow of the Three Fountains, you bid the boatman row southward a little way by the shore of the Bay of Uri. Steepest there on its western side, the walls of the rock ascend to heaven. Far in the blue of evening, like a great cathedral pavement, lies the lake in its darkness; and you may hear the whisper of innumerable falling waters return from the hollows of the cliff, like the voices of a multitude praying under their breath. From time to time the beat of a wave, slow lifted, where the rocks lean over the black depth, dies heavily as the last note of a requiem. Opposite, green with steep grass, and set with chalet villages, the Fron Alp rises in one solemn glow of pastoral light and peace; and above, against the clouds of twilight, ghostly on the gray precipice, stand, myriad by myriad, the shadowy armies of the Unterwalden pine."

Editor's Drawer.

WARM weather is on the wane. The autumn is come, after the finest summer the Drawer has ever known. The Drawer never grumbles, and this year it has had nothing to grumble about. It has been neither too hot nor too cool; too wet nor too dry; flowers and fruits have come in their season; and we have had a good season generally, so that the heart of the Drawer has been glad all the time, and is ready to rejoice with its friends who take things as they come, make the best of every thing, keep a good conscience, and hope on, hope ever. The wisest man who ever lived has said: "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor."

MAKING fun at the expense or with the help of Scripture, is a sin that the clergy are more addicted to than any other class of people. Having the Bible at their tongue's end, they can work it in at any time. A Methodist minister sends us the following illustration:

Our presiding elder, who was holding a meeting without assistance, was overjoyed on Sabbath morning to see Brother King, who is a good preacher, ride up, and at once insisted that he should preach the morning sermon.

"No," says Brother K.; "the people came here to hear you, and would not be satisfied with any sermon I could preach; but if you will notify them of the fact, I will preach to-night."

"I will," answered the elder; "and in order to do so more effectually, I will preach from the text, 'He that cometh after me is greater than I.'"

"Do," says Brother K; "and for my text to-night I will take the passage, 'All that came before me were thieves and robbers.'"

THE OLD CHURCH-BELL.

BY JOHN CALVIN GITCHELL.

It swings and rings, the old church-bell,
Fast for wedding and slow for knell—
Which is the best, can any tell?

Go and ask her for whom a knell
Yesterday morn came from that bell;
Go and ask her if *she* can tell.

She was a year ago made bride;
And he who then stood by her side
As *bridegroom*, mourned not when she died.

It swung and rung, the old church-bell,
Fast for wedding and slow for knell—
Which *was* the best, can *you now tell?*

"LAST winter as I was walking up Washington Street, in Chicago, I observed a small boy, about five years old, riding behind on a loaded sleigh. The driver suddenly turned a corner, which threw the boy upon the icy street. As he stood there crying he attracted the attention of another boy about three inches shorter and one year younger, who exclaimed, 'See that little boy crying!' and going up to him, he said, 'Little boy, you had better go home. You shouldn't catch on behind the sleigh, and then you wouldn't get hurt. Go home to your ma!'"

A LADY in Vermont writes to the Drawer—ladies are fond of good things, why don't they send us more like the following, and better?

"The post-office in our village was kept in the

bar-room of the tavern, a great resort for loungers. An old chap, more remarkable for his coarseness and infidelity than for his good manners, was sitting there one day with a lot of boon companions, when the Methodist minister, a new-comer, entered and asked for his letters.

"Old Swipes spoke up bluntly: 'Are you the Methodist parson just come here to preach?'

"'I am,' pleasantly replied the minister.

"'Well,' said Swipes, 'will you tell me how old the devil is?'

"'*Keep your own family record*,' quickly returned the preacher, and left the house amidst the roars of the company."

At Hainesville, Alabama, during the trial of the great Lucas will case, Hon. H. W. Hilliard, in an eloquent speech for the contestants, compared the vast estate to a stagnant pool, giving off malaria and infecting the moral atmosphere. It had been proved, however, on the trial, that the agreement between the contestants and their lawyers was that the latter should receive *ten per cent.* of what they recovered for the services. In answering Mr. Hilliard, Hon. Sam. F. Rice replied to the "malaria" argument by saying that he supposed, if Mr. Hilliard's side proved successful, "he would come to his clients, holding his nose with one hand and opening a pocket with the other, and request them, as he was very delicate, and fearful of his health, to drop, *very gently*, a little—about *ten per cent.*—of that 'malaria' into that pocket!" This view of the malaria was too much for the jury, court, and spectators.

The following is sent by a constant reader of the Drawer at Tehuantepec city, Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Mexico. The farthest limits of our own country, and the *ultima thule* of the earth, are not too far off for the sweet influences of the Drawer to go and come:

"Squire Joshua Williams was the first Justice of the Peace at the county seat of Carroll County, Mississippi, when the Choctaw Nation became an integral portion of the State of Mississippi, after the treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek in 1833. He was a plain, blunt man, without education, who had squatted near the centre of the county, and was therefore elected a 'Justice,' to settle the innumerable difficulties growing out of the location of roads, erection of mills, the establishment of ferries, etc. The county lines were scarcely defined before Mr. S——, a lawyer from Tennessee, and Mr. K——, a lawyer from Kentucky, settled at the court-house, and were engaged in all the suits in this important Court. The Squire, without any pretension to learning, much less a knowledge of the law, generally rendered very prompt decisions from the bench. At intervals the records were made up by the assistance of some friend who could 'read and write.' A case of considerable consequence, which had involved much discussion between the lawyers, was concluded by the summing up facts by Mr. S——, in an ingenious and imposing manner, '*leaving the Court to draw its own inferences.*' This was the *last say*, and the case seemed hopeless to Mr. K——, who sat near the Squire, who hesitated for a moment, seemed confused, and, turning to Mr. K——, said, 'As you are pert with a pen, will you be good enough to draw up the *inferences* in the case.' Mr. K—— reached to the docket, and entered a judgment for *his* client, which was immediately signed by the Squire, and the Court was adjourned. The Squire was not thereafter troubled to draw his 'own *inferences*.'"

Martin is a Caledonian of dusky hue, like the youth in the "palm-tree," on whom the "Indian sun had been."

O'Conner was saying that a white person is fined fifty dollars for entering a congregation of colored persons in St. Louis.

"No," observed Martin; "for I went into one of them, and I was not fined."

"That might be," retorted O'Conner; "but it doesn't prove my statement incorrect."

We have a little wee bit of a child, four years old and over, who sometimes makes some queer speeches, like a great many others I have heard of. Her mother accidentally hurt one of her eyes and made the tears start. Little Hattie, seeing the tears, ran up to mother, and says, "Ma, can't you cry out of the other eye too?"

A friend in Louisiana, of the legal persuasion, writes on this wise to the Drawer:

"I feel myself indebted to the Drawer in a much larger sum than I am able to pay; but I will try to meet the interest. A man who had never seen the inside of a court-house until he was introduced as a witness in a case pending in one of our District Courts sitting last fall in the northern part of the State, being sworn, took a position with his back to the jury, and began telling his story to the judge. Judge R——n, in his bland and courteous manner, said, 'Address yourself to the jury, Sir.' The man made a short pause; but not comprehending what was said to him, continued his narrative. His Honor was then more explicit, and said to him, 'Speak to the jury, Sir—the men sitting behind you on the benches.' The witness then turned around, and making an awkward bow, said, with great gravity of manner, 'Good-morning, gentlemen!'

"Many years ago a Frenchman named L——r, then living at Alexandria, in this State, took the liberty of switching a mischievous boy who had been annoying him greatly. At the ensuing term of court he was indicted for assault and battery. The fact being fully proved, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. L——r, naturally irascible, and being very indignant at the finding of the jury, exclaimed, as soon as the verdict was read, 'Tis a rascally coort!' Judge O——n promptly and sternly rebuked him for the unbecoming remark. Thereupon the Frenchman, in a very humble manner, looked up to the judge and said, 'Ah! pardon, Monsieur Juge, pardon! Me no speak de juge. Ah! no. Me speak de shury—a rascally shury!'"

A New York city correspondent, evidently one of the city *futhers*, says:

"I am myself so much amused by your monthly reports of the sayings of the 'little folk' that I can not avoid contributing my mite to the general stock.

"A friend of mine has a sweet 'four-year old' who is up to all kinds of mischief. Last summer his little brother was ill with *cholera infantum*, and the doctor prescribed plentiful supply of outdoor air. The fond mother made the infant a new cloak in which to take his daily promenades. One morning, in going out, the collar was dropped, and the four-year old picked it up, and, placing it around his neck, immediately set up a tremendous squalling.

"'Oh, mother, mother!'

"'What's the matter?'

"'Oh, mother, mother! come here! come here!'

"'What *is* the matter, my son?'

"'Oh, you just come here quick, quick!'

"'Why, what is the matter?' and the anxious mother rushes out.

"'Oh, mother! don't you see? I've got the *collar infantum!*'"

An unhappy youth in the east end of Long Island commences a poem to his lady-love in the following promising *strains*, but evidently exhausts himself at the outset, and is unable to proceed:

"TO M——.

"I thought your cheeks were blanch'd to-night
Far whiter than their usu'l tint
(Transparent, fair, as if the light
Of Heaven most pure, were freely sent
To beam from thy soul's mirror).

"O were it true that, fill'd with bliss,
Your heart stood passive while the blood
Eddied round, e'en currentless,
Yet seeming an upheaving flood
To choke thy voice's fountain.—T. S."

Another correspondent sends an Ode to Spring; but we have room for one stanza only:

"Spring has come;
The busy hum
Of Nature's great elysium,
Proclaims that all,
Both great and small,
Are putting on their robes *regal*."

Green Bay, Wisconsin, contributes a few items, as follows:

"At the last term of the Brown County Court one Timothy Sullivan was arraigned on four several indictments for selling whisky to Indians, upon two of which he was convicted. The judge, in sentencing him, after expatiating at length on the enormity of the crime, the heinousness of the offense, and the dreadful example, concluded by giving him the benefit of the extremity of the law, whereupon Timothy arose, and addressed the Court as follows: 'I have to thank yer Honor for yer leniency, is all I've got to say about it.'

"I was one day walking in the suburbs of our city, and saw a man, in a state of intoxication, lying at the foot of a tree. Just above him a little card was tacked, upon which were written the following lines:

"'Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble lot,
And Melancholy marked him for a sot.'

"Not long since I called upon some lady friends of mine, and was ushered into the parlor by the servant girl. She asked what name she should announce, and I, wishing to take them by surprise, replied *Amicus* (a friend). She seemed at first a little puzzled, but quickly regaining her composure, she in the blandest manner possible observed, 'What kind of a *cuss*, Sir?'"

The stories of the sea are not always sailors' yarns spun from the fo'castle, neither are they necessarily fishy, though very apt to border on the wild and marvelous. A foreign correspondent writes of a ludicrous scene on his passage out, and he shall tell his story in his own way:

"A few months since I was a solitary cabin-passenger on a Boston packet bound to *Australia*. In the steerage were some thirty male and female Irish passengers. Among the women was one pre-eminent and prominent—a judge and a jury—making and executing laws, decrees, and proclamations with intelligent egotism worthy of her self-elected and elevated position. In a sudden squall, when the watch below were piped on deck to shorten sail, she had her watch so well drilled that the ship was on a level keel before the men got above. But she was taken down one night so severely she lost heart the rest of the passage, and just escaped the terrors of a settled melancholia in consequence. And now comes the story:

"Our second mate, whose pronunciation of English was decidedly Irish, one midnight, in a howling storm, with stentorian voice ordered the *wheel* to be relieved. *She* had previously resigned herself to the arms of the sleeping god, but this appeal came rolling over water-casks, through ropes and spars, and when it struck her ear had acquired a slight abbreviation, for all she heard was *whale!* She leaped from bunk 'as leaps the live thunder the crags among,' and like Satan calling his 'legions thick' at the top of his voice, roused every sleeping son and daughter of the Emerald Isle in brief but emphatic eloquence. A whale had jumped aboard, and the order was he must be instantly relieved. The cook's galley was broken open—sauce-pans, frying ditto, brooms, billets of wood, belaying pins, and every thing that could be seized in the darkness levied on for war and the relief of his majesty. Departing in a body from steerage and galley, they defiled aft, eyes and ears wide open, and brave as Hercules, when the astonished Captain, who had heard and was alarmed at the mutinous noise, rushed among them, and being ignorant of the real cause, began whaling them *extempore* all round. A night of harmless tragedy and Donnybrook rows followed, with the pipe of peace and explanations, besides many days of fun at the expense of the poor she leviathan, who had to bear the gibes and jokes of the steerage, that to her was 'outrageous fortune' on her 'sea of trouble.' Our Captain, to relieve her, was humane enough to permit her presence on the quarter-deck during the day for the rest of the passage. Pat's wit was too powerful for her nerves; indeed, 'she never smiled' again to my knowledge, and with the setting sun hid her face beneath the blankets, weeping."

The next two come from "out West," and will be followed with more:

"We have occasionally a good thing out West. What do you think of the following?

"Little Edgar F—— is a blue-eyed boy of about three summers. Brought up strictly in the 'Old School,' he is of course familiar with the answers to such questions as: 'Who was the first man?' 'What is the fourth commandment?' 'Who made you?' etc. *Originality*, however, being one of the characteristics of our little friend, he soon grew tired of the orthodox responses. On one occasion, his grandmother having very solemnly asked, 'Who made you, Edgar?' Master E. quickly and rather unexpectedly replied, 'God made me a little, and I growed the rest myself!'

"H. L. S——, who had recently been admitted

to the bar, 'located' in the thriving village of M—— to practice. His clients were generally of the most liberal character, usually managing to retain the lawyer, and then retain the fee—a kind of *double retainer* more popular with the clients than with their attorneys. Now it should be borne in mind that our friend S—— was 'after the straitest sect' a Democrat; and as for 'Popular Sovereignty,' he considered it—when properly applied, and taken in wholesome doses—a perfect panacea for all the evils the 'body politic' is heir to.

"He was on one occasion employed to defend a Dutchman who had been arrested for some slight breach of the law, by no means uncommon in those parts. The trial was before Hans Zimlick, the learned 'J. P.' of that precinct.

"Armed with the 1st volume of 'Purple' and '4th Gilman,' our friend started for the scene of his forensic labors.

"The counsel for the prosecution was Charley Molliter, a German barrister of some local renown, but whose great respect for the Supreme Court had prevented him from *troubling* them for a license. He practiced 'on his own hook,' and boasted that he could do more practice without a license than any other lawyer in the county could with one—not even excepting 'old Shope.'

"The testimony against Brother S——'s client was entirely circumstantial; and as he had two or three witnesses by whom he expected to prove an *alibi*, he felt perfectly sure of his case. Judge of his surprise then, when, upon his offering to introduce three of the most respectable citizens of M—— to prove defendant's absence from the precinct where said crime was alleged to have been committed, to hear Molliter object to witnesses testifying in the case.

"'What is your objection?' demanded S——, turning upon his opponent.

"'Well,' said Charley, 'you see we believes in Popular Sovereignty, and is in favor of regulating our own affairs in our own way; and we won't allow any witnesses from another precinct to come down here and meddle with our affairs by swearin' in our cases!'

"In vain did S—— cite 'Purple' and '4th Gilman;' in vain did he 'lay down the law' to the Court; Popular Sovereignty must be vindicated—and it *was* vindicated, the Court promptly deciding the testimony inadmissible.

"Brother S—— lost his case; and his fee being 'contingent,' he lost that also. He remained a Democrat, but ever afterward, when reading over the Kansas-Nebraska Bill—which he does every Sunday morning—he carefully omits that part which allows the people to 'regulate their own affairs in their own way,' etc."

A CORRESPONDENT sends an old story that is good as new for the moral that runs with it:

"Doctor Chovet, an eminent physician, and celebrated for his wit, was once on his way to visit a patient in the lower part of the city, when he was overtaken by a shower of rain. He stepped into the house of Mr. Davis, a Quaker, with whom he was intimate, and asked him for the loan of his great-coat, umbrellas being at that time almost unknown in Philadelphia. Mr. Davis told him he would lend him it, provided he would agree to one condition.

"'Well,' said the Doctor, 'what is the condition?'

"'Why, Doctor, all that I shall require of *thee* is that thou wilt promise *not to swear* during the time thou hast *my coat on*.'

"'A very hard condition,' replied the Doctor; 'but as I am in a hurry, and do not wish to get wet, I agree to it.'

"The coat was then handed to him; he put it on, and pursued his way to his patient. The next day, when he returned it, he was asked by Mr. Davis—who was as noted for *mendacity* as the Doctor was for *profanity*—whether he had fulfilled the condition.

"'Why, yes,' said the Doctor; 'but I would sooner consent to be wet to the skin than put on a *coat of yours* again; for, during the whole time I *had it on*, I never in all my life felt such a dreadful itch for *lying!*'"

THE Western Justices have been in the Drawer often. Western New York once boasted an Earl, of whom the following story is told:

Some years since, when in New York three Justices (one presiding and two associate) formed the Circuit Court, one Bob Earl was appointed Associate Justice for Genesee County, and owing to the illness of the Presiding Justice, Bob was obliged to give the opinion of the Court. The case was assault and battery—Indian Joe *vs.* White Citizen. Case called, and motion made to quash proceedings, Joe being an Indian. The opinion of the Court was given as follows: "If so be Injuns is folks, the ditement must stand; but if so be Injuns ain't folks, the ditement must squash."

"WHEN I was on board the *Ohio* line-of-battle ship," writes a warm friend of the Drawer, "it was the practice of the surgeon to examine every morning all who were on the sick-list, and this being done, to receive new cases. One morning Pat Mooney presented himself at the sick-bay door.

"'Well, my man,' said old Dr. Williamson, 'what is the matter with you?'

"'Well,' says Pat, 'I don't feel very well this morning, and I thought you might be afther givin' me a dose of salts or pills.'

"'Well, Pat,' says the Doctor, 'I will give you some physic; but I must put you on the sick-list, and stop your grog.'

"Now this stopping of grog Pat was opposed to; so he says: 'Oh! but you see, Doctor, I am not sick enough to go on the list; but I don't feel very good, and sure I thought you might be afther givin' me a dose of salts, and I would go about my work.'

"The Doctor understood Pat's trouble, and told him it was against rules to give a man medicine without putting him on the sick-list. Pat turned, and was walking away, when the Doctor called after him: 'Come back, Pat, and I will give you a dose of salts.' Pat turned and looked at the Doctor for a moment, and exclaimed: 'Be jabbers, Doctor! I'm the last man that'll thrade my grog for salts!'"

WE are in the Courts again. A valued correspondent writes to the Drawer:

"Judge M'Karg, who was more distinguished for his appreciation of the importance which his judicial position gave him, and the high respect that should be accorded to all his opinions as announced from the bench, than for a clear conception of legal principles, or the rules of practice in the Court over which he presided, was one day, during the investigation of a criminal cause, startled by the temerity of the Attorney-General, who excepted to the ruling of the Court upon a point of law that arose during

the investigation of the cause. With increased dignity of tone and manner he asked:

"'Mr. Attorney-General, is the Court to understand you as taking exception to its ruling upon a point of law, Sir?'

"'Certainly, if your Honor please,' said the Attorney-General.

"'Mr. Clerk,' said his Honor, with an air of offended dignity, 'fine the Attorney-General ten dollars. This Court must and shall be respected.'"

"A SCHOOL-GIRL, who heard it herself," writes from Albany, and says:

"Listening the other night to a sermon from a clergyman rather more distinguished for the ebony hue of his countenance than for his oratorical powers, I was very much amused by the following: Disposed to be severe upon his white brethren for their want of respect for colored persons, he said, 'Their slights and their sneers fall as harmless from us as the water does off the back of that animal that stands in the rain first on one foot and then on the other,' leaving his congregation, of course, to puzzle their brains as to the identity of the animal in question, when an old lady directly behind me solved it satisfactorily by whispering, 'It's a goose!'"

"A FRIEND in Kentucky" contributes two stories in part payment of the "huge debt" he owes the Drawer. If all who are indebted to the Drawer would pay up, we should be rich to overflowing:

"When Dan Rice visited Kentucky, a few years since, with his circus troop, he was accompanied, as usual, by confectionery dealers, who displayed their stocks of delectable edibles under small canvases outside the main tent. One morning early Dan arrived at the town of F——, and the candy-men soon had their good things exposed to the crowd of boys who surrounded them, and offered 'great inducements to purchasers.' One big red-headed fellow seemed particularly desirous to outsell his competitors, and cried off his goods in the following manner: 'Here's yer nice cakes, and candies, and iced lemonade! *Ten cents* worth of candy for *a half dime!* This is the place to get the worth of your money,' etc.

"One little fellow, about ten years old, stepped up to the counter and called for ten cents' worth of candy. Having received two 'sticks,' each half as long as his arm, he deposited a fip, and started off.

"'Hello!' cried red-head, 'you didn't give me enough money.'

"'Yes I did,' said the youngster; 'you said you would give *ten* cents worth for *five* cents.' And off trotted the little wag, laughing in his sleeve at having 'sold' the candy-man.

"THERE lived in this county, a few years ago, an Irish woman whom we will call Mrs. Flynn. She was a widow, and had one son called Larry. Mrs. Flynn was the best man of the two, and did the fighting of the family. One day the Sheriff called on her to collect her taxes, and as the old lady was opposed to paying all debts, an altercation ensued, in which Mrs. F. used some very strong language. The Sheriff at last could stand it no longer, and told her if she only wore breeches he would knock her down. Mrs. Flynn ran to the door, and calling to Larry, who was working in the garden, said:

"'Larry, ye divil! come here and give me your breeches. He sha'n't have any excuse for not giving an honest lady satisfaction.'

"Larry immediately proceeded to obey orders; and the Sheriff, finding that the house would soon prove too hot for him, took advantage of the old lady's back being turned to make his exit. Ever after Mrs. Flynn was exempted from paying taxes."

FROM the land of Egypt we have the following:

"In a certain town in the southern part of Illinois there lives a quiet, unobtrusive man, who, by the manufacture and sale of boots and shoes, has accumulated enough of the needful to enable him to support his family quite comfortably. His wife, a shockingly illiterate woman, endeavors, by virtue of her husband's *wealth*, to play the fine lady. Her daughter is a chip of the feminine block; and although possessed of neither beauty nor intelligence, attempts to captivate susceptible young men by a display of her charms of mind and person. A friend of mine, who was a temporary sojourner in the village, was somewhat annoyed by her attentions; and one evening when she called at the house, ostensibly for the purpose of seeing his hostess, but who plainly understood her motives, she was treated politely but coolly by both parties. After her departure her conduct was made the subject of conversation and laughter by those whom she had left, all of which was repeated by a meddling servant; whereupon the mother wrote the following indignant note to the hostess aforesaid—*verbatim et literatim:*

"'*Mrs Smith*

"'DEARE MADAM—I regret exceedingly that this noat is a bearer of dissatisfaction. Your derision was received with indignashun respecting Miss "Hellen" complements payed to Mr Brown. Your flattering conversation was an indusement to encurrage the complement. It is uncalled fore from one whome we looked too fore an exemplary caracter, exhibiting such profesion of piety. If we hav been misinformed, grant us absolution.

"'Yours J. E. JONES.

"'*P.S.*—We do desire Mr Brown to disenrol Miss Hellen complement as a pastime. The author of these assertion can be given. J. E. J.'

"This same Mrs. Jones, on being asked the cause of her daughter's absence from town, replied that she had sent her to boarding-school to graduate a year or two.

"A LITTLE boy of this village being asked in Sunday-school 'What is the chief end of man?' answered, 'The end what's got the head on.'"

A CORRESPONDENT in New Hampshire says:

"I notice occasionally a quaint epitaph or obituary in your department, and therefore venture to send you the following. It was published in both of our county papers of this week:

"'In Walpole, June 12, ALTHA CARPENTER, aged 58 years, 2 months, and 5 days.

"'And how it made my bosom heave
To hear my dearest sister breathe;
And God, to carry out his plans,
Caused her to die within my hands.

"'And now, dear Saviour, please adore
Her mother, aged eighty-four;
Look down from on high
And bless her ere she die.'"

A WRITER for *Porter's Spirit of the Times* refers to a collection of quaint epitaphs, mostly made in different parts of New England, and especially Martha's Vineyard. The three following, though marked by

other poetical beauties, are chiefly deserving attention for their grammatical accuracy:

"Not youthful charms together joined,
With temper sweet and virtuous mind,
Nor husband's tears, nor parents' grief
Against grim Death was no relief."

"The mother has faded, withered and died;
Three of her children lie buried beside."

"These little heads that sleep beneath
The green and pleasant sod,
Is now a diadem, a shining wreath,
A singing hymns to God."

Here is a supremely transcendental one; it reads like Liebig crossed on Swedenborg. Observe, also, the fastidious accuracy of the rhyme:

"By the force of vegetation
I was brought to life and action.
When life and action they shall cease
I shall return to the same source."

A prime one from Kittery, Maine:

"I was drowned, alas! in the deep, deep seases,
The Blessed Lord does as he pleases,
But my Kittery friends did soon appear
And laid my body right down here."

Kingston (Massachusetts) furnishes a distich worthy of Epicurus and Cicero together:

"If there is a world above, he is in bliss;
If there is not, he made the most of this."

The following conveys a back-handed compliment (unconsciously, no doubt) to the unfortunate deceased's lord and master:

"Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged 80 years. *She lived with her said husband 50 years, and died in the confident hope of a better life.*"

The grammar of some of these specimens reminds one of the English epitaph:

"Weep not for me, my husband dear,
I am not dead but sleepeth here;
The time will come when you must die,
Therefore prepare to follow I."

XIMENA.

"INEZ, my child! of all the fair ones fairest,
Deck with those gems thy queenly brow to-night;
Clasp round thy form thy broider'd robe the rarest,
Cluster those pearls upon thy bosom white.
Proud be the feast, unsparing be the splendor,
Mirth let it ring our halls ancestral through;
Comes he not now, the princely knight Rodrigo,
Brought by her fame, our fairest child to woo?

"Daughter Ximena, draw thy vail around thee,
Thine are no charms to court a lover's sight;
Weave thee the task this festal eve hath brought thee,
Garlands to grace thy sister's bridal bright.
Lovely the maids whose fairy hands shall tend her,
Fragrant the flowers which o'er her path we strew;
Comes he not now, the valiant knight Rodrigo,
Brought by her fame, our fairest child to woo?"

Don Rodrigo hath come to El Bosca
With a lordly and joyous array,
The heart and the hand of the first in the land
At the feet of a bride to lay.
He hath met Don Alvar, and embraced him,
And saluted the fair Doña May;
He hath courteously bow'd to bright Inez the proud,
And hath turned from her beauty away.

He hath pass'd through the gay hall, unheeding
That with forms the most lovely it shines;
He hath entered the bow'r, all unreck'd in this hour,
Where Ximena her garland entwines;
He hath knelt at the feet of the maiden,
And her white hand hath clasp'd in his own,
With true love's holy light in his eyes beaming bright,
As he turns them Don Alvar upon.

"Sire of my bride! This happy day behold me
Bending, thy daughter's cherished hand to crave;
Fame's busy tongue of virtues rare hath told me,
Won by whose charm I yield me now her slave.
Bride of my heart! Ximena, pure and tender!
Fair speaks thy soul thy gentle aspects through;
'Tis not in vain thy faithful knight Rodrigo
Kneels Don Alvar's fairest child to woo."

A CLERGYMAN, from whom we are always glad to hear, sends the following:

"A number of years ago, when what was once known as the abolition party were first coming into notice, there lived, and still lives, in the little Western village of Benton, in the State of ——, a widow by the not very romantic nor yet euphonic name of Schlink—a name, nevertheless, and one pretty extensively known as belonging to mine hostess of the village tavern. In addition to being a widow—which, owing to the various 'ills which flesh is heir to,' does not make the assertion very remarkable—and keeper of the only public house in the place, she was a German, a zealous Catholic, and a no less zealous Democrat, and had furnished a room for the use of the 'unterrified' to hold their meetings in as far back as the knowledge of your 'deponent goeth.'

"At the time referred to, the few abolitionists of the village and vicinity, strengthened by reinforcements from abroad, determined to hold a meeting for the purpose of organizing, and entering the campaign as 'regulars.' The day fixed for the meeting at length arrived, and with it the expected visitors and interested natives; but no suitable room could be found. Chagrined and mortified, they were about giving up in despair, when a genius, a member of the party, and withal not very conscientious, made his appearance. His absence had been remarked by some, and a few, knowing the man, still hoped, and indeed expected, a room would be found. His smiling countenance at his appearance had reassured those who hoped, and kindled hope that had died out or burned faintly in the breasts of others.

"'Well, Goble, what success?' was the question which greeted him from half a dozen anxious members.

"'Good,' he replied; 'I have secured a room.'

"'Where?'

"'At Mrs. Schlink's.'

"The look of astonishment which followed this announcement could hardly have been very flattering to his veracity; but on being reassured of the fact again and again, they proceeded to the tavern, and thence to the room for meeting.

"Knowing the bitter and cordial hatred borne by the old lady to the 'abulishnuss,' as she termed them, it had been a matter of no little wonder how the room had been secured. It appears that Goble, knowing her partiality for her Democratic friends, had approached the old lady on this, the weak side of her character, and had requested the use of the room to hold a *Democratic* meeting in.

"All assembled, the meeting was called to order, and the president, being a religious man, opened it with prayer.

"The old lady heard the rather unusual sound, and a dim vision of heretics flashed through her mind. She was at the room door in an instant, and no sooner was the prayer closed than she burst into the room in a towering passion. After looking at the assembly for a moment, in which her wrath seemed to gather greater force, she broke forth:

"'Vat ish dish? Vat ish dish you have here?'

"The old lady had directed her speech to Goble,

and that too with no lack of emphasis. Feeling that the time had come when he must explain or carry the *ruse* a little farther, he adopted the latter alternative; and slowly rising, with some hesitancy discernible in his speech and a little tremor in his voice, he said, 'Why, madam, this is a Democratic meeting. We have met here to transact business for the great Democratic party. We are all Dem—'

"Here the old lady's stentorian voice drowned Goble's effectually: 'Dish a Demokratic meeting? Dish a Demokratic meeting, *you* say, Sir? I dells you dish is *no* Demokratic meeting. *Demokrats never prays!*'

"It is needless to add that with such a conviction of heterodoxy in regard to her political faith, the old lady was not long in effecting an adjournment *sine die*."

More and more of the legal morals and manners of our Western fellow-citizens come to the knowledge of the world through the Drawer:

"The city of —— had an eccentric Scotch Mayor, who earnestly desired to further public interests, but chose a way peculiarly his own. Among other ordinances passed at his instance was one which provided that the Mayor might bring an action in his own name, and recover damages for any breach of the laws of the town. At the same time was passed an ordinance making it penal to tear up the sidewalks or pavements and to dig holes in the streets. By law the Mayor was given the same powers in actions, criminal and civil, as a Justice of the Peace; and it was of course contemplated that if the Mayor sued in his own name he would bring his suit not in his own Court, but before a Justice of the Peace. But one John Peters having, in violation of the town ordinance, dug a hole in the street, the Mayor proceeded to punish him; and thinking it safer, brought the suit in his own name, in his own Mayor's Court. The Mayor also proceeded to view the premises and satisfy himself of the facts. When the day of trial came, quite a crowd gathered; for it was doubted whether even the Mayor could properly bring an action in his own name as plaintiff, and try the cause himself. When the hour of trial came, however, the Mayor, nothing abashed, took his seat, and the defendant appeared in due form. The case was called for trial, and the defendant denied the charge. Thereupon the Mayor arose with great dignity, and stated, as a witness, in the presence of the crowd, the facts, and proved the defendant's guilt, and estimating the public damages at ten dollars. The Mayor then proceeded, and, as a lawyer, argued the case to the crowd, and expatiated upon the impropriety of allowing such an offense to go unpunished. He then took his seat with much decorum, and, as a Judge, entered up a judgment in his own form against the transgressing defendant for the ten dollars damages which he had previously estimated as a witness. This is the only instance which has ever come to my knowledge where the same man was plaintiff, witness, lawyer, and Judge in a case tried before himself; and if any of your contributors can furnish a parallel case, I should be glad to have it printed."

A young lady who was perfectly thunder-struck by hearing of her friend's engagement, has since been provided with a lightning-rod.

The Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad issues a handbill giving notice to the public that the train going North is "due at all stations about five minutes later than now." Of course all the world knows when "now" is; and the traveling public will know when to meet the trains exactly.

A student in one of our Eastern colleges, being absent from recitation, was *marked* by the Professor, who was pompous and unpopular. The student called and requested the mark to be removed, as he was necessarily detained. The Professor replied to his request, "What I have written, I have written."

"So said Pontius Pilate," replied the student, and submitted to the sentence.

Gussy coming in the house one day with his pants very much worn at the knees, was reprimanded by his mother, but escaped punishment by saying:

"Why, ma, you see, I *wored* 'em out saying my prayers in the back-yard."

One day his grandpa, "the Doctor," was going away, taking Gussy's brother Charley with him. On being asked if he was not sorry to see Charley leave, he answered, very seriously:

"Yes; but, you see, I'm mighty glad the Doctor's going too."

"In late numbers of the Magazine I see contributions from Canada, from Nova Scotia, and even from British Columbia. Not wishing to see New Brunswick outdone, I send some local anecdotes, which I shall be glad to see printed in your *omnium gatherum*.

"Years ago, when drinking the 'ardent' was not thought disreputable, two gents who had been appointed Justices of the Peace celebrated the occasion by a considerable of a spree.

"Two years thereafter, at the County Sessions, while standing in the village street talking with a knot of the 'citizens,' Charley Jenks was seen coming up the street, smeared with mud, and evidently obfuscated. Charley was a man of some property, genial, kind-hearted, and a wit withal.

"'Good-morning, Mr. Jenks,' said Squire Ross.

"'This—day—I—shall—be—made—a—magistrate,' slowly enunciated Charley, in reply.

"'Why so, Mr. Jenks?' asked Squire Lane.

"'Because the very day Mr. Ross and Mr. Lane were made magistrates they got drunk and fell in the mud,' was the answer.

"There lived in —— County a Mr. Crane, who had for a neighbor a Mr. Fuller. Crane and Fuller were not the best of friends, and scarcely ever met without having a passage at arms. Meeting one day, Fuller says, 'Crane, what is the difference between a *crane* and a *meadow-hen*?'

"'Oh,' replied Crane, 'there is a great deal of difference: the meadow-hen is *fuller* in the body, and *fuller* in the neck, and *fuller* in the breast—in fact, it is *fuller* all over.'"

In 1856, while the Illinois Central Railroad was being built through the County of Effingham, some curiosity was excited among the people, and some strange stories told about the habits of the iron monster that was daily coming nearer as the new track was put down.

One day Mrs. Bolejack had been to the village to see the engine pass on the track that had been completed as far as that place a few days before. On her return homeward she took her way along the track, though not the nearest way home, leading her two children by the hand. She had not pro-

ceeded far when her meditations were disturbed by the horrid shriek of the whistle. But she had seen the engine, and was not to be frightened into leaving the track by any noise it could make. Again that unearthly yell, close behind her, startled her nerves. Still she was firm. The engine stopped, and the engineer called to her to get off the track. But she only turned her head to say, "Toot away, if you want to; you'll not scare me with your toot—toot—tooting! This is a free country. I've heard how you go along driving people out of the road; but you'll not scare me with your toot—toot—tooting!" The engineer was obliged to go ahead and remove her by force.

Mrs. Bolejack is dead now. It was intimated by some that she died for want of the comforts of life—for the country was new, and wheat at that time not much used in those parts. One, bolder than the rest, plainly told Bolejack that his piety (he was a preacher) was not worth much, if it would allow him to starve his wife. He knew better. She didn't starve; for he offered her a whole handful of pop-corn not two hours before she died, and she wouldn't even look at it!

A Philadelphia correspondent tells a very good story of a stage-driver, a race now nearly extinct:

Not long since, on paying a visit to the home of my small years, not far from where "Washington crossed the Delaware," I heard hints thrown out to our stage-driver (who is a rather jocular old man) about a certain ducking he had experienced. On requesting the facts, one of the passengers related the story as follows:

"Between the dépôt and stand for stages is the canal, crossed by a swinging bridge, for the passage of boats. The train of cars had just arrived from Philadelphia, and Uncle Amos (our driver) had also just arrived for passengers. Now Uncle Amos is an energetic man, and does what he attempts with a will—none the less so now, as he had an opposition line of stages. So, in his usual style, he walked toward the bridge, head up, calling out, 'Any passengers for Princeton?' repeatedly; when lo! the by-standers were horrified to see Uncle Amos walk overboard, and disappear under the water—he evidently not observing that the bridge was turned off the canal. But judge of our surprise when Uncle Amos's head appeared above the water, and there came the call, 'Any passengers for Princeton?'"

Of course we tried to control our feelings; but the old man gave us a straightener when he replied, in his usually quick manner, "It's no such thing; I didn't call for passengers till I got upon the wharf."

An always welcome contributor writes to the Drawer:

"Uncle Miles Paddock is the proprietor and driver of the stage which plies twice a week between ——bury and the City of Elms. To the regular duties of his vocation he adds those of post-rider, supplying a few of his neighbors with the various publications from the city; and in this way 'Uncle Miley' has scraped up not only a smattering of the light literature of the weekly papers, but a tolerable acquaintance with the events and occurrences of the day. Known to have access to many newspapers, he enjoys a slight reputation for these acquirements; and, though a man whose youthful education must have been somewhat limited, his opinions on matters new or curious are often sought by those unblessed with like advantages. On one occasion the oil wells of Pennsylvania were the topic of conversation in the bar-room of the little tavern which was the up-country terminus of Uncle Miley's route, and various were the suggestions as to the cause of such a remarkable deposit in the bowels of the earth. Not one, however, was satisfactory; and Uncle Miley was importuned to refrain from his paper for a moment, and enlighten us with his ideas on the subject. From the instant that Uncle Miley comprehended the nature of the matter he was expected to elucidate it was quite evident that he had not 'read up' on it; but his reputation was not to be jeoparded by admitting ignorance concerning a thing so wonderful, so he gave us his theory of the oil wells:

"'Um! He bubbles right up out the groun', don't it? er they dig down jes' so fur, an' they come tew it, don't they? That's nothin'; nary one o' them's nothin' strange. That Pennsylvany country's got a queer lay o' the land all over it. I've ben there. Mountains all 'round, an' kind o' valleys like between 'em. Jes' sech a place 's I sh'd look for ile!' And Uncle Miley fortified himself with an immense piece of cavendish. 'Ye see, when the delyuge come, all the fishes, an' all the beas's, an' all the housen, an' all the folks 't lived in 'em, was all mixed up together, an' them 't wa'n't drownded was swimmin' round permiscously. Then, ye know, arter so many days the waters went away ag'in. Now, up in them Alleghany deestricts was a schule o' whales. They swum up in deep water; an' when, all to once, it went away, they couldn't foller it. So they laid there in them valleys, an' died, an' melted away, an' all the ile jes' naterally soaked into the groun'; an' bein' as how nobody lived in them parts for thousan's an' thousan's o' years, ye know, nobody ever thought nothin' about it. *Now*, when folks in that region come to dig sullers an' wells an' find *ile*, all the fools are gittin' up a talk, an' makin' a great fuss about it. 'T's easy enough 'countin' for it when ye think o' that awful delyuge!'"

Out in the Choctaw Nation a reader of ours writes, and writes well, on this wise:

"The Drawer will accept the following as a token of friendship between itself and its readers in this part of the world. In the county in which I was born and educated—Washington County, Arkansas—there lived and preached an old Methodist divine, noted as well for religious zeal as for his extravagant eccentricities. He was familiarly known by the name of Uncle Jake. At a large camp-meeting once Uncle Jake was on the stand publishing the appointments for the day. It was customary then to call the people by sounding a horn used for the purpose; but on this particular occasion we had no horn, but used a conch instead. So Uncle Jake 'opened his mouth' and spake: 'At the first sound of the horn—although it is not a horn, we'll call it a horn—the people will meet for prayers. At the second sound of the horn—although it is not a horn, we'll call it a horn—a sermon by Brother C——. At the third sound of the horn—although it is not a horn, we'll call it a horn—' Here the risible propensities of the audience obtained the mastery over all sober feelings, and the droll, whining voice of the speaker was unheard in the burst of fat-sided laughter that followed."

Captain Killmer, of the ship *Othello*, tells a good story. It appears that his crew is composed

mostly of students from some college in the interior of New York State—all intelligent young men, and of wealthy families, and are treated very kindly by Captain Killmer and his officers. While off Cape Horn, on the passage out, the ship encountered a very heavy gale, accompanied by hail and snow; and after lying to for many hours, under nothing but a close-reefed main-topsail, it became necessary to take in even that sail. All the "boys" were safely stowed below in the forecastle, when the mate went forward and sung out, "Come on deck, all of you, and furl this main-topsail." Surprised, after the lapse of a few minutes, in not seeing the crew come up, the mate again went forward, and said, "If you don't come on deck soon, this topsail will blow away."

"All right, Mr. Sherman," was the reply; "please tell the Captain that we have concluded to let the old topsail blow away, *and we'll pay for it!*"

A Boston correspondent sends us the following:

"The youngest, handsomest, liveliest, and wittiest individual on our Superior Court Bench is Judge R——, a man whose judicial honors have not abated a whit his natural relish for hearing and perpetrating a good joke when occasion offers. The following concerning him will fortify this statement:

"Some years ago, before Judge R—— was appointed to the bench, he happened to be present at a camp-meeting held somewhere in the region of Cape Cod. At the time there was present a middle-aged man, and an outsider at that, who plumed himself on his knowledge of the world, and who spoke rather contemptuously of the object of the meeting, which was exceedingly annoying to those in attendance. Finally the profane individual concluded some derisive remarks by saying, within the hearing of the future Judge, that if he 'had a black flag he would give it to them, that it might be hung up to show who they were and who they worshiped.'

"'That can easily be had,' exclaimed R——: 'make a flag of your character, Sir, and none will be blacker.'"

The following is from the same correspondent:

"In the front rank of the —— bar there stands one who is a Hercules in constitutional strength, a Gorgon in personal appearance, and, with these two not inappropriate recommendations for the legal profession, a lawyer of almost unexampled keenness. Whether he is at all attached to the 'draught divine,' which

> "'—— cheers the sad, revives the old, inspires
> The young, makes Weariness forget his toil,
> And Fear her danger,'

is more than we would wish to assert. But one thing is clear—it would quickly be inferred from his rotundity of person, which, in charity we will say, does hardly as yet approximate Falstaff. His wit is proverbial, and at times terribly sarcastic. Occasionally, however, in spite of his electrical readiness at repartee, he gets worsted. His name is Bates. At the same bar is Davis, somewhat younger, perhaps, but deservedly eminent for his ability and caustic treatment of those who indulge in ribaldry when opposed to him. He has none of the enthusiasm of the natural orator, but possesses no limited share of the elegance and finish of the artificial speaker. A short time since, during the trial of one of those weighty cases in which Bates and Davis are often engaged on opposite sides, some slur on Bates escaped from Davis in a moment of excitement, which brought Bates to his feet with that impetuosity that always precedes his interjectional expressions of disparagement.

"'Whatever I may do—yes, Sir, whatever I may do,' thundered Bates, 'it can never be charged upon me that I practice my speeches before the glass previous to my coming into Court.'

"'Sir,' said Davis, rising gracefully, and speaking in one of those dulcet tones that have captivated so many hearers and entranced so many juries, 'I had rather practice *before* the glass than *behind* it.'"

"The election for county officers in this veritable State of —— is drawing nigh 'about these days.' There are quite a number of competitors in the various counties for Sheriff, County, and Circuit Court Clerk; but the office of Tax Collector pays the most profitable salary, and consequently we have in each county not less than from thirty to forty candidates for that single office, running the aggregate number of candidates up to about 200 to 300 to the county. Daily we behold them scouring over the country on electioneering tours, troubling the industrious class of our citizens quite as much as did the lice of Egypt her inhabitants when Pharaoh would not let the children of Israel depart to the Promised Land. One of these annoying specimens of humanity rode up to the residence of a good and loyal Democrat of my native old county of Lincoln, and hallooed at the fence till the lady of the house made her appearance at the door with a mischievous little urchin on each side of her, wishing to see all they could, and ready to take part in the conversation if an opportunity offered.

"Very polite Candidate. 'Madam, is your husband about?'

"Lady. 'Yes, Sir. He has gone to haul away a dead dog, and will be back again directly.'

"Candidate. '*Sheep-killing* dog, I reckon, Madam?'

"Fierce-spoken little Urchin. 'No, Sir—just barked himself to death at candidates, so pap said.'"

In one of the new States in the West—we do not care to say which—the free-and-easy relations of bench and bar are set forth by the following incident, furnished by a correspondent of the Drawer:

"Judge Nelson was holding court last fall in this city. There was a case being tried one day during the term wherein T. R. More, Esq., who was Mayor of the city as well as lawyer, was counsel for one of the parties. When the evidence was all in, and the respective counsel had argued the case to the jury, More supposed he 'had a sure thing of it,' for his client, with the jury. But, to his astonishment, when the Judge came to charge the jury, he charged square against his client. Whereupon More arose, and said, 'Your Honor, I object to your charge.'

"The Judge turned, indignantly, and said, 'Sit down, Mr. More!'

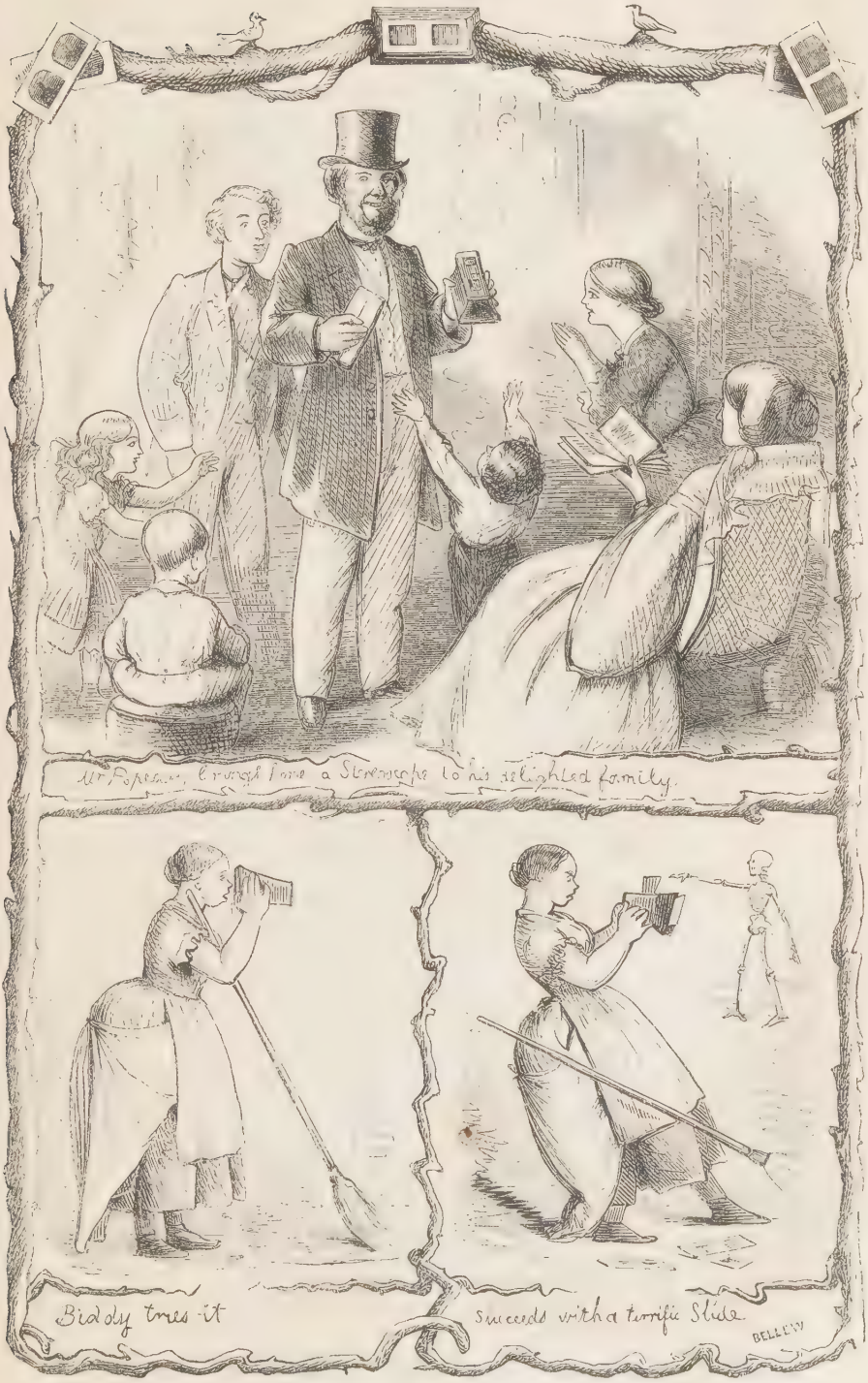
"More responded, 'I sha'n't do it, Sir!'

"The Judge then turned to the Sheriff, and said, 'Mr. Sheriff, arrest Mr. More for contempt of court!'

"Mr. More retorted, by saying, 'Mr. Sheriff, *as Mayor of this city*, I command you to remain where you are!' and, turning to the Judge, he continued, 'Judge, if you don't behave yourself, and keep quiet, I will have you arrested!'

"At this stage of the proceedings the Judge ordered the Sheriff to adjourn court till 2 o'clock P.M.; and at the opening of court in the afternoon the case went to the jury without any further charge."

Stereoscopic Slides.



Singular effect produced on the eyes of the family by use of the Stereoscope

Fashions for October.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*

Figure 1.—Riding Habit.

FIGURE 2.—PARDESSUS.

THIS Pardessus is one of the most marked styles of the season. It is made of cloth. The epaulets will be noted as one of its distinguishing features.

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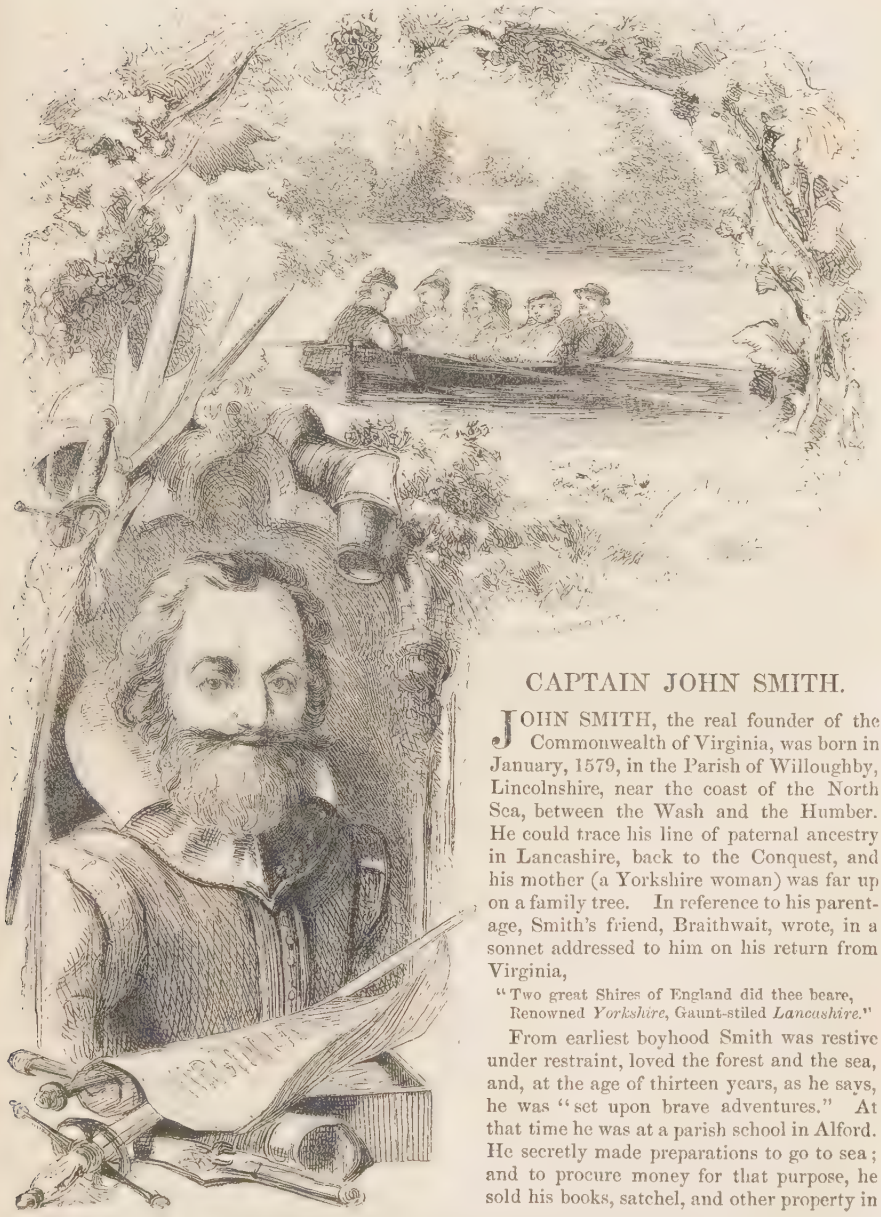


CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

JOHN SMITH, the real founder of the Commonwealth of Virginia, was born in January, 1579, in the Parish of Willoughby, Lincolnshire, near the coast of the North Sea, between the Wash and the Humber. He could trace his line of paternal ancestry in Lancashire, back to the Conquest, and his mother (a Yorkshire woman) was far up on a family tree. In reference to his parentage, Smith's friend, Braithwait, wrote, in a sonnet addressed to him on his return from Virginia,

"Two great Shires of England did thee beare,
Renowned *Yorkshire*, Gaunt-stiled *Lancashire*."

From earliest boyhood Smith was restive under restraint, loved the forest and the sea, and, at the age of thirteen years, as he says, he was "set upon brave adventures." At that time he was at a parish school in Alford. He secretly made preparations to go to sea; and to procure money for that purpose, he sold his books, satchel, and other property in

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

his possession. His father sickened and died before he had accomplished his object, and young Smith, being left with a competent estate for his support, was persuaded to remain at home and to prepare for a mercantile life. His guardian apprenticed him, at the age of fifteen years, to Thomas Sendall, of Lynn-Regis, on the southern shores of the Wash. Sendall was "the greatest merchant of all those parts."

The inactive life of the counting-room was distasteful to young Smith, and because his master would not send him to sea, as he desired, he left his service and entered into the train of Peregrine Barty, second son of Lord Willoughby, who was going to France. His conduct had been so offensive to his friends that they were glad of his departure, and gave him, "out of his own estate," he says, "ten shillings to get rid of him." He seems not to have pleased his new master, for, six weeks afterward, he was discharged from his service, at Orleans, and Barty gave him sufficient money to defray his expenses back to England. But the young adventurer, delighted with his gratified taste for travel, was unwilling to go back and bury himself in the solitudes of Willoughby. He lounged in Paris for a while, when David Hume, a benevolent Scotchman, who had perceived the talent and energy of the boy, gave him some money, and several letters to friends in Scotland, in which young Smith was recommended to the patronage of King James.

But the lad still lingered in Paris. At length his money was exhausted, and he went to Havre, where he began to learn the art of war. He finally enlisted under the flag of Captain Duxbury, and for three or four years he was a soldier in the Low Countries, aiding Prince Maurice against the Spaniards. In that struggle Maurice was successful, the Netherlands became independent of Spain, and Smith found himself out of employment. With David Hume's letter he started for Scotland. Shipwreck and sickness almost destroyed him. He survived both, and sought the favor of the Scotch court. His letters of introduction gave him kind friends among the hospitable Scots, but he found very little encouragement to become a courtier; so, after a brief tarry there, he made his way to his native place, and received a portion of his patrimony. Society there was too tame for his restless ambition, and he withdrew from it altogether. In the bosom of a great forest, by the side of a stream of pure water, he built for himself a comfortable lodge of boughs, and there he became devoted to the study of military tactics in the best authorities of the day. He amused himself with hunting and horsemanship, and his single serving-man brought him whatever of life's comforts he needed. He became a wonder to the surrounding country, for rumor spread wide many tales of the young and accomplished hermit. The curiosity of Theodora Polaloga, an Italian gentleman, an accomplished horseman, and a highly esteemed attaché of the Earl of Lincoln, was excited, and he visited Smith in his retreat. They became warm friends, and at length Polaloga enticed Smith back to society.

The ardent temperament of Smith would not allow him to bask long in the dreamy sunshine of commonplace society. His soul, full of aspirations to perform great deeds, was again aroused to action. He looked around for a theatre whereon he might gain personal renown. He saw it, broad and inviting, in the East. At that time Rudolph the Second, Emperor of Germany, was waging war against the Turkish Sultan, Mohammed the Third. The encroachments of the Ottomans in the direction of Central Europe had alarmed Christendom. Already the Turks had gained possession of Lower Hungary, and were moving steadily onward toward the heart of the country. There appeared to Western Europe a necessity for another crusade. The prospect delighted the quick mind and stout heart of Smith, and he resolved to make his way to the field of conflict, join the German army, and fight for Christianity and his own fame and fortune.

Our hero was now only nineteen years of age. His frame was strong, his health robust, and he had an iron will. He first went to the Low Countries, where he unfortunately became acquainted with four French rascals who planned a successful scheme to rob him. One pretended to be a nobleman and the others his attendants. They persuaded Smith to travel with them into France. The captain of the vessel in which they sailed became their accomplice in villainy, and on a dark night, while Smith was asleep, he sent a boat ashore with the four Frenchmen, who took the young adventurer's baggage with them, and the victim never saw them nor his property afterward. The passengers, suspecting the villainy of the captain, offered to assist Smith in killing him, and in taking possession of the vessel. He promptly rejected their proposal, for his sense of honor would not allow him to oppress the innocent to punish the guilty, by appropriating to his own use the property of others.

He landed at St. Valery, on the coast of Picardy, and by the kind aid of a fellow-passenger, he made his way to the town where he ascertained the robbers lived. But he sought for justice in vain. Poor, friendless, and a foreigner, his words had no weight with the authorities, but the story of his wrongs awakened the sympathies of several noble families in the vicinity, and they entertained him hospitably. His fine personal appearance, agreeable conversation, and chivalric ardor, made him a favorite among the young ladies, and love and valor had strong conflicts for a while. But a life of ease and a sense of dependence were unsuited to his spirit, and soon, with high resolves, a trusty sword, and a lean purse, he turned his face toward the field of conflict in the East.

The young adventurer's means were soon exhausted, and he suffered greatly from hunger, fatigue, and exposure. One day, when utterly overcome, he lay down on the margin of a spring to die. He was discovered by a wealthy farmer, who became his friend, and furnished him with

SMITH IN HIS FOREST RETREAT.

means to reach the Mediterranean coast. In a sea-port town he met one of the rascals who robbed him. Both drew their swords at the same moment, and a desperate fight occurred. Smith was victorious, and in the presence of a crowd he compelled the culprit to confess his villainy. The confession was all he obtained, yet it satisfied him.

Finding himself in the neighborhood of the seat of the Earl of Ployen, with whom he had formed an acquaintance in Paris, he went there and was very hospitably entertained. He did not tarry long. His purse was well filled by his noble friend, and in high spirits he journeyed to Marseilles. There he embarked for Italy, with a large crowd of Roman Catholics of all nations, bound on a pilgrimage to Rome. A heavy storm arose. They touched first at Toulon, and then cast anchor under shelter of St. Mary's Island, off the coast of Savoy. The storm increased. The tempest howled terribly, and the superstitious pilgrims regarded Smith as the cause of their peril. Always bold in the utterance of his sentiments, he had not disguised the fact that he was a Protestant and an Englishman. They thought of the fugitive prophet on the voyage to Tarshish, and regarded the storm as a token of Heaven's displeasure at the presence of a heretic among them. They reproached him scornfully, spoke harshly of his "dread sovereign," Queen Elizabeth, and so ill-treated him that he fell upon and beat them with a cudgel. They had the advantage of numbers, and they cast him into the sea to appease the angry tempest. He swam to the island of St. Mary, and the next day he was taken on board a French vessel bound for Alexandria, in Egypt, commanded by a neighbor and friend of the Earl of Ployen.

The captain treated Smith with great kindness, and in the course of a few days the young enthusiast was sight-seeking in the streets of the capital of Lower Egypt.

New adventures awaited Smith. The French captain, after delivering his freight, coasted in the Levant. They met a Venetian vessel, richly laden with silks, spices, gold, and diamonds. It was a rude age, and separate nations regarded each other as natural enemies. With good intentions the French captain attempted to speak with the Venetian commander. The suspicious Italian responded by a broadside from his heavy guns. A sharp conflict ensued, and the Venetian vessel, with its rich cargo, became the spoil of its antagonist. Smith had behaved with the greatest bravery throughout the conflict, and he shared in the honors and profits of the victory. His proportion of the spoils amounted to about eleven hundred dollars, and a box of jewels of about the same value. These riches tempted him from the war path for a time. At his own request he was landed on the northern shores of the Adriatic, and then he visited many parts of Italy to gratify his curiosity. When that was satisfied he left Venice, and hastened on to Grätz, in Styria, where Ferdinand, then Archduke of Austria, afterward Emperor of Germany, resided. The war between Rudolph and Mohammed was still raging, and Smith was soon a prominent actor in the scenes. This was toward the close of the year 1601.

At Grätz Smith met two of his countrymen, who introduced him to several officers of distinction in the imperial army of Austria. They immediately offered him employment, and he entered the service of Baron Kissell, general of artillery, as a volunteer. At that time the Turks were devastating the country around the fortress of Carrissia, in Hungary; and soon Ibraham Pacha, with twenty thousand men, laid siege to Olympach. The garrison was reduced to great extremities, and Baron Kissell prepared to march to its relief. No one was bold enough to carry a message to Lord Eberspaught, the commander at Olympach. Fortunately Smith had communicated to that officer a plan of telegraphing by torches, which he had learned in reading Polybius. He proposed its use to Baron Kissell, and that night he was conveyed to a mountain, within seven miles of the besieged city, from which he telegraphed to Eberspaught the welcome message, "On Thursday, at night, I will charge on the east; at the alarm sally you." An answer was immediately returned, "I will." The movement was successful. The Turks, assaulted from without and within, and greatly alarmed by a stratagem arranged by Smith, were thrown into inextricable confusion. Many were slain, hundreds were driven into the river, and the Austrians having pressed two thousand additional men into the garrison, the Turks were compelled to abandon the siege. In this affair the conduct of Smith was extremely brilliant, and he was at once placed at the head of a troop of horse, two hundred and fifty strong, of the regiment of Count Meldritch. Under him it obtained the title of the Fiery Legion.

The war continued with increased vigor, and Smith was conspicuous for his valor and his ingenuity. The latter quality made his services in stratagem of great value. His invention served him in every emergency, and the regiment of Meldritch obtained great celebrity. It was under the special command of Duke Mercury, who sent the Count into Transylvania to oppose Sigismund Bathor, the native prince, then contending for his crown with the Emperor of Germany, on one hand, and with the invading Turks on the other.

Meldritch was a soldier of fortune, and was not strongly attached to the German Empire. As his own estates lay in Transylvania, he joined the army of Sigismund with his whole corps, and gained permission to march immediately against the Turks, then in possession of his paternal acres. After a desultory warfare he laid siege to the strong fortress of Regal, with eight thousand of his own men, and more than that number under Prince Moyses, to whom he resigned the supreme command. The siege was protracted, and many bloody skirmishes took place. The Turks ridiculed the almost futile attempts of the Christians to dislodge them; and at length Lord Turbashaw, a nobleman of acknowledged valor and great renown, challenged any captain in the besieging army to fight him in single combat, giving as a reason that he wished to please the ladies of Regal with a courtly pastime. Instantly a large number of brave men offered to accept the challenge. The champion was chosen by lot, and it fell upon Smith. He was delighted by his good fortune, and immediately prepared to meet the proud Turk.

On the day appointed for the combat the ramparts of Regal were covered with ladies and soldiers, who loudly cheered Lord Turbashaw as he entered the arena. Their weapon was the lance of the old knights, and both were clad in trusty armor. The challenger wore a suit of splendid mail, richly wrought with gold and jewels; and upon his shoulders were huge wings made of eagle's feathers, within a rim of silver, which was also garnished with gold and precious stones. Three Janizaries attended him. One bore his lance; the other two walked by the side of his horse. Captain Smith appeared in plain armor, attended by a single page, who bore his lance. Passing his antagonist as he rode in, he saluted him with courtly dignity. Then the trumpet sounded; the antagonists poised their lances; a shout went up from the ramparts of Regal and from the line of the Christian army; and as the combatants met in mid-career the spear of Captain Smith pierced the brazen vizor of the Turk, and penetrated his brain. He fell dead from his horse. His head was cut off and carried in triumph to the Christian camp, and his body was left to his friends.

There was great grief in Regal when Lord Turbashaw fell, and Grualgo, his bosom friend, resolved to avenge his death. He challenged

COMBAT BETWEEN SMITH AND TURBASHAW.

Smith to single combat. They met the next day, and at the first encounter the lance of each was shivered, and the Turk was almost unhorsed. Then they exchanged pistol-shots, and both were wounded—Smith slightly, and his antagonist seriously. Grualgo could not manage his horse; and soon his head also was sent to the Christian camp, and his body was left to his friends. There was dismay and grief in Regal.

The siege went on slowly, and our hero, seeing no opportunity for further displays of personal prowess, obtained leave from his general to inform the ladies of the town that he would further entertain them, if they would persuade some gallant knight to come out and fight him. Bonny Mulgro accepted the challenge, and chose to fight with pistols, battle-axes, and swords. The first were harmless, but the heavy blows of his antagonist with the second almost unhorsed Smith. By quick manœuvres he recovered, avoided further blows, plunged his sword into the body of his foe, and soon the head of Mulgro was also carried in triumph to the Christian camp.

The ladies of Regal were satisfied with this pastime. The victor, escorted by six thousand troops, with three led horses, each having a head of one of the slain Turks before him, was conducted in triumph to the camp. The general gave him a richly caparisoned horse, and a cimeter and belt worth three hundred ducats. Count Meldritch promoted him to Major in his regiment, and the Prince of Transylvania gave him his picture set in gold, and promised him a pension of three hundred ducats per annum. He also bestowed upon him a patent of nobility and a coat of arms, which bore three Turks' heads in a shield, with the motto, *Vincere est Vivere.* In later years, when he explored and mapped the New England coast, he gave the name of

SMITH'S ARMS.

"Three Turks' Heads" to some rocks off Cape Ann.

Smith never saw a ducat of his promised pension, as such, for the Prince of Transylvania was compelled to yield to the German Emperor, and became a resident of Prague in the enjoyment of a munificent pension himself. Our hero and his commander were compelled to seek other fields of glory for their prowess. Civil war broke out in Wallachia, and Meldritch joined one of the parties in the conflict.

The valor of Smith was conspicuous whenever opportunity was afforded for its display. But the heavy hand of misfortune was soon laid upon him. In a severe battle he was badly wounded and left for dead on the field. Some Turks, judging from the richness of his armor that he was an officer of distinction, healed his wounds in order to obtain a good price for him, by ransom or sale. He was exposed to the latter, became the property of a Turkish pacha, and was sent to Constantinople as a present for the mistress of that high officer, the young and beautiful Tragabigzanda, whom the Pacha was seeking to marry. He was represented to be a Bohemian nobleman taken in war.

The gallant Smith, then in the bloom of young manhood, and possessed of a really noble bearing, was a dangerous prisoner in the custody of a gentle, sympathizing girl like Tragabigzanda. She understood a little Italian, and, like the Moor, Smith entertained her with the story of his adventures. Then she pitied him. He proved to her that he was an English gentleman, and that her lord had deceived her, and then she was indignant. Her pity became love, and she tried every means to alleviate the miseries of the condition of the captive. Her mother, observing the growth of the tender passion, became displeased. Fearing her parent would sell him to get rid of him, the tender girl sent Smith with a letter to her brother, a Tartar pacha in the Crimea, who resided near the Sea of Azof. She asked him to treat the captive kindly, and frankly gave him as a reason that she loved him. The haughty Tartar was displeased at his sister for disgracing herself by an attachment to a Christian slave, and treated him with the greatest indignity and cruelty. He caused his head and face to be shaved, dressed him in the skin of a wild beast, and riveted an iron collar about his neck, on which was engraved the owner's name.

The proud captive did not long endure his degradation. One day, while employed in threshing wheat a league distant from the castle, his master visited him, and, as usual, struck him several blows with a whip. The maddened captive instantly killed the cruel Tartar with his flail, hid his body under the straw, dressed himself in the splendid Turkish suit of the pacha, filled a sack with the grain, mounted the dead man's horse, and fled to the wilderness. He was free, but a vast, uncultivated desert was round him. He was afraid to approach human habitations, lest his iron collar should expose his condition and he should be again returned to bondage. After wandering despairingly for three days he struck the great bridle-path leading from the Crimea to the Russian frontier. He left the peninsula by the isthmus of Perekop, and after traveling a fortnight along the northern borders of the Sea of Azof he reached Ecopolis, a Muscovite garrison on the Don. There he was kindly treated, and having been furnished with letters and money, he made his way back to his friends in Transylvania. They were delighted, for they thought he had perished. He entertained them with much information about the Crim Tartars, and they overwhelmed him with honors and kindnesses.

Tired of ease, Captain Smith journeyed to Leipsic, where he met Prince Sigismund, and his colonel, Earl Meldritch. It was a joyful reunion, and the Prince furnished him with a diploma, certifying his nobility, and about three thousand dollars in money. With a light heart he traveled through Germany, France, and Spain; and finally, eager for adventures, he sailed for the Barbary coast in a French vessel of war, for the purpose of engaging in a civil contest then raging in Morocco. Perceiving no chance for glory, he left Africa in the same French vessel. On the voyage they met two Spanish men-of-war, with whom they had a desperate encounter. Smith displayed his usual valor, and victory remained with the Frenchman. They landed safely in a French port, and the gallant knight, now yearning for his native land, sailed thither. He reached Britain early in 1604, after an absence of about four years, and found the bad King James of Scotland, whom he had once vainly endeavored to court, on the throne of England.

The efforts of Raleigh and his associates to plant settlements in America had now utterly failed. Yet dreams of Roanoke and Croatan haunted the English mind, and gallant young

SMITH ESCAPING FROM HIS TARTAR MASTER.

men often felt chivalric aspirations to search in the forests of VIRGINIA, among the people of Earl Manteo—the first and last peer ever created in America—for Virginia Dare, the first white child known to have been born on the continent, and left there, with her mother, when one of the last of Raleigh's expeditions sailed for Europe. At that time the red man held sway over the whole North American continent. De la Roche had attempted to settle Sable Island, on the coast of Nova Scotia, with men drawn from French prisons, but had failed. Gosnold had touched at Nahant, named Cape Cod, and built a fort and store-house on one of the Elizabeth Islands, but had fled to England in dismay before the menaces of the Indians. Pring, and Weymouth the kidnapper, had visited the New England coast, but left no seed for planting settlements; and the Protestant De Monts was then transplanting Frenchmen in the soil of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and had named the region Acadie.

A long contest between France and England had just ceased when Smith reached his native country full of the vigor of young manhood, flushed with his successes on the continent, and panting for other fields whereon he might reap rich harvests of adventure and renown. The times were auspicious, in many respects, for new enterprises on the Western Continent. Soldiers, an active, restless class in England, were deprived of employment, and would soon become dangerous to the public peace. While population and general prosperity had greatly increased, there was another large class, who, by idleness and dissipation, had squandered fortunes, and had become desperate men. The soldiers needed employment, either in their own art or in

equally exciting adventures; and the impoverished spendthrifts were ready to engage in any thing that promised gain. Such were the men who stood ready to brave ocean perils and the greater dangers of the New World, when such minds as Fernando Gorges, Bartholomew Gosnold, Chief Justice Popham, Richard Hakluyt, Captain John Smith, and others, devised new schemes for American colonization. The weak and timid James, who desired and maintained peace with other nations during his reign, was glad to perceive a new field for restless and adventurous men to go to, and on the 10th of April, 1606, he cheerfully affixed his signature to a liberal patent, given to the first company formed after his accession to the throne, for planting settlements in Virginia.

The English at that time claimed dominion over a belt of territory extending between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth degrees of north latitude (from Cape Fear, in North Carolina, to the present boundary between the United States and Canada), and westward to the South Sea or Pacific Ocean. It was divided into two districts, called, respectively, North and South Virginia, having a neutral strip of at least one hundred miles between them. The more northern portion was assigned to adventurers known as the Plymouth Company, and the more southern to an association called the London Company. The political character of the charter under which these companies were to act was unfavorable to the best interests of all. The pedantic, meddling King had much to do in the framing of it. He reserved to himself the right of appointing all officers, and of exercising all executive and legislative power. The colonists were to pay homage to the sovereign, and a tribute of one-fifth of the net products of gold and silver found in Virginia; yet they possessed no rights of self-government. They were to be governed by a council of seven, appointed by the King, who were allowed to choose a president from among themselves. There was also a Supreme Council in England, appointed by the King, who were to have the general supervision of the colonies, under the direction of the monarch. That charter, the conception of a narrow mind and despotic temper, proved totally inadequate as a constitution of government for a free people.

About eight months after the issuing of the charter, one hundred and five colonists embarked from England in three small vessels of less than a hundred tons each, and sailed for America by the circuitous route of the Canary and West India Islands. Among the leading adventurers in that little squadron were Captain John Smith and Bartholomew Gosnold, George Percy (a younger brother of the Earl of Northumberland), Edward M. Wingfield (a London merchant), and Robert Hunt, a clergyman. The squadron was under the command of Captain Christopher Newport. They arrived off the capes of Virginia early in April, 1607, named them respectively Charles and Henry, in honor of the two princes royal, and soon entered the noble Powhatan River, which they called James in honor of the King. They sailed up the broad stream fifty miles, every where delighted with the beauty of the country and softness of the atmosphere. Their nostrils were regaled with the perfumes of flowers, which came upon every breeze, and their palates were pampered with delicious strawberries "four times bigger and better" than any they had ever seen in England.

Disputes had arisen during the long voyage. As the silly King had placed the names of the colonial council in a sealed box, with instructions not to open it until their arrival in Virginia, there was no competent authority on board to preserve order. The influence of the good Hunt was often like oil poured upon troubled waters, yet he could not always restrain those lawless men, some of whom he described as "no better than atheists." Captain Smith, who was the ablest man among them, had excited the jealousy of Wingfield and others during the early part of the voyage. While at the Canaries they accused him of being at the head of a conspiracy to murder the council, usurp the government, and proclaim himself King of Virginia. These ridiculous charges were believed by many, and the brave Captain, innocent of all wrong in the matter, was confined as a prisoner during the remainder of the voyage. To their dismay and chagrin, when the sealed box was opened after their arrival in Virginia, the accusers of Captain Smith found his name among the councilors appointed. He was immediately released from custody. Wingfield, who was a scheming, treacherous man, managed to have himself chosen President of the council, and thus procured the exclusion of Smith from the board.

There were many stirring events during the voyage of the adventurers from the capes of Virginia up to their final resting-place on the shore of the Powhatan. They landed upon a low sandy point at the entrance to the present Hampton Roads, where they found deep water and good anchorage, and a resting-place in comfort. On that account they named the cape Point Comfort; and there hundreds of the people of Virginia now resort during the heats of summer to enjoy the cool breezes from the ocean and bathe in the blue sea waters. The natives, at first frightened, became confident when they saw Captain Newport put his hand upon his heart in token of friendship; and with significant signs they invited the English to visit Kekoughtan, their principal town, where Hampton now stands. There they were well entertained with corn-bread and oysters; and when about to depart a deputation came from the great chief of the Rappahannocks to invite them to his country. They were led thither by the messengers in a handsome canoe, and landed, probably, upon the southern cape of Mathews County, now known as New Point Comfort. The chief, with a large company, received them as they landed.

RECEPTION BY THE CHIEF OF THE RAPPAHANNOCKS.

He approached playing on a flute made of reed. Upon his head was a crown of deer's hair in form of a rosette, colored red, and fastened to his own hair. On one side of his head he wore a great plate of copper, highly ornamented, and from the crown arose two eagle's feathers disposed like horns. His body was painted a crimson color, and his face, tinted with a brilliant blue, was bespangled with what seemed to be silver ore. Around his neck was a huge string of beads of shells, about his ears were trinkets of pearls, and in them the claw of a bird covered with copper ornaments. Such was the prince of the Rappahannocks, who entertained the first white people he had ever seen with "as modest a proud fashion as though he had been prince of a civil government, holding his countenance without laughter or any such ill-behavior." They all smoked tobacco together, and then, along paths through pleasant woods, by the side of which bubbled sparkling springs, and in the midst of "the goodliest corn-fields that ever were

seen in any country," they went to the chief town of the Rappahannock sovereign.

Returning from their friendly visit, the English went up the James River early in May, and on the thirteenth they landed, where they laid the foundation of a new empire and called it Jamestown. It was within the domain of the Powhatans, a confederacy of more than twenty native tribes in the region of the Chesapeake Bay. The title of the supreme ruler, or Emperor, was Powhatan, signifying, like Pharaoh in Syriac, *The King*. He had arisen by the force of his genius from a petty chieftaincy to the imperial throne, and now he ruled over at least eight thousand people in the forests of the great Virginia peninsula between the James and Rappahannock rivers, from the Falls at Richmond to the sea. He had two places of abode, where he lived in a sort of barbaric splendor. One was near the Falls, the other at Werowocomoco, near the York River, in Gloucester County. He had a body-guard of forty warriors, and at night he had four sentinels to keep watch and ward around his person. From the beginning he conceived a jealous hatred of the intruders, and often planned schemes for their destruction.

Captain Smith, as we have seen, was excluded from the council, in direct contravention of the royal will in appointing him. He did not allow his private grievances to interfere with his higher public duties, and, with the others, he joined diligently in the work of preparation for settlement. It was soon thought advisable to explore the country around, and Newport and Smith, with a few more, went up the James River to the Falls, where the present Richmond now stands. The voyage consumed a week. They visited Powhatan at his residence in that vicinity, and he received them with an apparently friendly manner. Newport gave him a hatchet, and the adventurers returned to Jamestown in high spirits, after having erected a cross at the Falls, and taken formal possession of the country in the name of King James, according to European usage.

Gloomy intelligence awaited the explorers. The president, careless of his charge, had neglected to fortify the tent-village of the colonists by palisades, and the Indians had stealthily approached and attacked them in the night, wounding seventeen of their number, and killing one boy. Utter destruction of the English seemed inevitable, when a cross-bar, fired from a swivel on one of the vessels, cut off the branches of the trees over the heads of the assailants, and so frightened them that they fled in terror to the woods. Smith saw and lamented the perils of the people; but he was a private citizen, and had no control. But a change soon came. Newport was about to sail for England for new emigrants and supplies, and Wingfield, pretending a merciful feeling toward Smith, advised the Captain to go with Newport, receive a reprimand from the Supreme Council, and thus save himself the mortification of a trial. Smith was the last man to submit to such insult, when added to injury. He refused to go, and vehemently demanded a trial by his peers in Virginia. It was had, and he was honorably acquitted. And more —Wingfield was adjudged to pay a fine of two hundred pounds for the injury he had inflicted. This money the gallant Captain generously added to the common fund, and then took his seat in the council. This happy result had been consummated chiefly through the instrumentality of the good Mr. Hunt; and on the following Sabbath they all partook of the communion at his hands, as a bond of Christian union and harmony, and a pledge of reconciliation. On the following day the Indians, who had become alarmed at the preparations making by the white people for defenses and also aggressions, sued for peace.

The hand of a special Providence seemed to deal with the colonists during that summer and autumn. Their provisions were scanty, and at length so nearly failed that they were reduced to a daily allowance per man of a half-pint each of wheat and barley that had been injured during the voyage. Occasionally they would find a stray shell-fish or catch a sturgeon, but not half enough provisions for their daily wants could be obtained. Hard labor and the heats of summer exhausted their strength, and before September the fearful miasma, that arose from the dank marshes around, had sent its fiery agents among them and destroyed fifty of their number, among whom was Captain Gosnold, the projector of the enterprise. Then it was discovered that Wingfield and another of the council had been secretly supplying themselves bountifully from the scanty stores of the colonists, and thus avoided the famine and sickness; and it was also soon discovered that they had planned an escape to England in a pinnace left by Newport. The settlers were exceedingly indignant, and the council immediately deposed Wingfield, and dismissed Kendall, his wicked associate, from that body. Radcliffe was chosen president; but there seemed little hope that he would have the shadow of a colony to preside over when Newport should return. They were weak, indeed, and the Indians might have exterminated them at a single blow. But they became instruments of mercy instead. They not only did not assail them but they supplied them bountifully with provision, and the good Mr. Hunt offered fervent thanksgiving to God for his goodness in thus "shutting the mouths of the lions," to which the whole people heartily responded Amen!

Dangers still environed the colonists, and they began to despair. They felt the necessity of a skillful and energetic leader, and they naturally turned to Captain Smith. He became, by the voice of the people, virtually the president, and from that moment their hopes revived. He immediately commenced building Jamestown, for hitherto they had lived in tents. He worked with his own hands as hard and menially as any of them, and before the winter set in they had comfortable lodgings. Food was very

FIGHT AT KEKOUGHTAN.

scarce, and Smith was unwilling to rely upon the voluntary kindness of the Indians for a supply. With six men, in an open boat, he went down to Kekoughtan to seek for food. The Indians treated them with contempt, and doled out a handful of corn, now and then, for some valuable thing in return. Smith became irritated, and, contrary to home instructions, he caused a volley of musketry to be fired among the natives on the shore. The English rushed up the banks, and pursued the fugitive savages to their town, where they found corn in abundance. The Indians rallied, and soon about seventy warriors, armed with clubs, shields, bows and arrows, attacked them furiously. One volley of musketry slew many of them, and the remainder, in great dismay, fled to the deep forest. The English lingered expecting another attack. But the Indians appeared with peaceful tokens. A priest came to sue for mercy, and to regain their lost idol. Smith acquiesced in their desires on condition that the people should come, unarmed, and load his boat with corn. They exceeded the stipulation, and, besides corn, they brought venison, wild turkey, and water-fowl, and gave every demonstration of friendly feeling. The foragers then returned to Jamestown, and rejoiced the hearts of the colonists by an abundant supply of food.

This enterprise was so successful that Smith determined to attempt similar ones in other directions. He went up the Chickahominy, and there found the natives ready to supply him with corn and wild-fowl in great abundance. With a laden boat he returned, and, to his great chagrin and indignation, he found that much of the provisions he had brought from Kekoughtan had been imprudently squandered by the colonists. His presence alone seemed to preserve order and promise prosperity. The mo-

ment he was absent lawlessness prevailed; and Wingfield and Kendall, who were continually exciting the people to revolt, had prepared to escape to England in the pinnace, just as Smith returned. He ordered them to desist. A violent quarrel ensued, arms were resorted to, and Kendall was killed. Soon after that the president and others attempted to escape. Smith's energy and boldness prevented them. His power had become quite despotic in strength. The hearts of the people were with him, because he fed them. Men seldom quarrel with their bread and butter.

And yet there were some ingrates who tried to shake the confidence of the colonists in Smith. He had brought ample stores from the Chickahominy, and gathered much food from the swarms of geese, ducks, and swans that covered the James River; and thus, with venison, beans, and pumpkins in addition, he had fully prepared for the wants of winter. Yet some reproached him for not exploring the newly-discovered river to its mouth. Stung by this injustice, Smith immediately started on another expedition. He went up the Chickahominy as far as possible with his vessel, and then, with two Englishmen and two Indian guides, he ascended twenty miles further in a canoe, leaving the remainder of the crew to take charge of the boat. There he found fine hunting-grounds, and collected much game. In the mean while his insubordinate crew had disobeyed orders, strayed into the woods, and had been attacked by a body of three hundred savages, under old Opechancanough, King of Pamunkey, and brother of Powhatan. One Englishman was made prisoner, and the remainder escaped to the boat. The captive, after being compelled to reveal the position of Smith, was put to death. Like bloodhounds on the scent, the Indians thrice went in search of the leader. They discovered and killed his two companions, who lay asleep in the canoe, and severely wounded Smith in the thigh with an arrow. Then they pressed upon him in great numbers, when, with his garters, he bound one of his Indian guides upon his left arm as a buckler, and so well defended himself with his gun, that he excited the fear and admiration of his assailants. He killed three of their number, wounded several others, and, keeping his foes at a respectful distance, he walked backward in the direction of his canoe, hoping to escape in that down the river. He suddenly sunk to his waist in a morass, and when almost perishing with cold, he gave up his gun and surrendered. He was drawn out, taken to a fire, and was soon restored to his wonted vigor.

Captain Smith was now in real trouble—equal, in appearance, to his slavery under the Crim Tartars, with the iron collar about his neck. He expected death, and his inventive mind was filled with strategic plans for escape. None appeared feasible. He tried to excite the awe of his captors by showing them his pocket-compass and explaining its uses. He told them of the stars, the round earth, and other wonders of science; but they had dull ears, and he made but little impression upon them. Held firmly by three stout Indians, and guarded by six bowmen on each side, he was conducted to an Indian village a little northeastward of the site of Richmond, where the women and children flocked around him, and gazed in mute astonishment upon the strange captive. A war-dance was performed, and frightful yells and hideous contortions were used to intimidate him; but the brave Captain was quite unmoved until they fed him bountifully, urged him to eat more, and gave him apprehensions that they intended to fatten him, and then serve him up, nicely roasted, at some coming festival. The thought moved his lion heart. Yet it was more powerfully moved by a different cause. An Indian to whom Smith had given some beads on his first arrival in Virginia was present, and exhibited his grateful remembrance of the favor by furnishing the shivering captive with a dress of warm furs. This was a bright spot in the dark scenes around him, and he was moved to tears.

At about this time the Indians were preparing to attack Jamestown again, and they tried to persuade Captain Smith to join them. They offered him life, liberty, lands, honors, and a harem of beautiful Indian girls, if he would assist them. He feigned friendship for them, but earnestly persuaded them not to go near the English as enemies, because they had now possession of some terrible engines of destruction. He proposed to send messengers to the colonists to ascertain whether his words were true. The proposition was agreed to, and by them Smith sent a note informing his people of all things, advising them to frighten the messengers by strange displays, and to send him some articles which he enumerated. All worked well. The messengers were duly frightened by the people at Jamestown, and, firmly believing that the little slip of paper given them by Smith could speak, because the English people did all that the Captain told them they would do, they returned in haste, and told a tale which made a deep impression upon the savages. They felt assured of Smith's supernatural powers, and resolved both to spare his life and to let the Jamestown people alone at the present. So they exhibited him in various villages, and finally conducted him to the residence of Opechancanough. There, for three days, strange ceremonies were performed, under the direction of a priest, to ascertain the real character of the captive; and then, after showing him a bag of gunpowder which they had taken from his companions, and were intending to plant the next spring, in order to raise a crop of it, they conducted him to the presence of Powhatan, the great Emperor of the confederacy, at Werowocomoco.

The dusky court was immediately assembled to receive the illustrious captive in proper state. The people gathered around him with awe and veneration as he was conducted to the bough-built palace of Powhatan. That sovereign was a noble specimen of a free son of the forest.

SMITH SAVED BY POCAHONTAS.

He was about sixty years of age, of noble and commanding stature, majestic mien, and, as Smith himself asserted, he was in manner and aspect "every inch a king." He was clothed in a rich robe made of raccoon-skins, his head was highly ornamented with feathers, and his face was painted with red and blue colors. He entered with haughty step, ascended a platform and sat down upon a rude throne, with a daughter upon each side of him as supporters. These were beautiful Indian girls, aged respectively about thirteen and fifteen years. Along each side of the room were rows of counselors, behind whom were equal rows of women; and all, of both sexes, were fantastically painted and ornamented.

The prisoner was brought in, and was received with a shout. The daughter of a chief brought water for him to wash his hands, and a bunch of feathers to dry them. Then they fed him bountifully, and his trial commenced. The consultation of that savage court was long and solemn. The verdict was against the captive, and he was condemned to die.

The foot of pagan law is not tardy—it is ever close upon the heel of the culprit or victim. The executioners were immediately summoned —tall, muscular, fiendish-looking men. Two large stones were rolled in and placed near the foot of the throne. The ministers of the Emperor's will were ordered to proceed. They seized the captive, laid his head upon the stones, and prepared to crush it with huge clubs. They lifted the weapons of death, and awaited the terrible signal from the King. All was silent as the grave. Pocahontas, the youngest and best-beloved daughter of Powhatan, was leaning forward, with half-parted lips, dilated nostrils, her lustrous eyes fixed on the prisoner, and her whole being glowing with intense sympathy. The King's hand moved to give the signal. The young princess leaped like a frighted fawn from the dais to the side of the captive, and, with streaming tears, begged piteously for his life. The stern King would not listen. The signal was given, when the gentle girl — the guardian angel sent from Heaven — quick as thought fell upon her knees, and, clasping the head of the prisoner in her arms, covered it with her long hair as with a shield. She was indeed the shield of God's providence, not only over the doomed head of Captain Smith, but over the whole English colony at Jamestown, and it was effectual. Her generous conduct touched the heart of her father, and the life of the captive was spared. Two days afterward Smith was set at liberty, and, conducted by twelve warriors as guides, he reached Jamestown in safety, after an absence of about seven weeks. The guides returned laden with presents for Powhatan and his family; and from that hour the future for the colony seemed bright and promising. The conduct of the Emperor was truly noble. He had good reason to fear and hate the intruders, and the arch-enemy was completely in his power. We can not but regard all this with the eye of an optimist, and see in it the hand of a Providence moulding the mind and heart of the old pagan King and his lovely daughter to suit the will of the Great Disposer of events.

As usual, when Smith was absent from the colony, confusion and improvidence had again ruled supreme. He found the people "all in combustion" on his return from his captivity. Only forty men were living. A bitter quarrel had divided the settlers into two factions, and the stronger party were preparing to abandon the country. They were already on board the vessel that was to convey them away, when Smith, with his usual promptness and energy, pointed toward them the cannon on the little redoubt at Jamestown, and declared his intention to sink the vessel if they did not immediately return to the shore. In fear they obeyed; and in revenge they conspired to kill the bold leader. This wicked scheme was frustrated, however, and some of the ringleaders were sent prisoners to England.

The friendship of Pocahontas for Captain Smith and his people was not an evanescent impulse, born of pity in an hour of extreme peril for the recipient, but an abiding sentiment which manifested itself in acts. Every few days she would appear at Jamestown, with attendant forest maidens, and bring abundance of provisions for the English, at a time when gaunt famine menaced them. Indian men came also, with presents for Captain Smith and provisions for sale at low prices. They revered the Captain as a being superior to even the white people around him, and his influence over them was unbounded. This was increased by his apparent foreknowledge. He told them that, toward the close of the year, another ship, with more white people, would come, and in fulfillment of that prediction, Captain Newport arrived at the expected time. This event firmly established his character as a prophet of truest stamp.

Powhatan was very shy, and never visited Jamestown. When Newport expressed a desire to see him, "Tell him," said the haughty Emperor, "to come to Werowocomoco;" and the proud mariner was compelled to make a journey thither to have his wish gratified. Smith and others attended Newport, and Powhatan received them with much ceremony. That visit was made the occasion for great feasting and rejoicing for three or four days. They also traded as well as feasted, and there was a sufficiency of shrewd overreaching displayed on both sides to satisfy the most exacting taste of a horse-swapping Yankee. Powhatan feigned a contempt for *petty* traffic, and asked Newport to lay down all his commodities, and allow him to select what he chose, and give him such an equivalent as he pleased. Smith warned Newport of the intended cheat, but the proud Captain, ever ready to make a display of his generosity, consented. Instead of receiving at least twenty hogsheads of corn, as he expected, Powhatan gave him only three or four bushels for all the goods he had taken. Smith then tried a similar game with the Emperor, and won. He showed Powhatan some bright blue beads, extolled their beauty, value, and rarity, and affirmed that such were worn only by the greatest kings of the earth. The cupidity and pride of the old pagan King were excited, and he resolved to possess the baubles at any price; and for these worthless beads Smith received almost three hundred bushels of corn. He made a similar bargain with Opechancanough, of Pamunkey, and both parties were satisfied. The corn was a welcome boon to the settlers, and the blue beads were allowed to be worn only by the principal chiefs and members of their families.

Unfortunately for the Virginia colony, the desire and expectation of gold had been the most powerful stimulant to emigration at the outset. Tilling the soil was a secondary consideration with a large number of the first adventurers, who were idle and vicious. Of the eighty-two whose names are known, forty-eight were designated "gentlemen." The one hundred and twenty who came with Newport, early in 1608, were no better. Of these, seventy-four were

"gentlemen." Instead of agriculturists and mechanics—the bone and sinew of a state—they were idle, impoverished "gentlemen," "packed hither," as Smith observes, "to escape ill destinies." There were also several goldsmiths, who came to refine the precious ores, when found—the very men least wanted in a country where its wealth lay in the fertility of its soil instead of in its minerals. They seem to have been ignorant members of their craft, for they pronounced some yellowish earth glittering with mica, which was found near Jamestown, to be valuable ore; and, in spite of the remonstrances of Captain Smith, the whole mind, heart, and industry of the colony were directed to the supposed treasure. "There was no talk, no hope, no work, but dig gold, work gold, refine gold, load gold." All business was neglected, and Newport freighted his vessel with the worthless earth, and returned to England believing himself exceedingly rich. Science soon pronounced him miserably poor in useful knowledge and well-earned reputation.

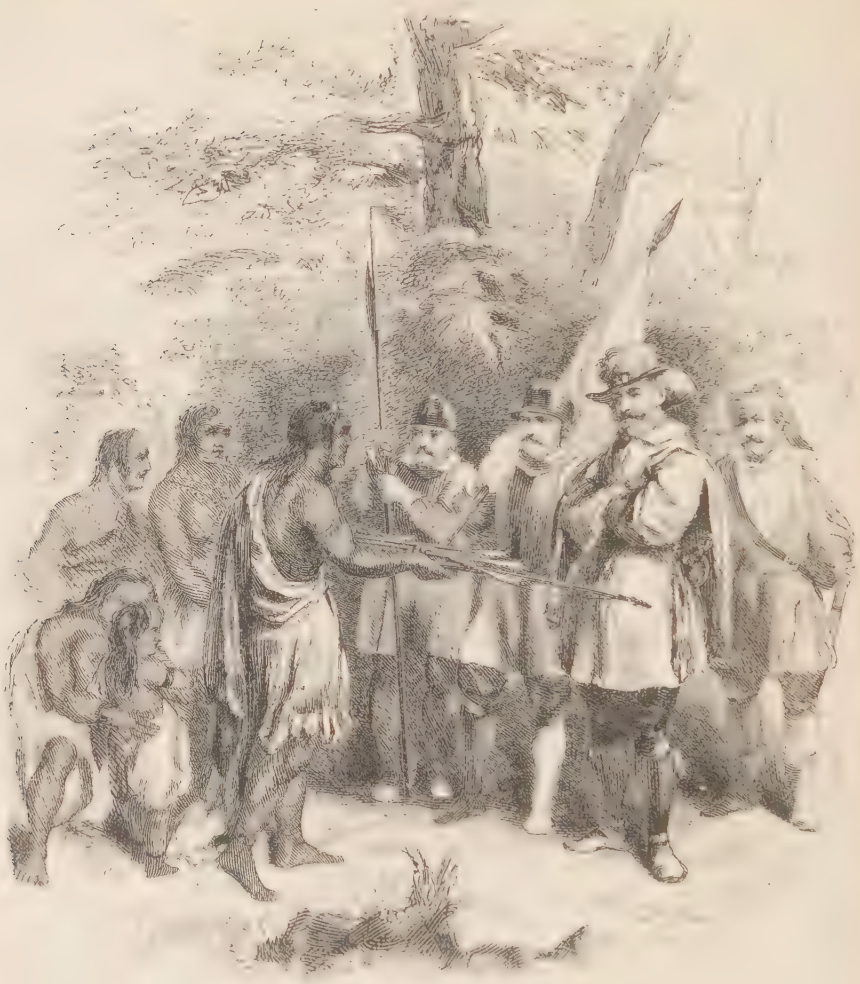
The gold fever continued. Smith remonstrated against idleness, and pleaded for industry in vain. He implored the settlers to plow and sow, that they might reap and be happy. But they refused to listen, and it was with great difficulty that Smith induced some of them, late in the spring, to commence the rebuilding of the church and a large portion of the town, which had been consumed during the preceding winter. At length, disgusted with the great body of the settlers, and yearning for new adventures, he fitted out an expedition to explore the Chesapeake Bay in an open boat of about three tons burden.

This expedition, and another undertaken immediately afterward, exhibit, as a whole, the most wonderful series of events on record, considered in every aspect. Our space will not allow us to contemplate even a brief outline of the adventures, explorations, and untiring labors of Captain Smith and his men in these expeditions. He left Jamestown on the 2d of June, 1608, and returned toward the close of July. He went up the Potomac to the Falls above Washington City, and visited every bay and inlet, held intercourse with the various Indian tribes, formed treaties of friendship, and made accurate surveys of the country. On his return he found the colony, as usual, in a bad condition. The new-comers were all sick; improvidence was rapidly wasting their food; idleness was the rule and industry was the exception; and the weak and selfish Radcliffe had not only been living sumptuously upon the public stores, but was actually engaged in building for himself a pleasant retreat in the woods, instead of being employed in the public service, where so much energy and direction were needed. The people were exceeding discontented, and clamored loudly for the deposition of Radcliffe. That act was consummated, and by unanimous consent Captain Smith was chosen to fill his place. He was now really invested with the authority which he had long exercised through the force of his genius and character, and the colonists indulged in bright dreams of future prosperity.

After a tarry of only three days at Jamestown, Captain Smith appointed a deputy to act during his absence, and then departed on his second exploration of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, in an open boat, with twelve men. He coasted and carefully explored as far as the Patapsco, and ate Indian corn with the natives on the site of Baltimore. Then he went on to Havre de Grace, and followed the Susquehanna to the beautiful Valley of Wyoming, and even further, until he met some of the people of the powerful Iroquois confederacy, afterward known as the Six Nations.

Among the tribes in the deep bosom of the forests Captain Smith found metal hatchets, knives, and other articles, which they had received from the French in Canada. With all these people he established friendly relations, and after making careful surveys of the country, he returned to the Chesapeake, and descending the bay to the broad mouth of the Rappahannock, ascended that stream to the Falls near the site of Fredericksburg. Already he had been menaced with hostilities by the savages along the shores. Then a hundred warriors discharged bevies of arrows upon the English, but without deadly effect. The muskets of the explorers soon brought the assailants to submission. A brief treaty was held, the chiefs of four tribes agreed to become the friends of the great King of England, and Smith and his party went down the river just toward evening—a sultry evening in August—leaving four or five hundred savages singing and dancing in great merriment.

Near the mouth of the Rappahannock Captain Smith stopped to visit a friendly tribe who desired him to make peace between them and their more fiery neighbors the Rappahannocks. Smith felt very little disposition to comply, for, on two occasions during the former expedition, the Rappahannocks had assaulted him without provocation. He consented to treat, however, on condition that the Rappahannocks should present him with the bow and arrows of their chief in token of his submission; that they should never come armed into his presence; and that their chief should deliver up his son as a hostage to secure the fulfillment of his promises. These conditions were agreed to except the last. The old chief could not consent to part with his only son, but offered to give them three women of his tribe who had been taken captive sometime before by those with whom Smith was sojourning. The substitutes were accepted. The women were brought, and Smith hung a chain of beads upon the neck of each. He then allowed the Rappahannock chief to choose one of them for himself, gave a second to the entertainer of the English, and the third was presented to Moses, a friendly Indian, who had performed signal services in behalf of the explorers. The whole affair was satisfactory to all parties, and the tripartite



SUBMISSION OF THE CHIEF OF THE RAPPAHANNOCKS.

treaty was concluded with great rejoicings by six or seven hundred people, in which the dusky women and children of the forest participated.

Returning to Point Comfort, Captain Smith crossed Hampton Roads, and explored the Chesapeake (now Elizabeth) River as far as the site of Norfolk. He saw few natives, and these were very shy. By tokens of kindness he seemed to win their friendship, and he and his men ate corn and oysters with them upon the fertile Craney Island, five miles below Norfolk. But the savages were treacherous. When they departed up a stream that enters the river there they were followed by seven or eight canoes filled with armed warriors, and soon they were attacked by at least three hundred savages, who showered arrows upon them from both sides of the stream. The English muskets soon made the assailants flee in consternation. They seized the deserted canoes, burned the corn-fields and habitations of the Indians upon the island that night, and so humbled the treacherous foe that he sued for peace in the morning. Smith demanded the bow of the chief, a chain of pearls, and four hundred baskets of corn. The Indians, in their eagerness to comply, filled the boat to its utmost capacity; and two days afterward—just at sunset on the 7th of September, 1608—Captain Smith and his party landed at Jamestown. The two expeditions had occupied but a little more than three months. The results were really wonderful. He had voyaged and traveled, according to his own computation, full three thousand miles. He had explored the whole of Chesapeake Bay, and many of its tributary streams, and he constructed a map which all modern surveys have demonstrated to be remarkably accurate. That map, made two hundred and fifty years ago, is preserved in the archives of Great Britain, and presents a noble

monument to the versatile genius of Captain John Smith.

Three days after Smith's return he was inaugurated President of the Colony in due form. His deputy had performed his duties well. The harvests had been well gathered, and harmony prevailed. Their hearts were soon made glad by the arrival of Newport with another company of emigrants and stores. Among the new settlers were two females, the first Englishwomen who ever visited Virginia. With them came, however, many useless men. The President exerted all his energies to turn the little industry of the settlers to agriculture, and succeeded in a degree. But dreams of gold and a thirst for traffic baffled many of his most promising efforts. By Newport, on his return, he wrote to the Supreme Council to send over a different class of men. "I entreat you," he said, "rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers of trees' roots, well provided, than a thousand such as we have." Yet, with all his exertions, idleness and improvidence prevailed. At the end of two years from the time of the first landing at Jamestown, and when the settlement numbered two hundred strong men, not more than forty acres of land were under cultivation; and to the Indians the white people were yet compelled to look for food.

Newport, who, as Stith says, was "an empty, idle, and interested man," full of boasting and courage in the absence of danger, was jealous of the brilliant genius of Smith and his popularity with the colonists. He had procured from the Supreme Council in England a patent for the exercise of powers independent of Smith, and had agreed not to return home until he should have crossed the continent to the South Sea or Pacific Ocean, found a lump of gold, or discovered some of the lost colony of Raleigh, who landed on Roanoke twenty years before. He came prepared to cross the continent. He brought with him a light barge, in which to ascend the James River to its supposed source among the mountains. Then it was to be carried over the lofty ranges of which the Indians had spoken, and relaunched into the streams beyond, which, he doubted not, flowed on with ever-increasing volume into the great South Sea. He also brought royal presents for Powhatan, consisting of a bed and furniture, a basin and ewer, a chair of state, a suit of scarlet cloth, a cloak of rich fabric, and a crown. These, with his scheme for explorations, Newport laid before the Council in Virginia. Smith opposed him with his strong common sense, and the logic of facts and probabilities; but a majority of the Council, dazzled by the brilliancy of the scheme, supported Newport. That officer, thus strengthened, ungenerously accused Smith of a desire to secure for himself all the glory of the expected discovery. This accusation gave the President an opportunity for a display of his noble nature. He not only acquiesced in the decision of the majority, but he volunteered to go with four others to the seat of Powhatan at Werowocomoco, and invite him to Jamestown to receive the royal presents. He went. The monarch was absent, and the English were well entertained by Pocahontas and her women until the return of her father the next day. Then Smith invited Powhatan to come to Jamestown, receive the royal presents from Newport, his father, and concert plans for taking vengeance on the Monocans, with whom the Powhatans were then at war. The haughty Emperor, who understood human nature well, did not for a moment forget his self-respect. Drawing his mantle around him, folding his arms, and standing erect in all the conscious majesty of his position, the pagan sovereign said: "If your King has sent me presents, I too am a King, and this is my land. Eight days I will stay to receive them. Your father is to come to me, not I to him, nor yet to your fort, neither will I bite at such a bait. As for the Monocans, I can revenge my own injuries. For any salt-water beyond the mountains, the stories you have had from my people are false." Then he stooped and drew in the dust, with his finger, a rude chart of the countries which the English had not seen, and giving Captain Smith some friendly words, desired him to return to Jamestown with his answer. The presents were immediately sent round by water, and Smith and Newport, with fifty armed men, marched across the country to Werowocomoco. The presents arrived, the bed was set up, the use of the basin and ewer were explained, and preparations were immediately made for the coronation of Powhatan. After much persuasion he allowed himself to be invested in the scarlet dress and cloak, stooped a little, and received the crown upon his head; and while the English in the boats gave a *feu de joie* with their muskets, with solemn pomp Newport proclaimed the dusky monarch one of the crowned potentates of earth. The ridiculous ceremony ended, and all that Captain Newport received from Powhatan, in compliment for the doubtful honor he had bestowed upon him in behalf of King James, were the cast-off mantle and shoes of the Indian Emperor. These probably were never honored with the touch of the Stuart.

A little chagrined by the affair, Newport returned to Jamestown and set off for the South Sea, by going up the James River to the Falls, and penetrating the wilderness westward. He soon returned, fatigued and disheartened, and was compelled to own Captain Smith his superior in wisdom. He found the President energetically engaged in promoting the interests of the colony. Every man was compelled to work, and he had but little compassion on the dainty fingers which were blistered by the use of the axe, and which caused the owners to utter a "loud oath at every third blow to drown the echo." He even punished them for their profanity, and corrected the evil by pouring down their sleeves at night a can of cold water for every oath they had uttered during the day. He was loved by a majortiy of the colonists, feared

by many, and hated by a very few. Among the latter were Newport and Radcliffe, who plotted for his overthrow, but through vigilance, wisdom, and firmness he triumphed over all. He even silenced the complaints of the Supreme Council, in London, who had been deceived by false reports concerning him. They had addressed a very sharp letter to him, to which he replied with so much candor, spirit, and eminent ability that their suspicions were disarmed, and they regarded him with admiration.

Captain Smith continued to encounter many difficulties in Virginia. The Indians often exhibited signs of hostile feelings. He well knew the jealousy and craftiness of Powhatan, and properly distrusted his apparent friendship. He finally resolved to seize his person, and keep him at Jamestown as a hostage. An opportunity to attempt the bold measure soon occurred. Powhatan asked Smith to build him a house. He sent some Germans, who were almost useless at Jamestown, to do so, having first imprudently revealed to them his plans and obtained promises of their co-operation. He then went thither himself with several armed men. The Germans proved traitors, and revealed the plot to Powhatan. The anger of the Emperor was fiercely kindled against Smith and his followers, and he prepared to strike them an exterminating blow while partaking of an apparently friendly feast. The blessed Pocahontas forewarned Captain Smith of his danger, and through vigilance he escaped unhurt and returned to Jamestown with his people. The plea of stern necessity alone can excuse the conduct of Smith in this attempted treachery toward one who had generously saved his life, and always evinced personal respect toward him.

On their way back Smith and his party visited Opechancanough, brother of Powhatan, at Pamunkey. The chief received them at his house with friendly salutations, while armed warriors were gathering around to murder the English. While Smith was in conference with the traitorous King of the Pamunkeys, one of his party rushed in with face deadly pale and trembling voice, exclaiming that they were all lost, for six or seven hundred Indians had formed a cordon around them. The Captain calmly assured them of the efficiency of their muskets, bade them be resolute, trust in God, and fight like men. He then boldly accused Opechancanough of his treachery, and proposed single combat to decide who should submit, the English or the Indians. The chief knew his present advantage and declined. He tried to quiet the suspicions of the Captain, and invited him outside to receive presents, where he had two hundred bowmen with their arrows on their strings ready to shoot him. Smith read the perfidy in the eye of the chief, and, unable longer to restrain his indignation, he seized him by the hair, and placing a loaded pistol to his breast, he led him out trembling with horror, and made him kneel submissively in the presence of his terrified people. The Pamunkeys were dreadfully frightened. Some fell on their faces, and some crouched in abject fear on seeing the sacred person of their King thus handled. Holding on to his prisoner, Smith addressed the savages in their own language. He rebuked them for their treachery, told them if they dared shoot an arrow at one of his men, or steal any thing of his, they would not hear the last of him while there was a Pamunkey alive. He reminded them of their promise to load his vessel with corn, and told them if they did not he would load it with their carcasses. He assured them if they would trade with him like friends he would promise not to trouble them; if not, they might expect to feel his fiercest indignation. They were awed by his speech and his actions; and so terrible was the name of Smith to all the Indians of the Virginia peninsula that even the stern commands of Powhatan could not induce them to attack him in battle.

The treacherous Germans, who remained with Powhatan, gave Captain Smith and the colonists much trouble, by exciting the hostilities of the neighboring tribes against the English, and the settlement was frequently menaced with destruction. Disorder also prevailed at Jamestown on the return of Smith from Werowocomoco, but by extraordinary energy and the factitious aid of some seeming accidents, the Indians became exceedingly fearful of the English, and especially of Captain Smith. The settlers also became better disposed; idleness (by compulsion) gave way to industry, and the death of the last survivor of the Council gave Captain Smith autocratic powers. He used them mildly, but firmly, for the public good. He always fared like the meanest among them, worked as hard and as menially as any of them, and in every particular he was a noble example.

Captain Smith's sojourn in Virginia was now drawing to a close. The anticipations of sudden wealth, indulged in by the London Company, were not realized, and they sought and obtained a new charter early in the summer of 1608, which gave them more ample privileges. The territory of South Virginia was extended northward to the head of Chesapeake Bay. The Supreme Council was vested with full power to fill vacancies in its own body, and to appoint a Governor for Virginia, whose rule was made absolute. The lives, liberties, and property of the settlers were at his disposal. They were compelled to contribute a certain share of their earnings to the proprietors, and were mere vassals at will under a petty despotism.

Lord De la Warr (Delaware) was appointed Governor, and Sir Thomas Gates his deputy. The latter sailed for Virginia with Newport, who commanded a fleet of nine ships, bearing more than five hundred emigrants destined for the Jamestown colony. The fleet was dispersed by a storm, the deputy Governor was in one of the vessels wrecked on the shores of the Bermudas, but the great body of the immigrants, in seven ships, arrived at Jamestown in safety. A greater portion of them were more profligate, if possible, than their predecessors in the colony. They

THE HUMILIATION OF OPECHANCANOUGH.

were dissolute scions of wealthy families, and many of them came to avoid punishment for crimes at home. They regarded Virginia as a paradise for libertines, and affected to believe the colony to be without a head until the Governor or his deputy should arrive. Smith, on the contrary, boldly asserted his authority as President, and maintained it until an accident in autumn compelled him to go to England for surgical aid. He had been to the Falls (Richmond) of the James River, to visit a settlement there, and while asleep in his boat, when going down the river to Jamestown, a bag of gunpowder lying near him exploded, and burned his clothes and lacerated his flesh in a shocking manner. He leaped overboard to extinguish the flames and barely escaped drowning. In this condition he was conveyed to Jamestown, when Radcliffe and Archer, who were about to be tried for their misdemeanors, seeing his helplessness, hired a miscreant to murder Smith in his bed. The heart of the assassin failed him at the important moment, and soon afterward (early in the autumn of 1609) Captain Smith, suffering severely from

his wounds, departed for England and never returned to Virginia again. He left behind him about five hundred colonists (of whom one hundred were trained and expert soldiers), besides vessels, cannons, three hundred muskets, and other weapons, ammunition in abundance, and an ample supply of domestic animals and provisions. He delegated his magisterial authority to George Percy, brother of the Duke of Northumberland, and he departed with the abundant blessings and kind wishes of many warm friends at Jamestown, for he was properly regarded in the threefold character of the founder of the settlement, and its saviour and benefactor.

Released from the control of Smith, the settlers gave themselves up to every irregularity of life. Their stock of provisions was rapidly consumed. Improvidence soon invited want and famine. The Indians, who had great respect for Smith, and on that account were friendly, openly showed their contempt for the English after his departure. They withheld supplies of corn and game, and famine ensued. The winter of 1609–'10 was one of terrible suffering at Jamestown. It was long remembered as the "starving time." The English who went to the cabins of the Indians for food were murdered; and, finally, a plan was matured for striking the settlers a blow of utter extermination. It was almost ripe for execution when Pocahontas again became an angel of deliverance. On a dark and stormy night she hastened to Jamestown, informed the English of the plot, and was thus instrumental in saving the colony by arousing their vigilance. But an enemy more subtle and powerful than the savages was decimating the settlers. Destitution and sickness increased as the spring advanced, and six months after Smith's departure his colony of five hundred persons was reduced to sixty. These attempted to escape in a vessel to Newfoundland, but were happily met at Hampton Roads by supply ships, bearing Lord De la Warr; and that very night Jamestown, abandoned to the pagans in the morning, was made vocal with hymns of thanksgiving to the true God by the returned settlers.

History has made no record of Captain Smith's career during four years after his return to England. Doubtless his most brilliant hopes and fondest desires were centred on the New World. In confirmation of the opinion, we find him, in 1614, engaged in an expedition, in company with several London gentlemen, for trade and discovery on the coast of North Virginia, a way to which had recently been opened by Gosnold, Pring, and Weymouth. They had seen only its line of coast, the vast interior was yet an unknown land to the civilized world. To that land, full of courage and hope, Captain Smith sailed in March, 1614, with two vessels, one of them commanded by Captain Thomas Hunt. They first touched the coast of Maine, and while the crews of the vessels were engaged in catching and preserving fish, during July and August, Smith, with eight men in a small boat, carefully examined and surveyed the whole coast from the Penobscot to Cape Cod. They trafficked and they fought with the Indians as circumstances required.

From the topographical materials he had gathered Captain Smith was enabled to construct quite an accurate map, not only of the coast but of the interior country watered by the principal streams which he had explored. He placed the Indian names of places on his map, except those which he had given to particular localities; and after an absence of less than seven months, he returned to England, leaving one of his vessels in command of Hunt to traffic with the natives. Hunt not only disobeyed orders, but committed one of the worst crimes known in the calendar of human infamy. As soon as Smith had departed he kidnapped twenty-seven Indians, with Squanto their chief, took them to Spain, and sold several of them for slaves. Some benevolent friars took the remainder to educate them as missionaries. Among these was Chief Squanto, who was afterward returned to his people. And now, at various points—from the Spanish settlements in Florida to the French posts on Newfoundland—men-stealers of different nations had planted the seeds of hatred and distrust in the New World, whose fruits, in after-years, were wars and complicated troubles.

On his return to England Captain Smith presented his map to the eldest son of King James (afterward Charles the First), and desired him to substitute better titles to places than the "barbarous names" he had recorded. He had named the country thus delineated NEW ENGLAND, and he asked the Prince to confirm the same. His wishes were all complied with. That portion of North Virginia was called New England, and many names in that region, which appeared on Smith's corrected map, are still retained. With his usual modesty, he gave his own name to only a group of small islands, which have since been changed to that of Isles of Shoals—a name treasonable alike to good taste and gratitude.

The fame of Captain Smith as an explorer was greatly enhanced by his voyage to New England, and parties interested in such enterprises eagerly sought his co-operation. The Plymouth Company, as the patentees of North Virginia were called, finally made arrangements with him; and he sailed for New England, with two vessels, in March, 1615. He was driven back by a tempest, but sailed again on the 4th of July following. His crew became mutinous; and after two or three escapes from pirates, his vessel was captured by a French corsair, and he and his men were all carried to France. Smith escaped to England in an open boat. Having aroused the sluggish energies of the Plymouth Company and others, they planned vast schemes of colonization, and he was made Admiral of New England for life. It was but an empty title, and Captain Smith never again found occasion to brave the perils of the Atlantic, or the greater perils in the forests of America.

While Captain Smith was engaged in these efforts toward planting settlements in New En-

SMITH PRESENTING HIS MAP TO PRINCE CHARLES.

gland, important events were transpiring in Virginia. The gentle Pocahontas, by her firm attachment to the English, had become alienated from her father and his court. Her tender heart was continually pained by the plots that periled the settlers at Jamestown; and she finally left her father's dominions, and lived in seclusion with the Potomacs. Ever since the departure of Captain Smith Powhatan had continued to manifest hostility toward the English; and though the colony had increased to a thousand in number toward the close of 1612, they still feared the power and craft of the Emperor. At that time Captain Argall, a half-piratical navigator, was in Virginia. Informed of the place of residence of Pocahontas, he conceived the idea of abducting her, and taking her to Jamestown, to be held as a hostage until Powhatan should consent to advantageous terms of peace. Unmindful of the full measure of gratitude due from the colony to the Indian princess, the rough Argall proceeded to carry his plans into execution. By the present of a copper kettle he bribed the chief of the Potomacs to allure

Pocahontas on board his vessel. The scheme was effected through the agency of the wife of the chief, and the unsuspecting maiden was made a prisoner. She wept bitterly at first; but finally became reconciled. For several months the old King refused compliance with the exorbitant demands of the English, but love for his child at length prevailed. He loved his daughter tenderly, and he agreed to the terms of ransom gladly, at the same time promising unbroken friendship for the English.

Pocahontas was now free to return to her forest home. But other bonds, more holy than those of her captor, detained her. While in the custody of the rude buccaneer a mutual attachment had budded and blossomed between her and John Rolfe, a young Englishman of good family, and the fruit was a happy marriage—"another knot to bind the peace" with Powhatan much stronger. Already she had been carefully instructed in the Christian religion, and had been baptized with the name of the Lady Rebecca.

It was a day in charming April, 1613, when Rolfe and Pocahontas stood at the marriage altar in the new and pretty chapel at Jamestown, where, not long before, she had been admitted to the Christian communion. The sun had marched half-way up toward the meridian when a goodly company had assembled beneath the temple roof. The pleasant odor of the "pews of cedar" commingled with the fragrance of the wild-flowers which decked the festoons of evergreens and sprays that hung over the "fair broad windows" and the commandment-tablets above the chancel. Over the pulpit of black-walnut hung garlands of white flowers, with the waxen leaves and scarlet berries of the holly. The communion-table was covered with fair white linen, and bore bread from the wheat-fields around Jamestown, and wine from its luscious grapes. The font, "hewn hollow between, like a canoe," sparkled with water, as on the morning when the gentle princess uttered her baptismal vows.

Of all that company assembled in the broad space between the chancel and the pews the bride and groom were the central figures in fact and significance. Pocahontas was dressed in a simple tunic of white muslin, from the looms of Dacca. Her arms were bare even to the shoulders; and hanging loosely toward her feet was a robe of rich stuff presented by Sir Thomas Dale, the Governor, fancifully embroidered by herself and her maidens. A gaudy fillet encircled her head, and held the plumage of birds and a vail of gauze, while her limbs were adorned with the simple jewelry of the native work-shops. Rolfe was attired in the gay clothing of an English cavalier of that period, and upon his thigh he wore a short sword of a gentleman of distinction in society. He was the personification of manly beauty in form and carriage—she of womanly modesty and simplicity; and as they came and stood before the man of God—the "good Master Whittaker"—history dipped her pen in the indestructible fountain of truth, and recorded a prophecy of mighty empires in the New World. Upon the chancel steps, where no railing intervened, the "Apostle of Virginia" stood in his sacerdotal robes, and with impressive voice pronounced the marriage ritual of the Liturgy of the Anglican Church, then first planted on the Western continent. On his right, in a richly-carved chair of state, brought from England, sat the Governor, with his ever-attendant halberdiers, with brazen helmets, at his back.

There were yet but few women in the colony, and these, soon after this memorable event, returned to native England. The "ninety young women, pure and uncorrupted," whom the wise Sandys caused to be sent to Virginia, as wives for the planters, did not arrive until seven years later. All then at Jamestown were at the marriage. The letters of the time have transmitted to us the names of some of them: Mrs. John Rolfe, with her child (doubtless of the family of the bridegroom); Mrs. Eaton and child; and Mrs. Horton and grandchild, with her maid-servant, Elizabeth Parsons, who, on a Christmas-eve before, had married Thomas Powell, were yet in Virginia. Among the noted men there present was Sir Thomas Gates, a brave soldier in many wars (a friend of Captain Smith), and as brave an adventurer among the Atlantic perils as any who ever trusted to the ribs of oak of the ships of Old England; and Master Sparks, who had been co-embassador with Rolfe to the court of Powhatan, stood near the old soldier, with young Henry Spilman at his side. There, too, was the young George Percy, brother of the powerful Duke of Northumberland, whose conduct was always as noble as his blood; and near him, an earnest spectator of the scene, was the elder brother of Pocahontas, but not the destined successor to the throne of his father. There, too, was a younger brother of the bride, and many youths and maidens from the forest shades; but one noble, venerable figure—the pride of the Powhatan confederacy—the father of the bride, was absent. He had consented to the marriage with willing voice, but would not trust himself within the power of the English at Jamestown. He remained in his habitation at Werowocomoco while the *rose* and the *totum* were being wedded, but cheerfully commissioned his brother, Opachisco, to give away his daughter. That prince performed his duty well; and then, in careless gravity, he sat and listened to the voice of the Apostle, and the sweet chanting of the little choristers. The music ceased; the benediction fell; the solemn "Amen" echoed from the rude vaulted roof, and the joyous company left the chapel for the festal hall of the Governor. Thus "the peace" was made stronger; and the *Rose* of England lay undisturbed upon the *Hatchet* of the Powhatans while the father of Pocahontas lived.

Months glided away. The bride and groom "lived civilly and lovingly together" until Sir Thomas Dale departed for England, in 1616, when they, with many settlers, accompanied

THE SORROW OF POCAHONTAS

him. Tomocomo, one of the shrewdest of Powhatan's counselors, went also, that he might report all the wonders of England to his master. The Lady Rebecca received great attention from the court and all below it. "She accustomed herself to civility, and carried herself as daughter of a king," says one of the old chroniclers. Doctor King, the Lord Bishop of London, entertained her "with festival state and pomp" beyond what he had ever given to other ladies; and at court she was received with the courtesy due to her rank as a princess. But the silly bigot on the throne was highly incensed because one of his *subjects* had dared to marry a *lady of royal blood;* and in the midst of his dreams of prerogatives, he absurdly apprehended that Rolfe might lay claim to the crown of Virginia! This was the miserable pedant whose family cost England so much blood and treasure, and whom the great Sully called "the wisest fool in Europe." And the noble and valiant Captain Smith, whose courage and independence seemed equal to any contingency, almost trembled for fear of the royal displeasure. The delighted Pocahontas, who had long been told that Smith was dead, when she met him called him *father*, as she had done in Virginia. But, as he says, he "durst not allow of that title, because she was a king's daughter," and he refused to listen to such words of affection. She could not comprehend the cause, and her tender, simple heart was sorely grieved by what seemed to be his want of affection for her. She turned away in deep sorrow, and, leaning her head upon the shoulder of a good lady present, she wept as if her heart would break, while she gently reproached the Captain for his seeming unkindness.

Pocahontas remained in England about a

year; and when ready to embark for America with her husband and child, she sickened, and died at Gravesend in the flowery month of June, 1617, when not quite two-and-twenty years of age. She left one son, Thomas Rolfe, who afterward became quite a distinguished man in Virginia. He left a daughter, and from her some of the leading families in Virginia—the Bollings, Murrays, Gays, Flemings, Eldridges, and Randolphs—trace their lineage. But Pocahontas needed no posterity to perpetuate her name—it is imperishably preserved in the amber of history.

At the time when Pocahontas visited England Captain Smith supposed himself to be on the eve of his departure for America. The Plymouth Company had been making great promises, and now he was assured of being the commander of a fleet of twenty vessels—a position worthy of his title of Admiral. But these promises were never fulfilled; and he lived on, hoping against hope for an opportunity to visit the New World again. At length sad intelligence reached England. A dark cloud suddenly arose in the summer sky of Virginia. The Indian tribes, for many leagues around Jamestown, gathered in council. Powhatan was dead, and his brother, Opechancanough, a bitter enemy of the white people, ruled the confederacy. They had watched the increasing strength of the English with alarm. The white people there were now four thousand in number, and were rapidly increasing. The Indians read their own destiny—annihilation—upon the face of every new-comer; and, prompted by the first law of his nature—self-preservation—the red man resolved to strike a blow for life. A conspiracy to exterminate the English was planned; and at mid-day on the first of April, 1622, the hatchet fell upon all of the more remote settlements. Within an hour three hundred and fifty men, women, and children were slain. Jamestown and some neighboring plantations were saved by the timely warning of a Christian Indian. Those far away in the forests fought bravely, and fled to the capital. In the space of a few days eighty plantations were reduced to eight. The retaliation upon the Indians was terrible. They were slaughtered by scores upon the York and James rivers, or were driven far back into the wilderness. But a blight was on the colony. Sickness and famine followed close upon the massacre. Within three months the colony of four thousand souls was reduced to twenty-five hundred; and at the beginning of 1624, of nine thousand persons who had been sent to Virginia from England, only eighteen hundred remained.

The intelligence of this massacre created great excitement in England, and Captain Smith burned with a desire to go over and avenge the outrage. He asked the London Company to allow him one hundred soldiers and thirty sailors, with sufficient provisions and equipments, and promised, with these, to form a perfect protection to the colony in future. But the majority were too avaricious, or lacked sufficient forecast, to receive the proposition favorably, and it was rejected. Now the last opportunity for the brave Captain Smith to go to Virginia, as an adventurer in private enterprises, passed away forever. The King had long sought an excuse for dissolving the London Company, and extending royal sway over the colony on the James River. Now he appointed a commission, composed of his own pliant tools, to inquire into the condition of the affairs of the corporation. Of course they reported in favor of dissolving the Company. An equally pliant judiciary issued a *quo warranto*. As the speculation had been an unprofitable one, the Company made but little opposition; and in July, 1624, the patents were canceled. Virginia became a royal province, and so it remained until the colonies were all declared free and independent States in 1776.

From this period until his death in 1631, Captain Smith disappears from history altogether. Yet he was not idle. He appears to have possessed a fortune, or, at least, an ample competency, and he lived in comparative seclusion, engaged in literary labors and the enjoyments of social life. Although not endowed with the faculty of writing elegantly, yet his sentences possess vigor, terseness, and genial humor, which charm the reader. His literary productions were quite numerous, and have ever been regarded as truthful narratives of what he had seen and heard.*

Captain Smith died in London in 1631, in the fifty-second year of his age. It is a singular fact that no record of the events of his death has ever been found. It seems strange that one who, for almost thirty years, had been so conspicuous in some of the most notable and important movements of the age, should have received so little notice at the hands of chroniclers when he departed. In a brief poetic address, written by a

* Smith's "Map of Virginia," with an accompanying record of "Proceedings" in the colony, was published in 1612. In 1620 he issued a pamphlet entitled, "New England's Trials, declaring the Success of 26 Ships employed thither within these six Years." In 1626 his "General History of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles," etc., from 1584 (Raleigh's Expeditions) to the year of publication, was issued. In 1630 "The true Travels, Adventures, and Observations of Captain John Smith, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, from 1593 to 1629," together with a continuation of his "General History," was published in London. This work, together with the "General History," was reprinted at Richmond in 1819, under the auspices of John Randolph, in two octavo volumes, with careful copies of the original illustrations. Smith also published, in 1631, a little work from his pen, entitled "Advertisements for the unexperienced Planters of New England, or anywhere; or, the Pathway to Experience to Erect a Plantation," etc. It is a curious work, and gives evidence, in its literary features, of more than ordinary care on the part of the writer. It is printed in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Earlier than this, he published two or three practical manuals. One was called "An Accidence; or, the Pathway to Experience necessary for all young Seamen." Another was entitled, "A Sea Grammar, with the plain Exposition of Smith's Accidence for young Seamen, enlarged." And at the time of his death he seems to have been engaged in writing a "History of the Sea." In all these writings Captain Smith displays great knowledge of men and things, and a lively appreciation of nature.

contemporary, this lack of expressed appreciation is alluded to. The writer says:

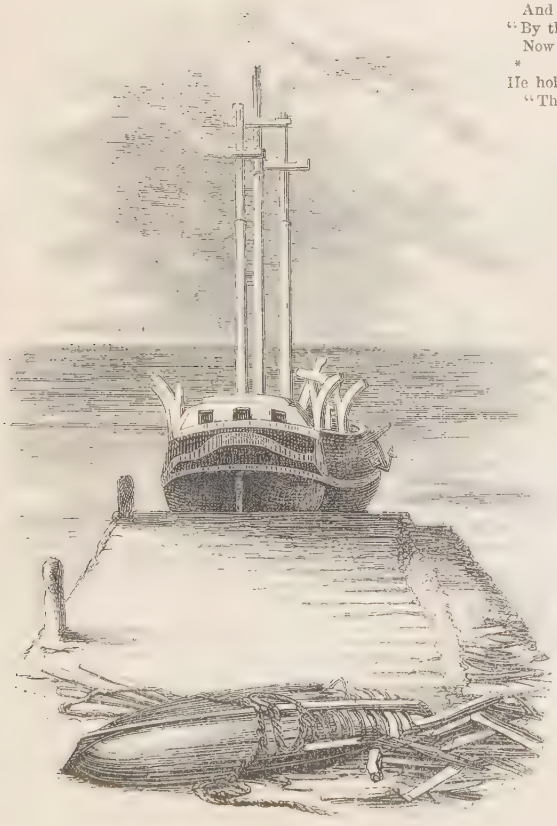
"If France, or Spaine, or any forren soile,
Could claime thee theirs—for these thy paines and toile,
Th'adst got reward and honor: now adays
What our own natives doe, we seldome praise."

And as Captain Smith himself seems never to have put on record any thing concerning his purely private affairs, we are left in profound ignorance of his domestic history. We know not whether he was ever married, with whom he was related, what were his tastes and habits, or what was the amount of his fortune. He is to be judged only by his public actions. These are sufficient to make the world, in all time, admire him as a brave and generous soldier, a wise statesman, and skillful executive officer in civil or military life. As founder of the earliest English colony in America, he will ever be regarded in this country with the reverence due to the best of those noble pioneers who came hither to plant new empires. History and song, painting and sculpture, find worthy themes in commemorating their deeds. If Alexander the Great was thought worthy of having the granite body of Mount Athos hewn into a colossal image of himself, might not Europe and America appropriately join in the labor of fashioning some lofty summit of the Alleghanies into a huge monument to the memory of those PIONEERS who carried the seeds of Christian civilization to the New World, and, amidst perils most fearful, nobly nurtured the young plants of empire until their roots had struck too deep in the soil to be disturbed by the hand of internal faction or the tempest of outward pagan opposition?

A SUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.

[Third Paper]



DISMANTLED.

It is an Ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"
* * * * * * *
He holds him with his skinny hand:—
"There was a ship," quoth he.

COLERIDGE.

ON entering the harbor of Nantucket one is impressed on every hand by the signs of decadence. A few battered and dismantled hulks of whale ships sleep alongside the lethargic old wharves; quiet, listless seeming people saunter about with an aimless air very uncommon in New England; grass-grown streets and dingy warehouses all combine to complete the picture of departed glory.—No, not of departed glory: I mean, simply, "of decadent commercial prosperity;" for the fame of Nantucket is historic, and the glory of having given birth to the boldest and most enterprising mariners that ever furrowed the seas is hers, imperishable and forever.

Of all the attributes of man that which should always command our most unreserved regard is simple manhood; and I must confess that, when I entered the precincts of this island-city, I experienced very much the same sort of feeling as when for the first time I passed the gates of

Imperial Rome. Here, I thought, are the familiar haunts of men who have hunted over the aqueous globe and despoiled the deep of its living wealth, who have striven face to face with mighty leviathans and driven them from sea to sea, and from pole to pole, smiting and destroying, enriching commerce, illuminating the darkness of the world. Before Nantucket we had pine knots and tallow; since Nantucket we have camphene and kerosene: representatives of lusty barbarism and an overstrained and diseased civilization. For the golden age of reason, the true and healthful light of convenience and common sense, commend me to the days of the great *Physeter macrocephalus*.

A rapid sail over salt-water, if it does not prove an emetic, is a famous stomachic tonic; and so we made no unreasonable delay sentimentalizing over the homes of the Vikings, but made our way to the Ocean House, where we dined and reposed. Later in the afternoon we went a strolling at our leisure to see whatever was to be seen. The town of Nantucket contains near seven thousand inhabitants, and in its general features resembles New Bedford, being at the same time smaller, older, more quiet, and less wealthy. Of her ancient mariners, indeed, we saw few; but their wives and children seemed numerous enough. One can not but remark the great preponderance of women and children in the visible population of the place; and this circumstance gives to the streets and thoroughfares in the interior of the town a more cheerful and home-like air. Inquiring for the cause of this disparity in the sexes, your response is found in the old song of The Sea:

> "The sea has one and all,
> Fathers, brothers, sons, and lovers."

In addition, a few years since, the California fever swept the island with a virulence more fatal than war and pestilence combined. It is estimated that Nantucket lost some six or eight hundred men by that epidemic. At night there was music in the Public Place, and observing the crowd collected to hear it, I judged that at least four-fifths were women.

A STRANGE GENTLEMAN.

As the morning after our arrival was delightfully fair and fresh, we, by the advice of an acquaintance at the hotel, determined to drive over to Siasconsett, the Newport of the Nantuckoise. Our buggy appeared like all the other craft we saw, a little the worse for time and use; but by the judicious adaptation of some straps, buckles, and a silk handkerchief, we managed to make her sea-worthy—sand-worthy I should have said, for having cleared the town we found our road a plain track of loose sand, through an open country, scantily clothed with grass, weeds, and low shrubs, and totally destitute both of trees and inclosures. Some browsing cattle, sheep, and horses—to say nothing of sand-flies—gave life to this dreary landscape; and several lonely and poor-looking farm-houses in the distance showed that agriculture was not altogether ignored.

A drive of eight miles brought us to Siasconsett, situated on the southeast part of the island. The old town, which resembles a group of hen-houses, about fifty in number and compactly built, occupies a level grass-plot, immediately on the brink of a sand cliff facing the open ocean. Formerly the cod fishery was actively prosecuted here; but of late years the trade has dwindled into insignificance, and consequently the place retains but a very small permanent population. In recompense, it has become a favorite summer resort for the town folks and strangers who visit the country. For the accommodation of these seekers of health and relaxation a new suburb has arisen which totally eclipses the fishing hamlet in size and appearance. There are a number of pretty private cottages and a neat hotel, none of which, however, were occupied at the time of our visit.

As we saw no one of whom to inquire concerning the premises, we drove on slowly until the road seemed to run out; and we turned into a narrow grass-covered way, which, like the

streets of Genoa, seemed to have been laid off without any reference to horses and carriages. Dick remarked that we would get tangled up among these blasted turkey-houses, and would not be able to get out without driving over some of them. I persevered, notwithstanding, until we were presently brought up against the village pump. Our shouts opened the door of a tenement near at hand, from whence an old cripple issued, and, shuffling toward us with great eagerness, offered to take our horse. We yielded the reins readily, and inquired if there was a house of entertainment in the place.

"Certainly," said he; "jist you go in there (indicating the low door from which he had sallied), and Mistress Cary will entertain you as nice as need be."

We entered and found ourselves in a cuddy, measuring about eight by ten, which, in addition to its capacity as public reception room of the hotel, seemed to serve also as a general storehouse of groceries, provisions, and fancy goods of varied character. By a cursory glance I was enabled to inventory a portion of the contents, as follows: Dried codfish, bottled beer, sugar-candy, fishing lines and hooks, eggs, whisky, ginger-cakes, opodeldoc, pork, cigars, cheese, Radway's Ready Relief, tobacco, ship biscuit, Pain Killer, jack-knives, lucifer-matches, and jewelry.

The prospect was not so bad. The house was well provisioned at least; as tidy as could be expected under the circumstances; and, besides, the most delicate olfactories could not have detected the slightest smell of any kind, except dried codfish: but if folks are squeamish on this or other subjects, they had better stay at home, and be content to do their traveling through *Harper's Magazine*. As no one appeared to receive us, Dick thumped upon the glass case that contained the fancy goods, jewelry, and ginger-cakes, and forthwith from a side door entered a little old woman with a mothery vinegar aspect, who saluted us sharply with,

"Well, what have ye got to sell?"

"Nothing at all," replied Dick, depositing upon a chair the knapsack which contained our baggage.

"Then," quoth she, "take your traps and tramp."

"Madam," said I, with mildness, yet assuming some dignity of manner, "we are strangers who have come a-pleasuring to this famous place, and have been informed that you could entertain us for the day, perhaps."

MOTHER CARY.

"Oh, that's it, is it? That's quite another thing. Set down, Sirs, and rest yourselves, and we'll see what we can do for you."

The old woman looked mollified; but to remove the disadvantageous impression that we were pedestrians, I continued,

"Our horse and carriage, Madam, has been attended to by your husband."

"My husband!" exclaimed Mother Cary. "My husband?"

"Madam, I allude to the lame gentleman who took our horse and promised to have him fed."

Our hostess stood for a moment speechless, as if undecided whether she should put me to death *à la basilisk*, or annihilate me with a package of codfish which lay near at hand. At length she shrieked out, like an angered sea-gull,

"My *husband*, did you say? *gentleman*, did you call him?—that creature that I hired from the alms-house to attend to people's horses! I guess your eye-sight is not very good, Sir, or you must be strangers in this country. I am Mistress Elizabeth Cary, at your service. My husband! faugh! I thank God I'm not that low yet!"

And in high disdain she flounced out of the room.

"Cousin Bob," said Dick, in a cautious whisper, "I think it quite lucky for the poor old hostler that he is only her hireling."

"True, Dick. Old, a cripple, and a pauper—yet he is not her husband. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Presently Mother Cary re-entered, clothed in calm dignity and severe politeness, with the addition of a high white turban and a glistering black silk gown.

We bowed until our heads nearly touched the floor. "Madam," I said, "excuse the absurd and awkward mistake I made just now."

"It's of no consequence," she answered, with the slightest trace of acrimony. "I mistook you for a couple of gimcrack peddlers; but it seems neither of us was very sharp-sighted. I hope we'll get better acquainted. What's your orders?"

Having ascertained that we could procure a fishing-boat, the hostler was sent to call the boatman, and we proceeded to order liberally; bottles of porter, ship biscuit, cheese, boiled eggs, and divers articles of fishing tackle, until our bill amounted to a round sum. The clink of the solid coin upon the counter effectually smoothed the wrinkles from the amiable mother's countenance, and just then the boatman entered, accompanied by an assistant.

Bluefishing was to be the sport, and the big boat was to be launched. Where every body is willing, arrangements are soon made. Our boatman's name was Coffin too, and to sail in company with one of the Coffins of Nantucket is something for a landsman; consequently drinks were proposed. In a twinkling Madam produced a bottle of her best whisky—I don't drink whisky myself, but shammed for politeness' sake; but Dick, who scorns all humbug in such matters, pronounced the liquor good, ordered a repetition, and pressed a glass on our worthy hostess.

By this time she had become radiant.

"I like to deal with liberal-minded, polite gentlemen," quoth she.

"Then," said Dick, "your visitors during the summer are not always of that stamp?"

"I guess not," she replied, with a scornful toss. "Why, there are people that come here who would spend the day skinning a clam rather than pay five cents for a good dinner."

"It's abominable that people should be so stingy," cried Dick, slapping the old woman on the back.

She returned the salute with a confidential poke in the ribs. "To be sure, young man, they're your half-cut people—trash; but for a gentleman, I can tell one as far as I can see him."

Dick helped Mother Cary a second time.

"Young man," quoth she, "I don't know where you came from nor who you are, but it's plain to see you've been bred a gentleman."

"Come," said I, "the bluefish are waiting for us; let's be off." And so we started for the beach.

"I wish ye good sport, gentlemen," screeched Mother Cary. "Your horse shall be well attended to, and any thing I have in the house is at your service."

With the assistance of half a dozen fishermen the sail-boat was launched, and we started on our cruise. Unfortunately for our anticipated sport, the breeze failed us entirely. To remedy this we tried the oars; but so stout a craft, with but two oarsmen, made so little progress that we were obliged to abandon the hope of trailing, and forced to adopt another mode of fishing practiced here. This is done by throwing the leaded hook to as great a distance as possible, and then drawing it home with sufficient rapidity to keep the bait afloat. A skillful hand will throw out two hundred feet of line, by whirling the lead rapidly round the fore finger and letting go at the proper time; and in drawing it home will lay his line in a clean coil, ready to repeat the throw the instant that he boats his fish or draws his hook from the water. A green hand plumps his lead alternately into the deck and among the rigging, hooks his finger or his breeches, and tangles his line into the most extraordinary loops and knots that can be imagined. In all these performances Dick and myself had some experience. In addition, we caught nothing, and without the excitement of taking the fish the process soon became intolerably fatiguing. So after rowing and floating about for an hour or more without any success we anchored, and knocking the necks off the porter bottles, solaced ourselves with Mother Cary's provisions. While the lunch was in progress the fisherman's son pointed out a group of black points dimpling the surface of the water about a hundred feet from us. "There," said he, "goes a shoal of bluefish!" Down went the cheese and beer, and out went

the lines. Throwing the lead beyond the shoal, we drew it rapidly through, and each hook was followed by half a dozen or more ravenous fish, snapping, darting, and leaping up to the gunwale of the boat. A noble pair were hooked on our first cast, and presently fresh shoals appeared to the right and left of us, driving by with the tide. Many thousands must have passed us in the course of the next hour, sometimes showing their fins at distances beyond our reach, sometimes passing directly under the boat. The sight of our game aroused the sporting fervor to the highest degree, and for an hour we whirled our leads so industriously and effectively that the bottom of our boat was all a-flutter with the spoils.

With the turn of the tide the fish disappeared, and, satisfied with our success, we rowed back to the Siasconsett landing. When we got ashore we straightway repaired, with our ship's company, to the hospitable store-room of Mother Cary, where drinks again went round and all fatigues were for the time forgotten.

"Mr. Coffin," inquired Dick, "you have storms on this coast sometimes, don't you?"

The sailor gave a solemn wink at the venerable mother, whose back was turned at the time, and replied in a manner savoring of reverential facetiousness:

"We have, Sir, some devilish hard blows; dangerous for them as happen to be outside of the breakers; but once get inside and it's smoother sailing."

"This whisky," observed the hostess, "is none of your common stuff. I've got mean whisky for sich as it suits; but this I keep for them that know what's what. Shall I open another bottle, Sirs?"

"Certainly, Madam, another bottle. Friends, here's good sport and a full season for Siasconsett; pour out for yourselves."

"Mister," whispered Coffin, "I guess you're all safe inside the breakers."

The lame hostler now brought out the buggy, and taking leave of this queer, quizzical, humorsome, jolly little place, we drove back to the city of Nantucket.

"How do you like Siasconsett?" asked our acquaintance.

"We had a pleasant day," I answered; "but I should like to see it during the full season."

"It would be worth your while," said he; "they have lively times then, and I can tell you some good stories."

"Then tell us one, by all means."

At all places where men and women congregate for social pleasure and recreation, no pie can be opened that Love don't stick his finger in, and Siasconsett, like all summer retreats, great and small, has its spice of gossip and romance.

Something less than a thousand years ago—said our narrator—Miss Mehetabel Fizgig was the beauty and belle of our island. I won't waste time in attempting to describe her loveliness; but just let every man fancy the sort of girl he would wish his sweet-heart to be, and then I'll wager she would have surpassed them all. Nor were her good looks her only recommendation. She was considered uncommonly clever with her books, and no girl of her age was comparable to her in handiness with her needle and smartness in housekeeping. After going over this catalogue of her perfections, it may seem superfluous to add that Hetty was an heiress. Being a married man, I never took the trouble to remember how many houses, shares in whale-ships, and certificates of bank stock her father had left her, but have heard it said frequently that "it was enough to give a clever and industrious young man a very good start in the world."

Although Nantucket is not overrun with young men of any kind, Hetty's charms were not suffered to go a-begging; and before she was eighteen she had had offers that most girls would have jumped at; but she seemed to have no mind for any of them. Not that she was by any means indifferent to admiration and attention. On the contrary, she exhibited a fondness for such worldly vanities that set numerous old-fashioned, plaited bonnets and divers unguarded tongues to wagging at her. In fact, she treated her admirers with as much tact and as little remorse as her ancestors had shown to the poor whales; giving a puffing swain the *coup de grace*, and laughing at his death-flurry; or when the game became troublesome, cutting the line, and sending the animal plunging away into unknown and unheard-of seas, where four years of salt junk and bilge water generally cured his wounds effectually.

From such doings as these it came to be currently reported and believed that the little beauty had no heart; and this serious defect set all the old ladies who had marriageable daughters very much against her; and all the old maids who hadn't given up yet agreed that her behavior was any thing but prudent. Now it was somewhat singular that one very significant fact had thus far escaped the observation of our heroine's female acquaintance, which was, that for two years or more Hetty had been receiving letters from remote parts of the globe, and oftentimes so moulded and faded that she could scarcely decipher them; and that said letters, although by no means cased in filigree and perfumed envelopes, were oftentimes honored with a welcome the very thought of which would have made a crack harpooner miss his throw.

Yet true it was, that, besides the lady herself, no one in all Nantucket knew of these things, except an old jolly wag of a sea captain, with one leg spliced with whalebone; and what this old joker knew of the subject we can not explain at this time, because it would spoil the dramatic surprise we have in store for those who have not yet guessed that our heroine's true lover would turn up presently.

Well, sure enough, one day the good ship *Three Brothers* came into port, returning from a long and successful cruise; and among her

crew was a stout, ruddy, tight-built young sailor, who, on landing, steered directly for the widow Fizgig's cottage, and entering unannounced, surprised Hetty into a scene before some of the neighbors. In an hour after it was known all over town that Hetty's beau had come in earnest. In two hours after it was known when they were to be married, who the bridemaids were to be, and how the bride was to be dressed.

Here the story should have ended. I wish it had. But there were certain old ones who shook their heads at all this news. Abijah Bowline needn't be too sure of his fish until he had it moored alongside. Hadn't she fooled young Folger and Mayhew in the same way? And how did she treat Tommy Coffin, the promising grand nephew of the famous Long Tom Coffin that was lost on the *Ariel*, as Mr. Fenimore Cooper tells us? Bless the old folks! they know too much by half; so our story must go on.

The season at Siasconsett was in full blast; all the wealthy residents and idle sojourners of the city were there; and there were reported to be at least half a dozen strangers from Boston and elsewhere at the hotel. Although the sea view and sea air had no especial attraction for the newly arrived sailor, yet a feeling of vanity, pardonable enough under the circumstances, engendered a wish to show off his prize before the gay and elegant society there assembled. So he hired a buggy wagon and drove his sweet-heart over, taking a kiss or two by the way, and setting her down, very properly, at the cottage of her aunt, who was keeping house over there.

Young man, if you have a sweet-heart and are well with her, never let her go to a watering-place, especially if she is pretty. I have not time to give reasons at present, but if ever you should find yourself in the supposed circumstances you'll probably remember this caveat.

Now there was at Siasconsett at this time a proper, tall, and handsome young fellow who sported a superb black mustache and whiskers, and who dressed in the highest style of lace cravat, gold chain, and brocade vest that a very liberal public opinion could tolerate. Dr. Flugens, besides these merely personal advantages, was an affluent conversationalist, and had the enviable art of impressing those who listened to him with an amazing idea of his travels, accomplishments, knowledge of society, and general importance in the world. The Doctor was a professor in one department of the noble art of surgery, and in fact, on his arrival at the Ocean House in this city, he stuck up his card:

Professor Flugens,
OF BOSTON,
CHIROPODIST,
OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES.

Finding that all the fun was going on at Siasconsett, he withdrew this tender of service, and appeared on the new theatre as a gentleman of elegant leisure traveling for health and diversion. In this capacity he took famously with the ladies, and soon became the standard beau of the society. It is true that an over-nice observer might have remarked some discrepancies between his manners and pretensions. At table he was an unreserved eructator, and picked his teeth with his penknife between courses, which seemed a little odd in one accustomed to the best society in Boston, and, when "het up" in conversation, he "wanted to know," and "admired to see," and alluded to "Bosting" and the "White Mountings" with a twang that did not do much credit to Harvard University, where he was educated. But it is only our great watering-places that folks visit for the purpose of criticising each other's manners and pretensions. To Siasconsett folks go for enjoyment, and they find it, without bothering themselves about each other's little peculiarities.

But to make a long story short, our Professor met Miss Hetty Fizgig in the dance, sought an introduction, and from that moment a flirtation commenced which progressed so rapidly that, in twenty-four hours from date, poor Abijah was gasping and staring like a fish thrown high and dry upon the sandy beach, and felt for all the world like a certain mariner who went to sleep with his vessel riding at anchor in a cozy harbor and woke up next morning to find himself blown out of sight of land.

The public was presently divided into two parties on the subject. Some favored the Doctor's pretensions, while those who sided with the young sailor thought he had been shamefully treated. Uncle Billy Bowline—the old Captain with a whalebone leg—so swelled with indignation that he looked like a fresh-caught sculpin, at what he considered an insult put upon himself first, and his nephew in the second place.

"Hadn't the little baggage often kissed him for bringing her letters from Bijah, and thanked him so sweetly for keeping her secret, and rejoiced with him at the prospect of his nephew's return, and promised him that she would be true as the needle? etc. Ay, ay, so it is: the needle gets bewitched sometimes, and when you see a craft with more sail than ballast there's no counting on her in any kind of a blow. But, Abijah, my boy," continued the Captain, in answer to some desperate suggestions of his nephew, "don't harpoon him just yet, for the sake of convenience. The sarpent would be worth nothing at the Tryworks, and it might bring you trouble. Moreover, if you was to perforate him, how would that mend matters in regard to her? It's the gal that has done you the foul turn, not that blower. So if you'll mind me, boy, you'll act the man, cut her adrift, and say no more about it."

Abijah Bowline promised he would follow his uncle's counsel, and part of the promise he fulfilled. He acted the man, and held his peace—the more easily, perhaps, because he therein exhibited the native characteristics of his race. But when he came to fulfill the order to cut adrift, he found the wide difference between a simple manilla line and the web of tough and tender heart-strings in which he was entangled.

On the other side, Hetty tossed, flirted, and enjoyed her triumph to her silly little heart's content. She walked on the beach at low tide, went fishing, drove to Sancoty Head to see the fine view, danced, and sat on the cottage porch with the Doctor, where they talked about Boston and New York, Nahant and Newport, until she felt quite bewildered in her mind, and wondered how it was possible that she had been content to pass her life thus far, cut off from the splendors and delights of the great world; or that she should have so lately purposed to fix her destiny beyond the pale of repentance on this secluded little sand bank, Nantucket.

Then Aunt Noddy highly approved of Hetty's conquest. "To marry a sailor," quoth she, "is to pass one's life in drudgery and hopeless widowhood. Ah me!" she sighed, "for the best half of my life I haven't been able to tell whether I was a married woman or a widow. But patience, we must all submit; yet wouldn't it be mighty pleasant to have Hetty settled in Boston, where a body might pay her a visit between times? Then he, such an agreeable sort of person, a great professor in the colleges—a—a—chiro— Bless the mighty word—I can't exactly call it—but I'll be bound it means something great!"

So things went on, until one evening the teacher of the Grammar School came over from town and stepped in at the cottage to pay his respects. The young lady was walking out as usual; but Aunt Noddy was especially glad to see him, and intimated that she had some particular confidential inquiries to make.

Mehetabel, my nicce, you know, has got a sweet-heart.

"Yes," replied the teacher, "I know, young Bowline."

"Not him, by any means," said Mrs. Noddy, a little confused.

"The gentleman she's got now is a Professor in the colleges, and a mighty learned scholar like yourself. A Doctor they call him, and a something which I don't understand, and which I can't find in the dictionary. Here's a card he dropped one night when he pulled out his gold watch to see what time it was."

The master took the card and read "CHIROPODIST," and then burst into a long and loud fit of laughter. Mrs. Noddy knitted her brows and scanned his face with a look of dumb but searching inquiry.

"*Chiropodist*, madam, means a professional manipulator of corns and bunions—a corn-doctor, in plain English."

Mrs. Noddy's countenance at this information looked as if her gaiter-boots might have contained all the corns, bunions, and hang nails that have tormented humanity since the invention of shoe leather.

That evening the wind freshened, and it was thought too damp for the young folks to sit on the porch as usual. Hetty retired early for some reason, and the Doctor also retired to the hotel, troubled with a sense of benumbing chillness which he could not quite explain, and which numerous glasses of brandy failed to overcome. He asked to see his bill; but that was the clerk's business, not ours.

That night the rest of the villagers was broken by the howlings of the most terrific storm that ever burst upon that stormy coast. The lightning blazed, the thunder roared, the rain poured in torrents, and the very earth trembled with the shock of the surf as it burst upon the beach.

Soon after daylight a little knot of men was gathered on the sand cliff, whose excited movements and vehement gestures showed that something of uncommon interest and importance was on hand, and it presently became noised abroad that a vessel had struck upon the shoals and was going to pieces. In a short time all the population of the place, residents and sojourners, men, women, and children, were gathered upon the shore, where, regardless of wind and weather, they strained their eyes in the direction of the perishing vessel with that eager and absorbing interest which such a scene is always sure to awaken in the breasts of a people whose lives and fortunes are continually exposed to similar dangers.

Chief among the breathless and excited spectators stood Uncle Billy Bowline, balancing himself upon his sound leg, viewing with his glass alternately the wrecked schooner, and what had now become an object of still greater interest, the boat with five men which had put out from Siasconsett to their relief.

"Stand back!" cried the one-legged Captain, fiercely; "let go my arm: she'll go to pieces before the boat reaches her. It was a desperate venture, a sinful temptation of Providence. I told him so. Let go my arm, I say!"

It was a young girl's hand that plucked the old sailor's jacket sleeve, and a girl's voice, tremulous and husky with emotion, that whispered,

"Tell me, is it Abijah Bowline that's gone in the boat?"

The Captain looked down. "Woman," said he, in a harsh and bitter tone, "go home; what business have you here in the rain?" and immediately he hobbled away to another place, and again pointed his glass seaward.

Hetty cast a despairing look around, when an old woman, with a basket of refreshments on her arm, having overheard the inquiry, approached and hissed into her ear,

"Who but Abijah Bowline would fling away his life on sich a fool's errand? And the lives of the four men he shamed and bullied into going with him, Studley, and the Coffins, and Pollard, they'll leave widows and orphans behind; but for him—a desperate man—it's no great matter."

A skipper, wrapped in a pea-jacket, said: "They're brave lads anyhow, and it was nobly done; but I fear it's of no use: I pity 'em."

"Would ye like a drop of whisky, Sir, this wet morning?"

"Thank ye, mother, I don't care if I do."

Hetty stood the while unnoticed and alone. Her silken hair hung wet and matted about her

STUDLEY.

face and neck. Her handsome features white and clammy like a fair chisled statue, all but the convulsive, heaving breast, and the restless eye wandered eagerly and anxiously over the raging expanse of ocean. There and then she stood until it was all over.

As the old skipper had said, the vessel went to pieces before the boat reached her, and her crew, ten in number, clinging to a floating portion of the wreck, were picked up by young Bowline's boat. Thus laden, it was doubtful whether she could land in the surf. They made the dash, and, as was feared, the boat swamped; but both the crew and passengers were hardy and practiced watermen, and a hundred hands stood by with boat-hooks, oars, and lines to help the failing. All were saved; and with the rejoicings there were shouts and oaths, thanksgivings and tears.

In the long procession that marched up the bank and along the street of Siasconsett the leading man was Abijah Bowline. Hatless and shoeless, his woolen shirt and sailor pants drenched and dripping with brine, he looked like a handsome merman just landed. His right arm was supported by proud old Uncle William,

who marched with all the state and dignity his whalebone leg permitted. The hero's left arm was clasped tightly by the white hands and burning cheek of that marble statuette we left standing on the shore a short time since. His gait was unsteady, his face had a listless and half-bewildered expression, and from a cut on the side of his head a slender stream of blood trickled down mingled with the salt-water. When the boat turned over in the surf he had got a heavy blow which cut and stunned him considerably; but that to a strong man was no great matter. Uncle Bowline cast occasional grievous looks at the girl but said nothing, and once or twice Abijah noticed her and made a motion as if to shake her off; but the grasp upon his arm was like the grasp of one overwhelmed and perishing in the deep waters, and the generous sailor had not the heart to loosen it. These three said never a word as they walked along, while behind the crowd was loud and clamorous in their joy.

At length they reached the gate of Aunt Noddy's cottage, which was open, and beside it stood the old lady with a smiling face.

"You'll come in with us, won't you, my brave boy? I've a warm coat and a cup of hot coffee for ye; and Hetty and I will make you all comfortable in a jiffy."

In his indignant astonishment Uncle Bowline let go his nephew's hand; and as we have seen a tall man of war with flaccid sails and drooping pennants yield to the guidance of a diminutive steam-tug whose chimney-stack scarcely reached to her bulwarks, so did our stout sailor heel and veer from his course through the gate, around the grass-plots, between the rose-bushes, and, finally, disappear within the cottage.

"Captain Bowline," said the dame, "will you walk in and take breakfast with us?"

"Madam, I'll see ye d——d first," replied the Captain, as he limped hastily away toward his own quarters.

"And so would I," exclaimed Dick Dashaway, "if any girl had treated me in that way!"

"Young man," said our narrator, "every body knows precisely what he would do beforehand, but he very rarely does it. As for Captain Bowline, he reconsidered that last observation of his and formally withdrew it, supplying its place with cogitations somewhat in this vein: 'The needle is our main dependence after all. Sometimes she varies a point or two. Do we cuss her? No! we take observations, and calculate. I've been told that in thunder-storms, at times and places, she gets clean reversed. I never see it, but I've seen things quite as singular. Shall we throw her overboard then? No! we let her right herself, and travel on. I don't see that a man can do any better with his present lights.'"

BIRD EGGING AT MUSKEGEET.

As our programme allowed us another day at Nantucket, we had choice of a cruise on the Sound for scup fishing, or a bird-egging frolic to Muskegeet. This Muskegeet is a small sandy island lying to the westward, uninhabited, and a favorite resort for sea-fowl during their egging season. The people of the neighboring coasts frequently visit it, and make a frolic of gathering the spoils. But as our information in regard to the means of getting there was somewhat obscure, and, for my part, influenced by conscientious scruples on the subject of robbing birds' nests, we concluded in favor of the scup fishing.

In pursuance of this determination we called on Watson Burgess, our ex-whaleman and present owner of a first-class fishing-boat called the *Naiad Queen*. We are continually checked and disappointed at finding the choicest virtues and capabilities of our race bestowed in mean and unworthy cases; but occasionally Nature treats us to a combination, as it were, to show us what she can do. Painter or poet who would look upon the perfect model of a Nantucket whaleman, I commend you to Watson Burgess.

"Our boat was cheered,
The harbor cleared,"

WATSON BURGESS.

and away we dashed before a spanking breeze, the white caps leaping half-mast high and drenching us with showers of spray. At the helm sat our stalwart mariner, trimming his lively and graceful craft to the breeze with a quiet fatherly pride lighting his face, as one might imagine an Arab chieftain affectionately smoothing the mane and patting the shoulders of his favorite mare, while they scoured the sand waves of the desert. Well, our Captain had a right to be proud of his equipage, for from keel to pennant he had built her with his own hands, and her crew was his own son.

Arrived at the fishing-ground, we cast anchor

and spent two hours or more in pulling out scuppaug. This is a species of perch, plump and white, weighing from one to three pounds, and when first taken from the water it is extremely beautiful, its scales glittering with iridescent hues like a fretwork of silver and diamonds. As the sport was not particularly exciting, and our anchorage very rough, we returned to port, and landed with true sharkish appetites and bodies thoroughly wet and salted.

These healthful inconveniences being remedied in due time, I spent the remainder of the afternoon and evening in looking over Obed Macy's History of Nantucket, from which I extract some interesting information concerning its first settlement, trade, manners, and customs.

The island was discovered by Gosnold during his voyage of exploration in 1602. It is situated about thirty miles south of the main land of Massachusetts, is fourteen miles long from east to west, and has an average breadth of three and a half miles from north to south, and contains about thirty thousand acres of land. Tradition says that it was formerly wooded, and that the soil was moderately fertile. At present it seems but a demi-lune of sand, only kept from blowing away by a scanty growth of grass and shrubs. The first white man settled on its shores in 1659. One Thomas Macy, a worthy citizen of the colony, having offended against the laws then in force, by giving shelter to four Quakers during a storm, sought refuge among the savages of this island. As the savages were not sufficiently enlightened to abhor his crime, the dispenser of unlawful hospitality was kindly received and permitted to live in peace. At that time the island contained about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and was divided, after the manner of civilized countries, into two antagonistic and discordant sections, the east and west. The cause of the quarrel is supposed to have been because the island divided conveniently in that way. If the territory had stretched toward the other points of the compass, it can not be doubted that there would have been a northern and southern party. In time more white people began to come in, the aboriginal disputes were settled by a royal marriage between the east and the west, and every thing went on with Christian love and harmony until (as usual) the Indians disappeared. The last of the race died in 1822. So adroitly were the natives supplanted and devoured, that the historian felicitates himself upon the fact that, in their whole intercourse, the white man never drew a sword nor violated a Christian law.

The first whaling expedition undertaken by the settlers is thus described:

"A whale of the kind called a *scragg* came into the harbor and continued there three days. This excited the curiosity of the people, and led them to devise measures to prevent his return out of the harbor. They accordingly invented, and caused to be wrought for them, a harpoon with which they attacked and killed the whale. This first success encouraged them to undertake whaling as a permanent business—whales being at that time numerous in the vicinity of their shores. In furtherance of their design they made a contract with James Lopar to settle on the island and engage in the business. The agreement was as follows, copied verbatim from the original record:

CONTRACT.

"'5th 4th mo. 1672 James Lopar doth Ingage to carry on a design of Whale Citching on the Island of Nantucket, that is the said James, Ingage to be a third in all respeekes, and som of the town Ingage also to carrey on the other two-thirds with him in like manner, the Town doth also consent that first one company shal begin and afterward the rest of the freeholders or any of them, have liberty to set up another company Provided that they make a tender to those freeholders that have no share in the first company and if any refuse, the Rest may go on themselves and the Town do also Ingage that no other Company shal be allowed hereafter, Also whoever Kil any whale of the Company or Companys aforesaid they ar to pay to the town for every such whale five shillings. And for the Incorragement of the said James Lopar the Town doth grant him Ten Acres of Land in som convenant place, that he may chuse in (Wood Land exceped) and also Liberty for the Commonge of thre Cows and twenty sheep and one horse with necessary wood and water for his use on Conditions that he follow the Trade of Whaleing on the Island two years in all the season therof beginning the first of March next insuing. Also is to build upon his land, and when he leaves inhabiting upon the Island then he is first to ofer his land to the town at a Valluable price, and if the town do not buy it—then he may Sel it to whome he please—the commonage is granted only for the time he stays here.'"

In addition, they sent a man to Cape Cod to learn something more of whale-fishing and the art of trying out the oil from a people who had already made great proficiency therein. Thus the business went on increasing from year to year until it became the principal occupation of the islanders. The Indians, whom neither force nor persuasion could ever bring to follow the ordinary pursuits of civilized men, readily joined in this congenial business, cheerfully taking any place that was assigned them, and by their activity and skill rendering invaluable service to their employers.

In these days the fishing was carried on by boats from the shore, the oil boiled out and fitted for market in Tryworks on land, and the species captured the Greenland or Right whale. The first spermaceti whale known to the inhabitants was washed ashore, dead, on the southwest part of the island. The same historian we have quoted gives the following naïve account of its division:

"There were so many claimants to the prize that it was difficult to determine to whom it should belong. The natives claimed the whale because they found it; the whites, to whom the natives made known their discovery, claimed it by a right comprehended, as they affirmed, in the purchase of the island by the original patent. An officer of the crown made his claim, and pretended to seize the fish in the name of his Majesty, as being property without any particular owner. After considerable discussion between the contending parties, it was finally settled that the *white* inhabitants who first found

the whale should share the prize equally among themselves. The teeth, which were considered very valuable, had been extracted by a white man and an Indian before any others had knowledge of the whale. *All difficulty being now settled*, a company was formed who commenced cutting the whale in pieces convenient for transportation to their Try-works."

"Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind"

was not yet sufficiently elevated by education to discern upon what principles of equity the difficulty was settled, doubtless, however, acquiesced in the decision, wondering and admiring at the advantages of such a civilization, especially exhibited in questions concerning the rights of property. They went to work, of course, as they were ordered, to assist in saving the valuable carcass. Yet one may easily imagine how Prince Kadooda, Nickanoose, Kuttashamaquat, and other wiseacres among them, looked first into each other's blank faces, and then at the whale, muttering in the best English they could command, "Injin find 'em fust—tell white man—white man never say whale to Injin no time. Say, Go to work, lazy cuss—help save 'um oil. Ha! ha! Masaquat, pass that bottle, ugh! Praise the Lord!"

ALL DIFFICULTY SETTLED.

Furthermore, although it is not related in the history, I'll warrant that the lively native who got a share of the teeth was eventually prosecuted before a squire, and whipped for stealing.

About the year 1712 one Christopher Hussey was blown out to sea by a northerly gale, and falling in with a school of spermaceti whales, killed one and brought it home. This event gave new life to the business. With such rich prizes in view, the fishermen became more adventurous, and small vessels of thirty tons were fitted out for a six weeks' cruise, returning to port whenever they had killed a whale, delivering the blubber, and immediately putting out to sea again.

Thus did this brave and hardy people progress from year to year, increasing in wealth and enterprise until their ships had explored all known and unknown seas, and their fame was established in every land. Statesmen lauded their success, and foreign Governments, covetous of their skill, sought to win their friendship. Yet the tide of their prosperity had by no means been uninterrupted. During the French war of 1755, the Revolutionary struggle, and the war of 1812, they had their seasons of mourning and tribulation. From wealth and plenty they were reduced to the brink of starvation. Trade annihilated, their ports closed, their vessels captured, and many strong men that went out full of life and hope returned no more.

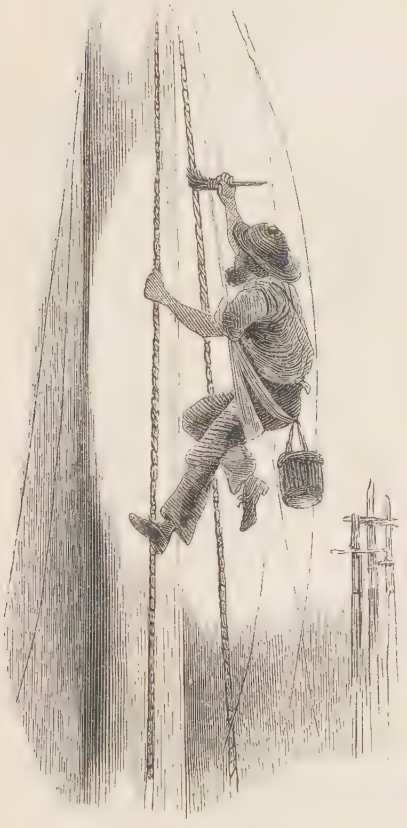
Such was the condition of Nantucket, especially during the two wars we have waged with the greatest maritime power in the world.

Nevertheless, these dreary seasons past, like a vigorous and hardy plant, she sprung again with renewed life and power. It was near the

TOWING THE WHALE.

south shore of the island that the fight took place between the American privateer *Neufchatel* and the boats of the British frigate *Endymion*. The privateer schooner, with a prize ship from Jamaica richly freighted, was at anchor near the shore, while wide in the offing appeared a vessel supposed to be a British man-of-war. Seeing a number of boats leaving the ship and heading toward him, the Captain of the privateer cleared his ship for action, and prepared to give them a proper reception.

It was not until nine o'clock in the evening that the five barges got up to the *Neufchatel*. They were permitted to approach within musket-shot, when the action commenced with such terrible effect on the part of the American that in thirty-five minutes the attacking flotilla was nearly annihilated. Of the five barges and one hundred and forty-six men that composed the expedition, only two barges and sixteen men escaped. The privateer lost but five men. Says the worthy Obed Macy: "The action took place within five miles of the town; and while the work of death was going on, the reports of the cannon and muskets were distinctly heard by the inhabitants. Such a scene, almost under the eye of a large community, one of whose distinguishing and, we think, noblest traits is a strong aversion to war, could not fail to bring a solemn gloom over their minds."



TARRING ROPES.

"A solemn gloom," did you say, my venerable friend? Can the "Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" Can a strait-breasted coat smother out the fire of the human heart, or a vain theory of right or wrong stifle the glorious joy of a victory? Think you that a people whose wealth had perished; whose husbands, sons, and brothers had mouldered in loathsome prisons; who had been robbed, starved, and humiliated, could look on with indifference when the pride of the strong was humbled and the bow of the mighty broken? Go to, old friend! There is not a heart in Nantucket which has not thrilled with the story of that gallant and terrible combat.

The palmy days of Nantucket, judging from statistics, began about 1820, after the place had recovered from the effects of the war, and continued until 1835 or thereabout; since when, owing to the successful rivalry of New Bedford and other places on the main land, and, more than all probably, to the general declension of the whaling business, her prosperity has been on the wane.

To give activity to the unemployed labor and capital of the town, a number of public-spirited citizens have formed a company for the manufacture of boots and shoes. The ancient mariners shake their heads, and thoughtful citizens doubt of its success. The hand which has wielded the harpoon and steering oar will hardly condescend to the pegging awl, and the lass that has loved a sailor won't be bound to bind shoes. I was myself invited to look at the establishment, but declined. I am pleased sometimes to take the poetic view of life, and did not wish to see Samson in the tread-mill.

Consciousness of power and familiarity with great deeds tend marvelously to simplify a man's speech and chasten his manner. In social life, on shore, your true whalemen is courteous, good-humored, manly, quiet, and unaffected, not easily distinguished in dress, manner, or conversation from any other citizen of his condition. Mark that fellow with the rolling gait, swaggering speech larded with sea phrases, the flash sailor costume, tipped with a huge brass anchor breast-pin. That fellow, perhaps, has served on the raging canal as mule-driver, or as cabin-boy on a ferry-boat, has caught eels and cat-fish from the wharf with a hand line; but order him to mount the main truck in a gale, or put a harpoon in his hand and send him against an enraged sperm whale—you will then learn the true value of all those airs and frippery.

Would you hear the ring of true mettle? Read the following characteristic autobiographies from Macy's history:

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN WORTH'S LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

"I began to follow the sea in 1783, being then fifteen years of age, and continued until 1824. During this period of forty-one years I was shipmaster twenty-nine years. From the time when I commenced going to sea until I quitted the business, I was at home only seven

THE HARPOONER.

years. At the rate of four miles an hour while at sea, I have sailed more than 1,191,000 miles. I have visited more than forty islands in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, some of them many times, and traversed the west coasts of North and South America from Baldivia, lat. 40° S. to 59° N. on the northwest coast, and up Christian Sound to Lynn Canal. I have assisted in obtaining 20,000 barrels of oil. During the last war I was taken by the English in the ship *George*, and lost all I had on board. While I commanded a vessel not one of my crew was killed, or even had a limb broken by a whale, nor have any died of the scurvy."

A GROVE.

CAPTAIN GEORGE W. GARDNER'S LIFE.

"I began to follow the sea at thirteen years of age, and continued in that service thirty-seven years. I was a shipmaster twenty-one years. I performed three voyages to the coast of Brazil, twelve to the Pacific Ocean, three to Europe, and three to the West Indies. During thirty-seven years I was at home but four years and eight months. There were 23,000 barrels of oil obtained by vessels which I sailed in. During my following the sea, from the best estimate I can make, I have traveled more than 1,000,000 miles. I was taken by the English in the late war, and lost all the property I had with me."

What years of stirring adventure are condensed in these terse paragraphs! What concentrated and suggestive sentences, each of which would furnish a writer like Alexandre Dumas with material for three volumes octavo.

But time presses—wherefore I can not tell. I commenced this journey with no other limit to my free-will than my own phantasy; yet, driven by an irresistible and mysterious impulse, I find myself continually hastening. Though this island were more delightsome than the realm of Calypso, old Mentor points to the boat, and says it is high time we were steering toward the main land. Who ever traveled that did not presently perceive this old bore at his elbow? "Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt." Yet the idea is a terrible one. Are we then all wandering Jews by nature? Pilgrim of life, passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death, you can not hasten your steps, nor yet may you turn aside to rest your weary feet in the pleasant land of Beulah. From the cradle to the grave the eternal cry is—Onward!

It was raining next day when we took passage on the steamer *Island Home* for Hyannis on the Barnstable coast. The water was rough, and the passage of the Sound might have passed with a lubber for a sea voyage. On the forward deck some waggish fellows were tormenting a raw youth by passing jokes upon his birth-place. "On Cape Cod," said one, "greens are so scarce that if a man finds three mullein stalks and a huckleberry bush growing near together, he incloses it for a grove, and warns the neighbors not to trespass." Said another: "They sweeten their tea with molasses over there. So once, when they got a new preacher, he was asked home to tea with old Mother Stebbins. The old soul was saving enough when she sweetened other people's tea; but when it came to the preacher's cup, she kept on pouring in. As he didn't admire to have his tea oversweet, he got nervous, thanked her over and over again, and at last begged her to leave off sweetening. The old lady rolled up her eyes in a loving, sanctimonious way. 'Ah, Sir,' said she, 'if it was all molasses it wouldn't be too good for you.'"

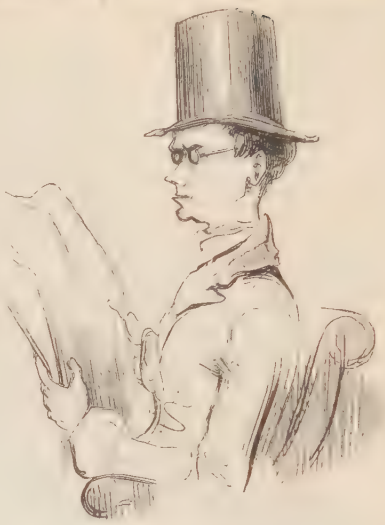
The youngster seemed to be wanting in the gift of free speech, and slow at repartee; and,

TOO SWEET.

in attempting to reply, he stammered and got red in the face; so I volunteered to help him out.

"A sandy soil," said I, "if not good for raising great cabbage-heads, produces the best quality of men. An Admiral of the Blue of the Royal Navy was asked by George IV. who was the bravest man he ever saw. He replied, 'A Cape Cod trader whom I met at Port Mahon, the commander of a thirty-ton schooner. He assisted in two duels between American midshipmen, thrashed five English sailors on the quay for calling his flag a gridiron, took in cargo, and set sail, all between sunrise and sunset.'"

We landed at Hyannis, and, on taking our seats in the cars for Boston, my companion and myself commenced a retrospect of our adventures for the past month. Dick seemed to have entirely forgotten his misadventure in love, and to have so far gratified his maritime yearnings that he no longer alluded to his intention of shipping before the mast; indeed, he seemed rather to hail with pleasure the anticipated change from salt-water to city life. Among other things, he expressed his surprise that, although we had been in New England more than a month, we had seen no Yankees yet. I had myself begun to doubt whether the stage Yankee of the Sam Slick school might not be altogether a myth, or a gross exaggeration of dramatic and artistic humorists; for up to this point our travels had made us acquainted with a people totally different in appearance, manners, and character from what we had expected. Yet the islanders and sea-faring population, with whom we had chiefly associated, and who had impressed us so agreeably, are a people "sui generis" amphibia—in many traits, physical and moral, very nearly resembling the English, yet with more vivacity and intelligence than the Englishman, and generally with better manners; and, for the rest, exhibiting greater breadth, both of body and soul, than we had hoped to find in these latitudes.



VILLAGE LAWYER.

But it seemed, as our train hurried on toward Boston, partially changing its living freight at every station, that the type of man began to change; and we could recognize among the physiognomies around us characteristic marks of that great whittling, guessing, speculating, moralizing race whose destiny is—still a matter of guess-work.

This dapper gentleman, with a smirk on his face, which he thinks is a smile, a shining, high-

RAILROAD PRESIDENT

AGENT OF HUMANE SOCIETY.

crowned hat, and a silk umbrella, I should take to be the president of some railroad or manufacturing company, a prince of button-makers, or principal stock-owner in a wooden bucket-mill.

That quiet, inscrutable little man, who reads the newspaper, we would guess might be a village lawyer, with a legal mind, which, if united with a thoroughly legal morality, might entitle him to a seat in the State Legislature.

This prim, tallow-faced individual, with a white cravat and puckered mouth, is unmistakable—the traveling agent of some great moral reform, or humanitarian society, whose plans, if universally adopted, promise incalculable benefits to the human race. The specialty of this person may be, perhaps, the propagation of vegetarian principles among the Esquimaux, or a grand union movement for the abolition of polygamy among the Turks, and the enforcement of monogamy among the Roman clergy. The celebrated Cardinal de Retz advises us "so to lay our plans that even their failure may be productive of some benefit to us;" and our great reformer does not usually forget so to make his arrangements that, if the original object of the society should fail, he will make his living out of it, at least.

FROM MAINE.

HACK-DRIVER.

These chaps immediately in front of us seem cast in a harder mould. The eye of the elder has a metallic glitter, as if it had frequently been whetted against the edge of an axe, and the firm, resolute lip, as of a man accustomed to strive with mighty pine-trees. From Maine, I'll warrant you—high up on the Kennebec or Penobscot.

But we are near enough to overhear something of their conversation.

"Peleg has quit business, you tell me?" inquires No. 1.

"Yas—yas. He quit airly last fall, I guess, and took himself off to the Mountings."

"What is he thought to be a-doing of?"

"Wa'al, he's got an idee, and he's a-workin' at that."

This information appeared satisfactory, and the subject was dropped; but Peleg's idee may possibly be heard of again at the next World's Fair, held at San Francisco or Pekin.

By dinner-time we were in Boston, and roomed at the Parker House, in School Street; and without pretending to dogmatize upon a mere matter of taste, we would only suggest that we never saw a finer hotel. Finding a hack

at the door, we prevailed upon the driver to forego his literary labors for a short time, and show us 'round.

About the water all our large Atlantic towns are alike, and Boston is no exception to the rule; but the interior of the old town has something decidedly characteristic in its appearance. What could be more conceited and pragmatical than that State House dome, rising like the phrenological bump of self-esteem inordinately developed? What more crooked, devious, incomprehensible, mystical, narrow, and absurd than her labyrinthian streets? What more liberal and enlightened than her noble Common? What more expressive of educated refinement and domestic elegance than her beautiful suburban towns and villages?

POVERTY AND RICHES.

After the blaze, bustle, and hurry of New York, Boston appears provincial, quiet, and slow. Yet, on the other hand, the absence of tawdry and misplaced finery from the streets—the prompt, systematic, and effective manner of transacting business—with the best-bred and best-fed dray-horses in America—give her an air of solidity and gentility more characteristic of an English town. Boston likes to be thought English, and affects to be a little more so than she is in fact.

ORGAN-GRINDER.

That apparent equality of conditions which we remarked in New Haven, and many other smaller New England towns, entirely disappears in Boston. Here haughty and exclusive wealth may be contrasted with the "want" that "cometh like an armed man." He that is meagre with starvation, and he that is heavy with surfeiting, pass on the streets, mutually envying or pitying each other, as the case may be. Here we may see poverty meanly jealous of the rich man's state, and splendid ennui that covets, but dare not enjoy, the jolly insouciance of the poor.

Here the Italian organ-grinder shares pub-

lic favor with his more ambitious compatriot, the Italian Opera. And this reminds me that, after we had dined and coffeed, a friend called and offered us tickets to the Opera. The Opera-house was well enough, and the audience most decidedly English in manners and appearance. The entertainment was *Lucrezia Borgia*—the most exquisite of Donizetti's compositions; and the piece (as well as the Borgia's guests) was most inhumanly murdered. Supposing that the audience was not stolidly indifferent on the subject of bad music, they behaved with praiseworthy forbearance during the performance. A female personating Gennaro sung Il Segreto tolerably well, I believe; for the piece was not followed, but interrupted, by thunders of applause —always in the wrong place. The song was encored, and its repetition greeted by an enthusiasm that bordered on extravagance.

"Your formal and frigid Bostonians seem to be thoroughly warmed. Il Segreto must be immensely popular here," I remarked to my friend.

"The singer," he replied, "is a Boston lady."

"Oh!"

But in truth I was in no condition to appreciate the Opera this evening, and may have shown a disposition to be hypercritical. I have understood that the atmosphere of Boston engenders hypercriticism in all matters pertaining to literature and the fine arts; but I was affected by another cause. The shifting of the scene from Nantucket to the Italian Opera was too sudden and striking not to excite reflection and suggest comparison. The twittering and squeaking of fiddles, and grunting of bassoons, fell strangely on ears so lately filled with the solemn roar of ocean. The clap-trap and tinsel of the stage stood, as it were, face to face with the Quaker simplicity and stern reality of life on the Islands; the affected strut and bombastic periods of the players with the undramatic manners and hard, terse speech of the whalemen. From the true grandeur of nature one can not descend thus suddenly to unskillful mimicry.

After all (and in spite of Shakspeare), the English are not a theatrical people. Music and the drama have always existed with them as unacclimated exotics. More sweepingly may the same observation be applied to their descendants in the New World; for here we not only import the raw material for the stage but the consumers. Among a people whose days are passed in ceaseless activity—whose common experiences continually surpass the ordinary limits of credulity—whose lives of wild vicissitude and adventure eclipse all dramatized fiction—it may be doubted whether a taste for these scenic entertainments will ever obtain a strong foothold. But should the drama ever prosper here, it is essential that its inspiration shall be drawn from American scenes — that the chords shall be wakened by the touch of native minstrels. For the present I have my doubts whether the majority of our Opera-goers (barring full dress and bouquets) would not sincerely prefer Yankee Doodle at the Circus.

But we are in Boston, and must remember the advice of Pliny:

"C'est a Athénes que vous allez, respectez les dieux."

ON THE WHARF.

PEARL-FISHING AT BAHREIN.

PEARLS AND GEMS.

THERE is no decay to gems. The jewels that were buried under the burning lava, and for twenty centuries lay in darkness beneath the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, or with mouldering mummies in the tombs of Egypt for three thousand years, now gleam with their original splendor upon the shelves and in the cases of a hundred museums to testify their imperishable value.

PANAMA PEARL-DIVER.

Though the cutting and polishing of diamonds is an art of but recent date—having been discovered by Louis de Berghens, of Bruges, in 1476—yet the engraving and cutting of other gems was known to the ancients. Numerous instances of their skill are preserved to the present day. The Egyptians first cut upon cornelians and agates, and, ten or twelve centuries before the Christian era, reached a beauty of workmanship not since surpassed. From Egypt the art spread into other lands. It is supposed that Moses carried with him into Palestine workers in the craft, who afterward became famous, and left behind them evidences of their skill. The Greeks and the Phœnicians, and, in fact, all the then enlightened nations of the world, sought Egyptian masters in the arts, and in this among the rest.

As Rome grew in wealth, gathered principally from her wars of conquest, a taste was cultivated for art, and, as a natural sequence, came the love of gems. Pompey, into whose hands fell the spoil and treasures of Mithridates, King of Persia, made therefrom a beautiful collection of precious stones, cameos, and works of art. Julius Cæsar collected, and had executed at his own expense,

a gallery of gems, which he presented to the city of Rome.

The British Museum holds antique treasures from which the jewelers of the present time have sought forms of beauty; and many a fair neck and hand gleam with fac-similes of the jeweled art of the Roman period, doubtless recommended as the latest invented fashion from London or Paris. Rome held the rarest jewels of all Europe, though not of all the world; for even then the fabled wealth of India was a thrice-told tale. But Rome had the rarest engravers of gems, and the rarest jewelers to enhance their beauties by the art of setting.

Through the history of every nation runs a vein of romance or fiction concerning these wonderful bits of stone. Their possession betokens the wealth or power of a nation or of an individual, and the loss was held a sure prognostic of their decadence. It can therefore be a matter of little wonder that a monarch possessing no great gems should create from his imagination, or that of his treasurers, wondrous jewels that have no other existence, and serve in these latter days only to puzzle the inquirer after truth, or destroy the belief in what really does exist.

The earliest, and perhaps the most interesting, of English writers on precious stones was Master Thomas Nichols. He says, in the opening of his book (1552):

"If thou wouldst be free from many superstitions in the use of pretious stones, and undeceive thyself as concerning the strange virtues, powers, and faculties which, by divers authors, in the end of every chapter, they are reported and related to be endued withall, though contrary to what their own natures are or can be capable of, first read the general part of this Historie; for in it is a discovery of satanick subtilties, and of the superstitious use of stones, whereby, at unawares, many good men have been and are still ensnared. Take, therefore, this well-wisht caution to thee for security."

Master Thomas, as we believe, though in this case he writes only under initials, again appealed to the gem-loving public in 1571 with a second book, in which he discourses as follows:

"There is nothing more admirable in this lower world than pretious stones; seeing they are the starres of the earth, and shine in competition with those of the firmament, disputing with them for beautie, splendor, and glorie. Nature producoth nothing more rich, and sufficiently confesseth it in her most careful laying them up, and hiding them in her private cabinets and repositories, in the inner parts of the earth, so that they are not easy to be come by; but their value and price make them worth searching for, even through the bowels of the world."

We shall call up Master Nichols again while discoursing upon the various jewels of which he speaks so quaintly, and yet so enthusiastically, and proceed to our gems, which we shall treat according to the lapidary's classification, only reversing the order in favor of the pearl, which, as a jewel by itself, we shall take from the station it has heretofore occupied, and speak of by itself. The lapidary quotes the various gems according to their resistance of each other, dividing them into ten grades, each of which will cut or puncture the grade below it:

1. The diamond;
2. The sapphire;
3. The topaz, the emerald, the amethyst;
4. The cornelian, the carbuncle, the garnet, the onyx, the sardonyx, the heliotrope, the chrysolite, the hyacinth, the cat's-eye;
5. The opal;
6. The pearl;
7. The torquoise.

Under the 8th, 9th, and 10th divisions are placed those substances not denominated precious, such as coral, amber, spar, etc.

It is a common practice, and has been for centuries, to manufacture rings in which the different gems are set to form a word or a name. The principal words used are *Dearest* or *Regard*. To form the word *Regard* the following stones would be necessary:

R—Ruby,
E—Emerald,
G—Garnet,
A—Amethyst,
R—Ruby,
D—Diamond.

For the word *Dearest*:

D—Diamond,
E—Emerald,
A—Amethyst,
R—Ruby,
E—Emerald,
S—Sapphire,
T—Topaz.

The French words most in use are *Amitie* and *Souvenir*.

It is a Polish superstition that each month has a particular gem attached to it, which governs it, and is supposed to influence the destiny of persons born in that month. It is, therefore, customary among friends and lovers to present each other, on the anniversary of their natal day, with some trinket containing their tutelary gem, accompanied with an appropriate wish. Thus:

January. Jacinth, or Garnet, denotes constancy and fidelity in every engagement.—*February*. Amethyst, preserves mortals from strong passions, and insures peace of mind.—*March*. Blood-stone, denotes courage and secrecy in dangerous enterprises.—*April*. Sapphire, or Diamond, denotes repentance and innocence.—*May*. Emerald, successful love.—*June*. Agate, insures long life and health.—*July*. Ruby, or Cornelian, insures the forgetfulness or cure of evils arising from friendship or love.—*August*. Sardonyx, insures conjugal felicity.—*September*. Chrysolite, preserves from or cures folly.—*October*. Aquamarine, or Opal, denotes misfortune and hope.—*November*. Topaz, insures fidelity and friendship.—*December*. Torquoise, or Malachite, denotes the most brilliant success and happiness in every condition of life.

The romance of jewels lies chiefly in rings.

In the Egyptian collection of Dr. Abbott, now in New York, many fine specimens of jewelry are preserved, and among them several curious gems.

Pliny gives the first account of a ring or its origin; and, as well, the first setting of a stone: Jupiter, in revenge, caused Strength, Force, and Vulcan to chain Prometheus to a rock on Caucasus, where a vulture, all day long, plucked at his liver. He had sworn to keep Prometheus

there thirty thousand years. The god saw fit to forgive; but having sworn to keep him to the rock that period, as a god could not go back from his oath, he compromised with his conscience by giving to Prometheus an iron ring, in which was set a bit of that rock, which, though not strictly a jewel, no doubt was valued by Prometheus quite as much, as Jupiter thereby persuaded himself that he was literally bound to the rock. This may do as a derivation, seeing that it is uncertain in date; but in India, the land where all the arts first arose, signet-rings of lapis lazuli, emerald, and other gems, have been found, with Sanscrit characters, of such age as to defy classification.

EAR-RING.
(Abbott Collection.)

Of the gems found in Egypt we have jaspers, emeralds, torquoise, and blood-stone, with the figures of Isis and Osiris, and the entire Egyptian mythology. Of this era the present day collections are very complete.

With the Greeks it was customary, after the deposit of the ashes of the dead in the urns, that the nearest friends and relatives should drop some token before the sealing; these tokens were generally gems or golden trinkets. So among the Romans, though all offerings of this kind with that people had to be secretly performed, as the burial of treasure with the dead was specially interdicted by law.

EAR-RING.
(Abbott Collection.)

In the wearing of jewels the Romans, possibly, carried their tastes to a higher degree of fashion—and, we may remark, of size—than any other people before or since. A dandy of that time had his rings and gems for certain days and seasons, as now they would have changes of clothes.

The ancient Britons wore gems, both as ornaments and to be used as money.

Among the Anglo-Saxons rings set with gems were used as the signets of the nobles. William de Belmeis gave to the Cathedral of St. Paul's, in London, lands and privileges, and ordered that his ring be set with a ruby and the seal should be affixed to the deed, there to remain forever. The same thing was done by Osbart de Camera to the same church, with a ruby ring sealed to the deed of gift.

At Pompeii and at Herculaneum rings have been found carved entirely from stone, cornelian, agate, jasper, and amber, as well as many beautifully-set emeralds. Of rings—both of gold, plain, and gems set—we are told that three bushels were gathered, after Hannibal's victory at Cannæ, from the bodies of the slain on the field. In Persia, Afghanistan, and many parts of India, even to the present day, engraved gems are worn as signet-rings; and a merchant or trader never places his name in writing to his written transactions, the impression of the signet answering the same purpose. The loss, therefore, of this jewel is equivalent to the loss of a name, and the authority for its use by any but the owner equal to a power of attorney.

Many strange instances have occurred of the disinterment of bodies and the finding of gems upon them, principally in the ring form. In the year 1766 the workmen, while executing some act of repair to Winchester Cathedral, found a monument, which, upon examination, proved to be that of King Canute. There was a wreath upon the head of emeralds and gold, and upon the finger a ring containing a fine ruby. When Henry II. was rebuilding Westminster Abbey the tomb of Seibert, the King of the East Angles, was found and opened. The skeleton corpse was decked in royal robes, and wore a ring on its thumb, in which was a magnificent ruby. Horace Walpole laments the want of antiquarian taste that should have led to the reburial of these and other treasures of the tomb. When the tomb of Henry II. was opened it was found with crown and kingly robes, while the usual ring was on the finger, with a fine ruby. In the year 1562 the grave of Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, was violated by the Calvinists, who found her dressed in the state robes, with a sapphire ring on her finger: this ring was in the possession of the Baron de Conti when he was with Charles IX. at Caen. In new-paving Exeter Cathedral they discovered the lead coffin of a certain Bishop Bitton, who was buried in 1307; on the bones of the finger was a sapphire ring; on the stone was engraved a hand, with the two fingers extended as in benediction.

BISHOP BITTON'S RING.

As a charm, or talisman, the gem has also been made to play an important part in the world's history; it has been sought as a shield against necromancy, and as a potent minister to accomplish the same; it has been supposed to guard against demons, witches, and the evil-eye, and as a sovereign preventive against disease. The most powerful of the gems for this end were those found under certain constellations. Many of the ancient amulets are in the form of large oblong beads, or what in the present day are called "bugles," some of them richly studded with gems, and some composed alone of one stone, oftentimes of the most costly. Jasper was held to be the most potent of all stones in its healing property, and, for this purpose, was preferred when set in silver instead of gold. Galen recommends jasper, when engraved with the figure of a man with a bunch of herbs hanging about his neck. And Hippocrates, while recommending the suitable dress for a physician, speaks of rings, though not specifying what sort. Ælian tells a story of a ruby: Heraclis set the

broken leg of a stork; the bird of course was very grateful; and to show this, annexed a very beautiful ruby that it saw lying loose upon the dressing-case, possibly of some belle in a palace during one of its flights. This ruby it brought to Heraclis, and threw into her bosom by way of payment for her surgical skill. The jacinth had the reputation of being able to procure sleep, outdoing laudanum and opium, and Cardenus says he tried it, and "it seemed somewhat to confer, but not much."

Aristotle says the amethyst will hinder the ascension of vapors. Baccius says it sharpens wit, diminishes sleep, and resists poison. Albertus Magnus says, "If you would sharpen the understanding, increase riches, and foresee the future, take an emerald. For prophesying, it must be placed beneath the tongue." "The topaz will free men from passions and sadness of mind; and if it be cast into boiling water, will astonish it to coldness."

Shakspeare wrote in "As You Like It:"

> "Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

This idea has been prevalent as a truth even to within our own times. Fenton, who wrote in 1569, tells us, "There is found in the heads of old and great toads a stone which they call borax or stelon; it is most commonly found in the head of a he-toad." These stones, when obtained, were supposed to be cures for poison when swallowed, or charms against it when worn. Lupton says, "You shall know whether the tode stone be the right and perfect stone or not. Hold the stone before a tode so that he may see it; and if it be a right and true stone the tode will leap toward it, and make as though he would snatch it, he envieth so much that man should have that stone." Our old friend Nichols writes:

> "Some say this stone is found in the head of an old toad; others say that the old toad must be laid on the cloth that is red, and it will belch it up, or otherwise not. You may give a like credit to both these reports; for as little truth is to be found in them as may possibly be. Witnesse Anschunius Bœtius, in *Lib.* 2, in the chapter of this stone. He took an old toad, and laid it upon a red cloth, and watched it a whole night to see it belch up its stone; but after his long and tedious watchful expectation, he found the old toad in the same posture to gratifie the great pangs of his whole night's restlessnesse. Some of the toads that carry this precious jewel must be very large; for Bœtius says the stone is found of the bigness of an egg, sometimes brownish, sometimes reddish, sometimes yellowish, sometimes greenish."

So, having taken Master Nichols's opinion on the matter, we will not include "Todestone" in our list of gems.

And now we come to a gem famous in history —the ring given by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Essex. It is engraved and blue enameled, and the stone a sardonyx, on which is cut in bold relief a head of the Queen. It is now the property of Lord John Thysme, at Hawnes, Bedfordshire, England. The story is familiar. The Queen, who undoubtedly loved Essex beyond all other men, gave him this ring, which she believed she had endued with peculiar powers, and promised him that, whatever evil might befall him, or whatever fault he might commit, he should be upheld and forgiven on sending this ring to her. After he was committed to the Tower and condemned, he sent for the Countess of Nottingham, to whom he intrusted the ring, with the charge to deliver it to the Queen. The Countess was false to her trust, and betrayed her errand to Sir Robert Cecil, who kept the ring. After the beheading of Essex, the Countess, being on her death-bed, sent for the Queen, and made full confession of her perfidy, imploring mercy of God and of the Queen. Elizabeth seized the dying woman, and shook her violently, sending her soul suddenly before the higher tribunal, and screaming meanwhile the most terrible curses, and shouting, "God may forgive you, but *I* never can."

Petrarch tells that Charles the Great, or Charlemagne, was desperately enamored of a beautiful lady who died. The King could not part from her, and therefore had the body embalmed, and carried it wherever he went. When a learned man took him to task for his folly, the King, in excuse, revealed to him that his infatuation arose from a charm that lay concealed under the woman's tongue, but which he had no power to remove. This learned man—who was a bishop—went to the body and removed the charm, which was a rare gem set as a beautiful chased ring. The King, after this, transferred his affection to the Bishop, to the great annoyance of that learned man, who, to rid himself of the royal attentions, cast the ring into a lake. Charlemagne, being now attracted to the spot, built there the city. On his death-bed he was in agony until the lake was dragged and the ring recovered and laid upon his breast, when he gave up the ghost. This charm is said to be in possession of Louis Napoleon, and is not a ring, but rather formed as a pendant. On the opening of the tomb of Charlemagne it was found suspended about his neck, and was presented by the city of Aix-la-Chapelle to Napoleon, and by him to Hortense, the mother of Louis, from whom it came to the present Emperor. The Germans say it was made by the magicians who came with the embassadors of Haroun-al-Raschid to Charlemagne, and by them presented to the Empress, with the understanding that her husband should always be attracted by the person or spot on which it was.

Scott says:

> "For the fair Queen of France
> Sent him a turquoise ring and glove;
> And charged him, as her knight and love,
> For her to break a lance."

This was the gift of Anne of Brittany, the beautiful queen of Louis XII., of France, to James IV., of Scotland. This very ring is now in the Herald's College, London.

The Popes wear a ring with one large emerald or diamond cluster set in it, and the present Archbishop of New York wears, upon the fourth finger of the right hand, an emerald of great beauty surrounded by diamonds. These rings

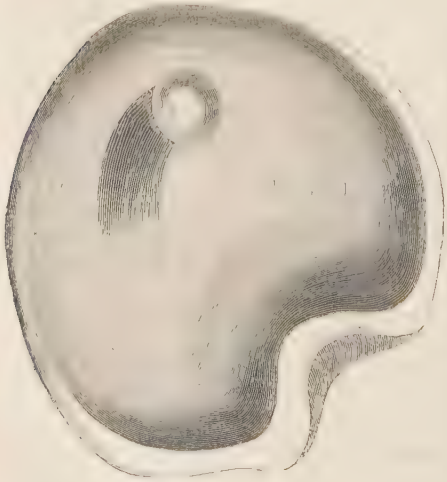
are undoubtedly symbols of their holy office, though whether bearing any engraved signification we are unable to say.

In the collection of the Vatican there is a

RING OF PIUS II.

large brass ring, heavily gilt, and set with a topaz, which belonged to Pope Pius II., who was elected in 1418, continuing Pope forty-six years. On the hoop of the ring are engraved his arms—he being of the family of the Piccolomini—together with the papal tiara and the words *Papa Pio*. The ring is very large—too large for a finger unless with a thick glove; but undoubtedly was used on state occasions, or when giving his benediction.

The manufacture of false gems has reached a wondrous state of perfection in the present day, and undoubtedly was practiced with great success by the ancients. We are told a story of a jeweler who sold to the wife of Gallienus a false emerald set in a ring. The knavery was soon discovered, and the jeweler found himself one fine day set up in the arena, all ready to be made the plaything of a half-starved lion, as was the custom in those days. While the wretched man trembled in every limb, expecting instant death, a capon was let loose upon him. A shout of laughter hailed the appearance of the bird, and the jeweler was released, with the admonition to do better in future.



THE PEARL OYSTER.

PEARL-BEARING MUSSEL.

Not even excepting the diamond, is there a jewel so spoken of in history, sacred and profane, so treated of in story or romance, as the *Pearl*. In Sacred Writ we have frequent mention of it, and many of the ancient writers speak in glowing terms of its beauty. Next, indeed, to the diamond, the pearl is known most familiarly to the eye and ear, and has invariably held a high rank in the estimation of all, particularly with the brunette, who will always look upon the pearl as the natural ornament of her style. It has always been the type of purity; and the word has, from time immemorial, been used to illustrate whatever was pure and beautiful, and this especially in the language of the East.

For a long time it was supposed the mother-of-pearl (*Oricula marga vitafera*) was the only pearl-bearing oyster; this belief has of late years been practically destroyed by the finding of many

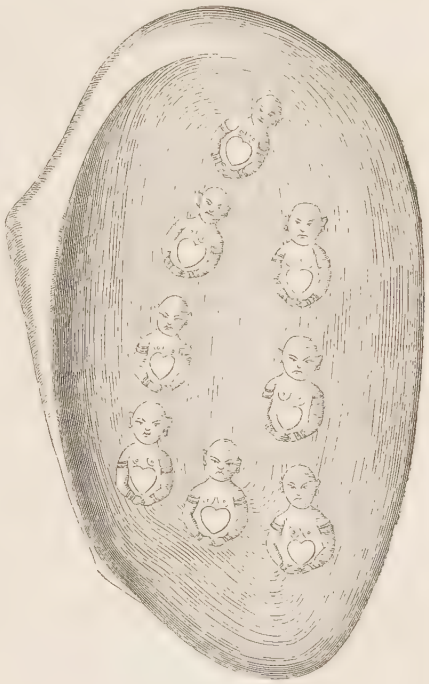
beautiful pearls in the common mussel so well known on the small rivers and creeks of this country, valuable discoveries of this nature attracting attention to this hitherto despised shell-fish. The mussel is eatable; the original pearl-bearing oyster or mother-of-pearl is not, possessing only value for its jewels, its flesh being of a hard, rank flavor, and too tough for mastication.

As far back as we have history for any gems we have pleasant record of pearls. They are frequently mentioned in the Roman period, more especially in connection with rings. Pliny asserted that the oysters rise to the surface in the night to feed upon the dews of heaven, which the sun's rays upon the water nourish into pearls. Bœtius de Bovelt says:

"These mussels, early in the morning, when the sky is clear and temperate, open their mouths a little above the water, and most greedily swallow the dews of heaven; and after the measure and quantity of the dew which they swallow, they conceive and breed the pearl. These mussels are so exceedingly quick of touch and hearing, that however faint the noise that may be made on the bank beside them, or however small the stone that may be thrown into the water, they sink at once to the bottom, knowing well in what estimation the fruit of their womb is to all people."

At this day, in the East, the belief exists that these gems are the drops of rain which, as they fall into the sea, become pearls, and in that state are swallowed by the oyster. Cardonus first put a stay upon this belief by declaring the fact that these shell-fish have their homes upon the bottom of the sea, where they are attached to rocks or other substances, and have no power to rise. The theory of Reamur, that the pearl is a concretion of the juices consequent upon a rupture or disease in the fish, without the introduction of any foreign matter to produce the effect, is that now held to be correct. It is found that only the old fish produce the gems. The pearl-fishers do not look for or expect them from the young and smooth shelled; the more aged and distorted the shell, the greater the probability of pearls. It was once thought that the oyster covered morsels of gravel which accident had introduced between the shells; but though numberless pearls have been split or sawed through the centre, it is very seldom an imperfection is found, even of the most minute size. Others, again, have accounted for them on the supposition of unfructified eggs; this, however, is scarcely worth an answer. At one time a theory was started that the pearl proceeded from some outward wound on the shell of the oyster. This was tested by a series of experiments, under the direction of Linnæus, by drilling small holes in shells and restoring them to their watery beds; the experiments all proved unsuccessful.

Many extraordinary trials have been made with the pearl-bearing oyster by the Chinese and the Japanese, and they do really succeed in forcing the oyster to produce at their will pearls of an inferior quality. This is accomplished by making a bead, resembling the real article as nearly as possible, from a mixture of ground glass or spar and varnish, or sometimes turned from the mother-of-pearl; these are placed upon a string, and the oyster having been removed from its bed, the strings of beads are introduced within the shell as soon as the creature opens its mouth. It is then restored to its element, where, for five years, it lies undisturbed. At the end of this time they are removed, and found to be well coated with the pearly substance. A society for the prevention of cruelty to oysters would not be misplaced in China or Japan. In the latter country they have what they call miracles produced by the same process. This consists in the introduction of sundry little flat, stamped copper Joss figures to the interior shell of the pearl-bearing mussel. As the fish can not expel these, they must in time become coated in the same way; and when this is achieved, and the little idols become part of the shell, the oyster is removed from his home, and the miracle is proclaimed.



JAPANESE MIRACLE.

The pearl is simply carbonate of lime, and is the only gem that is used in its natural state. As it comes from the oyster so is it worn; no labor can help it, no polishing add to its beauty. The best colored is accounted the white; they must be even, clear, and lively, without specks or flaws, and most particularly must they be free of stains—a defect that too frequently mars the finest of these jewels. Though the white holds highest value, yet many most beautiful gems are found among them with a blue, gray, greenish, or pink tint. This, though depressing the value, still in many cases leaves a

unique and splendid jewel. The pearl, like all the jewels of lesser hardness, wears dim with time, and often discolors, or, as jewelers term it, dies. In such cases, many methods have been resorted to for the purpose of restoring their original beauty—processes that, though they may bring back some portion, can never wholly replace the lost splendor.

In India, when they become yellow with age, they are partially restored by a rubbing in boiled rice. In other parts of the world baking them in bread is practiced. But in Europe the common plan is to feed them to chickens, while fastened in coops; after the lapse of a couple of hours the chickens are killed, and the pearls rescued from their perilous lodging-place, the action of the gastric juice of the fowl somewhat restoring their color; but none of these methods can entirely restore the value.

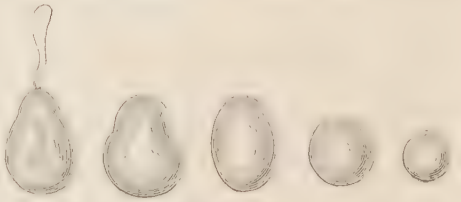
The art of making artificial pearls has for many years been carried on with great success; Paris being the head-quarters of the manufacture, where it has been brought to so great a perfection that deception is frequently practiced even upon dealers. The most celebrated of these manufacturers is M. Lemaire, whose method is as follows: To 1000 oz. of glass is added 3 oz. bleak fish scales, ½ oz. glue, 1 oz. white wax, 1 oz. alabaster. Another celebrated maker is Ronger, who makes a very beautiful fictitious pearl by the following method: Real pearls, those that are so faulty as to be unfit for setting, are ground with lemon-juice and gum; are then moulded into round form; and finally baked in bread, in which is mixed a large share of amalgam. This receipt, when properly followed, produces a very beautiful artificial pearl, almost undetectable. Very skillful imitations also emanate from Bohemia and Mayence, from Venice and Tamsig; various modes are adopted in these places, the best and most commonly used plan being the inner coating of the blown glass bead with a mixture of bleak fish scales dissolved in spirits of ammonia. This discovery was first made by a Frenchman named Jasmin, a bead maker, who accidently throwing a parcel of these fish into water, after some hours discovered a deposit of small silvery particles. These he gathered, finding they held the lustre of pearls; and making some plain glass beads, the substance was used for covering, and the first of the imitation pearls became the rage. Four thousand of these little fish are required to make a single ounce of the pearly wash.

And now we come to the pearl fisheries—an employment and traffic that has ever been invested with poetry and romance. Far be it from us to strip away the poetry from the pearl-fisher; but the reality is very stern, and while the gems glow in their purity on the bosom of beauty, it must be told that no search for gold or jewels is attended with one-quarter of the danger, hardship, or death that follows the pearl-fisher in his vocation. It is a life of slavery and disease when on land, and of peril and terror in the water; and none can look on the poor diver, with his body covered with ulcers, his joints distorted with rheumatism, his eyes sunken and bloodshot, and believe that one spark of poetry or romance lies any where within his ill-used carcass.

There is scarce a country upon the face of the earth where pearls have not at some period been found; though, at the present time, the principal fisheries are: Bahreim, on the Persian Gulf, the island of Ceylon, and the islands in the neighborhood of Panama. They have also been found in considerable quantities in the East and West Indies; in some of the rivers of Europe; on the shores of Sumatra; and, of late years, considerable attention has been attracted to pearls found in the Connecticut and New Jersey streams, as well as in various other parts of the United States. Of all these, none equal those collected on the Persian Gulf in purity, size, or that translucency which gives this beautiful gem all its value. There is no doubt that the attraction of the world to this subject will bring forth many discoveries of the pearl-bearing mussel, in the different rivers and small streams of this country and Europe, which have, until now, escaped notice. As an instance of this, a report was lately made to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, by M. Jobard, of a discovery just made, that a large fresh-water mussel, found in streams in Neufchateau, in the department of the Vosges, a portion of Belgium, produces pearls equal in quality to the Oriental. Some of them by him exhibited were of a dark brown.

Of the pearl fisheries that have created so much excitement in different parts of the United States, for the last few years, there has been, as the Yankee expresses it, "more talk than cider." Though some fine gems have been found, their reputation has gone abroad more than trebled. The exact localities of finding specially fine pearls has been jealously concealed by the finders. The Queen Pearl, the largest of all, was found at the Notch Brook, near Patterson, New Jersey. This pearl is now the property of the Empress Eugénie, who purchased it for 12,500 francs ($2500). It was found in 1857, and brought to Messrs. Tiffany and Co., who bought it and sent it to Europe. The other special localities from which they have been obtained are the streams in the neighborhood of Milford, Connecticut, and the Little Miami River, Ohio, each of which have furnished several fine pearls.

One of the most singular circumstances connected with the New Jersey "pearl fever" has been the discovery of several shells, showing



NATIVE PEARLS.

that many years ago the Jersey *savans* experimented on the pearl-bearing mussel by dropping small mother-of-pearl buttons inside the shell, hoping the fish would cover them with its secretions. In this speculation they have failed, the result being only that the button has, by the action of this secretion, become fastened to the shell, without turning into a gigantic pearl. The specimens found have all the appearance of having been experimented on over thirty years since.

In the sea fishing, as practiced at Bahreim, the season commences in March, and ends in May for the spring, and in September for the fall. The principal season is in the spring, when fully two hundred thousand persons collect along the shores for that purpose. These come from every land of the East, and build their huts upon the sands, from bamboo canes and the broad-leaved palm. A pearl-fisher's boat, when fully manned, carries from fifteen to twenty men. The largest pearls are found in the deepest water, though in most cases the divers do not venture more than twelve fathoms deep. The diver, when equipped for his descent, is stripped naked, and well oiled; his nose and ears are stuffed with cotton; and a sponge, dipped in oil, is fastened to his left arm, to aid him in breathing while under the sea. About his neck hangs

PERSIAN GULF DIVER.

a basket, in which to deposit the oysters. In his hand he holds a long knife, for the purpose of detaching the shells from the rocky bottom, or for defense against the sharks, which swarm along that coast, and are especially fond of such a meal, basket, cotton, oil, and all. When the fisher is ready to be launched into the waves, a pair of wooden pincers are applied to his nostrils, compressing them tight; his feet are placed on a double-headed shot; and away he goes, down, down, until the bottom is reached, when, as quick as a flash, he leaps from the shot, which is again drawn up for another descending diver; immediately he springs from the shot, he dashes at his work, and in an instant fills the basket; the string is pulled, away goes the basket, and away goes the fisher to the surface. All this occupies from one and a half to two minutes. He stays upon the vessel a few minutes, sorts his "natives," and is ready for another dive. This he will repeat fifty times a day, and bring at each dive from fifty to seventy-five oysters. It is a long time before the diver knows the result of his labor, notwithstanding Robert Browning's assertion that

> "There are two moments in a diver's life:
> One, when a beggar, he prepares to plunge;
> Then, when a prince, he rises with his pearl,"

as each boat's crew has a pit dug in the sand, where the oysters are heaped, and left to the rays of the sun until putrefaction takes place, when they are opened with ease, and the pearls washed out. Oftentimes as many as twenty pearls will be found in one oyster; but, as a general rule, the greater the number the smaller the size. The mass of pearls, after washing, are subjected to nine sieves, which assort the sizes; after which they are carefully selected over for their relative beauty. A perfect pearl, the size of a walnut, is called "a paragon;" if it be the size of a small cherry, it is styled "a diadem." It is needless to say that these are indeed "pearls of great price," and very rarely found.

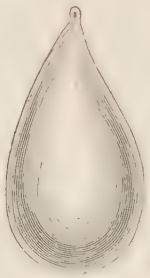
The modes of fishing for pearls at the Pearl Islands, Panama, are much the same, with the exception that the canoes, in which the fishers pursue their calling, rarely contain over eight men, and the diver carries no basket, detaching the oyster with his hands, and bringing it up at once. On the coast of Sweden, where many pearls are found, there is no diving. The fishermen row over the oyster beds in boats, and snatch away the oyster with tongs as they pass.

The valuation of pearls is much more difficult than that of any other gem, for the reason that nature produces so many small. The only reliable mode is to count by carats, as in other gems, saying $1 per carat of 4 grains. This makes 1 ounce contain $150 worth; and as the pearls grow smaller, so must the price decrease. The general standard for large pearls is $16 per carat for the pearl of one carat, increasing the same as in diamond valuation, by the multiplication of its own cube; as, for instance, a pearl of 2 carats would be $2\times2\times\$16=\$64$; one of 3 carats is worth $144; and so through every size.

Tavernier speaks of some pearls of remarkable size. The first of these was of a perfect pear shape, about one and three-quarter inches in length by one and a quarter in diameter. It

was found at Catira, on the Arabian coast, in 1633, by an Arab, who sold it to the King of Persia for 1,400,000 livres ($280,000). It was perfectly free from any defect; and, if still in existence, is the largest pearl known. The

GREAT PEARL OF THE GREAT MOGUL.

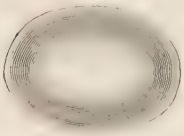


THE PEARL OF THE PEACOCK THRONE.

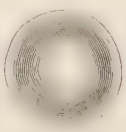
next he describes the great pearl hanging on the peacock's neck that formed the throne of the Great Mogul. This is about one and a quarter inches in length, and is of pear shape.

PEAR-SHAPED PEARL.

This pearl must now be among the crown jewels of England, as that power long since became possessed of the peacock throne. The third, also of pear shape, nearly an inch and a half in length by an inch in diameter, and weighing fifty-five carats, was obtained from the West Indian fisheries, and carried by Tavernier himself to Asia, where he sold it to Shah-Est-Khan, who was the uncle of the Great Mogul. The fourth is an oval, flattened upon one end; in length about an inch, in diameter about three-quarters. It was the property of the Great Mogul, and was worn by him, in the centre drop of a chain of emeralds and rubies,



SMALL PEARL OF THE GREAT MOGUL.



ROUND PEARL OF THE GREAT MOGUL.

about his neck. The fifth he calls the largest round pearl he ever saw. It was little less than three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and considered perfectly unique, no match having ever been found to it. This also was the property of the Great Mogul.

Also from Tavernier we translate this account of another:

"The Arabian Prince, Aceph Ben Ali, of Novenuaé, after taking from the Portuguese the province of Mascaté, and the larger part of Arabia Felix, bore the name of Imenhact, Prince of Muscaté. This monarch has in his possession the most beautiful pearl in the world, not considered so on account of its size, as its weight is only twelve and one-sixteenth carats; neither for its roundness, but it is so beautifully transparent that the light shines almost through it. The Khan of Ormus, wishing to present it to the King of Persia, offered the Arab 2000 tomans (about $18,000) for it. And the Great Mogul sent a messenger, with an offer of 40,000 crowns (about $38,000), but he refused to sell."

There is at this time in the hands of a London jeweler named Cleance, for sale, a remarkably fine pearl, supposed to weigh about thirty carats, which he values at $5000. If the gem is really fine, and free from flaws, this is below the true price. It came from the Panama fisheries. The Pereguine, weighing twenty-five carats, found in 1574 during some of the filibustering expeditions to America, and carried to Spain, where it now remains among the crown jewels, is valued at 15,000 ducats ($37,500). Pope Leo X. had a pearl that was valued at 80,000 crowns ($75,000). And there is said to be one in the hands of a merchant of Moscow, weighing twenty-seven carats.

THE CLEANCE PEARL.

The crown jewels of Portugal have among them a fine pearl weighing about twenty-five carats, pear-shaped. History says that a pearl in the possession of Julius Cæsar was valued at what would now be $150,000; and Pliny values the pearl swallowed by Cleopatra to the health of Mark Anthony at $375,000 of our money.

Upon examination, the great pearls of the world are reduced to a very limited number, most of them being apocryphal. The large pearls, running over twenty carats in weight, which are absolutely known to exist at this time, do not number over a score. Like diamonds, their size rarely passes over five or six carats, while of the small, or seed pearls, the greatest quantities exist. From the Persian Gulf and the adjacent fisheries the merchants of Surat receive about $1,500,000 worth per annum. The yield from the Panama fisheries is about the same. In the 16th century the importation of pearls into Europe from America was about $800,000 per annum; these no doubt came from Panama and the West India Islands.

PEARL EARRING FROM SAKKARAH. (Abbott Collection.)

In the "History of Jewels," before spoken of, is this allusion to Cuba:

"This Island, Cubagua, was discovered by that famous Genoese, Christopher Columbus, who, having perceived a small boat with some fishers in it, and a woman, who had three rows of fair pearl about her neck, said to his companions that he thanked God that he had now discovered the most rich country in the world. He broke an earthen plate of divers colors, and for a piece of it this woman gave him very willingly a row of these pearls; and for another plate he received many others, and learned of the Indians the place and manner of their fishing for the pearls."

It was with a ring of pearl that the Doge of

Venice wedded, every year since 1177, the Adriatic Sea; a custom that arose from the circumstance that, when the Emperor Barbarossa went to Venice to humble himself before the Pope, who had taken refuge in that city, he was treated with such great hospitality and kindness that he gave the Doge a ring containing three large pearls, and with it conferred the right for that city to call the Adriatic Sea their own dominion. He gave them permission to cast this ring into the sea, wedding the waters as a bride, and with each year to renew the nuptials in token of the prowess that had enabled them with a small fleet to defeat that of the Emperor, three times its size, and to make his son prisoner. It was to obtain the liberty of this son that Barbarossa humbled himself before the Pope.

SIZES OF PEARLS.

The largest pearls offered for sale at the present moment in the world are four pure and perfect gems, now in the hands of Mr. Reed, of Paris, a member of the house of Tiffany and Co. They are valued at 100,000 francs, and are free from flaw or blemish. They came from the Panama fisheries, though at what time they were taken from the shell is unknown; the larger dealers on that coast often keeping fine gems for many years before they offer them for sale, acting, possibly, on the same principle as the connoisseur in art who clings to his pictures even though full value be offered.

But it is time that we pass from the pearls to more pretentious gems—the pearl being the symbol of modesty. As in all other matters, the taste for gems goes strongly by fashion; though no such arbitrary rule can ever decrease the real value of a true jewel. Next to the diamond, in hardness, comes the sapphire, which we shall speak of in conjunction with the ruby, they being chemically the same: pure crystallized alumina.

The *Sapphire* is generally spoken and written of as blue; but it is also frequently found green, white, gray, or of a yellow tint, though there can be no doubt that the blue is the only true gem, as well as the most beautiful. The blue sapphire is classed as the male and the female, the darker color being the male. They have also been found of a black or darkish green; these are called the cut sapphire, and lack transparency. They have also been found in two or three instances of a yellowish green, but these are very rare.

The sapphire, when holding a very high lustre, is defective in color, though a pale or irregular color may oftentimes be improved by subjecting them skillfully to the furnace, steadily increasing the heat, and allowing them to remain from four to six hours. It is not subject to the action of acids, nor alterable under the blow-pipe. Light-blue sapphires have been used with great success in the lens of the microscope, and by some are pronounced fully equal to the diamond for that purpose. Our old friend, Thomas Nichols, says: "The sapphire, if worn by an adulterer, loses its splendor, and the wearing of it quells the animal senses. If put into a glasse with a spider it will quickly die."

Also he says, "It will keep men chaste, and is therefore worn by priests." It was of this stone the Jewish priests declare the rod and the Tables of the Law, received by Moses on Mount Sinai, to have been composed. It is the emblem of truth, constancy, and fidelity.

The manner of computing the value of the sapphire is the same as with the pearl, by the multiplication of its own cube; but no certainty of price can be placed on a single carat from the great varieties of color and quality. A very fine blue sapphire, weighing two carats, has been known to bring in Paris, which is a good market, one thousand francs ($200), and as a balance to this a beautiful blue male stone, weighing $6\frac{3}{4}$ carats was sold in 1822, at the sale of the cabinet of the Marquis de Vries, an eminent collector, for 1500 francs (about $300).

The famous sapphires in the world are but few. The English embassy to Ava in 1846 reports having seen one of a fine blue color, weighing 950 carats. If this is correct it is by far the largest in the world. Mawe saw one in Brazil, weighing 210 carats, of a pale blue. And there is one in the crown of France of 166 carats, and fifty-eight others of smaller size. The Russian crown also has many fine sapphires, the weight and value of which have never been made public. There is also a very beautiful specimen in the Hope collection at Amsterdam, which was purchased from the Jardin des Plantes of Paris for the sum of £3000. At the sale of the jewels of Messrs. Rundell and Bridges, in London, about

thirty years since, many very beautiful sapphires were sold, among the rest one weighing 75½ carats, which brought only the very small sum of $2465.

As a mere matter of beauty, disconnected with fashion, there can be no doubt the sapphire is or should be the most valuable of gems; in scarcity it excels the diamond, in hardness it nearly equals it, and in general effect equals if not surpasses it. And yet it is rarely seen, and does not bear a price commensurate with its merits when placed side by side with its more fashionable competitors.

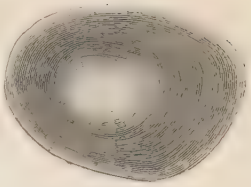
The sapphire is found in Hindostan, Siam, and Ceylon principally, but many fine specimens have been brought from Brazil, and solitary small ones have been found in France, Bohemia, and in the United States.

Of the *Ruby*, which, next to the sapphire, is the most princely of gems, none can speak but in glowing words. Our enthusiastic friend, Thomas Nichols, says: "They are created substances of the most enduring nature which this, our part of the sub-celestiall world, doth contain; the glorie of those which you shall here find beautified with externall grace, will feed your eyes with much pleasure in beholding." The finest rubies are called Oriental, though many of what are called Oriental stones have been found in Brazil, or in Hungary and Bohemia. But the native spot of the ruby is Hindostan and Ceylon. The really fine specimen of the Oriental ruby is more rarely found than the diamond, and at this particular time bears almost an equal value from the fact of there being a fashionable demand. Boyle declared the ruby to be clear water, with a metallic coloring. Bergman coincided with him; but modern chemistry has settled its composition as a mixture of silex, alumina, and lime. A fine stone should be of a deep carmine red, and of full refraction.

In the East Indies the jewel merchants prize the ruby so highly they will not willingly show it without a bribe. Even to a trader they make the bargain that if he does not buy he will give them either a certain sum of money or some present. The Chinese hold the ruby in the highest estimation, presenting it as a sacred token of friendship.

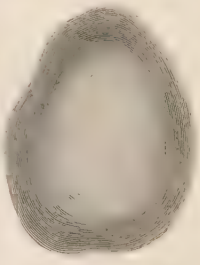
Like the sapphire, the ruby can sometimes be improved by heat, though it must be done with great care. It turns green on the application of heat, but returns to its own color on cooling. It is of course subject to flaws the same as other gems, but they are more easily detectable, every flaw showing a black speck. The Balais or Palatinus ruby lacks the transparency of the Oriental, but has a deeper color. Among the ancients it was called the carbuncle, and is still so called by many.

The largest authenticated ruby is among the Russian crown jewels, set as a centre in the Greek cross that adorns the front of the crown. The first record of it was its purchase in China, by one of the embassadors of the Empress Anne, for the sum of 120,000 roubles (about $100,000). From its form and general appearance we are disposed to believe this stone the identical one of which Tavernier tells the following story:



THE RUSSIAN RUBY.

"A jewel merchant sold to Giafer Khan, the uncle of the Grand Mogul, a ruby for 95,000 rupees ($47,500), which Giafer Khan presented to the Emperor. There was an old jeweler who had been fined and discharged by the Emperor for dereliction, who by some means obtained a sight of the jewel, and thereupon declared that Giafer Khan had been deceived. It was not worth over 500 rupees, as it was not a ruby. The jewelers of the Emperor were brought together to examine and make a decision, and after long consideration they declared it genuine. The most skillful judge of precious stones in the whole Eastern world at this period was admitted to be Shah Ilhan, who was at the time imprisoned at Agra, by the order of his son, Aurengzebe. The Emperor, wishing to be certain, sent the jewel to Shah Ilhan, asking his judgment, without informing him of that already passed. The prisoner gave the same valuation as the old jeweler, declaring it not a ruby, and only worth 500 rupees. On this the stone was returned to Aurengzebe, who soon after, in Eastern style, forced the merchant to refund the money." A comparison of the descriptions and drawings lead us to believe that Shah Ilhan and the old jeweler were wrong, and that this identical ruby is the one now in the Russian crown, having first found its way from the kingdom of the Mogul to China.

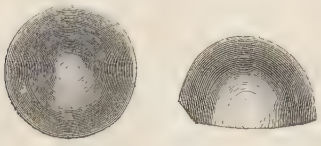


FALSE RUBY OF THE MOGUL.

M. Tavernier gives descriptions and engravings of several very large rubies which he saw in India. The greatest of these was a ruby belonging to the King of Persia, which had then been in the treasury of that monarch for many years. It measured nearly two inches in length and an inch and a half in diameter through the thickest part. It was bored through the length, a common practice with jewels in the East that they may be worn on a necklace; it was quite deep colored, fair and clear, with only one flaw on the

RUBY OF THE KING OF PERSIA.

side, which was very inconsiderable. It weighed 192 ratis (the rati is exactly seven-eighths of our carat). He does not profess to value it. The most beautiful of these jewels that he saw, though comparatively small, was one in the possession of the King of Visapour, and of the form of a half globe; it was cut with great skill, and

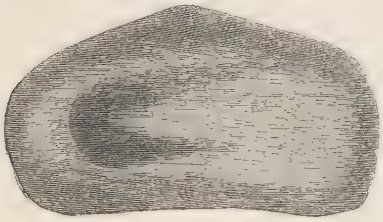


VISAPOUR RUBY.

weighed 17½ carats. It was purchased by this monarch, in 1653, for 74,550 livres ($14,910). Another, weighing 50¾ carats uncut, and not of a very fine water, measuring about an inch in length and three-quarters in diameter through the thickest part, was offered to him at Banarous for 55,000 rupees; but he refused it, offering 60,000 livres without success.

THE BANAROUS RUBY OF TAVERNIER.

This difference in the asking and offering prices is explained by M. Tavernier's assertion that he could not buy rubies in the East; on the contrary, he found it to his profit to take them from Europe to sell in Asia. And yet, with this he gives a drawing of a large Balais ruby, which he brought from India to the King of France. He also gives an account of one weighing five carats, found in Bohemia, and presented to the Viceroy of Hungary by General Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland.



THE BALAIS RUBY.

At Dresden, in the cabinet called the Green Vault, there is a pair of ruby ear-rings, containing eight stones, which are valued at about $20,000 our money, but are said to be worth much more. The English crown contains many fine rubies, the largest of which is heart-shaped, and almost three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

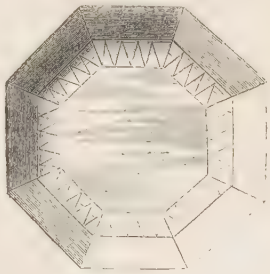
THE ENGLISH HEART RUBY.

It was from the resemblance to a living coal, when held against the sun, that this stone received the name *carbunculus;* and this name in turn led to the error that it had the power of emitting light, or shining like fire in the dark.

Next in the list to the ruby comes the *Topaz*, another form of silex and quartz. It is to be found in Brazil, Saxony, Siberia, and in some instances in Connecticut. Perhaps the most important topaz mine in the world is that at Capon, near Villa Rica, Brazil. Mawe gives an account of his visit to it in 1803, and says he saw cart-loads of the gems, but none of fit use for jewelry, as they lacked brilliancy, were fractured, and were not double pyramids. The inferior ones were held of no value. Its colors are yellow, pink, yellowish pink, orange, and white, beautifully transparent and translucent. It can not be affected by acids.

The annual production of the topaz mines of Brazil is very small, not over fifty pounds being exported. It is sought in the rainy season, in much the same way as the diamond, and over the same ground. In fact, many limpid topazes have been found that for a long time puzzled the dealers to name. No such error as this can occur for a moment after they are cut. The yellow Brazilian topaz, when submitted to the action of a furnace, becomes reddish, resembling somewhat a ruby, but not sufficiently to deceive. The white and the pink are esteemed most valuable. The white are called *pingos d'agua* (drops of water), and when cut are considered a close imitation of the diamond.

In Saxony the largest portion of those found are of a yellowish pink, or wine color, which, upon being exposed to heat, becomes colorless. Those found in Connecticut are of a pale orange.



THE TOPAZ OF THE GREAT MOGUL.

Tavernier gives an engraving of a beautiful topaz in the possession of the Great Mogul. It is a perfect octagon, measuring nearly two inches in diameter, and very handsomely cut. It weighs 157 carats, and cost 2,715,000 livres ($543,000)—a fabulous price, that no topaz, were it many times larger, would bring in these days. He says it was the only gem he saw that monarch wear upon his person, when he visited his court, during his last journey to the Indies. Among the jewels of Russia is a topaz, weight unknown, valued at 10,000 roubles. It formed part of the horse gear of Catherine II.

The *Emerald*, which follows next, is one of the most beautiful of gems. The finest of these stones come from Peru, though inferior ones are found in Siberia, and in different parts of India. In the forms of its cutting the same rule is fol-

lowed as in the diamond—the *brilliant*, the *rose*, and the *table*.

In color, the emerald varies from being almost colorless to the darkest shade of green, almost verging on black; occasionally the stone partakes of a blue or yellow tint. When they are not absolutely green they are classed as beryl, or aqua marina. Its chemical composition is alumina, silica, and glucina, and the coloring matter chrome oxide. The emerald formerly was not set open, but with a green foil behind. It is now becoming fashionable to set them the same as a diamond.

In valuing the emerald, $12 per carat is the general standard for a fine stone, increasing in the same ratio as with a sapphire or ruby.

There is none among the precious stones that can be so well imitated as the emerald. Such skillful counterfeits have issued from the Parisian artists that many of the most reliable judges have been deceived. The most approved of receipts for making artificial emeralds is: 1000 ounces strass (pure silex or sand), 8 ounces copper oxide, and 2 ounces chrome oxide.

In the emerald, the crystallization is almost invariably interrupted by minute fissures, or feathers; this is beautifully imitated by blowing a bubble in the melted paste, which is again heated almost to melting, and then suddenly cooled under pressure; by this means the effect of a flaw is imitated to perfection.

This stone was a particular favorite with the Egyptians, Romans, and Grecians, and there can be no doubt that mines of them existed somewhere in proximity to the Mediterranean Sea. Tavernier says: "I have no doubt that previous to the discovery of what is now called the West Indies, when emeralds were brought to Europe through Asia, they were procured from the kingdom of Peru. The natives of America, before they became known to us, were in constant trade with the islands of the Philippine, where they carried gold and silver, mostly the latter. The same trade goes on to the present day; the Peruvians visiting the Philippines every year with several vessels, carrying gold, silver, and rough emeralds. There they meet with traders who come from the East Indies, and bring cloths, silks, diamonds, rubies, jewelry, and Persian goods. They were not allowed to trade directly with the Americans, but only through those who resided at the Manillas. And there can be no doubt this is the only way that emeralds ever reached Europe before the discovery of America."

Columbus saw and brought from the West Indies great quantities of emeralds; and Pizzaro, Cortez, and Balboa reveled in the most beautiful of the same gems. When the first of these conquered Peru, intelligence was brought him that at Manta was a temple of the Goddess Esmeralda. It took these gentlemen but a short time to find their way to the spot; but the only jewels they found were the maidens dedicated to the service of the goddess. In lieu of something more valuable they divided this treasure.

The Peruvians adored this stone, and built temples to its honor, giving it miraculous powers; and the Aztec kings valued it so highly that they pierced their nostrils and suspended to them the finest they could procure, as well as decking their most favored idols with the most beautiful stones.

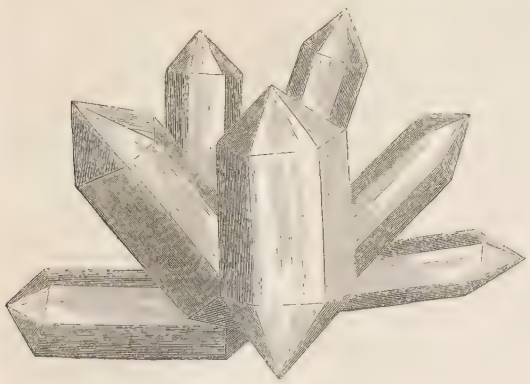
As a peculiarly beautiful specimen of this gem, we offer a representation of a carved emerald now in the possession of Messrs. Tiffany and Co. It represents a Medusa's head, exquisitely cut, and is the largest carved emerald ever brought to this country. Its previous history is unknown, it having been bought in Paris by the agent of this house.

CARVED EMERALD.

Some very extraordinary stories are told of the emerald—stories only worth repeating to show how extravagant such tales can be made.

It is related that when the Saracens captured the city of Toledo, at the time they overran Spain, they secured among the spoil a table three hundred and sixty feet long, constructed of a single emerald, and a pillar, composed of four emeralds, which was sixty feet high! The Chapel of Our Lady of Loretto, in Italy, is said to possess one as large as a man's head and valued at 90,000 crowns. There is also stated to be in the treasury of the Cathedral of Genoa a bowl fourteen and a half inches in diameter, composed of a single emerald. This bowl was pawned in 1319 for 1200 golden marks; and for twelve years it remained in the hands of the Jews, before the city could raise the funds to redeem it. The Genoese have attempted to prove that this bowl formerly belonged to King Solomon, and was one of the presents brought that monarch by the Queen of Sheba. The Sultan of Oude is said to possess an emerald the size of an ostrich egg. This is very doubtful. There is also said to be one in the treasury of Vienna weighing 2205 carats, and valued at $250,000. Russia possesses the finest emeralds in the world; but their weight and value have not been published, though it is known that one is very fine, and as large as an egg. In the Hope Collection at Amsterdam is a good specimen of the beryl, which weighs six ounces, and was bought for $2500. In the collection of the Duke of Devonshire is another, weighing eight ounces, very full of flaws, valued at $750.

Master Nichols, of course, has much to say of the emerald. Among other things, he relates that the "Scythian emerald is found in gold-mines, and can not be obtained without a great deal of danger; for it is reported that the griphines take charge of this, stand century about it, and have their safe custody upon it. These fierce, ravenous birds make their nests in the mines of gold where these pretious gemmes are to be had;



THE HOPE BERYL.

therefore the Arimaspi or Meonoculi, who hunger much after the gold and emeralds, are forced to arm themselves for a battell with these birds before they can obtain their prize."

We come to another of the quartz species, the *Amethyst*, one of the favorite gems of the ancients, and one in which, at the present day, we possess more specimens of the skill of the old engravers and artists than in any other. The color of the amethyst varies from a dark bluish-purple to a light violet; sometimes irregular in color in the same stone, thereby decreasing its value. There is a brown or yellow species, known under the name of the cairngorm, found in quantities in Scotland, and a great favorite with the natives of that country. The best amethysts come from India, Persia, and Siberia; but they are also found in Switzerland, on the Pyrenees, in Hungary, and Brazil, where they are dug from the cavities of the rocks. It resists acids, but can be cut with the file, and loses its color by heat. It is transparent, and sometimes translucent. It is not a fashionable stone, consequently not in great demand; though when of a uniform, fine violet color nothing can be handsomer. Such stones are worth $5 per carat, with the increase according to size. It has been counterfeited so closely as almost to defy detection; the tests not being so easy as with the harder stones. The false amethyst is always heavier than the real, in consequence of the metallic oxides that are used in coloring it.

The *Carnelian*, or *Cornelian*, is the stone spoken of by the ancients as the sarda, or sardine stone —so called, as is supposed, on account of the similarity of its tints to the flesh of the sardine —a little fish so plentiful on the Mediterranean, and so familiar to our Yankee palates in the present day. Other writers think it derived its name from being found in Sardinia. In later days it was called carnelian, from its red color resembling the flesh, *caro*, or the heart, *cor*.

The cornelian is found in every part of the world, but the best come from India, Siberia, Arabia, and Surinam. It is sometimes found in heavy masses, and is semi-transparent and translucent. Its principal color is red, from which it derives its name; still it is often found of a brown or yellow color. For many purposes of manufacture the carnelian is of the highest use, and as it becomes more plentiful is becoming more appreciated. Lapidaries improve it, and sometimes change its color, by different heat processes. The ancients boiled it in honey and oil to heighten its color. Many of the most beautiful antiques were engraved upon this stone.

The next gem, according to lapidary classification, is the *Garnet*, or, as styled in the olden time, granat. These gems are of three distinct classes: 1. Syrian, which are of a deep rose-red; 2. Bohemian, wine-red or orange-yellow; 3. Vermille, a deep orange. The chemical composition is: silica, alumina, and the protoxides of iron and manganese.

The Syrian garnet is the most esteemed; it is found in crystals and masses of earth, and oftentimes in grains by washing, as in the washing for gold; these grains are most sought by lapidaries, and are the most familiar form for this gem in the hands of the jeweler. It is from this granular form they have assumed the name. These grains have been found in great perfection in many parts of Europe and in the United States.

Like all other gems, the garnet increases in value with its size, though we have no specific account of any of these stones of historical interest of great worth. A very handsome Syrian garnet was sold at the sale of the Marquis de Dree's collection for about $700; it weighed 735 carats, and was accounted a very perfect specimen. Another, much larger in size, and of a deep red color, brought only $200.

The garnet is frequently confounded with the ruby, from the ancients calling both the *rubine;* and Nichols had reference to the garnet when he tells Pliny's story of the Ethiopians, "that they have a way of quickening obscure and dull rubines so as that they will make them to discover their splendor for fourteen months together, even like a flaming coal; and that is by macerating of them for fourteen days in vinegar; but by this means, though their glorie be increased for a time, they are made softer and more subject to a brittle or fragile condition." The garnet has ceased to be a fashionable stone, though half a century since it was much worn.

The *Chrysolite*, or, as it is better known in the present day, goldstone, comes next. There are many varieties of this gem, the most important of which are the chrysolite proper and the olivin. The first is the better class of fine crystallized and green stones, and the second the inferior qualities and those lacking brilliancy and color. It is, in fact, so scarce a stone, especially in this country, that it is almost impossible to form a classification by ocular proof. The best authorities differ so widely that all become un-

reliable. It was undoubtedly well known among the ancients, and is mentioned in Scripture—the seventh foundation of the new Jerusalem, as described in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation, being formed of chrysolite.

The chrysolite proper is found in Arabia, and the best specimens known are in the treasury of the Sultan of Turkey, or in the hands of merchants of Constantinople. A few good stones have been found in Brazil. The olivin chrysolite has been found in South America, Russia, and in this country. The chrysolite must not be confounded with the stone sold by jewelers under the name of goldstone, that being only a manufactured article.

The largest authenticated specimen of chrysolite is in the possession of the Emperor of Brazil. It was obtained about thirty years since at Minas Moras, and weighs sixteen pounds; no reliable description of this is extant. Another beautiful specimen is in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, weighing four pounds seven ounces, and valued at $1200. There is also a fine specimen in the Hope Collection, at Amsterdam.

The next of this order is the *Hyacinth*, another gem almost unknown in the United States, and another covered with doubt and mystification when an attempt is made to identify it with the ancient name. Nicol* (not Master Thomas), says, the hyacinth is the same stone known as the "zircon;" and the stone called the hiacinthas by the ancient writers is supposed to be entirely another gem. Its usual colors are red, gray, yellow, green, and it is sometimes colorless. It is found in prismatic or pyramidal crystals, and in round grains in Norway, in the Ural, in different parts of Europe, and occasionally in the United States.

The colorless, or limpid hyacinth has some resemblance to the diamond, and has been sold for it; but we should quite as soon expect any one to be deceived with an ordinary paste as with one of these stones.

Our old friend Nichols must be heard on this gem: "One of these Cardanus says he was wont to wear about him to the intent of procuring sleep; to which purpose he saith it did seem somewhat to conferre, but not much." Cardanus, in his book, *De Lapidibus Pretiosis*, says, "that it is endued with a power and facultie of procuring sleep, of chearing the heart, of driving away plagues, of securing from thunder, and of increasing riches, honor, and wisdome, etc., being worn in a ring on the finger, or about the neck as an amulet."

The *Onyx* is a stone that is little known save as the material for the beautiful cameos and antique artistical gems that have challenged the admiration of the world through centuries of time. It is a stone of different-colored strata, or layers, which, when submitted to the hand of the artist, gives him a material by which he can produce his effects by forming one portion of his picture from the one layer of the stone, making the second and third act as a background, or as distant figures or adjuncts. The colors in the different strata are white and black, sometimes brown or dark gray. The onyx is but little used of late, so many materials have been found to resemble it of a much cheaper kind and so much more tractable under the cutting tool.

One of these is the ordinary chalcedony, a common species of the same stone, which is submitted to an operation that stains the layers different colors. This stone, which, in its natural state, is of a light gray tint, will absorb the coloring fluid in the direction of its strata, which, by the variety of their direction, will, after the operation, allow the stone, though stained with the one fluid, to come out of several tints. The Germans do this very skillfully. They also submit the true stone to a bath of diluted sulphuric acid, which deepens the color of its dark layers. The onyx being a very difficult stone for the cameo-cutters to manage, they sought diligently for some cheaper and more yielding material. This led to the adoption of different sea-shells, from which the great portion of the cameos of trade are now made. This discovery is quite modern, having been first practiced by the cameo-cutters of Italy less than half a century since, and only brought from that land within twenty-five years.

The shells in principal use are the Queen Conch, the Bull's Mouth, and the Black Helmet. All these shells are found in the highest perfection in the East Indies. From the first of these are cut the cameos having a pinkish hue; the second is red, and the third a black.

Beside these shells a material is manufactured from glass by cementing together layers of different colors; and for this, as well as the shell, a cutting machine has been invented and a tolerably executed piece of work is turned out mechanically for cents, where once the artistical cost dollars.

The ancient writers speak often of the onyx. Scripture mentions it under the title of the "Stone of stones." Thomas Nichols says that it was supposed in his day the china brought into England was made from that stone and the fatter part of the earth boiled together.

Master Thomas did not know that in China the onyx is held of the highest value and worn only by the Emperor, or he would not have hazarded such a surmise.

It was said that among the treasures of Mithridates, King of Persia, were two thousand cups made from this stone.

The sardonyx is another variety of the onyx, the only difference being in the color of its strata, which are white and pink; in all its characteristics it is the same, and is used for the same purposes.

The heliotrope is another of the chalcedony family, and is supposed to be identical with the jasper of the ancients. It is found in different parts of Asia and Africa, and sometimes in the

* Manual of Mineralogy; or, the Natural History of the Mineral Kingdom. By James Nicol, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Edinburgh, 1849.

northern part of the United States. Its color is dark green, sprinkled with blood-red spots, which, during the Middle Ages, were asserted to have been caused by the blood of Christ. It is scarce, and valued highly when well colored.

The cat's-eye is so called from the effect of light upon its surface causing a change of its hues from yellowish-brown, to green, grayish, or red, similar to the eye of a cat, and holding no steadiness of color. It is one of the quartz family, and is seldom found over an inch in diameter, though one specimen is known to exist in the Imperial cabinet at Vienna five inches in length, and of a brownish-yellow variety.

The best of these stones are found in the East Indies, and occasional specimens in different parts of Europe and the United States. Among the ancients it was called *oculis solis*, or the sun's eye; the Persians called it "*mithrax*," or the sun. Nichols says it is greatly esteemed among the Indians, because the devil has persuaded them that whoever wears it will never want riches; they will, therefore, give seven times its value to possess it.

And now comes that truly regal gem, the *Opal*, sometimes called the golden opal. To define the color of this stone would be an impossible task. Within its magical influence it holds all the gems, a natural prism, combining within itself an original beauty and a fellowship with all other stones; at one moment shedding the pale light of the moon, at the next flashing as the sun. Professor Brewster, who must be held as good authority, says the peculiar flashes of light upon the opal are caused by fissures and flaws in the body of the gem. Thomas Nichols says, "The opalus is a pretious stone, which hath in it the bright, fiery flame of a carbuncle, the pure, refulgent purple of an amethyst, and a whole sea of the emerald's spring glory or virescency, and every one of them shining with an incredible mixture and very much pleasure."

James Nicol classes nine species of the opal, the principal of which is the precious or noble opal, this being the one holding value among jewelers. The word opal is derived from the Greek word signifying "eye." They believed the stone useful in failing sight as a strengthener; they also gave it the power of bringing universal good-will to its possessor. Thomas Nichols says: "It is reported of this stone that it sharpeneth the sight of the possessours of it, and cloudeth the eyes of those that stand about him, so that they can either not see or not mind what is done before them; for this cause it is asserted to be a safe patron of thieves and thefts, as it is related in *Lapidario*."

Albertus Magnus says: "If you wish to become invisible, take an opal and wrap it in a bay leaf; and it is of such virtue that it will make the by-standers blind; hence it has been called the patron of thieves."

Nonius, a Roman Senator, was possessed of an opal to which he was so much attached that he chose rather to lose his senatorship, and go into exile, than part with it to Mark Antony.

The opal is found in the East Indies, Hungary, and in South America, abounding most in volcanic formations. All imitations of the opal are weak and bad, and easily detectable.

The best authenticated specimen is among the French crown jewels, being a clasp mounted with a single opal valued at $7000. There is also said to be a fine specimen in the royal cabinet at Vienna, weighing seventeen ounces; this must of a certainty be one of the inferior grades. It is also asserted that a single opal was lately sold in Europe for $150,000; but of this we can find no farther account.

Messrs. Tiffany and Co., of New York city, have just finished setting a very beautiful opal, the largest ever brought to this country. It measures a little over an inch in diameter, and is valued at $2500.

THE TIFFANY OPAL.

The last of the gems, though not the least, of which we shall discourse, is the *Turquoise*, a dull, opaque stone, varying in color from a sky-blue to a yellowish-green. Its first known derivation was Turkey, from which circumstance it derived its name. For a long time it was found only in Southern Persia; but is now brought from Bucharia and Syria, where it is found principally in low, boggy earth. This is the true or Oriental turquoise.

There is also a turquoise called the Occidental turquoise, which, until a few years, was supposed to be an inferior stone of the same species, but now is known to be a manufacture from fossil teeth, colored with oxides of copper or phosphate of iron. This is now very skillfully got up in Paris; but is easily distinguished by its want of polish and by its streaky appearance. They will change with age, turning green; they are sometimes partially restored by heating and repolishing.

The ancients gave the turquoise the power of healing differences between man and wife. (Other jewels in these days have been known to do the same thing.)

The turquoise is not generally valued, as the most of gems are, by the carat, but rather by its lustre and color. It is little worn at present, not being fashionable; still a fine stone, about quarter of an inch in diameter, would be worth $10, increasing largely in price as they increase in size. The best specimens are supposed to be in Persia, though many fine ones are in the possession of the Russian Crown at Moscow, among which is a throne covered with them to the number of over 2000.

There is also a specimen in the Imperial cabinet in the same city measuring three inches in length, and an inch broad; and a jeweler of Moscow possesses one measuring two inches in length, which once belonged to Nadir Shah, the conqueror of India, by whom it was worn as an amulet. It is valued at 5000 roubles.

With one more extract from our old friend, Thomas Nichols, we shall bid him, the turquoise, and gems in general, farewell. He discourses of the turquoise:

"As that if it be worn in a ring of gold it will preserve men from falls, and from the bruises proceeding of them, by receiving that harm into itself which otherwise would fall upon the man. Yet these vertues are said not to be in this gemm, except the gemm be received of gift."

It is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife.

Riems says that he saw a "turchoys which, upon the death of its master, lost all its beauty, and contracted a cleft, which a certain man, afterward buying at an under-price, returned again to its former glory and beauty, as if, saith he, by a certain sense it had perceived itself to have found a new master. Also it doth change, grow pale and destitute of its native color, if he that weareth it do at any time grow infirm or weak; and again, upon the recovery of its master, it doth recover its own lovely beauty, which ariseth of the temperament of its own naturall heat, and becometh ceruleous like a serene heaven. This stone is very delightfull to the eye, and is thought much to strengthen the sight, because it doth not by its over-brightnesse too much dissipate the visive faculty, nor by its overmuch obscureness too much concentrate the visive faculty."

GLITTER AND GOLD.

I.

STRANGE to say, Robert Maxwell felt perfectly at his ease. He had never felt more pleasantly or more entirely at home in his life, not even when seated in Mr. Morton's neat little parlor, there in Virginia, Agnes beside him with her sewing, and all the rest of the family away—he did not particularly care where.

Consider the circumstances. Let me suppose that you, Madame or Sir, are now—as he was that Sabbath morning—a minister not six months old. I mean, of course, that you have been a minister not yet six months. Suppose that, like him, you have preached during those months in a small country church, consisting chiefly of pulpit at one end and choir at the other, with only a dozen or so benches of plain—very plain but excellent—congregation between. Even then—like Robert Maxwell—you preached with all the painful timidity of twenty-three, trembling at every sentence lest, somehow or other, it should be your last; and this bright December Sabbath you suddenly find yourself in the pulpit—itself almost as large as the country church—of a magnificent city sanctuary. As you ascended the pulpit steps the organ perceived you and burst forth into music—enough of itself to set your unaccustomed soul on a tremor. And when, fairly seated in the pulpit sofa, you had arranged your sermon in the large Bible, and selected your hymns, dreading all the time lest the overture on the organ would be done before you were ready, you had glanced furtively over the congregation, surely it would have alarmed *you*. On the right hand and the left, and far down the perspective toward the front doors, pews after pews of the wealth and fashion and intelligence of a city, all sitting in attendance upon *you!* As your eye falls again upon the hymn-book in your trembling hand, a cough from overhead causes you to look up to see that, on the right hand and left, above, is a gallery full, too, of hearers. The very gallery at the end opposite you is full also, as far as the stately organ, towering aloft to the domed ceiling, will allow.

Permit me to say that, if you have never been just such a minister, in just such a pulpit, on just such an occasion, you are as yet unaware of one emotion, at least, in the experience of men.

Perhaps if Robert Maxwell had entered at the grand front door, and walked down the hundred and thirty feet of tesselated marble which paved the broad central aisle, the result would have been different. Instead of this, however, he had ascended the pulpit by the back door. There was no vestry-room outside; but before leaving his own room he had been engaged in special prayer for divine assistance. All the way to the church he had kept himself in communion with God. Perhaps it was because he entered the pulpit in such companionship as this that he was entirely at his ease there; and when the organ ceased, and he rose, and, at the extending of his hands, the whole great congregation rose also for prayer with a sound like a sudden gust through a forest, he was still entirely at his ease; solemn, reverent, but perfectly at home, because it was not with the people below but with a loving Father above them with whom he had to do. The noble music and the congregation had their effect upon him, of course; but it was not to excite—only to calm. He was profoundly exhilarated; but this exhilaration consisted in a sense of strength, of depth, of power, of command such as he had never before imagined even.

He was far more at ease than when before the little country congregation. He took his text with a serene interest and meaning in his tones, entirely natural; as conversational almost as if he were addressing one friend seated with him in quiet; and so through his whole sermon, only he grew in warmth as he proceeded, *talking*, however, all the time—no *preaching*, no swell and subsidence of sentences: deep, connected, respectful, earnest *talk* to the congregation from text to close. And he had, from first to last, the attention, fixed and breathless, of the whole mass before him; and he knew it, with a glad, calm sense of conscious power.

"An excellent discourse—most excellent!" said good Mr. Lundy—the most pious of the trustees, because he had been the most afflicted—to his wife as they walked home from church.

And pretty much the same remark was at

the same instant being made by some one in each of the groups of the vast congregation scattered from the church door toward their various homes.

"Very sensible remarks; quite a worthy young man," said the great Mr. Alexander, as he carved the ducks at the head of his dinner-table.

A rich man was Mr. Alexander—very rich. He also was a trustee—*the* trustee of the church. There was a great deal of an emperor in his white waistcoat and gold seals and portly form.

"A little too self-possessed it seemed to me." It was Miss Imogen Alexander who said it in reply to her father. "You know he is very young, has been preaching only a few months, and that to a set of crackers off in the country somewhere. Too cool, self-possessed for one like him, preaching in such a church as ours."

Miss Imogen was chief female singer in the choir. A noble voice she had—magnificent; and nothing prevented her from singing loud and clear to the accompaniment of the organ. But then she had been accustomed to the grand old church from the hour she was baptized, when a babe, at its marble font in front of the pulpit.

And it *was* a noble church too. Long before you reached the city you saw its steeple towering aloft above every other. Its bell told of fire, even at midnight, to the soundest sleeper on the farthest verge of the town. It took at least a week for strangers visiting the city to get so accustomed to its deep tones that they would wake every time during the night that its clock announced the hours. The most transient traveler, passing in a hurry from the hotel to the dépôt, would stop as he came upon the church edifice, to gaze upon its magnificent size, its huge circular-headed windows, its walls of solid granite, its noble portico of clustered columns, its steeple soaring high above. It was indeed a magnificent sanctuary; scarce a nobler one on the continent—a temple to be proud of.

And its congregation were proud of it. It was the first object of interest to which visiting friends were carried during the week. It was with peculiar pleasure that any member of the congregation showed a visitor, on the Sabbath, down the broad aisle and into his pew. Not a trustee, however rich—and all of the trustees were rich—but took more pride in the church than in his own stately residence. Of all the five hundred members, not one but considered it a pride to be known as a member of that church. The poor among them spoke with occasional bitterness of the rich trustees, who did not know them even by sight. But the church itself! that was to the poorest and obscurest a pride and a glory.

"Singular," said old Mrs. Bowen to her grandchildren that afternoon, "very strange, how I heard so this morning at church. Dear, dear Dr. Jones! it's ten years since I heard one good sentence of his preaching, and I never missed a Sunday. This morning I heard every word. My ears must be getting well—ain't done nothing to them either."

"Yes; but, grandma," says Jenny, "you know Dr. Jones had lost his teeth, so he couldn't speak plain. The one that preached this morning spoke so distinct like—and then it wasn't loud, like Dr. Jones, but low—like talking in a room, you know."

"Jenny, don't you ever let me hear you say one word even looks like saying any thing disrespectful of Dr. Jones. We'll never, never get a pastor like him," says old Mrs. Bowen.

"Why, grandma," says Jenny, the tears in her eyes, "I never even thought of such a thing. And with this Testament he gave me too, only one month before he died!"

And tender-hearted Jenny opens her little Testament, which is lying in her lap, sees the well-known handwriting on the first leaf, and bursts into tears.

No wonder. Dr. Jones has been dead only some four months or so. He had been pastor of the church for thirty years; and heartily had he been loved by all. The richer and more aristocratic of the church had thought him "rather—rather plain—well, an excellent man, you know—a little dull, perhaps!" But they loved him too, sincerely. Was he not the pastor of the church? For thirty years his salary—a large one it was—had been paid in at bank prompt to the quarter-day. Rarely a week passed that he did not receive some new token of love. A pair of slippers, for instance, worked, with painful adherence to the pattern, by little Susey Brown—six weeks' hard work in intervals from school and tending her brother Bob—slipped into the hand of the servant that opened the Doctor's door, in blushing confusion, by Susey, who immediately thereon ran down the front steps and away, although she had dressed herself so nicely, intending to see the Doctor himself; and had thought about what she would say to him, and how, perhaps, he would take her on his knee and kiss her—oh, for weeks before! Splendid books, too, from Colonel Tanner, who kept the book-store at the corner. A huge rocking-chair, "with the filial regards of Mrs. Marshall;" a silver basket of grapes from poor Mrs. Ontard—the basket was borrowed, but the grapes were from her heart and the vine over her cottage-door—a vine tended for this express purpose—every cluster sent when ripe; it was all she had to give, but she sent them with fifty-fold a keener enjoyment than if she had eaten them. When Colonel Beauregard returned from Europe he sent the Doctor a whole box of things: a bit of the pulpit of Knox, a fragment of stone from Luther's house, a book said to have been owned by Calvin, one of the earliest issued of Tyndale's Bibles—a host of things besides, which he had collected especially for his pastor, the collection of which formed a large part of the pleasure of his trip. Purses of gold, too, sent by little girls, that the Doctor might take a little summer trip when there was no yellow fever threatening the city that season. Not a week passed but the es-

timable old Doctor had some fresh proof—if proof were needed—that his people loved him with an affection of thirty years' steady growth.

It was a Southern city; and if people love their pastors at the North with as warm an affection, happy are those pastors, and slanderous are the authors of the books that hint of penurious parishioners and starving, heart-broken ministers in the latitudes nearer the North Pole.

There is that instance of the affection of all to the beloved Doctor that ought by no means, perhaps, to be mentioned—that little affair of darling little Lilly Alexander. A great favorite Lilly was with the Doctor, which was no wonder; a miracle of girlish beauty and sweetness, she was the pet of every one. On one of her many childish visits to her "dear Doctor Jones," the venerable pastor fell asleep in his great arm-chair, for he was near seventy. A long-desired opportunity was in Lilly's reach—to curl the beautiful long white hair of her pastor. She had cherished the thought for months: "He would look like St. John—so beautiful!" The Doctor had been up during the night with a dying parishioner, and slept soundly. With touches swift and soft as a fairy's, Lilly had in a few minutes done up the entire head, propped so conveniently against the back of the chair, in papers. There was plenty of paper on the table; the thread with which he sewed his sermons was in the little drawer; a big Commentary to stand upon. "Only let them stay in till he wakes; the hair'll stay curled after that, I know," reasoned Lilly, trembling with joy, and flitting around the unconscious Doctor like a humming-bird round an almond-tree. But, her task completed, Lilly had to run out for a moment to see a favorite cat at the kitchen, when stately Mrs. Alexander called at the door in her carriage, with her statelier sister from New York. Dr. Jones heard the bell, and walked gravely out of the front-door, down the steps, and so presented his extraordinary head to the astonished gaze of the ladies seated in their carriage. I do not think it actually hastened the death of Lilly, which took place so soon after. Children like her are not intended to live—at least not in *this* world; but I do think that, even in her bitterest agony of grief over her darling, as she lay in her coffin, a thought of that scene flashed over her mother, and she glanced at the little hands, waxen in death, and smiled and broke into a passion of tears in the same moment.

But Dr. Jones had been dead four months. The church had pensioned his widow munificently, and erected his cenotaph, and the edifice was still draped in heavy mourning the morning Robert Maxwell preached under its paneled dome.

It happened in this way: Several months before Dr. Jones's death Robert Maxwell's mother had been ordered by her physicians to the city, to undergo a painful surgical operation, which only city surgeons could perform. She was a widow—Robert her only son. Accompanying his mother, he had settled her in comfortable lodgings, declined the invitation of Dr. Jones to preach for him in his grand church with sincerest unwillingness, and hastened back as soon as possible to his obscure country charge. The surgery was not one, but a series of operations, threatening to extend through many weeks, even months. That the society of Agnes Morton, to whom he had been so long engaged, was one reason why duty pressed him so to return to his charge, in the bounds of which she lived, I do not say. To me the analysis and the dissection of even the noblest and purest human heart that ever beat would be a task from which I would shrink with greater horror than from the dissections upon the surgeon's table.

If there never lived a more devoted son, neither did Agnes Morton—black-eyed brunette that she was—ever imagine even a more devoted lover. And Agnes knew, it is to be hoped: she ought to. If that drawerful of letters from him, when in college and seminary, preparing for the ministry, had not taught her, it was not for lack of reading each of them over often enough. During his vacations, and since, he had settled near her. He had, in addition to all written statement, given her oral proofs—a great many of them, although he was a minister, very oral indeed—of his affection. Thoroughly intelligent—sincerely pious, because understandingly so—there was only one thing that disqualified Agnes from being a minister's wife: she was entirely too beautiful. However, there was this to counterbalance that—she was not at all rich; never had been; never expected to be. She and Robert were poor, would live poor, die poor: that was all a settled thing. Their road of life stretched straight and clear before them to the very end, like the rails of a railway—a fixed fact—one with which they were entirely contented—at least, nearly so. She knew that her lover was a man of that order of talent which consists in a full, symmetrical, noble Common Sense—strong, sterling, healthful Common Sense. You read it in his brown hair, clear brow, open eye, sincere lip, erect and manly form, in the very tones of his voice, the calm, unexaggerated earnestness of his opinions, the *evenness* of his course. There was something of the clear shining daylight—plain, and real, and true about him; the steady flow of a stream deep and slow, giving promise of the broad and majestic river it is daily coming to be as it flows on.

Yes, he loved her, she loved him, because they were mated of God their Creator.

"What a Paradise earth seems just now!" she said to him, one quiet evening, as they strolled together through a landscape sleeping, in all its grassy slopes and clustering trees, to the low murmurs of a gentle breeze, and bathed in the lingering smiles of a descending sun.

"Yes, Agnes," he said, and stopping in their loitering walk, he took her hand in his, and turning upon her, looked full in her dark eyes, with unutterable love; "it *is* Paradise to me, because of my Eve; and surely God never gave, even to Adam, such an Eve!"

At least he was strictly theological in his illustration.

"And to as noble a Man as ever Adam *could* have been, even before his fall!" was her spontaneous belief—theologically incorrect. However, she did not actually utter her heresy, owing to a temporary impediment of—well—of lips.

But for all that they could not marry just yet by a good deal. It had been only by the sternest economy that he had obtained his education. Now that he actually was in the ministry, the income promised by his country charge was very small indeed to the eye; and the part of that which was actually paid was entirely microscopic. Then the illness of his mother, the medical and other heavy expenses attendant upon her enforced residence in the city. For the present, marrying was entirely out of the question. All the ciphering of their joint arithmetic yielded that unmistakable result, and that only.

"It is a dark, a very dark providence indeed just now, but God knows best," he would say, whenever he fancied a shadow upon her brow; say in a hopeful, common-sense way, as if it was the easy prompting of his heart, all the time holding down in himself the subterranean thunder of desperate murmuring.

"Not a syllable of that, Robert; not one little syllable!" in her turn she would say, whenever, with brow a little downcast, he would begin, "If it was only *so*, Agnes, that we could—"

"There isn't any *If* at all, Robert; and you know it. It's plain matter-of-fact *No!* You needn't try to dress up *No* into *If*. The wolf's ears and teeth will show through the sheepskin. It's *No*, *No*, all the time! I didn't mean that about a wolf," she continued, blushing. "I have faith in our Father. I'm positively sure it is all for the best!"

Though she wasn't. The very brightness of her black eyes, as she said it with such granite confidence, was partly because they had been washed so in tears only just before.

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to represent these two as possessed of a perfect faith in God all the time—if it was only *true*. They were both of them sincerely, devotedly pious. Their faith in God was the cause of all their peace and joy. But it was not a perfect faith yet. You may think less of them for it; but I can not help that. I must tell only the exact truth.

Now the young minister had arranged, at much expense for him, to have a letter from the surgeon in regard to his mother once a week. One day he received a letter announcing that one of the operations is to be performed on a certain Tuesday. That Tuesday finds him beside his mother in the city. It is Saturday noon, however, before his anxiety for his mother is relieved. Meanwhile Mr. Lundy learns of his being in the city. With the consent of the other trustees he invites Mr. Maxwell to preach the next day. It has ever been part of the pride of the congregation that their church has never been closed on a single Sabbath—a noble pride. There is no one else at hand that Sabbath; and better even the obscure Mr. Maxwell than no one at all. They considered it as a high favor to him—the invitation. As it did not strike him at all in that light he consented. And this was the way he came to fill the pulpit on that bright December Sabbath.

He had at first been invited only for the morning. Immediately after that service he was urged to preach also during the afternoon. He did so, with even more ease and pleasure. Learn a secret just here, dear reader. If you can hear a minister only once, and wish to hear him at his best, don't go to his morning service on the Sabbath. He has not got his voice or his heart into tune fairly. Wait till his second service on that day; hear him then. In fact, if a minister could only rise at night, just after the singing of the last hymn that closes the services of the hour and the Sabbath, and preach *then*—somehow blot the sermon just preached from the minds of the audience, and preach it from the beginning all over again—it would surpass by far every thing ever before heard from the lips of the man. Body, mind, soul, spirit have only then got in full tune and mood.

The people were pleased, exceedingly pleased. The more that they expected nothing, were taken unaware. Unexpected gratification, you know, is always the sweetest. In a casual, a very casual, way indeed, Mr. Alexander inquired of the young minister, as he walked down the church steps after the afternoon service, whether he would remain over the next Sabbath. Mr. Maxwell "did not know certainly—hoped not, as he was anxious to get back to his charge. It depended on his mother's health."

It so happened, however, that he could not leave his mother, and so it came to pass that he filled the pulpit again the next Sabbath morning. Now there had been during all the week a low, steady buzz in the great hive. People had compared notes—confidentially, you see—Maxwell's antecedents had been thoroughly ascertained from some in the city who had known him from boyhood. On the pulpit cushion, when he entered the pulpit Sabbath afternoon, the young minister found a note requesting him to give notice of a meeting of the church for the next day at 10 o'clock A.M. It did more to upset him than any thing else. If you have the least sensitiveness of structure you can always tell whether the letter to you—still unsealed in your hand—contains good or bad news—is a challenge or a remittance—a dun or the announcement of a bequest. During all the week Maxwell had vague intimation, in the smiles and introductions and general manner of the people, of something—he scarce defined to himself what. The tide of lady callers which had set in upon his astonished mother too! Before he opened the notice his heart told him its contents. The human element began to enter; he became painfully aware of the presence of his congregation; and his prayers and preaching on the occasion were decidedly inferior to what they had been in

the same pulpit before. With shame he acknowledged it all on his knees by his bedside that night, but with a heart strangely fluttering through all his prayer. He could not sleep. "Oh, if it only could be—only really is to be!" The thought was pshawed away a hundred times that night from his pillow, only to evade him and come straight back again. Through all the watches of the night he lay wide awake. Whenever he began to hope that now he could go to sleep, the deep tones of the church clock were sure to sound the hour, bearing the grand edifice full of people to him in the sound. All night long the splendid *If* haunted him like a radiant ghost—only faded a little when he rose on the rainy morning.

Immediately after breakfast he bade his mother farewell, and was off in the cars—glad to get away just then. It was storming tremendously. "No church-meeting to-day!" he thought with half agony, half pleasure. And so he sped along. But the new-born *If* kept up with him perfectly, on its just-fledged but superb pinions. "Then I could marry Agnes! And how I could preach in that pulpit! It is so manifest a Providence too—so unsought! Pshaw—what nonsense! Agnes in a traveling-dress, riding with me, my own bride, toward the city! Oh, nonsense!" There never lived a more thoroughly sensible man than Robert Maxwell, nor more sincerely pious; but he was human—not an angel yet—a mere man. Besides, he was so young too! Yet there was an alteration in that railway since he last traveled it toward the city. It was a scientific level then; now the track from the city to his country charge lay tremendously down-hill. The rails were laid down such a descending grade as no civil engineer has ever yet dared to imagine. The grand objection to all such traveling is that there is such imminent danger of a disastrous accident.

And so it was. There was no church meeting on account of the storm. Had there been, Rev. Robert Maxwell—D.D. as soon as possible afterward—would have been elected pastor of the church. On the very Tuesday afterward arrived from the North the Rev. Archibald Allison—already D.D. Dr. Allison brought strong letters from the North, where he had already been a pastor. Dr. Allison had himself written, and himself published a book—"The Romance of Religion." Dr. Allison filled the pulpit of the church next Sabbath morning and afternoon; and splendid sermons Dr. Allison preached—"splendid" is the exact adjective that ought to have been and was used. Dr. Allison was reputed wealthy—had the dress and bearing of a wealthy man. Dr. Allison had no reluctance to becoming speedily and universally known. Dr. Allison preached the Sabbath after, attended a good many dinings during the week, and preached again the Sabbath after that. If nine-tenths of the salary paid to a pastor is from the pockets of the rich members of a church, of course they must have the choice of the man they are to salary. They did have it. One Monday morning after his arrival at his country charge, as the Rev. Robert Maxwell sat in his study—the splendid *If* still hovering over him, but in a very faded and attenuated condition, only enough of it left to worry and bother him—the Rev. Dr. Allison was duly elected pastor of the church. Maxwell heard of it soon enough, and was ten times more ashamed of himself than disappointed.

II.

January, February, March, and half April have rolled away—not four full months—yet Maxwell has gained twice four years of knowledge qualifying him for his noblest of all professions. His heart has been deeply rent, but he has thus seen down into it, and is a wiser man. He has been repeatedly to the city in attendance upon his mother, still there in the hands of the surgeon. Detained there, on more than one occasion he has preached an afternoon sermon for Dr. Allison. His sermons are by no means as splendid as the Doctor's—in fact, they are not splendid at all. The people have a sense of being not at a banquet, when he has preached, so much as at a daily table of substantial, wholesome food. A half-ashamed feeling, too, is somewhere in the atmosphere even of the grand church. Maxwell is still unmarried. The prospect of marrying is even darker than ever. Yet, strange to say, Maxwell and his betrothed only love each other the more fondly, and have a quiet and peaceful trust in God, in comparison to which all their previous experience was a shallow impatience. It is never by caressing, but by chastening, that our Father wins our deepest love and trust. "Whomsoever he loveth he chasteneth," is the logic of religion.

And now the middle of April finds Maxwell in the city, in the chamber of his mother, slowly dying. His engagement for one year with his country charge expires with April, and he snatches a moment from his mother to write declining any arrangement for another term. It was his mother that bound him from the West—there must be his home when this dear tie is broken.

As to Agnes, that is all thoroughly arranged. As soon as he has secured a home in the West—he knows not where that will be—she is to be his wife. They have learned to wait, learned to be patient—heavenliest of all the Christian virtues, because the serenest.

Dr. Allison has called upon him once and twice. While his mother sleeps in the care of a faithful attendant he makes a visit to the parsonage. A noble building it is, too; placed some squares from the church, with exquisite taste, by those who remember that, while the minister belongs to the church, his family is a thing altogether separate from the church as is any other family—a thing sacred to the minister's own self. Without a particle of envy Maxwell enters the home that was so near being his; waits undazzled in the magnificent parlor; is shown unsoured into the pastor's library. It exceeds even his ideal of such a room, but he greets Dr. Allison none the less cordially. A

fine-looking man is the Doctor; nothing can be richer than his dressing-gown and slippers. He is very kind indeed to the country brother. "Does he know all, I wonder?" is the thought of that brother from the outset. The Doctor dwells upon the church, and nothing else, only thereby keeping the question repeating itself persistently in Maxwell's mind. The Doctor speaks of the organ, of the singing, of the Sabbath-school, of the large attendance. He incidentally mentions the recent purchase of a pastor's library; he "really must show you" a present or two he has recently received. The question rings faster and louder in his visitor's mind as the Doctor incidentally, and in various ways, impresses upon that visitor the carnal fact that he is universally admired, esteemed, beloved—rather too much idolized, in fact, than otherwise, by the people. And the prosperous pastor of the wealthy and munificent church need not have given himself the trouble either. Without a particle of envy or repining Maxwell appreciated the brilliant position even more than Dr. Allison himself. Of all men living, the man who has just missed securing an object has the fullest and keenest sense of the value of that object. If your relations with any one of the defeated candidates for the Presidency are intimate enough, just ask him what he thinks of the White House; not, however, that he will say what he thinks—exactly the reverse.

A very neatly-dressed negro man is just at this moment shown into the room. It is the sexton of the church. With a glad smile of recognition he offers Maxwell his hand, which is cordially shaken. He is more deferential to the Doctor, who waits with evident anxiety his message. It is soon delivered, and with such dignified gravity as only the negro sexton of a fine church can put on.

"Yes, Sir, I is truly distressed to say, but 'tis only as I supposed 'fore I went, yeller fever—sorry to say, Sir, yeller fever 'yond a doubt—was what the doctor said—heard him 'stinctly."

The change that came over Dr. Allison's portly form was wonderful to see. *Wilted* is the word nearest the meaning. It was as if the whole church grandeur he had just delineated around himself as its centre had come down with a crash. Men—at least old bachelors—are often so constituted. Dr. Allison had splendid talents for the pulpit, the wedding scene, the grand dining; he had piety, too—was of spotless life; but he had a horror of death, of Yellow Fever—a horror beyond control. Some men have a horror for a cat; some for a certain smell, or taste, or sound—aversion it is called. The instant yellow fever was mentioned in the Doctor's hearing, a few weeks before, he had discovered his latent aversion with a vengeance. He could not conceal it from himself; worse, he could not conceal it from others. In every circle he had perpetually introduced it, hoping, fearing, poohpoohing the very idea; asking a hundred eager questions. He had held every physician he met by the button, making inquiries as to "the probability now, doctor, you know? Pshaw! the possibility, I mean."

He knew that the fever had raged in the city years ago; never thought of it definitely in securing the pastorate. Since he began his inquiries, well-meaning but exceedingly mistaken old Mr. Andrews had sent him a full file of the city papers for the period during the last prevalence of the fever. With a kind of fascination the Doctor had read the details—dreadful enough they were in all conscience—over and over again. Mr. Andrews had even visited the Doctor once or twice; it was a favorite reminiscence of garrulous Mr. Andrews, in fact; something like the times in Valley Forge to a Revolutionary veteran; and he had supplied any lack of information left by the papers. With almost gusto had the old gentleman detailed to his pastor the singular atmosphere which preceded the advent of the pestilence; the coming of the disgusting flies of a species never before seen; the remarkable sense of vigor, and enjoyment, and fullest health, on the part of an individual, which was felt before the attack; the sudden pains in all the bones, the deadly prostration, raving, agony, black vomit, death.

"I'm glad I thought to tell you all about it," said the old gentleman, as he rose to leave, after a protracted visit of this kind. "Our pastor ought to be familiar with the fever before it comes. You'll have your hands full visiting, I tell you. It's not to preach then we need a minister; it's to bury the dead, to visit the dying, to console the survivors. Dr. Jones was never so active, never so much needed, as when we had the fever last. Oh, Sir," said the old gentleman, taking his seat again under the pressure of the memory, "you can not imagine how dreadful it is in the fever! The streets deserted; grass actually growing between the flags; the only wheels along the streets those of the dead-carts; the tar-barrels blazing at the corners, and the cannon firing till they found it did no good; the desolation as if the world was coming to an end—it was awful! What makes it more dreadful," continued the old gentleman, proud to impart information to his pastor, and delighted with his absorbed attention, "is, that nobody knows either the cause or remedy of the disease. When a city is at its filthiest it may not appear at all, and when the whole city is washed from end to end, and the very streets perfectly white with lime, it comes none the less. And then the remedy: calomel does good one season, aggravates the disease the next. Pounded ice—yes, it did work wonders one season; the next it actually killed, I do believe—swallowed in pills, you know."

And it was long after this that Mr. Andrews could tear himself away from Dr. Allison, only to renew the theme whenever he met him afterward.

And there was Dr. Allison's own family physician, Dr. Lovell: whether he had been annoyed by Dr. Allison's perpetual nervousness on the subject, or whether he really thought so,

or whether it was only the Dr. Abernethy lurking in him, he once closed a conversation with his pastor with the words,

"Yes, Dr. Allison, and I have observed in my practice that persons of a full habit—say of your build—are most certain to take the fever; and just such patients, too, are most certain to die."

You see, the dissecting-table and familiarity with disease had dulled Dr. Lovell's sensibilities, or he never would have said it.

All this took place weeks before the visit of Maxwell to Dr. Allison's house. One thing had sustained the Doctor: the yellow fever did not visit the city every season; it had not the last; it might not this summer—not for years to come. But the morning of Maxwell's visit he had heard that a case of fever had appeared in the city, and had dispatched Charles, the sexton, instantly to learn the truth. And now he had learned it! The swift news had sent a sudden sinking of heart into every bosom in the city before night; but it affected none as it did the portly, eloquent pastor.

Not four weeks after this the Rev. Robert Maxwell received a message from a gentleman, waiting in the parlor of his boarding-house, asking to see him a moment. With reluctance he laid aside the Bible, which he was reading in low tones to his mother, propped up, faint and emaciated, in bed, and entered the parlor to find Mr. Alexander waiting him there. A sense of quiet dignity, new to him, possessed the young minister now, especially when in the society of the leading members of the church in that city. It was with unwonted deference that Mr. Alexander announced the object of his visit. "Our pastor, Dr. Allison, has obtained leave of absence for the summer, and we are desirous to secure your services while he is away." It was now the church seeking his services as a favor. The young minister now looked down upon the application from above, not up to it as from below. His reply was ready:

"You may know the condition of my mother, Mr. Alexander; how long she may linger I do not know. While I am detained in this way in the city it will give me pleasure to supply your pulpit."

And with that reply the rich Mr. Alexander had to be content.

Yes, the Church *had* given the Doctor leave of absence. His terror had crept into his very blood, into the very marrow of his bones; it had paled his florid complexion, dimmed his bold eye, debilitated his stately bearing. He could talk, dream, speak, think of nothing else but the fever. His excessive nervousness had become universally known. Even on the most decorous lips there was a smile when the Doctor's name was mentioned.

But on one rosy lip it was a smile of infinite bitterness. There was not a syllable to be said when the Doctor applied to the trustees for leave of absence. It was immediately granted. But Miss Imogen Alexander was "too much indisposed to see Dr. Allison" when he called to take his leave.

The queenly heiress had given her whole heart to the handsome and eloquent pastor. Proud, exclusive, a belle by birth-right, full of all the ideal which such a Southern woman has of a lover, had Dr. Allison taken too much wine at a dining, had he been guilty of ruinous extravagance, had he even struck or killed an enemy for an insult, she would have only defied the world, and conferred upon him, all the more eagerly, her hand and her wealth and her heart. —But a coward!

It was a terrible blow—perhaps a wholesome one—to the pride of the whole Church. They felt humiliated before the city, more than words can express. Yet even the poorest member of the church was too proud to say much on the subject.

Imogen Alexander said nothing.

And so Maxwell came to preach in the grand church Sabbath after Sabbath. He was a chastened man. It was beside his mother's bed, during the long watches of the night, with the breath flickering uncertainly on her pallid lips, that he prepared his sermons. The product of those solemn hours, in near companionship with the Angel of Death, they were well adapted to a people bowing their heads as a people beneath the darkening shadow of the same awful wings. Splendid sermons then would have been as out of place as festive music in the chamber of the dying. It was practical religious instruction they needed and received. Instruction fresh from the Word of God—not gloomy, but glad with the good news of the Gospel—not gloomy, but glorious with the hopes and hues of heaven! It was with a hunger as for the bread of life that the congregation entered their sanctuary. It was with a sense of refreshment and new strength for the duties of life and the trials of the hour that they returned to their homes.

And those duties, those trials, now came fast and frequent. Maxwell's mother still lingered —frail as the last leaf of autumn, and held to life by as slight a tie, untouched in her chamber by the gust that was raging around her, tearing from the boughs the young and the strong in the full summer of their leaf. The Yellow Fever was indeed upon the city—a disease the more terrible because—its cause unknown, its remedy only guessed at—it seemed direct from the hand of God. There was duty for Maxwell now more important even than preparing and preaching sermons. Few, comparatively, gathered in the church for worship. His work lay outside the splendid edifice. And day and night —there was little distinction now between them —was he at his work. Did he lie down for a moment's sleep, utterly fatigued—he is aroused to visit some one just stricken, anxious for his body, doubly anxious about his soul. Did he sit down to a hasty meal—he is hurried from it to the chamber of another victim. His business there is not prayer or conversation. No; with coat off he bathes the hot head and holds down

the delirious wretch, till hands and bosom are spotted with the inky vomit. He snatches an instant to soothe his suffering parent, but must lay aside the cup from his hand and the endearment from his lip, to hasten to bury the dead—time enough only permitted him to cast at least a flitting beam of Christ and heaven upon what would otherwise seem like the burial of a dog. Nor can he leave the weeping survivors till he has at least repeated to them, from memory, some passage of Scripture, and offered at least a brief but fervent prayer. The ordinary duties he had performed before as a minister were all very well; but he was now engaged in the practical working of religion.

The fever had not reached its height when he must cease from his duties to others, while he utters a last prayer beside his mother. And she smiles, as she dies, that she leaves him so occupied in his Master's work. But from her very grave he is hurried off to the carrying on of that work which is increasing upon him. And now a bar is in his way. His mother is dead—why should *he* remain on the field? Not that he desires to leave—delicacy prompts the question. In the rapidly succeeding calls upon him he has hardly time to debate the question. He comes as soon as possible upon Mr. Alexander. He finds him in the chamber of the dying—broadcloth, ruffles, stately bearing, aristocratic dignity, all gone together—hard at work. Before he can say a word Mr. Alexander has anticipated him. "We entreat you to remain!" is all he says; and Maxwell forgets Delicacy in present Duty.

And so the weary weeks, that seem years, roll around. The fever reaches its climax, begins to decline, slowly ceases. As it sullenly retires it suddenly turns back, as if it had forgotten its noblest victim, and, last of all, Maxwell himself lies smitten down in his chamber. As the news flies through the city a new sorrow pains hearts exhausted with sorrowing; tears gush from eyes long worn out with weeping. There is contention in his chamber who shall nurse him. Even the physicians, turned into grim machines by incessant toil, loss of sleep, and dealing with the disease, laugh aloud at the perpetual flow of fruits and flowers and all manner of delicate food which pours in from those who are refused admittance themselves. The door is haunted during all those weeks by young, old, rich, poor, white, black, waiting to know "How Mr. Maxwell is to-day." His disease reaches its crisis, and every heart in the congregation—almost in the city—seems poised upon its turning. He is pronounced convalescent, and there is sincerest joy and fervent thanksgiving in families even whose names he had never heard.

One thought fills the mind of the feeble patient as he so slowly recovers. The West, his new field, his great business there. As soon as he can guide a pen he renews the theme in his letters to Agnes—Agnes, whose wrestling prayers for him during that long trial have wrought her heart into a nearness to God and a nearness to her lover such as she never knew before. He and she and all of us. It is only in the white heat of the forge that we put off our old selves and are wrought by the Master into nobler instruments for his work.

And so it is that, one day when inquiries are made at the door of the young minister and presents are brought, the inquirers are answered and the presents are sent back with the news that Mr. Maxwell has left. Yes, the pale convalescent leans back in the cars that bear him on a visit to Agnes with serene consciousness of duty done as it was put before him to do. One or two weeks in her neighborhood to recruit his wasted strength, and then the broad West.

It is a pity he left that day. The very next he would have had a visit from Dr. Allison just returned to the city, very much refreshed indeed from his summer at the North. It would have been a treat to the invalid to see the Doctor portlier than ever, blooming like a gigantic rose, ready to resume with new eloquence his splendid pulpit ministrations. Not that the Doctor was painfully disappointed either, when he found that his young brother was gone. Not so much at least but that he found heart enough to go direct to Mr. Alexander's.

Ringing at the well-known door, he sent up his name to Miss Imogen, and was ushered into the luxurious parlor. The opening arrangement of the winter with him was to close his matter with her, and marry as soon as possible thereafter. True, his letters to her during the summer had not been answered, owing, he supposed, to her not being in the city. But she *had* been in the city—none busier than she—all the long summer. And she came down to him much sooner than it was usual for her to do on his calling. He met her smiling—a large, handsome man he was—and with hand eagerly extended. She listened silently to all his salutation, still standing, not apparently even perceiving his hand.

"Dr. Allison," said the queenly beauty, in her slowest, softest, most polished tones, "you are a gentleman and a minister, and I am a lady. On this account we will, if you will be so kind, make our interview as brief and as final as possible."

"Miss Imogen—Miss Alexander! really I do not—"

"Pardon me, Dr. Allison, you will understand me in a moment," she continued as softly as before. "In abandoning us at the approach of the fever you have forfeited—pardon me—our esteem forever. You know how we regard a soldier, especially a general, who flies in battle. I am pained to say that we regard your conduct as being just as cowardly—forgive me. Worse, as your duty is more sacred."

"The trustees—your own father—did not hint even, when I left," exclaimed the amazed divine.

"Pardon me again for interrupting you, Dr. Allison," said the belle, in her gentlest manner; "they had no desire to keep you an instant

against your inclination. As it is, your usefulness as pastor in this city is entirely gone, I assure you. If you will permit the liberty, our astonishment at your leaving us is only exceeded by our surprise at your return. You did so, I presume, however, only to resign. Be good enough to excuse me; I am engaged with some friends just now."

And she was gone from the room. Not to weep, as you imagine, dear Miss. No, women of her stamp care very little for such a man when they find him out. Besides, she had exhausted all her feelings and tears on the matter months ago when he first left the city.

Permit me to add, Rev. Robert Maxwell was absolutely prevented from going West; is now the pastor—universally beloved—of the city church; and—is a married man.

THE ORDINATION BALL.

AN attic is a great family record. What the archives of a nation are to the lover of history, this great, dimly-lighted upper chamber is to the student of his own name and race. A house without such an apartment has no actual past. It may be gas-lighted, steam-heated; its floors may be carpeted with beauty and its walls hung with real gems of art; but it has no Book of Chronicles—no Old Testament, prophetic of the New.

From a child I confess to a marvelous fondness for exploration. The forest had never a flower too solitary or shade-loving to awe me, or the rock a crystal so deeply imbedded as to discourage my feeble stroke. The same delight with which, in later years, I have bared my brow to the breezes of the wilderness, the same leaping of pulse as at sight of the glorious "eagle and stars" in a strange land, and the self-same exceeding joy felt while listening to some new, wild tale of the mythical aborigines, I knew in its entire fullness of meaning when my widest realm of research was an old family garret.

It was not our own, for we lived in a house comparatively new; but we had an aged relative in whose house I was a frequent and ever-welcome guest; for, unlike most children, toys and pictorial primers and doll-babies were not at all to my taste. Aunt Tabby's old-time stories suited me infinitely better; and for this very reason, and because I was a never-weary listener, the old lady loved my companionship.

Not a creature dwelt in that antiquated house but Aunt Tabby—an octogenarian then—and an old gray cat, older by some years than myself. The shadow and quiet of her dwelling were very fascinating to me, though in such broad contrast to my own sunshiny home, where half a dozen untamed children were forever mad-racketing; and because I was never home-sick there, and always loved her stories, and never teased her cat, I was Aunt Tabby's prime favorite.

In time, too, I became an entertainer. Summer afternoons, while the old lady took her nap in her high-backed chair, and gray-skin slept on his rug at her feet, I was free to amuse myself wherever I could find amusement; and this was usually in the same low, cobweb-curtained attic chamber, in whose ancient chests and boxes were hoarded the relics of by-gone years—memorials of many generations. One chest alone was prohibited, and that was of no consequence while the field was wide and new.

At first nothing diverted me so much as the obsolete garments, which I could scarce bring myself to believe were ever the pride of living men and women. Such odd-shaped hats and poke-bonnets! Such dresses, with only two widths of skirt and scarce an inch of waist! And then such high-heeled, peak-toed shoes, which would throw me down, whenever I essayed to put them on, as readily as my brother Tom's skates. Sometimes donning an old dress and bonnet, with a huge embroidered work-bag on my arm, I would creep softly down stairs, not even disturbing the cat, and take a seat where Aunt Tabby's eyes would be sure to fall upon me at the moment of waking. This was an ever-agreeable entertainment to the old lady, and sometimes drew forth a family story, followed by the certain instruction to put away the things carefully, just as I found them.

When the old clothes and the crewel work had been sufficiently examined and discussed, the files of newspapers began to attract attention. Such funny-looking little papers some of them were! scarcely larger than my two hands, or a sheet of modern note-paper; and such type and spelling too—every *s* an *f*, and every *j* an *i*! These I often took down to read to Aunt Tabby, and to ask her to explain to me, for the little I knew of geography would get sorely confounded.

The papers of the Revolutionary period awakened all the slumbering patriotism of her youth. She remembered well when the Boston Port-Bill first aroused the colonies to active resistance. Her father was a captain of the "Reformators," and led his little company with General Putnam to Bunker Hill. This she told me one time when I had read in one of those little faded blue papers of the fall of the brave Joseph Warren, the hero of that memorable battle-day.

Another time, when I was laboring hard with the account of the difficult and important march of Arnold to Quebec, she stopped me short and told the whole story, while tears rolled down her withered cheeks. Her young brother had perished of hunger by the way, after eating his cartouch-box and shoes. A comrade buried him under the autumn leaves by the Kennebec, with a fragment of cold brick in his mouth, with which he had vainly striven to appease the pangs of starvation.* He was only a tender school-boy, she said, not fit for that dreadful expedition, which had tried the stoutest men.

For a long time the old newspapers were the absorbing entertainment of each day, and from them I learned my first lessons of revolutionary history.

But when the papers failed to interest, I be-

* A fact.

gan to look longingly toward the high brown chest, into whose deep recesses my curious eyes were forbidden to peer. What treasures of the olden time were there laid away too sacred for me to look upon? was my often-recurring thought. And, if so private, why was not the chest secured by lock and key, instead of standing with lid yawning as if to tantalize as well as tempt? Aunt Tabby's treasures were in no danger, however, for not without permission would I have been guilty of disturbing the *manes* of the departed, earnestly as I desired to do so.

After having quite exhausted imagination in strange surmises respecting the chest, my curiosity was at length very unexpectedly gratified. It was at mid-summer time. I had been staying a week at the old house when my brothers came one morning for me to go home, and make one of a whortleberry party to the mountain. Such excursions always afforded me a great deal of pleasure, and so I was eager to go. But Aunt Tabby wondered why, with a dozen young ones at home, I could never be allowed to remain in peace; and inquired what she could give me to make me willing to stay another week with her, and not mind the berry party?

"*Leave to search the great brown chest,*" I replied, promptly. Leave was as readily granted, and I saw the boys depart without a single regret.

That afternoon, when the napping time came, I went with more than usual alacrity to the garret, for the mysteries over which I had dreamed and pondered so long were to be revealed. I could scarcely abide my own rapid movement. Drawing a broken arm-chair as near as possible to the chest, I elevated myself to raise the gaping lid. All the stories I had ever heard of ponderous lids fast closing and imprisoning hapless victims could not deter me a moment. Throwing off my shoes, into the chest I sprang with the lightness of expectancy, and was soon half-buried in carefully-tied rolls and bundles and files of papers and letters, from all of which arose the suffocating scent of mould and time.

How was I to commence work, now when really plunged *in medias res?* Should the letters or rolls or bundles be the earliest objects of inspection? "*First come, first served,*" I answered, in childish proverb; and so proceeded to untie and unroll in rapid succession.

The first roll was an infant's wardrobe; little dresses and caps and flannels, simply made and partly worn. What baby form had laid them off for the whiter robes of immortal life I could not conjecture, but somebody's darling I knew, for my mother had a similar bundle at home over which I had seen her weep. Carefully as I found it it was tied up and laid aside for a white dress, with the finest of cambric ruffles, though made, apparently, for a little girl not much taller than myself. With Aunt Tabby's economy, and fondness for fine linen too, it was a marvel in my mind she had never made use of those ruffles, so yellowed with time. I had yet to learn their history, and wherefore that dress was held too sacred for use.

Next came a paper-enrolled mystery, from which arose the scent of camphor, gum, and myrrh. As I loosened the string a half-decayed soldier's cap, marked inside, "C. L., 1775," told its own story of the brave boy who had fallen by the Kennebec in the service of his country. I could not help dropping a tear on that moth-eaten relic, as the recollection of Aunt Tabby's story forced itself to mind, and I laid it away.

A little paper box next attracted my attention, which, opened, was found to contain, with other things, an ancient love-letter from my great-grandfather "To the lady of his heart, lovely Remember Luce." It was a curious letter, sermonic in form, for the enamored young man was a minister. The text was from Solomon's Song—the *argument*, *exhortation*, and *improvement* nothing but love. Transcendent must have been the earthly fair one to awaken such ardor of devotion in a soul bound to a heavenly life-work! There were several other letters in the box, and a number of pictured certificates of good behavior in school, and two or three little braids of faded hair, tied with faded silk, and marked with the givers' names and a forget-me-not. These must have been the treasures of Aunt Tabby's sister, of whom I had sometimes heard her speak. I would ask her more about her, I resolved, while closing the paper box and exchanging it for another of similar shape and size.

This, too, was a little repository of keepsakes, notes, and letters, many of them written in bold, manly hand, and signed "Moses Robinson." These were all directed to Aunt Tabby, and were from Uncle Moses, when he was her lover, more than sixty years before. For half that period he had lain in the grave-yard, but Aunt Tabby had never ceased to grieve for the husband of her youth.

Among the hoarded treasures of this last little box was one thing which puzzled me exceedingly. It was an ordination *Ball Ticket*, and read thus:

"Your company with lady is respectfully solicited at a ball to be given on Wednesday evening, October 4, in the tavern hall of S——, on the occasion of the ordination of the Rev. Timothy Taylor to the Congregational Church in this town.

"'To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.'—Ecclesiastes, iii. 1."

"An ordination ball!" I exclaimed. "Why, who ever heard of such a thing? I guess the minister 'gave it to them' afterward if they did then as they do nowadays. I mean to ask Aunt Tabby about this thing when I go down." And with this resolution plunged deeper into the mysteries of the chest.

Absorbed in new discoveries, the hours of that long summer afternoon made rapid flight. And not until Aunt Tabby herself appeared to summon me to tea was I aware that I had overstaid the customary napping time.

"Why didn't you call me before to set the table?" I asked, springing from the chest with as much agility as I had entered it. "Oh,

Aunt Tabby! I have found so many new things to inquire about, I shall have to stay more than a week."

"Well, well, child! the longer the better," she replied; "but make haste now, for it's near about sundown. I hope you will leave every thing in that chest just as you find it."

"Every thing *but one*," I said, "and that I have got in my pocket, and will show it to you when we get down stairs. 'Tis a ball ticket, Aunt Tabby, an *ordination ball ticket!* And who ever heard of such a thing before?"

"They don't have such things nowadays, to be sure, though folks are not a grain better than they used to be; just about the same, I expect. Young people will always be getting amusement in some way, and *dancing* was the fashion then, and every body called it civil, and said, like Solomon of old, there was 'a time to dance.'"

I took the quaint little ticket out of my pocket and handed it to her after we were seated at table.

"Yes, I remember it," she said, carefully wiping her spectacles for a closer inspection. "And there is your Uncle Moses's name among the managers. 1785. That was a great while ago, child; a great while ago. If you were only a little older I could tell you what came of that party."

"*Do*, Aunt Tabby!" I exclaimed, earnestly. "I *am* old enough—*twelve* next winter. What was it now? I do want to know."

"Maybe when you are older I sha'n't be here to tell you," she said, in a compliant tone. "And if I should tell you the story now and give you the ball ticket beside you would never quite forget your great grandmother."

"No, nor Aunt Tabby either," I replied; "for this was *your* ticket, and not *hers*."

"Yes, I know it; but it was to her that ball was an eventful occasion. Let me see: I shall have to tell you what went before it a little, I guess. The winter before your uncle and I were married old Mr. Adams the minister died, and the next spring a young man by the name of Taylor came to supply the pulpit. He had very pleasing ways with him, and took mightily with the young folks. My father was one of the deacons, and one of the parish committee besides, which brought the new minister a great deal to our house; so much that before long folks began to talk as though Moses was quite 'cut out.' I didn't care what they said; no more did he. And an occasional allusion to the subject convinced us that Mr. Taylor cared as little as ourselves. With such an understanding our intercourse was very pleasant and unembarrassing.

"My sister Remember—or Mima, as we always called her—was then about fifteen. A little thing at that, scarcely if any taller than yourself. And the new minister used to catechise her with the other children of the parish. She wasn't never a bit like other children, though; but was the most sedate, sober-minded young person I ever knew; and so pretty that strangers used to stop and gaze upon her. A lady of a French officer painted her as a new figure of Innocence with Minerva for her guide; and no money could induce her to part with the picture. I never saw any other child with such an expression as Mima had; and it never seemed strange that folks should look at her, or the new minister any more than others.

"One evening, after Mr. Taylor had been taking tea with us, as he often did, and had made himself very agreeable and pleasant, Mima said to me,

"'I don't wonder, Tabby, folks say you are knitting a *mitten* for Moses Robinson, your old beau; and I shouldn't blame you much if you did, either.'

"'What do you mean, Mima, *by not blaming me?*' I asked, a little ruffled at the insinuation.

"'I mean,' she said, coloring slightly, 'that I don't see how, with the minister's pleasant ways, and his great learning, and goodness, and his evident partiality for you besides, you can help liking him better than Moses, who I used to think, before Mr. Taylor came, was the very best fellow in the world. But don't you see a difference in them now, Tabby?'

"'Yes,' I answered, not a little tartly. 'I see that Moses Robinson, with his great, noble soul and body, is worth a thousand of your little Mr. Taylors, though he is well enough in his way. I wouldn't give one honest hair of his head for all the Greek and Hebrew that go to make men so learned!'

"'I didn't think of offending you,' she said, in an apologizing way.

"'I ain't offended,' I answered, 'because I know there's no accounting for tastes. But, Mima, I have liked Moses Robinson ever since I was ten years old, when he came from the wars, and brought our poor brother Charley's cap, and told us how he threw his own away and wore that, because he thought we might set store by it. And it was Moses who got leave to stay behind and bury him in the wilderness; for he and Charley were always like brothers to one another. Do you think I would forsake him now for a stranger?'

"She made no reply; and, after a little, I said,

"'You don't remember Charley, do you, Mima?'

"'Yes, I do,' she said, quickly. 'I was five years old when he went away, and ran and hid because I felt so bad about it. He came and found me under the high case of drawers, and took me up in his arms, and said, "If I never come back again, little Mima, you won't forget you once had a brother Charley, will you?" I never told any body before what he said to me; but I have never forgotten him. He comes to me often, when I am asleep, and looks so handsome—just as he did when he went away. Oh! I never loved any body so well as Charley!' And she burst into tears as she spoke.

"Mima was our brother's especial pet; but

as she never mentioned his name, I had often wondered whether or not she had forgotten the idol of her childhood.

"I no longer felt any resentment toward my sister because she had ventured to see Moses unfavorably in the light of Mr. Taylor; but sometimes dared fancy that Mr. Taylor saw me to as great disadvantage in the presence of little Mima. I was not certain, however, and she had never such a suspicion. She thought he looked upon her only as a child.

"So the summer passed. The call *to settle* which the parish had given the new minister was answered favorably, and the first Wednesday in October was the day fixed upon for ordination. There hadn't been such a thing in the place for above fifty years, and every body was wide awake about it.

"'We'll make a glorious time out on't!' says Moses to me, soon as ever the day was set. 'Mr. Taylor is a right-down good sort of a man, and such a thing as an ordination can't be calculated on every year. We've been talking, Deacon,' he said, turning to my father, 'whether 'twouldn't be best to git up a ball, with a rousin' ordination supper, in the evening. There'll be a good many strangers round, you know.'

"'There can't be a bit of objection,' my father replied, 'provided every thing is conducted "decently and in order." Time for every thing, Moses.'

"'That's *my* opinion, Sir. Come, girls, then, bring me the ink-horn, and I'll write a form for the tickets. I'm going to Norwich to-morrow, and will get them struck off in right shape.'

"Ink and paper were brought, and in a few minutes Moses handed my father what he'd written, and asked if there was any thing to add.

"'Guess I'd just put a text of Scripter on,' he said, after reading what was wrote; 'for 'tis our duty to acknowledge the Lord in all our ways, Moses.'

"So the great Bible was brought, and we set to hunting for the very passage you see here before you. And when 'twas added on, and the tickets were neatly printed, they were quite the pride of the parish. The managers sent them all over Windham County, and the ordination itself wasn't talked any more about than the ball in the evening.

"Mother said Mima and I should have some new dresses for the occasion, and went herself and bought the finest linen she could find; and Mima and I made ruffles till our fingers were tired, just as foolish gals do nowadays."

"And was that little Mima's dress I saw up in the chest?" I asked, interrupting her.

"I dare say, child, for 'tis there somewhere. She said the last time she put it on that she had been too happy in that dress ever to cut it up, and that she would keep it to look on as long as she lived. So it was put away among her choice things, to be preserved with care.

"There never was a brighter day than that ordination Wednesday; and every body, from oldest to youngest, seemed to feel its influence, and looked as sunshiny as the day. The ordination council said there hadn't been such an examination passed by a young candidate for many a year, and the parish was proud to hear it. All the county was there, and the great galleries had to be propped up for fear of accident. The singers wore flowers in their hair, and when the ministers came into the meeting-house they all rose and sang, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.' I don't believe there ever was a pleasanter ordination than that; for nowadays they are too common to make much account on any way.

"'The fun isn't over yet, by a good deal,' Moses said, as he walked home with us at the close of the meeting. 'The band will be up from Norwich by sundown, and we shall get great music to-night. Some of Mr. Taylor's friends from New Haven are going to stay over, and they'll all be on hand for supper. Then, if we ain't entirely used up, the ministers will git a serenade before the music leaves. We're bound not to leave any thing undone, for we've been ordaining a man for life, and expect he'll live to preach his half-century sermon at least.'

"How Mima's face glowed and sparkled as Moses spoke; and when he got through she said, 'Oh, Moses! I *do* think you are the most generous person I ever saw.'

"'And if your sister were not so near, I should reply that I think little Mima is the handsomest at this moment. How your face shines, Mima! We'll show folks how "pigeon wings" are cut to-night.'

"When night came they were as good as their word. I never cared much for dancing myself, and Mima was never tired of it. I couldn't tell you what her dancing was like, but it was the very music of motion; and I always felt, when I watched her, as though she might rise up like mist and vanish away. Moses was a grand dancer too, and was never prouder than when he had little Mima for a partner; for she would flit around him like a humming-bird, never losing step or breaking time.

"I sat near the door of the hall watching them as they led the last dance before supper. The musicians were putting all their force into the instruments, and observing with as much interest as myself the progress of the figure, when a number of persons entered the door not far from where I was sitting. It was the new minister and his friends a few minutes too early for supper; so the landlord led them up to take a look at the dance. I could not help feeling proud of Moses and Mima. He moving so stately and grand up and down the figure; she, gliding after him so lightly and noiselessly, seeing nothing nor nobody, caring for nothing but the motion and the music. Her light chestnut hair fell in curls around her face and over her shoulders, and her new white dress made her look more childlike than ever.

"'Who is she?' I overheard one of the strangers asking Mr. Taylor; and not until the ques-

tion was repeated did he reply, 'A heavenly cherub got astray in this sinful world:' never taking his eyes off of her all the time.

"Not until she had danced through the figure, and Moses set her down beside me to rest while he went to see if supper was ready, did Mima perceive the presence of the strangers, and then she turned very pale and trembled like a frightened bird.

"'What is the matter?' I asked.

"'Nothing,' she said; 'only I didn't know there were so many spectators.'

"Moses soon came back to say supper was ready, when the dancing stopped, and the band immediately struck up a march for the supper tables.

"'You seem to have more than your hands full to-night,' Mr. Taylor said to Moses, who was trying to give the old people and the strangers the precedence. 'Just allow me the privilege of taking your ladies to the supper-room.' The next minute I was introduced to the Rev. Mr. Somebody, and we were following Mr. Taylor and little Mima in the march to the tables.

"A majority of the old folks of the parish were present, and grace was said by the new minister, all standing; and when supper was done thanks were returned by old Deacon Allen, the only person present who was at the ordination supper of Mr. Adams, upward of fifty years before.

"After the first tables were cleared, old and young had to amuse themselves as best they could until the dancing should begin again. The evening was as mild as May, and some of the company went out and walked on the tavern stoop, and some played 'Button' in the house. Mr. Taylor and Mima sat down together on one of the deep, old-fashioned window-seats, while his Rev. friend and I joined the group out of doors and talked of the loveliness of the evening, and of the talents of the new minister, who, he assured me, quite led his class. He spoke about the wonderful beauty of my sister, too, and said he more than suspected that Mr. Taylor was taken captive by her.

"It was half an hour or more before the music summoned again to the dancing-room. When we went back again into the house the older part of the company was preparing to go home. Moses was in pursuit of me, and, so bidding my temporary gallant good-evening, we went to look up Mima. She was still sitting in the window-seat, too much absorbed in the conversation of her companion to notice us until Moses asked whether she was ready to go back to the hall?

"'I think I shall go home pretty soon,' she replied, hesitatingly. 'Father and mother are going now, and—'

"'I have offered to take her along with me,' Mr. Taylor continued; 'after having persuaded her that she is too weary to dance any more to-night, Mr. Robinson will not hesitate to resign one of his fair ones to my care, I trust.'

"'Not with the pastoral charge so strictly enjoined upon him to-day *to watch over the lambs*,' Moses replied, laughing. 'I shall have to release you Mima, if such is your wish.' And bidding them a hasty adieu we went back to the dancing-hall, remarking merrily on the new aspect of affairs.

"The ball broke up at midnight, and not, like modern dances, at sunrise. Mima had just retired when I got home, and lay pressing her hands to her temples as though suffering extreme pain.

"'Have you got the headache,' I inquired? 'No,' she said, 'only I can not think!' 'Only you can not help thinking,' I said, gayly. 'Don't lie there looking so sadly perplexed now. What if I should tell you that, in consideration of the hint you gave me some time ago, and finding as I do the new minister improving on acquaintance, I am thinking of giving Moses the mitten?'

"'I should say, then,' she replied, quite seriously, 'that perhaps you could not have him now.'

"'And why not now as well as then, Mima? I see no difference.'

"'Because I think Mr. Taylor begins to like me a little,' she said, with the humility of one making criminal confession. 'Besides, Tabby, you undervalue him. You think one hair of Moses Robinson's head worth many Mr. Taylors; while I think he is about equal to any body, and a great deal too good for a simple child like me.'

"'Ha, ha! you do, do you? Well, I think such a learned man ought to be capable of judging for himself any way, Mima! So you just go to sleep now, and you'll think the same to-morrow.'

"The whole parish were taken by surprise when, soon after, the engagement of little Mima to the new minister became known; but very fortunately Mima was too innocent and good to have her claim contested by old or young, and no parish jar was the result, otherwise her tender heart would have been broken.

"Mr. Taylor urged that they might be married at Thanksgiving, at the same time with Moses and I; but Mima was only fifteen, and our parents would have their wedding put off a year. Mima had never been away from home, and must have one quarter at least in a boarding-school to learn fancy needle-work, for that was about all the boarding-schools of them days taught anyhow.

"So your uncle and I were married one Thanksgiving, and Mr. Taylor and Mima the next, and the ordination ball-dresses served for both weddings, and were never worn afterward. Mine was cut up and used long ago; but Mima's was treasured carefully, and after her death laid away among the family relics."

It was getting dark when we arose from the tea-table; and Aunt Tabby silenced all my farther inquiries by promising at some future time to tell me more about little Mima's life and death.

DOWN THE RIVER.

A VERY LONG LETTER.

I PROMISED to tell you all about it, Mary. When I bid you good-by at our door, and shook hands with Mr. Harris, and promised to write you a long letter to Ahmednuggur, and tell you all about my plans and my life from year to year, I did not think that four years would creep by without my doing so, or that I should have the story to tell you that I sit down to write to-day. Writing close by the south door, where we said good-by, the same sweet-brier blooming and perfuming the air, and the same horse-chestnut lifting its lamps of rose and white blossoms through the deep green leaves; but I am not the same, and you are hard at work in hot India, and my baby namesake has a Hindoo name between mine and yours, and— But I shall tell things in their course. That summer you were married and sailed away to be a missionary Joe Peyton went to California. He was poor, for his father was a farmer, and John was to take the farm after him; so Joe had only, for his share of the farm-produce, a good schooling at the Academy, after his district teachers had taught him all they could. I was a farmer's daughter, too, as you know; but you don't know —for I was shy of telling you about it in that year we were room-mates at Dartford Seminary —that Joe and I always were playmates at school. I was a year older than he, but not so strong or so tall. He used to bring me huckleberries, and mud-turtles, and hickory nuts; and when he forgot his dinner, or upset it into the mud racing to school, he always had half of mine; and mother knit him a pair of clouded red mittens just like mine, for he wore his gray ones all out dragging me on his sled. Then when he got bigger he used to bring me trout, and little birds he went gunning after, and stone apples to bake; for I was rather weakly for a while; and we went to the Academy together, and we saw each other pretty nearly every day. And then, when father died, I never shall forget how Joe came and sat down by me—he was the first one to come in and tell how the tree fell on to father—and then he came and saw I was stunned, and he took my two hands and said, "Poor child, dear Hetty!" till I could cry. But after that I went away to Dartford Seminary, for I was seventeen, and mother wanted me to have a good education, for she knew she never could keep up the farm all alone, and a farm in Weston is not worth much; so she sold it out to Uncle Eben, and boarded with him while I was at the Seminary.

You know what I did at that school, Mary, and how I grieved to leave it when the year was out. Then I went home to Weston for a while, and then to Virginia, where I had a place offered me as governess in Mrs. Randolph's family. She was a widow, like mother, and I thought, perhaps, she would be gentle and sweet and kind like mother; but I was mistaken. She was a beautiful woman, tall and haughty and cold: she was not unkind to me, she treated me with punctilious courtesy; but I don't know how it was I grew old so fast in that hard first year. The second year began no better—her children were always unruly, and she would not let me govern them. I was not only obliged to teach them, but to be with them always, to see all the company that came to the house, and to do my share of their entertainment so far as my slight knowledge of music and my still slighter power of conversation went. I ached sometimes to have an hour by myself to think of mother, and to recall a few words Joe Peyton had said to me in that last vacation—words that meant a great deal though they were few. But after a while a sort of change came over things, for Mrs. Randolph's only son came home from abroad, and if ever she softened to any one it was to him. He was like her in person, tall, handsome, fair; but his mouth was not like hers, it was facile, sweet, undetermined; her lips were set and beautiful as a statue's. He was proud, too, but indolently proud, and kindly besides; he treated me with as much consideration as was possible, but no disrespect or forgetfulness of my position, and I liked him for both.

I began to feel more at home, to work better and harder, to regain some reliance on myself, to feel that I earned my six hundred dollars fully. But I did not improve physically. I grew paler and thinner, and one day Mr. Randolph said at the breakfast-table:

"You look really ill, to-day, Miss Hart; I must prescribe for you."

Mrs. Randolph looked at me scrutinizingly. I think she found nothing in my pale dark face to excite her apprehension.

"You do not look well," said she. "What is your prescription, Harry?"

"Rides before breakfast, mother; I think that would do her good. Where is the gray pony?"

"But I do not know how to ride," I suggested, meekly.

"The gray pony is over at Belmont," said Mrs. Randolph, as composedly as if I had not spoken.

"I will teach you to ride," said Mr. Randolph, with a kind smile and nod. So the matter was settled.

After that we rode every morning—long rides, after some practice—and I grew better fast. It was not altogether the fresh, crisp air of late autumn, the excitement of the exercise, that did me good; it was, more than half, the kindness, the care, the consciousness that somebody was interested in me and my welfare. This is only an episode, Mary, put in to tell you why I left Bellair; but, truth to tell, Mr. Harry Randolph fell in love with me, and told me so. I knew him to be a drunkard and a gambler, after the fashion of his class, who do not use those names. I knew him to be a man of no sort of principle; but he had been kind, and careful, and loving, where every one else was cold or polite, and I felt almost as badly at leaving him as

he thought he did at my going; but I made a pretext of a letter Uncle Eben had written, saying that mother was not well, and I left Bellair the day but one after Harry Randolph had told me that he loved me; and his mother does not know to this day that her son humiliated himself so far as to love her little Yankee governess. But you see why I had to come back to Weston; and there I was when you stopped to say good-by to me, the week after your wedding. I did not envy you, Mary; for I was not good enough to go on a mission, and I did not think it was possible then for me to leave mother and Joe, or for them to leave me. After I came back from Bellair, Weston seemed very dull and quiet. I took the Hill District school, for I would not leave mother again—she was too feeble; and I like to have something to do, as well as needed it, for, to tell you the truth, Joe seemed much less lovable to me than when I was away from him. I had been living among the highest class of Virginia gentlemen. I had seen them in society and at home; I had become drilled in all their punctilious customs; and when Joe came in from haying, with bare feet, and ate his dinner with the blade of his knife, and wiped his hot, brown face with a red silk handkerchief, my tastes rebelled against him. At first I was both cross and cold; then I tried to educate him into better ways; but gradually, as I came to know how good, and true, and strong he was—how unselfish and earnest, and how entirely he had set his heart on me, and how much better he was than I, I gave up every thing, and was "like myself again," as he said; for he had laid all my strange ways to illness, or anxiety, or some real cause, rather than to my foolish pride and fastidiousness. He would not have believed I could have such a feeling toward him—he never even suspected it. I had not been home from Bellair long before Joe began to get very grave and sober. I could not think what was the matter. He worked very hard; but when he was through for the day, instead of being full of fun, as he used to be, he was quiet, and said he was tired.

At last, one May evening, he sat on the steps, and I went out and sat by him. He did not say any thing; only looked round at me with a smile.

"Joe," said I, "what ails you lately? Something is the matter, I'm sure; you are so sober, so quiet. Tell me, please."

"Come out to the barn, then, Esther. I will tell you; but I don't want any body else to hear."

So we went out and sat on the barn-door sill, and Joe told me how discouraged he was getting in Weston; how all his work there only brought him laborer's wages; and how tired he was of waiting in the still deferred hope of our marriage, nothing seeming to bring it any nearer. I had no comfort to offer him, for I knew what he said to be true. I thought of it often myself. At last, after a few minutes' silence, he said,

"I have resolved on one thing, Esther—hard as it is. I have resolved to go to California. I am sure if I work hard here I can work hard there; and there I shall get pay for labor, and come home to give you and your mother a real home, where none of us need to drudge for our bread. But—but—Hetty," said he, with a breaking voice, "will you wait for me?"

I could hardly speak either. Poor fellow! he had doubted that, and grieved himself over it all this time. I put my arms round his neck and kissed him. I never had done that before.

"Joe," said I, "I'll wait for you till I die!"

Well, that set matters straight again; and not to drag out my letter, which promises to be too long already, I won't tell you how badly we all felt, or how Joe left us with a sober face, but plenty of courage, and I went back to my district school again. This was four years ago. The first year we had frequent letters from him. He did not do very well immediately, but, after a while, got a better claim, and contrived to lay up a little. The second year he did much better; but this news came somewhat dampened to me, because mother was so ill, it seemed unkind to be glad of any thing she could not share. Still I was glad—very.

But oh, Mary, after that second year there never came one letter to me—not one! I wrote by almost every mail, but got no answer. I had no knowledge of any one in California, or I should have written out there to inquire. I did all I could, and so did Uncle Eben, but we heard nothing; and I had to keep as bright as I could, for mother was failing all the time, and by the middle of the fourth year she died.

I was all alone then. Oh dear! nobody knows what that is by any words; all alone! nobody you belong to, no home, no fixed place any where, and only yourself to look to, whatever happens. It is both hard and bitter, Mary; may you never know it for yourself.

Uncle Eben was very kind, and Aunt Ann meant to be. I was sick after mother died for three months; not sick enough to have the doctor often, or to need much medicine, which was a good thing, but feeble and miserable and not able to teach, or indeed to sit up most of the time. Aunt Ann was very good to me then; she nursed me with herb drinks, and soups, and such things, till I was well, and then I began to look round for a place to teach. Mother's board and mine had by this time pretty much taken up what Uncle Eben owed us for the farm, for he had to pay off a mortgage there was on it, and I had but about two hundred dollars left to begin with. I advertised, and inquired about a school, till at last I heard of one in New Jersey, and applying for the place I was accepted, and so made preparations to be there by the first week in May. I saved up fifty dollars for my expenses, and resolved to put the other hundred and fifty in the Savings Bank in Hartford; then I made my clothes, such as I should want, for it was a family-school, and I could not wear just such old things as I could have used in Weston, and by the last week in April I was all ready to

start. Weston was five miles from any railroad, and about twenty-five miles above Hartford, but not on the river, so that it made the fare to New York pretty high, and then I should have to be there overnight, which was unpleasant for a woman all alone; so it was agreed that I should go in to Hartford with Uncle Eben, in the double wagon, on Monday, as he had got to carry in a load of grain, and so stay overnight with a sister of Aunt Ann's, and take the river boat for New York Tuesday afternoon; then I could put my money into the bank, and get one or two little things I needed, and be at New York early Wednesday morning, in time to take the Amboy boat; for the place where I was going was somewhere on the Camden and Amboy Railroad line, I forget how far. I can't but own, Mary, that my heart sunk when Uncle left me on the boat. I felt ready to cry before every body, but I knew if I once gave way I should not be fit for any thing, so I resolved not to have one thought about what could not be helped, but to enjoy myself if it was to be done; and being pretty resolute, as you know, I set to work directly to find out something to see or hear that should divert my mind. The river was beautiful enough to do that for a long time; its shores of tender green, and wooded banks where deep hemlock and pines looked like shadows among the budding branches of elms and chestnuts, and misty white birches; every now and then a party of shad-fishers, pulling in their seine, or dragging it out, their bright red shirts adding just one touch of vividness to the soft gray and green tones of the land, and here and there a white-winged ship, steadily pressing up from sea with full sails and urgent prow plowing the blue waves; sail boats too there were; children playing on the shores; men plowing in the level meadows, turning up long, black furrows without haste or rest, as if they and their patient oxen were machines or bits of clock-work wound up to go just so long. At last my eyes were weary, and something more amusing met my ear than the cries of babies and the hushing of mothers. I took up a paper and affected to read; next me sat a young woman of the strongest Yankee type conversing with an old man in those tones of a woman's voice that make themselves heard far as a dinner-horn, and for like reasons; consequently, at least a dozen passengers besides myself were edified by the conversation, which proved to be principally an account "Miss Sykes" was giving to "Deacon Button" of his wife's funeral, at which he could not of course be presumed to have been a spectator. "I declare!" said she, "I never see such a procession in all my born days. Hanner and me, we went in Squire Sykes's double kerridge, and we kinder cut round the green and cut in behind the mourners, so's to see the hull length on't, and I must say I never did see sech a procession in Norton before."

"I was greatly honored, greatly honored," murmured Deacon Button, in a humble manner. "I didn't know nothing about it then, but I'm obleeged to you for lettin' on me know now."

"Well no; I expected you was too much afflicted to think o' them sort o' things; me and Hanner we set right close up by the pulpit, side o't, so's we could see the mourners; and we spoke on't arter the fust hymn, just as Mr. Hyde riz to pray, that you seemed to be real affected. I see the tears a runnin' down your face as though you felt it."

"Well, I did. Yes, I did, Miss Sykes. Mary Jane was a helpful woman; I miss havin' on her round beyond all account. But she's got to a better world I han't no doubt, and I expect she relishes it."

"Life's pretty uncertain," responded Mrs. Sykes; "we're here to-day an' gone to-morrer. I'm pleased to see how you've fixed up your lot down to the cemetery—it's stoned up real comfortable and slick—and them lich-liddys and snowberry bushes look kind of respectful. Miss Button did take to flowers so, seem's as though she'd rest better to have 'em a growin' overhead."

"She was partial to all kinds of blows, that's a fact; an' she never liked the idee of bein' buried right into the ground; so's I see she was a-goin' to die, why I set to and got the lot ready right off; and last time she rode out we driv 'round there to look at it; so't I feel as though she was suited, and that's consolin'."

"Yes, it is. I don't see but what you've got all the consolation a man can have. And, after all, it might have been worse, as Mr. Hyde said, when my husband's mother died of quick consumption up to Lee, and we had her brought down to be buried. He says, says he, 'There a'n't no loss like that; a man can lose his wife or his child, and get another, but he can't never have but one mother.'"

"That's a fact," said the old man, rather brightening up at the new idea; and I don't know but the affable and sympathizing Mrs. Sykes would have gone on to recommend another wife to him, but just at that moment a bell rung, and she exclaimed, "Gracious! if there ain't the Haddam landin'. Well, Deacon Button, I bid you good-day! I should be pleased to have you call when you're down our way."

"Thank ye, thank ye; I should be pleased to come. Give my respects to Mr. Sykes."

So Mrs. S. gathered up her bag, her two bundles, her bunch of dry fennel, and her blue umbrella, and went ashore. After she departed, there sauntered to the bench near me two young clergymen, prototypes in American print of Messrs. Donne and Sweeting, "herolings" of Shirley! Mr. Donne's wife (an achievement since Shirley refused him!) and Mr. Sweeting's aunt accompanied them. Mrs. Donne's self-complacent poise and comfortable aspect, the refreshments she carried in a leather hand-bag, and the ease of her position, were something to see; and consoled a beholder for the fact of her partnership, since she seemed to take it easily. I found, from the earliest scraps of their conversation, that they belonged to the Episcopal church, and that Mr. Donne was settled in the diocese of that best of men, Bishop B——, of

whom it might well be said, as Fredrika Bremer said of another bishop, "The Virtues, tired of living always with the Bishop of Svara," etc. I hoped in my heart these virtues were spread through the diocese, and noted the conversation carefully, that I might hear something perhaps of a man I reverence above all others, dissenter though I am. But I think Mr. Donne had no time to celebrate his bishop. He was engaged in talking over college exploits with Brother Sweeting, and endeavoring to persuade him into some confidences that Mr. Sweeting did not care to reveal, contenting himself with an orange as round as his own youthful physiognomy, which he enjoyed with boyish enthusiasm, and "au naturel," as the French say of potatoes. I was getting very tired of their platitudes, and the interchange of ladies' talk about cooking, tablecloths, silver, and church-extension, when suddenly the name of my own village roused me, as Mr. Sweeting said—throwing the skin of his orange out of the window, and making a *naïve*, naughty little face at his oily fingers—"Were you at Teft's ordination, at Weston, Donne?"

"Yes, I went there," observed Mr. Donne, with an air of disgust; "but I was late, and the church was crowded, and they didn't seem to know I was a clergyman, so I had to stand in the aisle by the door; I hadn't any chair, and when it comes to prayers one's got to kneel down, you know, so I just had to kneel on the floor, and the dirty Presbyterians spit all over my boots! After a while they found me out, and got me a seat, though."

Little Mr. Sweeting was suddenly struck with consideration; he wheeled about, and looked me in the face, evidently fearing I might be one of the impolite sect; but I looked as Episcopal as I could, and, reassured, he went back to the conversation. But I rose and walked away; I could not have carried off that rubrical look a second time.

You wonder why I diverge to these things, Mary, and so do I. I will go on straight now. I must; for as I reached the deck the boat stopped at Middletown, and among the group of passengers crossing the landing-plank to come on board I saw a well-known face—I saw Harry Randolph. He was alone, with no party to occupy him, and I dreaded his finding me out; so I drew my vail over my face, and, turning away, crept round quite to the stern of the boat, where there was just room for one chair between the railing and the cabin, and looked backward up the river. Gradually the sun sank lower and lower toward the west, the river poured its silver flood behind us, shut in from curve to curve with seeming barriers of hill and forest, till the steamer's wide rippling wake seemed to be threading some lake of the woods whose steep shores, crumbled away with frost and rain, shoved their ruins of uprooted hemlock and tottering pine down the abrupt bank, and wrecked them on the water's edge. At first the deep breadth of rolling water was blue as the sky above, then dusky with their clouds, and then wave after wave of color poured down from the gorgeous west—faint at first as the tender lining of a shell, and flecked with blue, but deepening slowly into rose, and crimson, and orange—till the river rolled behind us a weltering sea of glass, dyed with tints that no Bohemian, moulding his fairy fabric, ever fused into cup or vase; tints which every glittering wave of the steamer's wake repeated and disturbed into new glory, pouring its tides of refluent splendor upon the gray shore, and filling every tiny bay, flowing round every dim green island with lavish gorgeousness, till my eyes ached and my head swam with a new revelation of color. While this was passing away came the summons to supper; I was called out of glory to tea—but I did not go. Economy, stern regent! who had so often nipped my comforts and constrained my impulses, so often denied me unflinchingly greater luxuries than a steamer's supper. Economy, with forethought, had provided for my wants, and forbidden the unnecessary half dollar. I was glad of it now, for I felt sure of escaping Mr. Randolph's eye: so I took from my basket the provision, both substantial and delicate, which Aunt Ann had made, and enjoyed my nice sandwiches and bit of home-made cake quite as much, no doubt, as I should have the curious assemblage of food that travelers do often take, and call it "tea." While I was eating the splendid heavens and the resplendent river faded, and in the depths and heights where color had rioted and reigned came cool, misty, half tints; the water assumed those hues that again are shell hues, pearly, not iridescent, but metallic, hardening into the exquisite but nameless color of polished steel; while twilight vailed the shores with softest blue-gray tones, till one could scarce tell where earth ended and water flowed, save for a deeper line of shadow or a light from land. Now stars came out above, one by one, and serenely kindled their answering stars in the quiet river; while far up on the hillsides glittered other, unrevolving planets, from nested villages and scattered farms; and over all brooded the light water-mist, sighing coldly upward like a passed soul.

Presently the moon rose, and molten silver swept away pearl and steel. I was watching the shifting shadows of hill and tree on the water, all absorbed in this new phase of nature, when I heard a quick tread coming round the railing. I rose to let it pass me; but it did not pass. "Esther!" said Harry Randolph. I could not escape now; so I quietly shook hands with him, and asked him how he did, as if we had parted yesterday. He looked me steadily in the face, and shook his head instead of answering me.

"Sit down," said he, at length; "I have a chair here. I want to talk to you."

I did sit down. I was cool enough not to be shaken, and I meant to let him see it. I knew he was at least a thorough gentleman, so I trusted him.

"How did you know I was here?" said I, by way of opening the conversation.

"I saw you as I was coming on board, only for one moment, but I could not mistake that pale little face. Are you ill? Are you sad? Where are you going, Esther? What does this mean?"

He touched my crape vail as he spoke.

"Mother is dead," said I.

He took up my hand and kissed it gently. The kind, tender action touched me inexpressibly; it brought my loss and my life too near. I could not keep the tears all back; a few fell, and he sat silently till they were over. Then he spoke again without waiting for an answer to any other question:

"Esther, will you come back to Bellair?"

"I can not, Mr. Randolph. I am going to Pompton to teach a family school."

He muttered something condemnatory of Pompton under his breath, and then turned round and said, vehemently,

"You know I don't mean to teach Ned and Lucy. *I* want you. I want my wife. Bellair wants you for its mistress."

"I must go to Pompton," said I, deliberately.

He swore at Pompton again, not under his breath this time.

"You shall not go there, Esther. Come to Bellair. You think you will not live with my mother. She is gone, she is dead too. I left Ned yonder at school. Lucy lives at Roanoke with my uncle. You will have it all your own way, Esther—only come."

He spoke so tenderly, so earnestly; he had loved me so long; I was so tired and so lonely, that for a moment my heart beat, and it seemed as if I could love him. I suppose my silence gave him courage, for he grasped my hand again, and, turning a little to look more fully in my face, brought his own full into the revealing moonlight. Poor Harry! That face told an undeniable story of his life. The lines on its fair surface were dreadful hieroglyphs of age that is the result of sin, not of years; his mouth had lost its sweetness, and taken to its facile curves a weakness that was not far from imbecile; his eyes were bloodshot; his cheek haggard and wan. It was his face I answered as I said again, "I can not."

"Why, why?" said he, impatiently. "Who stands between us? We are alone. I will be every thing to you, Esther. You shall do as you will at Bellair. You never liked company—you need not now. I will keep you to myself. Only come."

"No one stands between us, Mr. Randolph; but I do not love you. It would be wrong for me to marry you."

"But you would, Esther, you should. I will make you—I can. All these four years I have wanted and waited. Don't you think that love worth having?"

"What have you been doing these four years?" said I.

He hid his face in his hands for an instant, and then looked up and laughed bitterly.

"What have I been doing? A pretty record that would be to tell you!—you who left me to go mad without you, and then ask how I did it."

"If you had really loved me you couldn't have tried to kill your love with drink and cards and horse-racing as you have done. You would have kept yourself good and pure for my sake. You would have worked at yourself to be true and noble. You would not be what you are now if you had loved me as you ought."

"And you—you could not preach so quietly to a man you loved, Miss Hart," said he, with a half-sneer. "I suppose we are both mistaken, or rather I am."

He rose from his seat beside me, and leaned over the railing. His gentlemanly instinct returned after a moment's quiet and effort.

"Excuse me," said he; "forgive me, Esther. You do not know what you make me suffer. You have never loved or you could not expect me to be calm."

"I have loved," said I, "loved as deeply and as well as a woman can, Harry, and lost it all."

My voice choked as I spoke, for Joe's fine, resolute, manly face rose up before me, and I knew afresh what I had lost. Ah! should I ever cease to know it? Harry Randolph sat down beside me, and I told him all I had to tell.

"He was worth loving," said Mr. Randolph, with a deep sigh, as I stopped to dry the few hot tears I could not restrain, "and I am not. I will not ask you again, Esther; I will not trouble you; but if you ever need a friend, promise to write to me, to ask me for any help."

"Yes, I will," said I, and I meant what I said. It was time, however, that the interview was at an end; so I got up and bid him good-night.

"Can not I do something for you in the morning, Esther?" said he.

I was half-tempted to accept his offer, for I had never been through New York alone before, but a moment's thought warned me that it was not best. I had only myself to depend on. I was almost friendless. I could not be too careful of what I did. So I said,

"No, thank you. I shall need nothing."

"Good-by!" said he, holding my hand one moment, and then he was gone.

I went into the cabin, and lay down in my berth, but not to sleep. The night was warm and close; the air of the room oppressed me; my narrow bed was irksome—it seemed to me like a coffin. I wondered if so trance-sleepers felt. I thought of death, solitary and untended; of narrow beds in a hospital ward; of gaunt and comfortless cots in the poor-house. Such death, no doubt, awaited me. I should struggle through a laborious life, having nothing and hoarding nothing; I should die without one kind hand in mine, one loving look of farewell, and be so coffined and buried, all unmourned.

Yet I might have had a different fate. I might be mistress of those cool halls of Bellair, and, lying amidst its luxuries, cradled in down

and silk, hear voices low with baby laughter echo through the corridors, and be tended down to death by patient children and a tender husband. What if Harry did drink, and swear, and gamble a good deal? I could win him from some of these things; and surely almost any thing was better than the hard, ill-paid life of a school-mistress. To this temptation of the devil *I* made no answer; but just outside of the door beyond my berth, which was the last in the cabin, a black woman, whose color kept her outside in this world, was slowly spelling over to herself, in a low voice, part of a Bible chapter. I listened intently—for my Bible had remained unread—and, word by word, "with stammering lips and another tongue," I heard these words: "Ought not Christ to have suffered?"

She paused there—to rest perhaps; but though she resumed the reading, I heard no more. I was silenced by that one sentence—ought He to have suffered!—suffered for results of good—suffered alone that no man hereafter need so suffer—and ought I not to suffer?—I, whose life was stained with selfishness, murmuring, discontent. I was like a shamed child. It was time to hide my face in His garment and ask to be forgiven, to be made strong, to live for others, and not to remember myself; and the tearful prayer lulled me to sleep. I woke at morning rested and refreshed, and, after dressing, made my way to the stern again, for we were nearing New York, and I wanted to keep in some quiet, out-of-the-way place till the boat was somewhat cleared, and the porter at leisure to take my trunk over to the Amboy boat, where I was to get it checked for Pompton. I sat quite still, watching what is to me one of the dreariest shores in the world, the water-front of a great city; hot, and grimed, and squalid; piles of brick and filthy sheds; the lowest grades of civilized humanity hanging about the wharves; wan, eager, wrangling, wretched women; brutal men; children that are never childlike. Better to me is a strip of barren sand, with its quaint people of crabs, and sand-pipers, and innumerable insects, than such a shore as this! Presently the boat touched the wharf. I heard cries of hackmen, and dragging of trunks; children screaming; loud, men's voices; hasty steps; then a quick step came round by the railed netting where I stood—not Harry Randolph's; a voice said, again, "Esther!" Oh, Mary, it was Joe!

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I don't know what I did, dear, only I did not faint away; I never do. Nor did I ask any questions then. After a minute Joe went away, and, coming back for me directly, took me to a carriage, and put me in. I did not ask where we were to go, but he took me to a hotel, we had some breakfast, and then he made me write a letter to Pompton and say I could not come there, for I was going to be married. I looked at Joe, and he looked at me, upon this dictation, but I rather think his look was most masterful of the two, for I wrote as he said; and then we took the noon train for Weston. I found out in the course of that ride that he had reached Weston the day after I left, and hearing where I had gone, took the evening train and followed me—followed so fast that he reached New York at midnight, and I only by morning. He had written home regularly, but being in the mountains, the mails were rare, and one after another lost on their passage to San Francisco, as if by some pertinacious fatality; more than once robbed for the sake of the gold-dust not a few contained.

But Joe had been careful and provident. He had not trusted his hard-earned gold to letters; he had hoarded it, as he said, "like a miser"—as if any body could believe that of Joe. However, he had got enough for us for our wants, and then he hurried homeward; enough for comfort was all either he or I could ask.

This was a month ago. Joe has bought a pretty little farm on West River, two miles from the railway. It has a nice new house and barn on the premises, and a garden sloping from the south door toward the river. The man that owned it took the gold fever months ago, and nothing Joe could say cured him. He had delayed long, in hopes of selling this pretty place; and now he goes next week, with his wife. Poor fellow! And I wish mother could have lived to be with us. Uncle Eben and Aunt Ann are really pleased; and I keep thinking how good God is.

Oh, Mary, I am going to be married to-morrow!

ROSE-GARDEN.

A NEW ENGLAND SKETCH.

OUR senses are marvelous organs, alike in what they perceive and in what they suggest. The lowest of them in the spiritual scale—the taste and the smell—not only open to us exquisite flavors and odors, but often recall great experiences, and join the eye and ear in their ministry of wisdom and beauty. It was wise, therefore, in the old Catholic Church to fill the sanctuary with the fragrance of incense and touch the lips of the devotee with the mystical wafer, as well as to charm the eye with pictured glass and canvas, and fascinate the ear with the melody and harmony of voices and instruments. Mother Nature, however, went before the Mother Church in sagacity; and Adam and Eve, in their Eden of plenty, and sweetness, and beauty, and music, were led by the ministry of the senses to own a power above the dust that perishes, and taste life in most trees of the garden if they tasted death in one. Every urchin that is born of their race has something of the same schooling, and finds often far more than food in a ripe apple or sweet cake, and more than a pleasant fragrance in a fresh flower. The precious basket that comes to him at school with its store of dainties tastes not only of sugar and spices, but of all the joys of home; and as he enters the familiar gate the rose and the clematis

send out their winged odors to give him welcome, and the whole parterre of flowers that swing their bells in the gentle breeze ring to him, in their balmy undulations, glad tidings of home pleasures, old and new.

Why am I philosophizing upon the associative power of the senses in this grave and perhaps sleepy way? The truth is, that this full-blooded and genial honey-suckle, that has since spring been climbing over its trellis without abating a jot of vigor even in this mid-summer heat, has been talking to me, and its fragrance steals into my heart, and opens the hall of the past, the chamber of memory. That vine, with most of the choice plants that cheer this summer home, our dear Steinwald, which good Providence grants to one who has full work and care enough when away from this retreat, came three years ago from Rose-Garden, the gift of the master of that pleasant place; and now, as I sit upon the piazza thanking God for this interval of rest, the honey-suckle is telling me of the old times and friends that stand connected with that name. The harp or flute could not be more suggestive than this fragrance; and like one of the melodies of home, this sweetness recalls the years when I used every week to be a visitor there, and every summer the parent vine welcomed my coming with its hospitable incense. I have no remarkable story to tell—and, in fact, I have not any story to tell at all, in the usual sense of the word. Some readers will perhaps listen all the more patiently to a plain and honest sketch of scenes and characters in our American life that may be all the more interesting to them because so very much like what they themselves have seen and known.

I.

It was near twenty years ago that I first went to Rose-Garden. I had passed what is usually called the season of youth, although, if a man is to be considered young until he is married, I had no claim then to be ranked among the elders. Six or seven years of professional work had passed over my head without leaving any very deep marks of care or disappointment, and the constant work and quiet routine of an inland village made the change to city life not a little exciting, and in some respects instructive and desirable. Wherever a man lives, the main fact of his experience is given by his habitual associates; and now that a score of solemn years have written out their interpretation, I can have no doubt from what quarter my life has had its main social incentive. The acquaintance began in a good place to augur well of its perpetuity, and it was at church that I first met my friend and his family—himself with his bright face and long black hair, the keen eye that seemed always ready to be thinking when not tempted by the ample and somewhat nervous mouth to be laughing; his wife a grave and somewhat oldish, yet very gentle and interesting woman, with a look that grew almost into beauty whenever any marked thought drew out its interior meaning; two children, both girls, too young to develop any strong characteristics, except perhaps to show that the dark eye of the elder had more fire and force, though not more sweetness, in its promise than the blue eye of the younger. There was one other member of the family then with them in their pew, whom I might describe perhaps more fully than would interest the general reader, but upon whom I will venture, in spite of her remonstrance, to say a passing word. She was a girl of twenty—a rosy, bright-eyed damsel, whose quick word and ready smile would promise you a gay and volatile playmate, were it not that the somewhat stately bearing and broad and perhaps too heavy forehead put you upon your guard, and bade you see the resolute woman in the blooming maiden.

Accepting the host's kind invitation, I soon became a frequent guest at Rose-Garden. The house was an old-fashioned square wooden mansion, two stories high, with dormer windows on the attic, and overlooking a broad range of land and water. It stood within an inclosure of three or four acres of ground, partly garden, orchard, and vineyard, and yielding ample store of flowers and fruit, abounding especially in strawberries, raspberries, pears, cherries, and grapes. How could the place fail to be attractive to a lonely student? and how could he be otherwise than happy at having ever a welcome place by the winter fire, and a free range over the charming summer walks? Lest the reader may naughtily suppose that the sole, or at least the main attraction was the blooming damsel above-named as just passing her first score of years, we will imagine her as put out of the way by the most obvious and venial of all abductions. Imagine her as being very attractive to the frequent guest, alike from her strong sense, comeliness, and spirit, and also from her orphanage, which left her at seventeen both fatherless and motherless, to find in a new home a continuation of that kindly school of the heart in which she had won such honors as the nurse and comforter of her sick and dying parents. Conjecture as you choose the various walks and talks, and decide as you please upon the final result of the intimacy between your unworthy friend and the fair and somewhat impulsive maiden. In spring, when the yellow daffodils hung out their merry little banners along the long garden promenade, and the robins, without any other pay than came from the sweetness of their own music, sang out their welcome to the vernal breeze, was there not great inducement to accept the ready hint, and dream, at least, of the pairing time that is not for birds alone? And as spring ripened into summer, and the rose and the honey-suckle spread their loveliness over the garden-bower and shed their fragrance all around, how could the sequestered seat be otherwise than attractive to such lovers of nature, until the sessions ended in great unanimity, and adjourned to the church for confirmation, for better or for worse, of the compact? Suppose the lady at the head of a house of her own in the midst of the city, while her husband, sometimes with and sometimes

without her, still continued his old walks to the suburban haunt, refreshed by the ramble, and generally wiser and merrier for the good cheer and sensible conversation of that hospitable home.

In America, and especially, perhaps, in New England, one is struck with the independent thought and strongly-marked characters that are found in very unpretending families, and which do not fail to win to themselves rich and congenial fellowship from the most various spheres of life. The Joneses of Rose-Garden were what would be called a plain family—not rich, not high-born, not brilliant, not fashionable. The husband was the son of a hard-working farmer, and he had risen, by great industry and economy, to a respectable competence in business, with no better education than the village school gave and a manly life completed; and the wife was the daughter of a faithful and judicious country minister—one of the noble and wise men who had the rare art of raising the best of lives and the most hopeful of families on the least of incomes; in fact, upon an income that would hardly keep one of our fast young men now supplied with cigars. John Jones was, in some respects, one of the most remarkable men that I ever knew. He was not, indeed, one of the class that usually pass as saints or heroes. He was very fond of the round, solid world, and of the good things and good people to be found upon its surface. He was more of the school of Franklin than of Plato or St. Paul; and while open to all noble ideas, he liked to see with his own eyes the fruits of every thought and enterprise before he gave it his favor. Eminently kindly, he was not lavish or impulsively generous; and while ready to give his part to charity, he was an exact business man, and disposed to insist upon all his rights. His leading traits were cordiality, honesty, and sagacity. No man's welcome to a guest was more hearty than his, no man's word more trust-worthy, no man's sober judgment upon any practical subject was more reliable. He was a reverential man, but more ethical than devotional in his ideas of religion; and until of late, perhaps, too much disgusted at what seemed to him the bigotry of the prevailing churches to appreciate fairly the evangelical faith, which takes its power less from human will than God's grace. He was always an earnest seeker and a most candid listener, eminently encouraging to all lovers of serious and devout conversation, and often by an apt question calling out new and important views of the subject in hand of his superiors in learning and philosophy. He was at home in a company of cultivated ministers, and sure of giving them as much information in his way as they gave him in their way; while in a miscellaneous company of bright men and women he was a universal favorite—now impressing all by his good sense as he gave, in all simplicity and directness, his views of some question of politics or social ethics, and now setting the whole circle into a roar at some quaint story, which he invariably accompanied with a genial and hearty laugh, contagious enough to make a listener and beholder forget hard times or the toothache and set the most incorrigible dyspeptic in the direct path of convalescence. He was a social man in works as well as feelings, and from essential kindness of heart as well as public spirit he was a helper in the principal institutions of education and charity in the place. He was a good specimen of the old Puritan stock, as liberalized by the new age; and in the good old way he spoke out for the best schools and the best laws, and thought himself no less qualified to hear a good sermon on Sunday because he had commanded a volunteer military company during the week and kept a sword and musket at the service of the state. But why go into these particulars when a glance at his picture, so faithfully preserved alike by painter and photographer, tells the story of the man and his life? His own smile is playing about the mouth, and all his good sense and kindness and truth and decision looks out of those eyes.

The wife was a widely different but not, therefore, less congenial character. I have never known a better specimen of a woman, on the whole—one who unites more of the everyday utilities with the higher and diviner graces of womanly life. She never could have been a beauty, and she never affected the arts and airs that are supposed to give attraction to her sex. Yet she gave the impression of great loveliness, and no face known in our whole circle of society more blessed the beholder than hers. She was no great votary of the arts of dress and embellishment; yet her manner was winning, her tastes were beautiful, and she was sure, in general society, to win more men and women to her side than the rank and file of bedizened and bejeweled matrons who are to be counted by scores. She had the loveliness that comes unbidden from looking to God for his blessing, and from returning his blessing in constant deeds of kindness to his desolate children, our poor and afflicted brothers and sisters. The old horse Whitey, that carried her usually on her round of charity, always seemed to me a sacred personage, and to have far nearer a claim to immortality, like the white horse of the Apocalypse, than any of the famous steeds that have won fame from the days of Alexander and his Bucephalus to the conqueror of Buena Vista and his trusty charger. I could say a great many things about her that would be true and useful in this strain, but I have good reasons for forbearing now, and contenting myself with a few glances at some of the characters who were to be seen much or little at Rose-Garden.

When I was first a guest there the daughters were children, and I will not, therefore, speak now of them, but merely say that the pictures of two children that hung in the guest-chamber were portraits of the eldest daughter and a deceased son—the latter being one of two little boys, the only sons of the family, who were cut off years before by the same fatal disease; a fact that did something to explain the union of such marked sensibility with the habitual cheerfulness of the parents. If I were to recall two faces

that would represent the widest diversity of character and experience among the frequenters of the house, there need be little doubt as to the selection, if it were made from the feminine side. I hardly ever met two women more marked in their way, and more unlike while like enough to be good friends, than Miss Marks and Mrs. George. Miss Marks, or Ann Marks as she was usually called, was a lady of most uncertain age, and full as she was of thought and spirits, she had passed the time within which age is calculable, and no one who enjoyed her excellent company cared a straw to know whether she was nearer forty or sixty. She was as plain as plain could be, yet one of the most interesting and effective persons in society; not, indeed, on account of any charms of manner or rare accomplishments, but from sheer force of character and quick perception, and intellectual and moral susceptibility. She had probably long ago made up her mind to live unmated, and took a wise and just revenge upon the fortune that had refused to confide her happiness to any one man by a pretty sharp judgment upon mankind in general, and a very delightful sociality with many bright men in particular. I was sometimes puzzled to know why she interested so many gifted men as well as most women in her conversation; and I finally came to the opinion that her power was not in her originality or her brilliancy, but mainly in her quick susceptibility and mental sympathy. She had the gift of talking to a man so as to make him bring out his own thoughts and feelings into more full and apparently welcome expression; so that he saw himself more clearly as in a glass, and was ready to ascribe the unvailing of his own mind to the wisdom of the mirror that had so faithfully shown to him his own countenance. Yet she was no flatterer, nor any echo of ruling opinions, but a most determined and sometimes not a little rude champion of her own pet notions; a strenuous stickler for the self-sufficiency of woman, without the need of man to complete her culture or happiness; a fiery advocate of the doctrine of individualism, or the adequacy of each soul to itself without reliance upon churches, creeds, or confessions—positions which she sustained with none the less pertinacity from being herself a practical contradiction to them in her decided preference for masculine society, and her equally decided interest in the church and the clergy. She has lately passed away after filling a most important mission—doing much to give life and point to general society, to quicken the intellectual interest in moral and spiritual things, to awaken scores of young women to better self-reliance and usefulness, to cheer the poor and desolate by her sympathy, and show upon what a narrow stock of worldly goods and external charms an effective and elevated, and, in many respects, a happy life may be nurtured. Ten such women would be enough to found a sect or start a revolution. Peace to the memory of Ann Marks! She has left the world better and wiser than she found it; and if I ever visit her grave, it will be not with an ungrateful heart or with dry eyes. Ann had her failings, but they leaned to the right side; and now that sickness and death have interpreted her temperament and constitution, it is clear that her occasional crotchets of mood and manner came more from her nerves than from her heart, and while she sometimes was swayed by the gusts and blinded by the fogs of the earth, her faith and love always tended upward toward the eternal light.

Mrs. George was a very different character in person, and in mind and manner. She was one who was born to charm, and was evidently endowed by nature with the gift of grace and fascination, as decidedly as Jenny Lind was born to sing or George Sand to write romances. She was not a famous beauty, but had a power in her air, and especially in her movement, that I have never seen equaled. She could smile and walk in a most bewitching way, yet never with any appearance of art, and in fact she was remarkably unaffected in her ways, and sometimes candid even to bluntness in her speech. She was full of pluck as well as grace, and was a wonder to us all for bearing such bitter trials and disappointments with such patience and courage—seeming to unite English force with French elasticity. England was her birth-place, and she came to America with a husband whose gentle blood was more accredited than his moral strength and practical capacity, and years before she was a widow she was left to support herself and two sons by teaching a school. She was successful and prosperous, and built a snug little house of her own. Her health, however, was sometimes too severely tasked, and good Providence overruled her fatigue into a blessing by sending her on a vacation visit to old England, and making her the wife of a most worthy gentleman and honored jurist who had known and fancied her long ago. I hear that she still loves America, and shows her attachment in kind deeds as well as words. I remember her with affection and respect, and when tempted to complain or to be discouraged at trifles, it always does me good to think what fearful disappointments and heavy cares this delicate and petted woman bore with such valor. God's blessing be upon her and her noble husband, and may there be many more such ties to bind Old and New England together!

Mrs. George had no philosophy to *speak* of, yet a great deal of philosophy to *act* upon; and while she never discussed the new transcendentalism with Ann Marks and the famous coterie of blue stockings, she had as much of the true spirit as any of them, and made people feel it as much as they. We sometimes saw her in company with that famous Gloriana, afterward a countess, whose brilliant life and tragic death are parts of our literary history. Most men were sure to prefer her society to that of Gloriana, and not merely because she was so much prettier and more graceful. She had the genuine womanly nature which Gloriana had been led so far to

sacrifice to masculine severity; and although not much of a devotee, nor greatly given to theological discussion, she had in her affectionate woman's heart a better expression of religion than the somewhat hard classic culture which at that time kept Gloriana in the school of Zeno and Plato almost as if unaware of the advent of Christ. This was my impression of our noted American Griselda years ago; but time, that should make me wiser, surely made her more tender and trusting, and Gloriana, who once divided women into two classes—the Muses and the Minervas—learned a deeper lesson than her transcendental counselors could teach her, when God made her a mother, and therefore more the daughter of heaven than any dreamy Muse or cold Minerva.

Many men and women of note I used to meet at Rose-Garden, perhaps more of the radical than of the conservative school of thought; yet not without a goodly leaven of the latter, especially from the frequent presence of the professors of the neighboring University. It would be hard to select from the walks or annals of American literature a stronger contrast than that presented by the chief of these Academics and the Coryphæus of the Transcendental clique, who, though rarely seen among them, was their reigning idol. The former was a lion-headed, eagle-faced man, whose stout build and keen glance and positive manner showed him to be a man of facts and figures—a realist of the most determined sort. His talk and life proved him to be a zealous Christian, and a great champion of religion in its authoritative law and institutions, with no disposition to quit the solid earth for the air. He evidently had a tremendous will; and if God had not made him an evangelist and moralist to the age, nature and the world might have made him something less amiable, though not less strong, and one may conceive of his cracking church-windows and cavaliers' skulls, as one of Cromwell's generals, or marching into Italy or Austria with Napoleon as one of the great marshals of the empire. In build and material, how widely he differed from the transcendental philosopher and essayist, of whom he sometimes spoke with so bland and knowing a smile! This Yankee Zeno, who was evidently born to be our prophet of the first person singular, was tall and slightly made, but with much of the air noble, much that was gentle as well as commanding in his bearing. His religion was not the gospel of faith and divine grace, but of self-reliance, and he made light of institutions and revelations to glorify the individual soul and its intuitions. He could not break the bread of communion with Christ's disciples, while he was glad to join the symposium of Plato, and in every way eat the bread and drink the cup and use the speech of the great poets and sages who are so far above our common humanity. He has done good, and still does good, by correcting the flunky sycophancy and servile imitativeness of our day, and teaching so many people to believe that a man is something in himself, and without men institutions are nothing. He is, perhaps, our original poet, surely our most Orphic bard, yet not our wisest philosopher. His practice refutes his false theory of individualism; for, while always bent on showing that each man is sufficient to himself, and needs neither past ages nor foreign lands to complete him, he is marvelously a lover and seeker of ancient and foreign treasures, and every page of his jeweled diction is enriched by gems from other ages and lands. In this we like his practice better than his theory, and are glad that, while he loves to climb the Stylite pillar of transcendental egoism, his human heart, as well as his manly sense, brings him down among his fellow-men, and the narrowness of his philosophy is corrected by the catholicity of his spirit. Some of his followers imitate his folly more than his wisdom, and we have heard transcendental youths and maidens (old maidens as well as young) talk as if history and revelations and institutions were a nuisance, and the end of life were merely to look into our own souls, and find God and heaven there without help from book or church, and almost without self-denial or prayer. Those ultraisms have passed away now, and in their palmiest days they never found any aliment in the wholesome atmosphere of Rose-Garden—none surely from the solid sagacity of the husband or the spiritual faith and insight of the wife.

II.

I could write of the incidents and characters that marked our social life there during an unbroken intimacy of nearly eight years, from that first visit to the day when removal to another city forced us to say our reluctant farewell. Within that time many changes had taken place in the family, but not of such a kind as to break its circle or to blight its joy. The elder daughter had grown to the verge of womanhood, and with ripening constitution she showed ripening affections and principles. Her eye, that in childhood was a little strong and inquisitive, with an eager glance that seemed searching for good in external things, had a milder and more interior look, as if lighted from within, and affirming in its expression the reality of the inward radiance. The garden smiled more and more every year, and the orchard bore more and richer fruit, and the tree of life, too, seemed, both to father and mother and children, laden with richer blessings, which kindred and neighbors and friends were always asked to share. Perfect health, of course, is never found always in any house; but the sobriety, industry, cheerfulness—the wise order of the hours—the life without and within, conspired to give a peculiar air of vigor and promise of stability to the whole family. The visitor who met them once expected to meet them again, and it seemed as natural to expect to see the host's kind face as to see the return of the seasons that follow the sunshine as loyally as good fellowship followed in the wake of the sunshine that swam on his genial face. He was a lover of nature, especially of flowers and groves

and farms, and there was nothing startling in the great interest that he took in the establishing and adorning that beautiful rural cemetery not far from his house, which is now one of the charms of the city and neighborhood. Yet it was not easy to associate him with graves and monuments; and the playful light in his eye did not remind you of the inverted torch that is borne by the solemn genius of death, but seemed rather to flash from the lamp held upward by merry maidens at a wedding. We never thought that there was any closer connection than that of like beauty between his garden of roses and that garden of graves.

We saw them still, sometimes in their old and sometimes in our new home. We followed him by letter in his foreign travel, and were pleased by the sprightly letters of the daughter, which proved that, to her girlish gift at sight-seeing, she had added the rarer gift of womanly insight into characters and institutions. We knew of her engagement to a cultivated and estimable and gifted young man of congenial years and mind. We saw them after their return, and entered into the pleasant plans for the approaching marriage. I was doubting what gift to send to express the good-will that would gladly have sought some rare and costly treasure, if means had been as ample as our wishes. I chanced to see, in a window in New York that was all blazing with an array of gold and silver and precious stones, a piece of oak carving which purported to have been made of the wood of York minster, and which bore some exquisitely chiseled figures of wheat and grapes in bold relief, with the inscription in old English—"Bread and wine which the Lord hath commanded to be received." It was offered as a bread-plate, one of the new style then coming into vogue, and seemed to me more beautiful than the gaudy toys that were clustered about its sober and suggestive disk of oak, blackened by the seasoning of centuries. It was purchased, and held in reserve as a wedding present, and we were, ere long, expecting to be asked to the marriage.

One morning, not long after, as we were riding with our little packet of letters from the country post-office, glad to find ourselves not forgotten by friends now that we had come from our city to our country quarters for the summer, we were overwhelmed by finding, in a letter from a relative whose handwriting seemed identified with good affections and good news, the startling word that the daughter so soon to be a bride was dead. We took the next train of cars, and went to a funeral in the house whither we were expecting to go to a wedding. By a sudden and inexorable disease—one, moreover, not indicating any feebleness or decay, but consistent with robust general health—the precious girl had been stricken down, and we saw her laid in the cemetery which her father's own hands had done so much to prepare, little expecting that the grave would be opened for his child sooner than for himself. It was a sad visit and a darkened house, but not utterly desolate. The cherished daughter left behind her a rich legacy in her firm principles and spiritual faith, and the artist who put her features upon canvas succeeded in giving that interior light to the eyes which showed the joy and bequeathed the blessing of her life.

I thought of the oak plate that was laid away as the wedding present, and saw at once what before I had suspected—that instead of being for household utility it was intended for the communion table, and the sculptured wheat and the vine were memorials of the body and blood of Christ. The gift was more fitting than I had supposed, and was a virtual prophecy of what was to come; for while it might have given consecration to a wedding, it gave comfort to a funeral, and bore witness of the life eternal and the fellowship that is spiritual and undying. It was afterward sent with a letter of sympathy to the parents, and now has place on the parlor table. Living, Mary did not live to herself, nor dying did she die to herself. She is an abiding light and power in that household, and the treasure of her memory is large enough to be shared by a wide circle of kindred and friends. God and Nature do not allow us to be always or very long prostrate by grief, and every godly sorrow bears under its own sharp thorns some balms of blessed relief. Rose-Garden did not renounce its bloom and fragrance, nor did the family refuse to smile on their friends and give them welcome. Once more the father went abroad, and now with his wife and surviving daughter for companions. With deep interest the travelers revisited the scenes which the departed had looked upon and described, and the light of memory gave new meaning to each passing landscape and cherished work of art. Not the least of the pleasures of the tour was a visit to their old friend, once Mrs. George, who received them with all cordiality at her beautiful seat, and entertained them with all the comforts and refinements of English hospitality. Her husband, who was farmer as well as jurist, talked of soils, and trees, and stock with his guest, and took him to the great fairs and agricultural sights and assemblies in the neighborhood, and made himself in every way most instructive and companionable. I was delighted to have direct tidings thus of our charming widow's new happiness, and of the satisfaction felt by our old friends in the welfare of her whom they had done so much to comfort and bless.

The travelers returned home last autumn, and we were expecting a visit from them in New York in the course of the winter. In January, one Friday morning, a telegraph dispatch came with these startling words: "Our friend J—— J—— died last night. Further word by letter." Without waiting for the letter I started in the cars to join the bereaved family of the deceased, and found that he had been seized the previous evening with sudden pangs, after passing a cheerful hour with a few neighbors, his guests, and in a few minutes he breathed his last. The whole

town felt the suddenness and the weight of the blow, and his death was the one thought of all whom I met on the way through the streets. I opened the familiar gate and looked upon the garden, now shorn of its summer beauty, but I could not feel that the master had passed away. His life was stronger than death, and his cordial hand still seemed to give me welcome, and his friendly smile and word still cheer the place. After I saw his face so fixed and sunken in the coffin, it was hard to think that body was himself, and the life-like portrait on the wall was but the reflection of the living man that I seemed to carry in my heart.

On Sunday I sat in his pew in church and heard a good sermon and joined in fervent prayers; but the place was more suggestive than any thing that was said, and the calm, sweet note of the organ, which he so loved, struck deeper than any words of wisdom or eloquence. The cross back of the pulpit, surmounted by the words, "This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent," meant far more to me than ever before; and the figures of Thorwaldsden's Paul and John, that were painted upon the walls on either side, brought nearer the great fellowship of God's children to whom our brother belonged.

The funeral was most touching and impressive, not more in the fitting, and solemn, and tender rites of religion than in the emotion of the great assembly present at the house and grave. The military corps which he once commanded walked before the hearse, and stood with uncovered heads as the procession passed to the cemetery. That garden of the dead thus received him who had planned its beautiful lawns and drives, and who had done so much to make a garden not only of this place of graves, but of this world of thorns and cares. Father and daughter are now together—their dust given back to the earth, their spirits returned to God.

This sketch may seem to some readers a sad one, but to me it is not wholly so. God never leaves his faithful children desolate, and a good man's death is full of blessings that are sure to reveal themselves in time. The widow can not be comfortless after a life so devoted to comforting others, and her rich endowments of interior life are clearer now than ever, and more able to open to others the sanctuary of inward peace. Rose-Garden is now in its full bloom, and abundance of luscious fruit hangs upon its trees and vines. What precious records of friends those gifts are which bloom out from the bountiful earth! That old place seems now like a rich volume, an illuminated missal whose pictured borders and sacred text each season opens anew; and every day the new leaf that is turned over by Nature calls up some familiar scene or word. Each flower and fruit, in its own way, speaks of the former times, and helps the survivors not only revive the friendly faces that have passed away, but also to interpret the solemn decrees of Providence. The garden paints the margins of that sacred annual, and the hand of God has written the holy text. This week word comes to us from a visitor that the family is well, and the same mother Nature that nurtures the flowers and fruits within the soil does not withhold her blessing from young hearts there confiding together. There will be a marriage in the family before long, and the widowed mother may wisely hope to have in her surviving daughter's husband a son who recalls the manliness and the gentleness of the two loved ones who have been called away. The honey-suckle will not bloom without happy hearts to enjoy its perfume; and the slip from the parent vine, that gives such sweetness to our cottage now in the incense that it sends to our nostrils, not only revives old memories, but quickens new hopes and promises new joys. In fact this wild and pretty Steinwald, our summer resting-place, is full of souvenirs of Rose-Garden, and among the flowers and shrubs that came from that nursery to give beauty and sweetness to our lawns and walks, may be seen a mother-plant and three scions that tell of that first visit almost twenty years ago.

MY VELVET SHOES.

COTTON velvet, but very rich texture—patent leather toes, and price one dollar. That is what I call a bargain.

I bought them at a store which the administrator was selling out to close up an estate. The administrator went to the length of putting strings in them, and generously did them up in a white paper parcel, besides giving me the gratuitous information that they originally cost the man he was winding up one dollar and a half at wholesale. The knowledge of this fact made me very happy. I am a man who can not often afford to spend a dollar and a half on his pleasures. Consequently, when I get twelve shillings' worth of enjoyment for a dollar I am as glad as a rich man who gives ten dollars and gets ten shillings' worth of happiness out of it.

The circumstances of the purchase were these: During the last month I had saved from my book-keeper's salary in the great shipping house of Futtock, Stemson, and Co. the sum of ten dollars outside of all family expenses. Half of our monthly savings my wife and I have agreed to lay by as "an umbrella"—a little fun of ours, you know, with reference to the rainy day that all men with a salary have to provide against. Accordingly five of the ten went into the Savings' Bank. "Now what good use can we put the remainder to?" said I to Mrs. Lambswool. She looked about the room with her cheery, thoughtful eyes, and then dropped them to my feet.

"The toe of your boot will crack before long, John," said she, tenderly.

"Dear me! what makes you think so, my love?" With these words I lifted my foot, and laid it on my knee to look at the point of suspected danger. Either that unusual strain, or

the fact that the boot had been worn a year already, or both, brought on the accident prematurely. With a snap the leather opened clear across the toes, and some of Mrs. Lambswool's excellent darning was presented to her view.

"Dear me!" said I again; "that is too bad!"

"Not at all!" replied Mrs. Lambswool, with a kindly little laugh. "I think it's quite providential. You've been wanting a new pair of stout shoes or boots for some time, and I don't know when you'd have got them if this hadn't happened. You *never will* get any thing for yourself! Now on your way up from the office to-morrow stop somewhere and get yourself a nice pair of double-soled buskins, and leave these boots to be half-soled and capped. They'll do for the long walks we're going to take in the country next summer if you get a vacation."

"Don't talk about *my* never getting any thing. When have *you* had a new bonnet, my dear? But I'll get the shoes to please you." So saying, I kissed Mrs. Lambswool on both cheeks; and when the clock struck eleven, half an hour afterward, we went to bed.

The first thing that met my eyes as I awoke early next morning was a set of hoops hanging on a nail by the window. One doesn't know exactly what he's about when he first wakes up, and my immediate impulse was to exclaim "Dear me! whose hoops are those?" but the thought that Mrs. Lambswool was sleeping quietly by my side deterred me. The question did not occur to my mind because it was at all unnatural that Mrs. Lambswool should have hoops, nor that she should hang them there while she had no use for them, but because they were such a very queer set.

I arose quietly and pushed the curtain a little aside, standing in the light so it should not shine in my wife's face, and proceeded to give the hoops a leisurely examination. I declare there wasn't a single rib in all the apparatus that hadn't been broken somewhere! The circles were all changed to polygons, and at every angle was a neat splice of white cord, or a bandage of galloon, or a delicate suture of linen thread; and in one place where the break was particularly bad—a regular compound fracture, as the doctors would say—and the steel protruded through the skin, the dear little woman had put it into splints of whalebone, and wound it round and round with bonnet-wire! I felt the tears come into my eyes as I looked at Mrs. Lambswool's hoops.

When did she get that set? I counted on my fingers, and calculated that it must have been at least six months ago. It was the regular old-fashioned Champagne-glass figure, and I reflected that had Mrs. Lambswool married somebody besides a poor book-keeper she would have had at least two new sets since that was bought. Hoh oh!

I formed a resolution with that sigh, and dressed myself. I put the disabled pair of boots in a paper, and tied them up with string. I put on my best pair, which I had to wear down town that day, and stuck a five-cent piece in my vest-pocket, that I might take the cars and avoid scratching the patent leather.

On my way back from business that evening I had to walk, for you know I wished to stop at the shoemaker's. As I went I saw a shop on the Sixth Avenue all ablaze with burners, and indeed dazzling beyond endurance to weak-eyed passengers who came by from the comparative darkness above or below, but that the street had been considerately guarded from blindness by the great bills which hung in every pane of the show-windows. "Far below cost!" "Going off at an immense sacrifice!" "Positively only three days longer, as the balance of the goods must be sold at auction!" "Now's your chance for a tremendous bargain!" These were a few among the vast inducements offered by the big capitals.

I entered, seeing that it was a shoe store, and, after much inspection of many lots, concluded to take the one I have mentioned—one pair of velvet shoes, price one dollar—instead of five pair for five dollars, as the frenzy of all that cheapness, and the volubility of the clerk, were at first impelling me to do.

With the shoes in my pocket I again went into outer darkness, and continued my way up the avenue. At the first ladies' furnishing store I stopped again.

"What is your best style of hoop?" said I, firmly, to the woman behind the counter.

(I mention the firmness, because it required considerable strength of mind for me to make the purchase—a man buying hoops instead of making stale jokes about them in a funny paper is such a queer sight!)

"We have every kind, Sir," said the woman, with an air of great superiority. And then, as if it could not be of the slightest consequence to me to hear names I didn't understand, but still she thought the form must be obeyed, she mentioned in a running undertone, "Smith's Adjustable Bustle—Podridge's Blistered Steel Nonpareil—Tompkins's Grand Back-Action Self-Supporting Tape-Woven Elastic—Peddie's—"

"Stop there," said I, "I'll take Peddie's." I had heard Mrs. Lambswool say there were none like that manufacturer's in New York. The woman handed me down a thirty-spring skirt of the latest fashion, by a strange sleight of hand twisted it all up into a round coil, tied and papered it; and, laying down three dollars on the counter, I again went up the street. Once more I stopped to leave the disabled boots at a cobbler's, and then, with the two bundles, reached home.

Mrs. Lambswool met me at the door with her habitual welcome-home kiss, and threw more than ordinary heartiness into it because she felt the bundles pressing her bodice, and thought they were the purchase she had advised.

"So you have been a good boy, John, and got the boots as I asked you to?"

"Oh, such a beautiful pair!" exclaimed I, evasively. "The neatest thing of the kind I ever saw!"

"That's grand! Let me see them, dear."

"Will you excuse me—just for to-night, my love? It's only a little notion of mine: you'll see the reason of it in the morning."

Mrs. Lambswool's face became shadowed with a slight disappointment; but she answered, cheerfully, "Very well, John; be sure you don't tease my curiosity any longer than to-morrow."

That night I feigned sleep as soon as was at all natural after getting into bed. Mrs. Lambswool is a true wife—follows her husband in all good respects—and never goes to sleep unless she hears me setting the example. It may be out of place to mention it here, but I can not help giving the reason. You see in that terribly hard autumn of '57 it wasn't quite certain that I should keep my situation in Futtock, Stemson, and Co. Though the firm did not fail in the crisis, it had hard work to bear up under the pressure. Every day some new clerk's salary was docked, or some fresh man discharged, because Futtock couldn't afford him even on short wages. I saw the tide of retrenchment roll nearer and nearer to me every morning; and I can tell you adding up big columns of bad debts became heavy enough when I reflected that, before the sun went down, they might pull me off of my book-keeper's stool, and Mrs. Lambswool from that pleasant seat by the home-grate, where she was running the heels of my last winter stockings. Still, as day after day ended, and Futtock said nothing to me about going, I did not feel it in my heart to embitter our little suppers by imparting my fears to Mrs. Lambswool. Said I to myself, "Cross your bridges before you come to them as much as you please, Lambswool, but spare that dear pair of little gaiters the extra journey, old boy!" So I said nothing, and thought the more. For three weeks—I don't believe I am stating the figure too high when I say that—I lay awake at least four hours every night between bedtime and rising. Of course I hadn't the slightest idea that Mrs. Lambswool knew any thing about it. It would have puzzled Mayor Wood, or Mr. Brady, or the sharpest man in New York, to have detected any thing wrong under my cheerful outside. Well, by-and-by the wave of retrenchment stopped on the beach of Futtock, Stemson, and Co., close at the foot of my desk. When they had taken one or two of the old clerks back again, and the market began growing steadier, I felt such a delightful reaction in my feelings that I ran home one night and unbosomed all the last dreadful three weeks to Mrs. Lambswool.

"And you thought I knew nothing about it all the time, *dear* John?" asked my wife.

"*You*, my love?"

"Yes, *I*. That I didn't hear you sigh when my back was turned; and see you make believe go out to Carmine Street to take the cars down town, and then turn into Mercer to save the five cents by walking all the way; and feel you twist and tumble, and shake up your pillow a dozen times a night—and—and—oh! John, John dear, never, *never* try to keep your troubles from your little wife again!"

And Mrs. Lambswool burst out a-crying, with her arms around my neck.

One of the results of the last crisis that I have not seen mentioned in the *Merchant's Magazine* is that, since that time, Mrs. Lambswool never closes her eyes till she hears me breathe heavily. (By *that* I don't mean a gentle circumlocution for snoring; thanks to my pious parentage, I neither drink, swear, nor do that odious thing!)

To return to the velvet shoes.

After making believe go to sleep steadily for half an hour, I became convinced that Mrs. Lambswool was doing the genuine thing, and sidled out of bed in the gentlest, most gradual manner. Going on tip-toe to the nail where Mrs. Lambswool's hoops had been hanging in the morning, I felt for them and found them gone. Evidently she had revealed their condition, by some rare inadvertence, and was not going to run the risk of my inspection by hanging them up in plain sight again. Then I groped about in the collapsed chrysalis of Mrs. Lambswool which lay over one of our bed-room chairs, and by skillful manipulation contrived to separate the poor battered skeleton from the French calico skin which, with sundry articles of muslin, charitably hid its multitude of sins. In place of it I inserted the bran-new Peddie thirty-spring; and chuckled inwardly to behold, in the dim night light that filtered down our small court-yard through the blinds, how much more appropriate than before the arrangement looked for Mrs. Lambswool's external manifestation unto men. As for the old hoops, I did not yield to the first impulse of making them forever impossible by inserting them in the nearest grate; but being a man of delicate associations, though only a shipping book-keeper, did them up as nearly as possible after the shop-woman's example, carried them into the next room, and, striking a light, wrote on their paper envelop as follows:

"A set of hoops, worn by my dear wife, Mrs. John Lambswool, for the space of six whole months. Should it please Providence to remove me before her, it is my desire that she will keep this p'ckage, referring to it occasionally as a voucher of that tender admiration with which her loving husband cherished through his whole life those qualities of prudence, ingenuity, economy, and thorough unselfishness which here proved themselves in her patient handiwork. Should it be our more fortunate lot to yield up our spirits at one and the same time, I present my heirs with this characteristic legacy of a noble and self-denying wife's memorial; asking that it, and the virtues which it represents, may always be kept in the family, forever refusing to be extinguished by time, though hoops as a fashion may succumb to prejudice, ignorance of the laws of health, and the would-be satire of a meretricious press.

"'The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish—though hoops are entirely discarded by the upper crust.'

"Jno. Lambswool."

I did not succeed as well in that adaptation of the poet's words as I could have wished. I am afraid the last line is too long; though, when I was a boy, I read some very pretty verses called "Thalaba," by an English gentleman, named Mr. Southey, which went off in much the same metre. Perhaps that last line may be what Enfield's Speaker used to call an "Alexandrine,"

I believe. If so, it's all right. At any rate it expresses the sense, and that's what I was mainly driving at.

Having directed the parcel to posterity, so to speak, I put it on the top shelf of our darkest closet, where posterity might find it by standing on a chair, but Mrs. Lambswool would be little likely to. After this I took the velvet shoes out of their paper, and set them on the bedroom floor, just at the bottom of the chair where the legs of my everyday pantaloons hung over. And then, without once stirring Mrs. Lambswool's sweet first sleep, I crept back into bed.

In the morning I woke early, but pretended to be still asleep, being anxious to let Mrs. Lambswool get up first and dress, while I watched the effect upon her of the new arrangement. She gave me a look when she first opened her eyes, and finding that I preserved the most somnolent appearance, whispered to herself, "Dear John, how tired he does get!" and stole out of bed like a little mouse. Meanwhile I kept up appearances, and saw every thing through eyelids just the least bit ajar.

When she came to the skirt which on her retiring had so dexterously concealed the last six months' patient, uncomplained-of mending—when she put out her hand to raise it—she gave me another quick look, and shut went my eyelids directly. And then the skin of that supposed mangled skeleton was peeled off.

It was as good as the Ravels to see the effect of that night's transformation on Mrs. Lambswool! *As* good? Fifty times *better*, for I felt to my toes the delight of being my own juggler on the occasion.

Mrs. Lambswool opened her soft blue eyes to their utmost extent. She held the thirty-spring out at arm's-length, and counted its smooth, snowy, slender, perfectly circular ribs one by one with her finger. Then she laid it down, and began hunting among the other clothes for the set which now belonged to posterity. Failing in this, she took the new set up again, pondered it a while in amazement, and finally came to the edge of the bed with it, and laid her hand on my shoulder.

"John!" said Mrs. Lambswool, "John *dear!* Time to wake up, John!"

"O-o-o-oh, ah," said I, pretending to groan sleepily, as I turned over and rubbed my eyes. "What—did—you—say—my love?"

"Seven o'clock! Time to get up, dear! What is the meaning of this?"

"Oh—ah—yes. Meaning? Why, *hoops*—that's what it is."

"Of course it's *hoops*. But where did they come from?"

"'Maker's name stamped legibly on the waist-band of all genuine.'"

"I see—Mrs. Peddie. But that don't tell me how it got here."

"Walked, I suppose. Don't you see them doing it every day on Broadway?"

"John, *you* got them for me! And you didn't buy your boots!"

I answered Mrs. Lambswool by jumping up and handing over the velvet shoes for her inspection.

"There, look at that, will you, my love! Did you ever see such beauties?"

Mrs. Lambswool made a critical examination of the leather toes and soles, rubbed up the fur of the velvet, and uttered the emphatic dissyllable, "*Cotton!*"—peered into the inside, and thought the lining was pasted on—gave a comical twitch, and a gently sarcastic smile, at the strings with bright brass tags to them; and then replied,

"No, dear, I never did see *such* beauties! How much did you give for them?"

"You'd never guess; so I'll tell you. Only a dollar—strings and all!"

"Which were thrown into the bargain, the shoes or the strings?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I didn't know whether you gave a dollar for the shoes or the strings. They're of about the same value, I suppose."

"Why, Mrs. Lambswool!"

I tried to think of all the man who was selling out below cost had told me in praise of those shoes; I felt as if I would have given any thing to have had him there, retained for their defense. But though I could remember the general effect of a great display of commercial eloquence, I could not recall the slightest detail of it for my present emergency. So I was reduced to the faintly reproachful period,

"Why, Mrs. Lambswool!"

"They're made of the cheapest kind of cotton stuff—old slazy velveteen; and remnants of enameled leather, that couldn't possibly be used for any other purpose than toes and heels—scant at that, too. The bottoms are pegged, and the pegs glued over with thin strips of morocco-shaving. The original cost of all the material can't have been a cent over twenty-five, and if I had the tools I could make them myself in two hours; call that a quarter more for the labor. So their greatest value is only fifty cents."

"Impossible, Mrs. Lambswool! The man told me they went far below cost—"

"My dear husband, the man—made a mistake; they went at least fifty cents above. They will not stand any use at all; the leather will crack, or the velveteen wear threadbare, before the month is out. I'm *so* sorry you didn't get yourself a nice pair of shoes!"

I bent down, with a sigh, to put on the great disappointment of my life. I had not fastened the first string when a pair of soft, white arms came stealing around my neck, and Mrs. Lambswool said, in a suppliant tone,

"Forgive me, dear John! Don't think me selfish and ungrateful because I've been talking so. I know it wasn't kind; but it was because I had set my heart on seeing you in a nice pair of comfortable shoes. Dear John, I *do* thank you, over and over again, for this beautiful new set of hoops. It is *so* good in you to take such

thought for me! I never did have handsomer ones, or stronger, or better in any way; they're perfectly splendid! But I could easily have worn the others for a month or two yet; they were very good still."

I felt my indignation aroused at this cool attempt to falsify the witness of my own eyes. But I curbed myself, and replied, merely,

"*I have seen those hoops*, Mrs. Lambswool."

Mrs. Lambswool blushed.

"They were an everlasting credit to you, and an everlasting shame to me if I had let you wear them a day longer. But I'm not going to. You'll never put on those hoops again, Mrs. Lambswool!"

"Where are they, my dear?"

Then I told Mrs. Lambswool how they had been handed down to posterity. She seemed so happy that I was surprised that I had not praised her a great deal oftener. Why don't men praise their wives more, I'm sure I wonder? It doesn't hurt Mrs. Lambswool at all—it always does her good. But till I saw those hoops I never gave her half enough of it. And I'm afraid that Mrs. Lambswool, being, like woman's true nature, very modest and self-depreciating, had sometimes moments of despondency, when she said, "Ah! I can't be worth much, after all! There's John, who knows me more intimately than any body else, and the more of me he sees the less he has to say in my favor." But that sha'n't happen again. *I've seen those hoops.*

Finding that the shoes were a certainty not to be got rid of save by their wearing out, and probably thinking that would happen soon enough, Mrs. Lambswool began making the best of them. They were easy, and didn't keep the foot from expanding freely, like those hard leather ones. They looked at a little distance like real velvet. If I didn't get them wet, the velvet might keep its richness for some time. Encouraged by such remarks, I put them up on the fender, and let them bask in the sun of her charitable smiles. I began to be in excellent conceit with them, and thought they were very pretty, after all.

In this satisfied state of mind I started down town soon after breakfast. The day was mild and shiny; the streets—thanks to a recent rain from that heaven which as yet the Controller has been unable to reach with a notice prohibiting further disbursement—were remarkably clean. Accordingly, I concluded to walk down, though not without some modest misgivings touching the exposure of so much beauty to the eyes of an unappreciative public. The shoes were unusual—that was true; but then people might think I had corns, which receive sympathy—or gout, which commands respect; the one being common, the other fashionable.

I had not gone many steps down Broadway before a little girl in the crossing-sweeper profession informed me, in a tone of voice unnecessarily loud, that my shoe was untied. This was mortifying; but it was still more so, when I put up my foot against a lamp-post to remedy the trouble, to discover the interested motives of the child.

"Please to give me a penny," said she.

I felt in my pocket; there was nothing there but one of the fifty-cent pieces the shopwoman had given me the night before. I told the little girl this fact—and with a delicate mind that would have been sufficient—but she had the unkindness to request me to sell those shoes and give her the net product; the sum resulting from the sale would be just about right, she thought. Cast down in spirit, I hastened on.

At the very next corner but one a prematurely old boy, in a ragged surtout reaching to his heels, accosted me with the familiar cry,

"Black your boots?"

"Not to-day, thank you, sonny," said I, mildly.

"Oh no, not to-day! You're a-savin' blackin' to-day—*you* are!" replied the prematurely old boy, in the most offensive manner. "Say, Mister, what'll you take for them real old original welvets?"

Could a more painful position be imagined? I confounded my own folly in buying the shoes, and wished I had the man there who sold them to me—wouldn't I give him a talking to! Below cost at a dollar? Dear at fifty cents, rather, to a man's peace of mind and self-respect! I saw the poor fellow who sits in a bowl and walks up Broadway on his fists, and almost wished I could change places with him—at least, as far as Futtock, Stemson, and Co.'s—because nobody called attention to *his* shoes; *he* hadn't been taken in by a chap selling out to close up the concern. A Hollander, or a Chinaman with his peculiar foot-gear, couldn't have had his feelings hurt, within the space of three blocks, as mine were.

There was but one resource. I would not walk down Broadway. I would strike directly across to West Street, and there I should find myself an object of less prominent interest. At any rate, the public there were not so fastidious, so unmerciful to a man in velvet shoes.

Without further annoyance I had crossed Varick Street and was coming in sight of the river when a voice at my side made the simple remark, "Baskets?" I had heard the word a thousand times without finding any thing touching in it; but just then, because my heart was softened by trouble, and still more because the voice itself was so sweet, imploring, and patient, I stopped and looked around.

The voice was a girl's. Its owner stood halfway up the steps of a cellar entrance, with a quantity of pretty, light willow-ware hanging from her arms, like clusters of fruit on the boughs where Mrs. Lambswool and I go in the summer. Little round nests for balls of knitting yarn, work-baskets, flower-baskets, ornamental fruit-baskets, watch-safes even, and all snowy white, elegantly plaited, wrought into the tastefulest figures. Coarser articles of osier hemmed her in on every side—clothes-hampers, market-panniers, bushels, pecks, strawberry pottles. The

cellar below her was such a dark back-ground too! Such a dingy place for such beautiful things to be made in—such a nice young girl to live in!

For she was a nice girl. What made me think so more than any thing else was her resemblance to Mrs. Lambswool. She looked enough like her to be some little sister of hers, who had gone astray in early childhood—as they do in novels—and after some romantic wandering and a great deal of fatigue and wear and tear and tears and ineffectual hunting after the way home again, had come to the hut of a pious wood-cutter, who knew nothing about her parents, though they lived only five miles off, but took such a fancy to her that he invited her in, gave her a bowl of porridge with a clean wooden spoon in it, and educated her as his own child—teaching her principally, among other accomplishments, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and how to make very good baskets.

My heart warmed toward the girl. Very, very much like Mrs. Lambswool—big blue eyes with a deep, tender smile in them, through which you couldn't see any bottom, crinkled golden hair, a pretty childlike mouth, and a regular nose. Her skin was very white, even on her hands, though they were larger than Mrs. Lambswool's—perhaps they mightn't have been if she hadn't strayed away and been taught basket-making by the pious wood-cutter. Her clothes were very old. In all her blue cotton frock I have great doubts if you could find an undarned, unpatched place three inches square; but this, especially the darning and the patching, was much like Mrs. Lambswool—as she would have been if she were the girl who had strayed away.

I asked myself the question, "Why isn't this Mrs. Lambswool?" It might have been; and this girl, under those circumstances, would have been the one who had the home, and the new hoops, and the loving though somewhat foolish and taken-in husband with the velvet shoes. And if that *had* been Mrs. Lambswool, wouldn't I have felt for her—wouldn't I have stopped at least, seeing I had fifteen minutes to spare over office-time, to give her a word of encouragement? I guess I would!

So I did stop. And the young girl repeated, in a voice very much like Mrs. Lambswool's, but an accent that seemed to suggest that the pious wood-cutter was a German, "Baskets? Any nice baskets to-day, Sir?"

"What do you ask for that handsome clothes-basket?" said I. I know it wasn't wise to say the basket was handsome when I wanted to know the price of it; but it *was* handsome, and I couldn't help telling her so to do her good.

"That one is fifty cents. It has a cover and a loop to fasten it by," answered the girl, timidly, as if she expected me to say it was too dear, and wished to deprecate such an observation beforehand.

"Very well; that is cheap, and I like the basket very much. Can you send it home for me?"

"Yes, Sir; I can send it this afternoon. My brother Fritz will bring it for me when he returns from the school."

"I'll take it then. My wife has been wanting such a basket for a long time, and will be glad of it, I've no doubt. Here's the money"—I stopped and wrote on the back of a letter—"and here's the number of the house. Do you make all these baskets by yourself?"

"I could do it, but not of course so soon, Sir. Fritz works at it most of the evenings, and my father and mother are busy all the time herein." As she spoke she pointed down the steps to the door of an inner room at the back of the cellar.

"And do you make a good thing of it?" I asked.

The girl looked puzzled at the idiom, then answered after a moment:

"We try to make good things when we can pay for nice willows."

"But do you sell many of them, I mean?"

"Not many, Sir," replied the girl, pensively—"we live."

"Are your father and mother able to do much of this work—are they strong and healthy?"

"They are very well, thanks to God! but old, and getting older."

"And have you been long in this country—you and they?"

"It is three years now since we came from Germany, Sir."

The girl, as she said this, looked something like Mrs. Lambswool at the time—not often, I'm very glad to say—when she is saddest. I conferred with my watch, and found I had still ten minutes to spare.

"I would like to know your father and mother," said I. "Can I see them this morning, my pretty little—what's your name?"

"Wilhelmina Beyer, Sir. Oh, with *very much* pleasure! Would you come right down?"

As she said this the pensive expression of her face gave way to one of the happiest smiles. It seemed to shine all through her face—not over it like a sunbeam, but from within like a soul—like Mrs. Lambswool too, to make the comparison once more. I could not help saying,

"Are you very glad, then, Wilhelmina, that your parents and I are going to know each other?"

"*So* glad!" exclaimed Wilhelmina, pressing her palms together after the childlike fashion—"because—perhaps you will love them, and so very few do love them but Fritz and me!"

Wilhelmina took a hurried survey of the street, to be sure that she could leave her baskets without any body's wanting them in her absence, either honestly or feloniously, and seeing the coast clear, led me down the steps, through the front cellar to the back room.

A man about fifty sat on a stool near the door, looking very intently through a pair of heavy iron-rimmed spectacles at the large market-basket he was weaving to carry somebody else's dinner home in. His hair was short and coarse, but neatly combed and of an iron gray, like the pictures I used to see of Old Hickory when I was

a boy. But he did not look as if he would like to hang up any body to a tree under the fourth article of war, nor in any other respect did he resemble the famous President, for his face, though grave and intent, was quite benevolent and gentle. A clean wide shirt-collar, turned over his coat, gave him a pleasing rural appearance, and kept up the illusion of the pious wood-cutter very well indeed. His clothes, I noticed, had passed through even more stages of patching and darning than Wilhelmina's.

At a little distance from him on another stool sat a woman whom I took to be as old. Her hair was whiter and silkier, and she wore it pushed back under a snowy cap, whose exuberance of ruffle was the only symptom of luxury in all the room. Her face was very sweet and placid, her eyes still a bright soft blue that warmed tenderly looking up as we entered; and her hands were busy with a smaller basket than the man's.

Wilhelmina began speaking with a cheerful rapidity in German; but seeming to recollect herself, blushed and turned to me with, "Forgive me, Sir, you do not, perhaps, understand Deutsch?"

"What refinement!" thought I. "She *must* have strayed away from some noble family I'm sure! No, my dear," I continued aloud; "but do you speak Deutsch if you can make your parents understand any better."

"Oh, they know some English—plenty, Sir! They'll understand. This good gentleman, father, has come to see us. He is very kind, indeed, and has bought one of our big baskets. Take a chair, Sir." And little Wilhelmina gave me, with the word, a comfortable home-made one of willow, the only other seat in the room besides the stools.

"Oh, thank you, Sir, thank you very much for come to see us!" exclaimed both the old people at once; and with such a hearty gladness that I wondered how I could ever have been ungrateful in my life, when two hearts could experience so much unaffected gratitude for as trifling a blessing as a visit from John Lambswool.

"I'm sure you're very welcome," I replied, with all the cordiality I felt. "I came because I wanted see you make baskets, and because I was so much interested by the appearance of your good daughter here, and because— I couldn't help it. I hope you are very well, Mr. and Mrs. Beyer?"

"We are very well, thank God," answered the wife, devoutly.

"Yes, and we do have a *very* good daughter. A *very* good girl is Wilhelmina," continued the husband.

"So Fritz is a very good boy also," resumed the wife. "I wish he were here now for you to see; but we keep him at the school all day."

"Do you like to make baskets?" I asked.

"We *must*. It is Heaven's will," replied the husband, calmly.

"In our own country," continued the wife, "we had a little land—some cows also. We made very nice cheese and butter. There was a field of vines, and very good wine came from the fruit. We did love very much to work in that land."

"But that is not now," said the husband, somewhat sternly, as if it were a memory not to be brought up.

"No, that is not now," assented the wife, in a gently mournful tone.

"We love also to work in *this* land," said the husband; the sternness of his manner not all gone, but changed into a kind of cheerful strongness. "It is here that we are. Here we must work. In that land we had *that* work. In this land we have *this* work. And to love the work that there is—that is to be good—that is to be happy."

"You speak the truth," said I, warmly. It was so splendid to sit right by the elbow of a man who talked in that way, and get nerved up by the overflow of his strength. I began to feel morally sublime myself, as if I had got what the boys call "a boost," which would last me all the way up that day's debt and credit columns at the least. "You speak the truth. Mrs. Lambswool (that's my wife. I'm Mr. Lambswool) often says very much the same thing to me. 'John,' she says, 'I know we're very tired of keeping books for a living—very tired of living on keeping books. There isn't any poetry in it—there isn't any music in it, nor any landscape-painting, nor any fame, nor show in it of any kind; but isn't there *duty* in it, and isn't there *glory* in it, then? I tell you what, John,' says Mrs. Lambswool, 'we don't believe that Heaven ever put any body into any place where he couldn't be happy if he only made his *must do* a real cheerful *will do*, do we? If we do that we're *great*, in *Heaven's* sight; and the man that isn't great in Heaven's sight will be mighty small after a few years, however large he may be in the sight of earth. So work away at the old books, my *great* John!' That's the way Mrs. Lambswool talks to me when I get low-hearted."

I declare I'm very enthusiastic. Those few mild quiet words of the old gentleman had led me off into a regular speech. I'm afraid his acquaintance with English wasn't enough to make him understand it all; but the gist of it he took, and replied simply:

"And your lady Lambkin speaks the good Heaven's truth also." I did not correct him on the Lambkin, but laughed over it in my heart, told it to my wife that night, and have called her by it many a time since.

"Is it too much to ask you why you left the Fatherland—why you came to America?" said I, with some hesitation as to the delicacy of the question.

"No, Sir," replied the wife. "We shall tell you willingly. The land was beautiful. We all in it would have been most happy. But, ah! War, war! Bad, sorrowful war. The land was so sweet and plenty in all to eat and

drink; but every man therein must be a soldier. Fritz was but a small, little boy. Yet, we say to ourselves, by-and-by he grow up to be a man. Then if the King want him he must go to fight. He shall learn to swear, and drink, and play dice; he shall forget his prayers, he shall come no more to his home, he shall march and shoot and kill, and for what? Ah, God! for very little money; but worse—much worse—for very great ruin! He shall die far away; he shall fall down on the field in his blood; and no one shall give him drink before he shut his eyes — no one shall tell him look up to the good God—no one shall put over him the earth, saying a prayer. That shall be too bad, I say to my good man—too unhappy. Then he say yes, we must not stay here till Fritz grow to be a man. He is our only son. We must have him to love us when we are old. While yet there is no fight in our land many people close by us have to give their sons to the King, they be made soldiers—they go away and forget all things at home—they come to ruin. Their old parents have no child to work the land for them, to love them, and die all alone. So we sell our little farm and come to America—that is three years since."

"When we come here," said the old man, taking up the thread his wife had dropped, "we think land is plenty. We not know nothing how big is New York—how are all things dear and hard for the poor to get. We think we have money plenty to buy much land and make a very good new home. It was mistake. On the ship, my wife, Wilhelmina, Fritz, all take sick but me. They be sick eight month when we come here. We hear much of the West; but there we can not go, because so sick, because have to pay so much the doctor. So we stay here. I know how make the baskets, my wife and the children know also, and soon as they get well they help me. So we been here ever since."

"And do you live comfortably?" I asked.

"Most time live very well," said the old man. "We have never been left of the good God."

"No, nor will you ever be. Keep a strong heart! You will find friends. I am not a rich man, but I will buy your baskets whenever I can, and get some friends of mine who are rich to buy them. Are Wilhelmina and Fritz your only children? Did you leave none behind?"

"We left no *own* children," said the mother, "but we left one who was very dear, like a son; perhaps we never see him again; we know not now where he been."

I looked into the blue eyes of Wilhelmina and saw that they were full of tears. Ah! was that "one very dear like a son" the same that I would have been if Mrs. Lambswool *had* been Wilhelmina?

I felt I was intrenching on delicate ground. I looked at my watch; found I had overstaid my spare time by three minutes, and must walk very rapidly to reach the office at the opening hour.

"Good-by, my dear friends!" said I, extending a warmly-grasped hand to each in succession. "I will often come and see you. This little visit has done me a great deal of good. Keep a strong heart, I say! Perhaps some day I'll bring my wife to see you."

"It is a poor old place," said Wilhelmina, wiping a corner of the blue eyes with a corner of the blue gown; "but Mrs. Lambkin must be a good, *very* good, kind lady if she is like you, and we shall be most glad to see her."

So she accompanied me to the steps, and watched me all the way toward West Street till I was out of sight. The one time that I looked around I saw the blue gown and the blue eyes again in contact, and my own watered as I said to myself,

"What if it *had* been Mrs. Lambswool!"

Another day at the ledger; and again at evening I came home. Mrs. Lambswool met me at the door with a smile, and held a pretty little envelope in her hand.

"Whom do you think this is from—guess?" said she.

"An invitation to attend the Bi-Weekly Sisters' Regular Semi-Annual Tea?" (That was a sewing-society in which Mrs. Lambswool had been pressed to take membership.)

"No! Cards for Mrs. Stemson's private Musical Matinée; to take place next Thursday, at one o'clock precisely. Wasn't Mrs. Stemson kind to think of us?"

"Yes, she is a good woman; and her husband is very much of a man. I shall always think that I am indebted to his influence in the firm for being kept in my place, at an unretrenched salary, all through that dreadful fall of '57. Well—you'll go, of course, my dear?"

"Yes, indeed! I know there will be splendid music; and at any rate I'd go, if it were only to show my appreciation of Mrs. Stemson's kindness."

"What dress shall you wear?"

"That pretty lavender silk, with a Pompadour neck, that you like so much."

"Good! It seems an age since I've seen you with it on. Why haven't you worn it lately?"

"Well, it has quite a full skirt, and it's very fine light goods; and, somehow or other, I took a fancy that it didn't become me."

"But it *does* become you *now!* Ha, ha! Mrs. Lambswool, confess the truth! Why is it you can wear that lavender-silk now, and go to Mrs. Stemson's? Why, I say?"

"I will be ingenuous: I know what you mean. Yes, it *is* the new hoops, John."

"Yet you could have worn your old ones a month longer, at least, you said. In which case you couldn't have gone to the Matinée. Now you can, and appear as respectably as any body. Advantage of the new hoops, number one. We shall see others, Mrs. Lambswool, my love! How beautiful you look in them already!"

"Oh, John! Didn't you think I looked beautiful before?"

"To be sure—in spite of them; like a tree inside of St. John's old wooden fence. Now they help you, as a handsome iron fence will help the tree—if they ever get one."

Mrs. Lambswool said I was wonderful at a comparison. That suggested the particular one of the morning, between her and her little sister who had strayed away to the pious wood-cutter. Had the basket come? I asked. Yes, it had; and Mrs. Lambswool liked it very much. So I sat down and told her the whole encounter that had led to sending it home. I need not say she was deeply interested. She would go with me and see the good old people and their daughter at an early day, she said.

Of course I could not leave business in the middle of the day. So Mrs. Lambswool had to go to the Matinée alone. When we met in the evening she was full of it. I am not much judge of music myself, only that I know I love to hear Mrs. Lambswool sing "Annie Laurie;" but, from what she told me, I should think Mrs. Stemson's affair was something very like the Italian Opera, perhaps better. There was a gentleman there with so much hair and whiskers that he must have looked as if he were making his way imperceptibly out of a mattress, and he played on an instrument which resembled a cross between a copper boiler and a honey-suckle: this is not exactly Mrs. Lambswool's description, of course, but a translation of her words into my understanding of them. He played superbly. Then there was another one, who looked like a little boy till he began to bring the music trickling out of his harp, like angels' songs, as Mrs. Lambswool said, which had caught on the strings, and needed a little delicate shaking to dislodge them; then, she asserted, you'd have thought it was old King David come again. Besides there was a young lady who sang, and went to some very high letter or other—I won't venture to say what it was, for fear I should put it too high—but, at any rate, it was just about as high as they ever go and get down again. Still another singer, a gentleman, cultivated the other direction, and sang so very low that for some time it was difficult for Mrs. Lambswool to realize that he hadn't somebody helping him in the basement. In addition, there were people who played on violins, one or two on flutes, and a remarkable child with a snare-drum, and such an ear for music that, if you rattled off almost any march in his presence, he could follow you perfectly with his sticks in every thing except the tune.

But by far the most remarkable, and in every way prominent performer, was Herr Maienliebe, the unutterable young German pianist. An exile from his native land, poor, and hitherto unfriended in the great desert of New York, Mrs. Stemson had happened upon him by the merest chance. Amelia Angelina had an Italian piano-master, who had a little way of saying something which has the very strange meaning in English of "Body of Bacchus," besides making occasional undevout references to sundry saints, whenever Amelia Angelina gave improper quantity to a note. This was disagreeable, but still not unendurable—for he was a favorite teacher in fashionable circles, and it would have been very difficult to replace him with any other who charged forty dollars for twenty lessons. But when, one day, he testified his dissatisfaction at one of Amelia Angelina's slight alterations of a piece by breaking his music-stick over the back of Amelia Angelina's piano-chair (over *her* back, she said, in the first excitement of the moment), why, Amelia Angelina couldn't stand it—and Mrs. Stemson couldn't stand it—and, as an inevitable consequence, Mr. Stemson couldn't stand it, but paid the Signore Cospettevole his quarter's allowance, and invited him not to come any more. This was Thursday, mind you. Now the next day, Friday, was the regular day for Amelia Angelina's German lesson. It happened, however, most providentially, that Dr. Paulus Sommerkleider having gone lately to a new boarding-house, had been taken ill through the change in his sauer-kraut, and would not be able to give that regular Friday's lesson. Feeling it necessary to give Amelia Angelina timely notice of this fact, he sent around to the Stemsons a very poor young countryman and protégé of his own with the message. This was the Herr Ambrosius Maienliebe. Just as the discarded Italian was going down the steps Herr Maienliebe came up. Under ordinary circumstances, he would have delivered his message without crossing the threshold; but at that particular moment Mr. and Mrs. Stemson, together with Amelia Angelina, felt a peculiar animosity toward the Italian race, which opened their hearts to every other. If he had been a gentleman from the interior of Africa I suppose it would have been the same; but, at any rate, Mrs. Stemson told her waiter to show the good young German into the parlor. He entered; spoke for Doctor Sommerkleider; and was about to depart, when Amelia Angelina took the sudden caprice to say,

"Stop a moment, if you please. Do you know of any good piano teacher from your country whom you can recommend to me?"

Being a very modest man, Herr Maienliebe had it on his tongue's end to say no; but another caprice made his answer:

"I have myself sometimes taught music."

"Will you plây me something on the piano?"

"With pleasure, Miss Stemson."

So Herr Maienliebe sat down at the instrument—Mr. and Mrs. Stemson meanwhile looking at him with strong doubts of his being the man to charge forty dollars for twenty lessons. As he quietly began the prelude a certain ease and wontedness of manner raised him in their minds a little way toward that point of pecuniary excellence; and when, after a dream of rapture which lasted forty-five minutes, though it seemed five, his hands struck those three last blows which mean that a man who knows how has got through, all the Stemsons broke forth in one chorus of "Wonderful!" and he was asked to name his own price, without regard to the fashionable tariff.

To bring the Herr Maienliebe into notice was the grand object of Mrs. Stemson's Matinée. She had made him Amelia Angelina's teacher,

and the teacher of several other people's Amelia Angelinas among her circle. What she wanted now was that every body's Amelia Angelina should have him at her elbow at least two hours per week; in fact, that all the world should resolve itself into one great universal Amelia Angelina to listen to his playing—pay him, praise him, worship him for it, as he deserved. As I often say to Mrs. Lambswool when she tells me how sententious I am, what would woman be without man's genius to adore? what would man's genius be without woman to adore it? A stock of goods without a ledger—a ledger without goods!

I wish I could repeat verbatim Mrs. Lambswool's account of Herr Maienliebe's playing. I resolved that the moment I could save the money and get the time I would take her to Niagara, and let her give the first adequate description of that body of water which has ever been known. She could do it!

But I can't. I will only say, therefore, that I sat at the tea-table and listened to her eloquence without touching the sliced ham or the strawberry preserves for an entire half hour—though I had felt perfectly ravenous while walking up town. I didn't know what the musical terms meant, as she did; I couldn't understand her references to slurs, and runs, and minor chords. At any other time I would have asked her if notes that were staccato meant notes that were stacked close together; but now I sat with my mouth open, and nothing coming out of it but just once in a while a short breath. Angels seemed to perch on the tea-pot handle; the toast rack changed to my idea of an Æolian harp, and tulips, with their bells full of witch music, appeared growing out of the salt-cellars.

"Well!" said I, when she had concluded, "I've heard Everett on Washington, but it wasn't like *that*, Mrs. Lambswool!"

Not only was Herr Maienliebe a great musician, but he was such a wonderfully, indescribably, unaccountably polite young man! When she entered Mrs. Stemson's saloon her feet had not sunk an inch into the garden-bed of the tapestry carpet before Herr Maienliebe half-started from his seat, with his dark eyes magnetically fixed upon her, and a pale face full of admiring awe. She knew she had never seen him before, and dear little modest woman that she is, had no idea that the beauty of a humdrum bookkeeper's quiet wife could work such miracles of fascination on a triumphant man of genius. "Why, Mrs. Lambswool," said I, "is it possible that you have never believed till now how beautiful you are, and all the times I've told you of it, too?" Then she saw Herr Maienliebe go over to Mrs. Stemson, bend low to her, and whisper. After that, in one of the intervals between parts, Mrs. Stemson brought him up and introduced him to her—a distinction not conferred until the close of the Matinée on any other lady in the room. She found him a cultivated, refined gentleman—very handsome—elegant in his conversation notwithstanding his short acquaintance with the President's American—graceful, and modest even to timidity. Still his manner in addressing her was full of subdued enthusiasm; he listened to every least word of hers with the most charmed attention; and when the fifteen minutes' intermission had expired, he went back to his seat among the musicians so unwillingly that it must have been almost apparent to others than herself. Finally, Mrs. Lambswool said, on the breaking up of the party, he had requested permission to call on her, and she had replied that her husband and she would be glad to see him upon any week-day evening—they were always at home together.

But for this discreet answer, I, John Lambswool, knowing a piano from a hand-organ only by external difference of shape, and not from any acquaintance with the principles of their inner mechanism, would have felt a twinge of heart-misery at my wife's admiration of this handsome young musical genius. Still another consideration, acquired by life-long observation, fortified me against the most poisonous and agonizing malady of fair-wived husbands: a man need never be jealous of any other whom his wife unreservedly praises *to him*.

I add a third reason why I looked on Herr Maienliebe that night with eyes free from all tinge of jaundice. When we had retired to our room, and Mrs. Lambswool hung her shapely new hoops over the big arm-chair, she looked tenderly first at them, then at me, threw her soft arms around my neck, and said, with a confiding kiss,

"How I do love the dear man whose thoughtfulness has given me such a treat to-day! What a pleasure I should have lost but for those hoops! You were right, John—you were right, after all—but *do* get a nice pair of boots the next time, won't you?"

I went to sleep in great peace of mind, looking at the hoops and the velvet shoes which lay in the common moonlight shining through our window.

I followed almost every day the new route which my mortification had forced upon me in going down to business. When it did not rain, Wilhelmina stood always on the cellar steps among her baskets, and as regularly had a grateful smile and happy answers to return for the recognition I gave her when in haste, or the little chat for which opportunity was sometimes afforded me by a few spare minutes. The velvet shoes still held their own very well, and I set it down among the other sententious observations culled from life into my mental diary, that shoes never wear out so fast when the walking they do makes somebody else's heart happy.

Frequently, too, I called upon the elder Beyers, and the third or fourth time knew them all, that good boy, Fritz, included. I hope my acquaintance did them some material good, as well as that which they derived spiritually. At any rate, they sold a good many more baskets than of old, and most of the increase went into the hands of my wealthier friends—of the firm, particularly.

Meanwhile I had very pleasant evenings at home. According to his promise, Herr Maienliebe came to call on us. I took a great fancy to him. There was a pleasant depth and warmth about his nature which some people, I suppose, would have called melancholy; but Mrs. Lambswool and I found it like a soothing bath of a different medication from the daily pool in which our life swam, and all the more refreshing for being different. Not that we liked the German tone of mind any better than the American, but Herr Maienliebe's mind had its particular office for us. All day we saw business people and people of the household or society; they talked of things that lie close on the surface; and it was so pleasant, one night or two in a week, to get into a character in whose depths we could cover ourselves all over!

Herr Maienliebe played beautifully on the flute—almost as well, Mrs. Lambswool said, as on the piano. The former instrument he generally brought with him in his visits, staid with us at tea, and afterward alternately talked and gave us music till between ten and eleven o'clock in the evening. Both his talk and his music had a sad streak running through their evident playfulness. We always said to each other, after he had gone, that there was something weighing upon his mind. It could not be poverty now, for he was in the receipt of an income considerably larger than my own, from his daily-extending teachership. Exile from his native land it could hardly be either—he had several times made answer to our affectionate inquiries that he had no desire to return to Germany, had left nothing, no one behind him that could ever call him back thither. At last I came to the conclusion that he was in love with Amelia Angelina Stemson, and felt that the difference between their social positions would make his suit hopeless with her parents. He frequently spoke of her with the warmest gratitude—and how often has gratitude been the worldward face of despairing love! Mrs. Lambswool says she has known it to happen a hundred times. I communicated this view of Herr Maienliebe's case to Mrs. Lambswool. She did not know—she was not quite so sure.

"Why don't you *find out*, Mrs. Lambswool?" said I, one night when the young German had gone away after an evening of much deeper pensiveness than usual.

"How *can* I?" replied my wife.

"Dear me!" returned I. "It is not for a *man* to give instructions on such a subject to a *woman!* We know him intimately enough now not to have such an inquiry seem impertinence—if it comes from *you*. You have great influence over him; he has a great affection for you. I have no doubt he has been waiting for you to seek his confidence; and of all things in the world, a sincere friend to unbosom himself to would do him the most good. You can be of great benefit to him if you will."

Mrs. Lambswool thought for a moment, and then said, the next time Herr Maienliebe came to our house she would make the attempt, provided any delicate opening for it appeared.

That next time proved to be the next evening. All through tea the young man was reserved and absent-minded as we had never seen him before. When we pushed back our chairs and went up into the sitting-room he seemed to feel the necessity of throwing off this manner, and immediately took out his flute. At first he played the liveliest kind of airs in the liveliest possible time, lifting my spirits to such a degree that I could have jumped up and danced a hornpipe all around the room, but for having noticed that Mrs. Lambswool was looking at him under her hand with eyes of deep concern, at something out of the way which she perceived so much quicker than I. Almost imperceptibly his music became sadder, sadder, sadder. From a hurried dance it fell into "Gertrude's Dream-Waltz;" from that into "Von Weber's Last;" then into "When the Swallows Homeward fly;" then, "By the sad Sea Waves;" and finally into that most doleful, beautiful thing, which, always when he played it, made me seem to fall together into a hopeless heap, with my chin on my breast and my face a mile in length—the "Long, long, weary Day." (You see I know these all by name, and they're the first music that people call "classical" which I ever could learn to recognize or like. The Herr taught me to do it by playing them a great many times on different evenings for Mrs. Lambswool, whose favorites they were. I got her to write down the names on a piece of paper, and at last became so familiar with them that I used to call for them off of the list as if it were a bill of fare.)

At length, when he had breathed out the last melancholy passage, Herr Maienliebe laid his flute on the table, folded his arms across his wide breast, and relapsed into the former abstracted silence. For a few moments Mrs. Lambswool continued looking at him under her hand, and then spoke for the first time since tea.

"Have you made many pleasant acquaintances, besides your pupils, since you came to New York, Herr Maienliebe?"

"I have no such after we speak of you two and Doctor Paulus."

"What do you do to amuse yourself, then, when we do not see you?"

"Amuse? Ah, there is nothing, indeed, to call *that*. I work much. Occasionally, to be sure, I go to the opera—especially on a Mozart night. Also a few times to the Philharmonic Rehearsals. But I mostly write music for my scholars; or, because being in me it must come out, I write now a Lambswool Sonata. It will be published next month."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Maienliebe! How delighted we shall be to hear it! But you must be very lonely."

"When I do not work I *am* lonely—most lonely."

"Do you know what we have been long wishing very much that you would do, Herr Maienliebe?"

The Herr laughed sadly, and said No—he did not know. He hoped it was not to jump off into the North River.

"Dear me, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Lambswool. "How can you say such a dreadful thing? Not that at all, nor any thing like it. Something far better. To live—love—*marry*, and be no more lonely, but happy like Mr. Lambswool and me."

The look of half melancholy playfulness left Herr Maienliebe's face in a moment, and he became so dark and serious that for a moment I feared he must be angry with us.

"Ah, God!" he answered, solemnly, after a moment's pause. "That happiness you wish forever henceforth is for me impossible. *I must have to live*, but to *love* is past, and I shall *never marry*."

Mrs. Lambswool looked on him so tenderly sad with those great soft blue eyes of hers which would melt a stone.

"Will you forgive me, Herr Maienliebe," said she, in a tone of frank gentleness, "if, as two friends of yours, who like you—love you, perhaps, better than any people in this country—we ask you *why* you make this resolve?"

"My friend, it is not *resolve;* it is *despair*. Fate—God—the Earth—the Heaven, say it to me—*all!* Ah! I am strong, you see; I do not look like a weak boy. Well, I am strong enough to do all the work that to me every day may bring—to bear, to suffer *also;* but to resist Fate and God—no!"

"Are you sure God bids you despair?"

"If it pain you not too much to listen, I tell you two now, between our three souls, what other than my own breast knows for the first time in America. In my land I *did* love. I was there loved. It became necessity for the most good, beautiful, heavenly maiden to leave our land and, with others, to sail for here. I was to follow so soon as I could get money enough to try the life of this foreign city. I was very poor then. I went to Antwerp—I saw her wave her hand to me long as the ship could be seen. Since that day I heard never one word from her. In a year the ship was once back again at Antwerp. I write to the Captain, I describe my beloved one, and ask for news. A letter came back from him—many passengers, he say, have ship-fever in the voyage, and some did die. He think that of them she be one. I no more *think* it *then*, as for days and nights before. I *know* it from that day; and when I pray to God at all I to her also pray as among the saints. It is two years after then that I stay in my land. Work, work, work all the time, with no one to work for—no thing—only to be able to come to the land where she might be could she but have live for me. At last I find myself able to sail for America. I be now here one year. One year, and alone—*alone!* I *die alone* so as I live. To *love is past*—to *marry*, *never!* unless I can some time go to Heaven, by-and-by, then— But let us speak of other things now."

But he did not speak. He took his flute again from the table, and for nearly an hour, while my wife was trying in vain to hide the tears that kept rolling down her cheeks, poured forth a wonderful dream of wild music, improvised, and Mrs. Lambswool says (I believe her, too), inspired. Then putting the instrument into its case he pressed the two hands of each of us, bid us a deep-chested good-night, and, without a lingering look, departed.

After that Mrs. Lambswool and I, you may be sure, never referred to Amelia Angelina in connection with Herr Maienliebe's name. He was consecrated in our minds to a beautiful passed-away spirit.

For several months longer we had our regular visits from him. Sometimes he seemed to rise above the general level of his boundless trouble, but sometimes he left us with such a look that when Mrs. Lambswool laid her head on her pillow she prayed he might be protected from the doing of any dreadful deed in his despair which would shut this world on him forever.

The winter softened into spring, spring melted into summer. My velvet shoes had seen their day. Mrs. Lambswool's prophecy had come true. They *had* lost all their plush—they *had* ripped up along the pegs—they had *burst* out at the sides. Still, though I replaced them with new ones (not of velvet below cost at a dollar, by-the-way!), I put them on one of the sacred shelves of the closet where I kept my fag ends of reminiscence, and looked at them almost daily with a feeling of good cheer as connected with so many minor happinesses which make up a poor book-keeper's life. The hoops that were contemporary had got somewhat dingy in hue and nearer the condition of skin and bones than such an apparatus usually is, but Mrs. Lambswool still found great comfort in them—for that make never break—and, true to her character, she thought she could wear them "at least a month yet."

In two months more I should have three weeks' vacation, and Mrs. Lambswool and I were looking forward to a seat under the bow-apples with great zest. Herr Maienliebe's profession gave him a much earlier as well as a much longer recess, and his pupils were already trickling out of town, girl by girl, when, one morning, just as I left the house to go down to business, he accosted me on the steps.

"I was coming," said he, "to get your advice and assistance."

"That's right, my dear fellow," I answered. "Walk along with me and let's talk as we go, unless you'll stop in and see Mrs. Lambswool."

"No, I'll take the walk. It's only a little thing I wish to consult with you about. To-morrow all Mr. Stemson's family leave for their country-seat. They have been so kind to me that I would give to them some little token of my thoughtfulness before they are gone. Quite cheap you know—to them nothing worth, indeed, but for the spirit of it. It is a few pretty flowers which I will choose, I think, to present with my compliments to Miss Amelia Angelina. I would have also a very pretty basket for them. Where

shall I get that? You are a family man, and know where to buy every thing."

"Nobody can advise on *that* point better than *I*, certainly! I know some excellent people—countrymen of yours—who make baskets, and it's right on my way to the office."

"But do these excellent people make excellent baskets?"

"Yes indeed! the neatest, tastefulest, handsomest, I ever saw!"

"Come along, then, Mr. Lambswool!"

I saw that Herr Maienliebe's extra gayety was forced—that he felt even lower-spirited than usual—but ascribed it to his long prospect of loneliness and leisure during the summer vacation. Notwithstanding my sympathy, and the fact that I was mentally hard at work planning how to make it pleasant for him during the summer and take him out with us when we left, the bright golden day worked for me such an exhilaration of bodily spirits that I walked just about as fast as he could keep up with me.

We were close on the old cellar-way. I could see Wilhelmina's sunny young head above the great cage of basket-ware, and though her face was turned away down the street, began to hear her musical voice crying, "Baskets! Any nice baskets to-day, gentlemen?"

Less than a block more of walking, and Maienliebe heard her too, distinctly.

"Why, that is Mrs. Lambswool's voice!" said he, with a strange look on his face.

"No!" I answered, laughingly, "not hers exactly; but one very much like hers. Astonishingly like indeed. The beautiful young basket-girl resembles Mrs. Lambswool in almost every respect."

"What!" exclaimed Maienliebe, catching me by the arm. I looked and saw that he was pale and trembling all over. "You say that *she* is exactly like Mrs. Lambswool?"

"Yes, wonderfully like. But don't stop so, let us go on and you will see for yourself."

"I dare not to go on—another step—another moment—"

"Why, what is the matter? I am afraid something's wrong with you! Come, come!" He took my arm and let me lead him almost unconsciously. Few more steps and we were by the basket-girl's side. She looked up to recognize me with her accustomed smile, and full in the face saw Maienliebe—Maienliebe saw her.

"Oh, my God! Wilhelmina!" cried Maienliebe.

"Ambrose!" murmured the girl, dreamily.

And they fell into each other's arms.

Seeing through it all as by a sudden flash I retired a little distance to let, as Maienliebe afterward said, "*the unspeakable speak itself.*" For my own part, before I knew it, I was crying like a boy of ten years old breaking his heart!

By-and-by we three went down into the cellar to see the father and mother Beyer. And then there was a time I can tell you.

A few days ago, when I got my wife her last new set of hoops, we brought down the famous old ones to see if they were keeping well for posterity in the closet. We got talking about the times then and since then.

"On the whole," said I, "Mrs. Lambswool, what do you think of the wisdom of that purchase of mine, viewed in the light of mature experience?"

"Blessings both!" replied Mrs. Lambswool, "hoops and shoes. I think, too, that any pair of shoes, though they cost the maker fifty cents and the buyer a dollar, and are cotton velvet with pegged soles, will be a blessing if they walk in the ways of simple-hearted honest goodness. Blessed with the blessedest of blessed luck, dear John, shall be the feet forever who walk in such a pair of shoes as your old velvets were! But what are they all laughing about so in the next room? Let's go and see."

We opened the door. We were about to have a family tea, and in that next room our guests were assembled.

A venerable old man and woman sat peacefully smiling in two big arm-chairs by the fire.

A fine-looking young man, every trace of melancholy gone from his genial face, stood with his arm around the waist of a beautiful golden-haired girl, who was laughing and clapping her hands in perfect abandonment.

"Yes, blessed be the old dollar purchase! Good luck to the wearer forever!" repeated Mrs. Lambswool, enthusiastically.

For they had taken them down from my shelf of remembrancers, and toddling toward us all in the first glory of the art of walking came Mary Lambswool, the baby of the Maienliebes, her little white feet lost in the depths of *my velvet shoes!*

"UNTO THIS LAST."

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

III.—QUI JUDICATIS TERRAM.

SOME centuries before the Christian era, a Jew merchant, largely engaged in business on the Gold Coast, and reported to have made one of the largest fortunes of his time (held also in repute for much practical sagacity), left among his ledgers some general maxims concerning wealth, which have been preserved, strangely enough, even to our own days. They were held in considerable respect by the most active traders of the Middle Ages, especially by the Venetians, who even went so far in their admiration as to place a statue of the old Jew on the angle

of one of their principal public buildings. Of late years these writings have fallen into disrepute, being opposed in every particular to the spirit of modern commerce. Nevertheless I shall reproduce a passage or two from them here, partly because they may interest the reader by their novelty, and chiefly because they will show him that it is possible for a very practical and acquisitive tradesman to hold, through a not unsuccessful career, that principle of distinction between well-gotten and ill-gotten wealth, which, partially insisted on in my last paper, it must be our work more completely to examine in this.

He says, for instance, in one place: "The getting of treasures by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death:" adding in another, with the same meaning (he has a curious way of doubling his sayings): "Treasures of wickedness profit nothing: but justice delivers from death." Both these passages are notable for their assertion of death as the only real issue and sum of attainment by any unjust scheme of wealth. If we read, instead of "lying tongue," "lying label, title, pretense, or advertisement," we shall more clearly perceive the bearing of the words on modern business. The seeking of death is a grand expression of the true course of men's toil in such business. We usually speak as if death pursued us, and we fled from him; but that is only so in rare instances. Ordinarily, he masks himself—makes himself beautiful — all-glorious; not like the King's daughter, all-glorious within, but outwardly: his clothing of wrought gold. We pursue him frantically all our days, he flying or hiding from us. Our crowning success at threescore and ten is utterly and perfectly to seize, and hold him in his eternal integrity—robes, ashes, and sting.

Again: the merchant says, "He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, shall surely come to want." And again, more strongly: "Rob not the poor because he is poor; neither oppress the afflicted in the place of business. For God shall spoil the soul of those that spoiled them."

This "robbing the poor because he is poor," is especially the mercantile form of theft, consisting in taking advantage of a man's necessities in order to obtain his labor or property at a reduced price. The ordinary highwayman's opposite form of robbery—of the rich, because he is rich—does not appear to occur so often to the old merchant's mind; probably because, being less profitable and more dangerous than the robbery of the poor, it is rarely practiced by persons of discretion.

But the two most remarkable passages in their deep general significance are the following:

"The rich and the poor have met. God is their maker."

"The rich and the poor have met. God is their light."

They "have met:" more literally, have stood in each other's way (*obviaverunt*). That is to say, as long as the world lasts, the action and counteraction of wealth and poverty, the meeting, face to face, of rich and poor, is just as appointed and necessary a law of that world as the flow of stream to sea, or the interchange of power among the electric clouds: "God is their maker." But, also, this action may be either gentle and just, or convulsive and destructive: it may be by rage of devouring flood, or by lapse of serviceable wave; in blackness of thunder-stroke, or continual force of vital fire, soft, and shapeable into love-syllables from far away. And which of these it shall be depends on both rich and poor knowing that God is their light; that in the mystery of human life there is no other light than this by which they can see each other's faces and live; light, which is called in another of the books among which the merchant's maxims have been preserved, the "sun of justice,"* of which it is promised that it shall rise at last with "healing" (health-giving or helping, making whole or setting at one) in its wings. For truly this healing is only possible by means of justice; no love, no faith, no hope will do it; men will be unwisely fond—vainly faithful, unless primarily they are just; and the mistake of the best men, through generation after generation, has been that great one of thinking to help the poor by almsgiving, and by preaching of patience or of hope, and by every other means, emollient or consolatory, except the one thing which God orders for them, justice. But this justice, with its accompanying holiness or helpfulness, being even by the best men denied in its trial time, is by the mass of men hated wherever it appears: so that, when the choice was one day fairly put to them, they denied the Helpful One and the Just;† and desired a murderer, sedition-raiser, and robber, to be granted to them—the murderer instead of the Lord of Life, the sedition-raiser instead of the Prince of Peace, and the robber instead of the Just Judge of all the world.

I have just spoken of the flowing of streams to the sea as a partial image of the action of wealth. In one respect it is not a partial, but a perfect, image. The popular economist thinks himself wise in having discovered that wealth, or the forms of property in general, must go where they are required; that where demand is, supply must follow. He farther declares that

* More accurately, Sun of Justness; but, instead of the harsh word "Justness," the old English "Righteousness" being commonly employed, has, by getting confused with "godliness," or attracting about it various vague and broken meanings, prevented most persons from receiving the force of the passages in which it occurs. The word "righteousness" properly refers to the justice of rule, or right, as distinguished from "equity," which refers to the justice of balance. More broadly, Righteousness is King's justice; and Equity, Judge's justice; the King guiding or ruling all, the Judge dividing or discerning between opposites (therefore, the double question, "Man, who made me a ruler—δικαστήν—or a divider—μεριστήν—over you?") Thus, with respect to the Justice of Choice (selection, the feebler and passive justice), we have, from lego—lex, legal, loi, and loyal; and with respect to the Justice of Rule (direction, the stronger and active justice), we have from rego—rex, regal, roi, and royal.

† In another place written with the same meaning, "Just, and having salvation."

this course of demand and supply can not be forbidden by human laws. Precisely in the same sense, and with the same certainty, the waters of the world go where they are required. Where the land falls, the water flows. The course neither of clouds nor rivers can be forbidden by human will. But the disposition and administration of them can be altered by human forethought. Whether the stream shall be a curse or a blessing depends upon man's labor and administrating intelligence. For centuries after centuries great districts of the world, rich in soil and favored in climate, have lain desert under the rage of their own rivers; nor only desert, but plague-struck. The stream which, rightly directed, would have flowed in soft irrigation from field to field—would have purified the air, given food to man and beast, and carried their burdens for them on its bosom—now overwhelms the plain, and poisons the wind; its breath pestilence, and its work famine. In like manner this wealth "goes where it is required." No human laws can withstand its flow. They can only guide it: but this, the leading trench and limiting mound can do so thoroughly, that it shall become water of life—the riches of the hand of wisdom;* or, on the contrary, by leaving it to its own lawless flow, they may make it, what it has been too often, the last and deadliest of national plagues: water of Marah—the water which feeds the roots of all evil.

The necessity of these laws of distribution or restraint is curiously overlooked in the ordinary political economist's definition of his own "science." He calls it, shortly, the "science of getting rich." But there are many sciences, as well as many arts, of getting rich. Poisoning people of large estates was one employed largely in the Middle Ages; adulteration of food of people of small estates is one employed largely now. The ancient and honorable Highland method of black-mail; the more modern and less honorable system of obtaining goods on credit, and the other variously improved methods of appropriation—which, in major and minor scales of industry, down to the most artistic pocket-picking, we owe to recent genius—all come under the general head of sciences, or arts, of getting rich.

So that it is clear the popular economist, in calling his science the science *par excellence* of getting rich, must attach some peculiar ideas of limitation to its character. I hope I do not misrepresent him, by assuming that he means *his* science to be the science of "getting rich by legal or just means." In this definition is the word "just" or "legal" finally to stand? For it is possible among certain nations, or under certain rulers, or by help of certain advocates, that proceedings may be legal which are by no means just. If, therefore, we leave at last only the word "just" in that place of our definition, the insertion of this solitary and small word will make a notable difference in the grammar of our science. For then it will follow that, in order to grow rich scientifically we must grow rich justly; and, therefore, know what is just; so that our economy will no longer depend merely on prudence, but on jurisprudence—and that of divine, not human law. Which prudence is indeed of no mean order, holding itself, as it were, high in the air of heaven, and gazing forever on the light of the sun of justice; hence the souls which have excelled in it are represented by Dante as stars forming in heaven forever the figure of the eye of an eagle: they having been in life the discerners of light from darkness; or to the whole human race as the light of the body, which is the eye; while those souls which form the wings of the bird (giving power and dominion to justice, "healing in its wings") trace also in light the inscription in heaven: "DILIGITE JUSTITIAM QUI JUDICATIS TERRAM." "Ye who judge the earth, give" (not, observe, merely love, but) "diligent love to justice:" the love which seeks diligently, that is to say, choosingly, and by preference to all things else. Which judging or doing judgment in the earth is, according to their capacity and position, required not of judges only, nor of rulers only, but of all men:* a truth sorrowfully lost sight of even by those who are ready enough to apply to themselves passages in which Christian men are spoken of as called to be "saints" (*i. e.* to helpful or healing functions); and "chosen to be kings" (*i. e.* to knowing or directing functions); the true meaning of these titles having been long lost through the pretenses of unhelpful and unable persons to saintly and kingly character; also through the once popular idea that both the sanctity and royalty are to consist in wearing long robes and high crowns, instead of in mercy and judgment; whereas all true sanctity is saving power, as all true royalty is ruling power; and injustice is part and parcel of the denial of such power, which "makes men as the creeping things, as the fishes of the sea, that have no ruler over them."†

Absolute justice is indeed no more attainable than absolute truth; but the righteous man is distinguished from the unrighteous by his desire and hope of justice, as the true man from the false by his desire and hope of truth. And though absolute justice be unattainable, as much justice as we need for all practical use is attainable by all those who make it their aim.

We have to examine, then, in the subject before us, what are the laws of justice respecting

* "Length of days in her right hand; in her left, riches and honor."

* I hear that several of our lawyers have been greatly amused by the statement in the first of these papers that a lawyer's function was to do justice. I did not intend it for a jest; nevertheless it will be seen that in the above passage neither the determination nor doing of justice are contemplated as functions wholly peculiar to the lawyer. Possibly, the more our standing armies, whether of soldiers, pastors, or legislators (the generic term "pastor" including all teachers, and the generic term "lawyer" including makers as well as interpreters of law), can be superseded by the force of national heroism, wisdom, and honesty, the better it may be for the nation.

† It being the privilege of the fishes, as it is of rats and wolves, to live by the laws of demand and supply; but the distinction of humanity to live by those of right.

payment of labor—no small part, these, of the foundations of all jurisprudence.

I reduced, in my last paper, the idea of money payment to its simplest or radical terms. In those terms its nature, and the conditions of justice respecting it, can be best ascertained.

Money payment, as there stated, consists radically in a promise to some person working for us, that for the time and labor he spends in our service to-day we will give or procure equivalent time and labor in his service at any future time when he may demand it.*

If we promise to give him less labor than he has given us, we underpay him. If we promise to give him more labor than he has given us, we overpay him. In practice, according to the laws of demand and supply, when two men are ready to do the work, and only one man wants to have it done, the two men underbid each other for it; and the one who gets it to do is underpaid. But when two men want the work done, and there is only one man ready to do it, the two men who want it done overbid each other, and the workman is overpaid.

I will examine these two points of injustice in succession; but first I wish the reader to clearly understand the central principle, lying between the two, of right or just payment.

When we ask a service of any man, he may either give it us freely, or demand payment for it. Respecting free gift of service, there is no question at present, that being a matter of affection—not of traffic. But if he demand payment for it, and we wish to treat him with absolute equity, it is evident that this equity can only consist in giving time for time, strength for strength, and skill for skill. If a man works an hour for us, and we only promise to work half an hour for him in return, we obtain an unjust advantage. If, on the contrary, we promise to work an hour and a half for him in return, he has an unjust advantage. The justice consists in absolute exchange; or, if there be any respect to the stations of the parties, it will not be in favor of the employer: there is certainly no equitable reason in a man's being poor, that if he give me a pound of bread to-day, I should return him less than a pound of bread to-morrow; or any equitable reason in a man's being uneducated, that if he uses a certain quantity of skill and knowledge in my service, I should use a less quantity of skill and knowledge in his. Perhaps, ultimately, it may appear desirable, or, to say the least, gracious, that I should give in return somewhat more than I received. But at present, we are concerned on the law of justice only, which is that of perfect and accurate exchange;—one circumstance only interfering with the simplicity of this radical idea of just payment —that inasmuch as labor (rightly directed) is fruitful just as seed is, the fruit (or "interest," as it is called) of the labor first given, or "advanced," ought to be taken into account, and balanced by an additional quantity of labor in the subsequent repayment. Supposing the repayment to take place at the end of a year, or of any other given time, this calculation could be approximately made; but as money (that is to say, cash) payment involves no reference to time (it being optional with the person paid to spend what he receives at once or after any number of years), we can only assume, generally, that some slight advantage must in equity be allowed to the person who advances the labor, so that the typical form of bargain will be: If you give me an hour to-day, I will give you an hour and five minutes on demand. If you give me a pound of bread to-day, I will give you thirteen ounces on demand, and so on. All that it is necessary for the reader to note is, that the amount returned is at least in equity not to be *less* than the amount given.

The abstract idea, then, of just or due wages, as respects the laborer, is that they will consist in a sum of money which will at any time procure for him at least as much labor as he has given, rather more than less. And this equity or justice of payment is, observe, wholly independent of any reference to the number of men who are willing to do the work. I want a horseshoe for my horse. Twenty smiths, or twenty thousand smiths, may be ready to forge it; their number does not in one atom's weight affect the question of the equitable payment of the one who *does* forge it. It costs him a quarter of an hour of his life, and so much skill and strength of arm to make that horseshoe for me. Then at some future time I am bound in equity to give a quarter of an hour, and some minutes more, of my life (or of some other person's at my disposal), and also as much strength of arm and skill, and a little more, in making or doing what the smith may have need of.

Such being the abstract theory of just remunerative payment, its application is practically modified by the fact that the order for labor, given in payment, is general, while the labor received is special. The current coin or document is practically an order on the nation for so much work of any kind; and this universal applicability to immediate need renders it so much more valuable than special labor can be, that an order for a less quantity of this general toil will always be accepted as a just equivalent for a greater quantity of special toil. Any given craftsman will always be willing to give an hour of his own work in order to receive command over half-an-hour, or even much less, of national work. This source of uncertainty, together with the difficulty of determining the monetary value of

* It might appear at first that the market-price of labor expressed such an exchange: but this is a fallacy, for the market-price is the momentary price of the kind of labor required, but the just price is its equivalent of the productive labor of mankind. This difference will be analyzed in its place. It must be noted also that I speak here only of the exchangeable value of labor, not of that of commodities. The exchangeable value of a commodity is that of the labor required to produce it, multiplied into the force of the demand for it. If the value of the labor $= x$ and the force of demand $= y$, the exchangeable value of the commodity is xy, in which if either $x = 0$, or $y = 0$, $xy = 0$.

skill,* render the ascertainment (even approximate) of the proper wages of any given labor in terms of a currency, matter of considerable complexity. But they do not affect the principle of exchange. The worth of the work may not be easily known; but it *has* a worth, just as fixed and real as the specific gravity of a substance, though such specific gravity may not be easily ascertainable when the substance is united with many others. Nor is there so much difficulty or chance in determining it as in determining the ordinary maxima and minima of vulgar political economy. There are few bargains in which the buyer can ascertain with any thing like precision that the seller would have taken no less; or the seller acquire more than a comfortable faith that the purchaser would have given no more. This impossibility of precise knowledge prevents neither from striving to attain the desired point of greatest vexation and injury to the other, nor from accepting it for a scientific principle that he is to buy for the least and sell for the most possible, though what the real least or most may be, he can not tell. In like manner a just person lays it down for a scientific principle that he is to pay a just price, and, without being able precisely to ascertain the limits of such a price, will nevertheless strive to attain the closest possible approximation to them. A practically serviceable approximation he *can* obtain. It is easier to determine scientifically what a man ought to have for his work than what his necessities will compel him to take for it. His necessities can only be ascertained by empirical, but his due by analytical, investigation. In the one case, you try your answer to the sum like a puzzled school-boy—till you find one that fits; in the other, you bring out your result within certain limits by process of calculation.

Supposing, then, the just wages of any quantity of given labor to have been ascertained, let us examine the first results of just and unjust payment, when in favor of the purchaser or employer; *i.e.* when two men are ready to do the work, and only one wants to have it done.

The unjust purchaser forces the two to bid against each other till he has reduced their demand to its lowest terms. Let us assume that the lowest bidder offers to do the work at half its just price.

The purchaser employs him, and does not employ the other. The first or *apparent* result is, therefore, that one of the two men is left out of employ, or to starvation, just as definitely as by the just procedure of giving fair price to the best workman. The various writers who endeavored to invalidate the positions of my first paper never saw this, and assumed that the unjust hirer employed *both*. He employs both no more than the just hirer. The only difference (in the outset) is that the just man pays sufficiently, the unjust man insufficiently, for the labor of the single person employed.

I say, "in the outset;" for this first or apparent difference is not the actual difference. By the unjust procedure, half the proper price of the work is left in the hands of the employer. This enables him to hire another man at the same unjust rate, on some other kind of work; and the final result is that he has two men working for him at half-price, and two are out of employ.

By the just procedure, the whole price of the first piece of work goes into the hands of the man who does it. No surplus being left in the employer's hands, *he* can not hire another man for another piece of labor. But by precisely so much as his power is diminished the hired workman's power is increased; that is to say, by the additional half of the price he has received: which additional half *he* has the power of using to employ another man in *his* service. I will suppose, for the moment, the least favorable, though quite probable, case—that, though justly treated himself, he yet will act unjustly to his subordinate, and hire at half-price, if he can. The final result will then be that one man works for the employer, at just price; one for the workman, at half-price; and two, as in the first case, are still out of employ. These two, as I said before, are out of employ in *both* cases. The difference between the just and unjust procedure does not lie in the number of men hired, but in the price paid to them, and the *persons by whom* it is paid. The essential difference—that which I want the reader to see clearly—is, that in the unjust case, two men work for

* Under the term "skill" I mean to include the united force of experience, intellect, and passion in their operation on manual labor; and under the term "passion," to include the entire range and agency of the moral feelings; from the simple patience and gentleness of mind which will give continuity and fineness to the touch, or enable one person to work without fatigue, and with good effect, twice as long as another, up to the qualities of character which render science possible—(the retardation of science by envy is one of the most tremendous losses in the economy of the present century)—and to the incommunicable emotion and imagination which are the first and mightiest sources of all value in art.

It is highly singular that political economists should not yet have perceived, if not the moral, at least the passionate, element, to be an inextricable quantity in every calculation. I can not conceive, for instance, how it was possible that Mr. Mill should have followed the true clew so far as to write: "No limit can be set to the importance—even in a purely productive and material point of view—of mere thought," without seeing that it was logically necessary to add also, "and of mere feeling." And this the more, because in his first definition of labor he includes in the idea of it "all feelings of a disagreeable kind connected with the employment of one's thoughts in a particular occupation." True; but why not also, "feelings of an agreeable kind?" It can hardly be supposed that the feelings which retard labor are more essentially a part of the labor than those which accelerate it. The first are paid for as pain, the second as power. The workman is merely indemnified for the first; but the second both produce a part of the exchangeable value of the work, and materially increase its actual quantity.

"Fritz is with us. *He* is worth fifty thousand men." Truly, a large addition to the material force; consisting, however, be it observed, not more in operations carried on in Fritz's head, than in operations carried on in his armies' heart. "No limit can be set to the importance of *mere* thought." Perhaps not! Nay, suppose some day it should turn out that "mere" thought was in itself a recommendable object of production, and that all Material production was only a step toward this more precious Immaterial one?

one, the first hirer. In the just case, one man works for the first hirer, one for the person hired, and so on, down or up through the various grades of service; the influence being carried forward by justice, and arrested by injustice. The universal and constant action of justice in this matter is therefore to diminish the power of wealth, in the hands of one individual, over masses of men, and to distribute it through a chain of men. The actual power exerted by the wealth is the same in both cases; but by injustice it is put all into one man's hands, so that he directs at once and with equal force the labor of a circle of men about him; by the just procedure, he is permitted to touch the nearest only, through whom, with diminished force, modified by new minds, the energy of the wealth passes on to others, and so till it exhausts itself.

The immediate operation of justice in this respect is therefore to diminish the power of wealth, first in acquisition of luxury, and, secondly, in exercise of moral influence. The employer can not concentrate so multitudinous labor on his own interests, nor can he subdue so multitudinous mind to his own will. But the secondary operation of justice is not less important. The insufficient payment of the group of men working for one, places each under a maximum of difficulty in rising above his position. The tendency of the system is to check advancement. But the sufficient or just payment, distributed through a descending series of offices or grades of labor,* gives each subordinated person fair and sufficient means of rising in the social scale, if he chooses to use them; and thus not only diminishes the immediate power of wealth, but removes the worst disabilities of poverty.

It is on this vital problem that the entire destiny of the laborer is ultimately dependent. Many minor interests may sometimes appear to interfere with it, but all branch from it. For instance, considerable agitation is often caused in the minds of the lower classes when they discover the share which they nominally, and to all appearance actually, pay out of their wages in taxation (I believe thirty-five or forty per cent.). This sounds very grievous; but in reality the laborer does not pay it, but his employer. If the workman had not to pay it, his wages would be less by just that sum: competition would still reduce them to the lowest rate at which life was possible. Similarly the lower orders agitated for the repeal of the corn-laws,* thinking they would be better off if bread were cheaper; never perceiving that as soon as bread was permanently cheaper wages would permanently fall in precisely that proportion. The corn-laws were rightly repealed; not, however, because they directly oppressed the poor, but because they indirectly oppressed them in causing a large quantity of their labor to be consumed unproductively. So also unnecessary taxation oppresses them, through destruction of capital, but the destiny of the poor depends primarily always on this one question of dueness of wages. Their distress (irrespectively of that caused by sloth, minor error, or crime) arises on the grand scale from the two reacting forces of competition and oppression. There is not yet, nor will yet for ages be, any real over-population in the world;

* I am sorry to lose time by answering, however curtly, the equivocations of the writers who sought to obscure the instances given of regulated labor in the first of these papers, by confusing kinds, ranks, and quantities of labor with its qualities. I never said that a colonel should have the same pay as a private, nor a bishop the same pay as a curate. Neither did I say that more work ought to be paid as less work (so that the curate of a parish of two thousand souls should have no more than the curate of a parish of five hundred). But I said that, so far as you employ it at all, bad work should be paid no less than good work; as a bad clergyman yet takes his tithes, a bad physician takes his fee, and a bad lawyer his costs. And this, as will be farther shown in the conclusion, I said, and say, partly because the best work never was, nor ever will be, done for money at all; but chiefly because the moment people know they have to pay the bad and good alike, they will try to discern the one from the other, and not use the bad. A sagacious writer in the *Scotsman* asks me if I should like any common scribbler to be paid by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. as their good authors are. I should, if they employed him—but would seriously recommend them, for the scribbler's sake, as well as their own, *not* to employ him. The quantity of its money which the country at present invests in scribbling is not, in the outcome of it, economically spent; and even the highly ingenious person to whom this question occurred might perhaps have been more beneficially employed than in printing it.

* I have to acknowledge an interesting communication on the subject of free trade from Paisley (for a short letter from "A Well-wisher" at —— my thanks are yet more due). But the Scottish writer will, I fear, be disagreeably surprised to hear that I am, and always have been, an utterly fearless and unscrupulous free-trader. Seven years ago, speaking of the various signs of infancy in the European mind ("Stones of Venice," vol. iii., p. 168), I wrote: "The first principles of commerce were acknowledged by the English Parliament, only a few months ago, in its free-trade measures, and are still so little understood by the million, that *no nation dares to abolish its custom-houses.*"

It will be observed that I do not admit even the idea of reciprocity. Let other nations, if they like, keep their ports shut; every wise nation will throw its own open. It is not the opening them, but a sudden, inconsiderate, and blunderingly experimental manner of opening them, which does harm. If you have been protecting a manufacture for a long series of years, you must not take the protection off in a moment, so as to throw every one of its operatives at once out of employ, any more than you must take all its wrappings off a feeble child at once, in cold weather, though the cumber of them may have been radically injuring its health. Little by little you must restore it to freedom and to air.

Most people's minds are in curious confusion on the subject of free trade, because they suppose it to imply enlarged competition. On the contrary, free trade puts an end to all competition. "Protection" (among various other mischievous functions) endeavors to enable one country to compete with another in the production of an article at a disadvantage. When trade is entirely free, no country can be competed with in the articles for the production of which it is naturally calculated; nor can it compete with any other in the production of articles for which it is not naturally calculated. Tuscany, for instance, can not compete with England in steel, nor England with Tuscany in oil. They must exchange their steel and oil. Which exchange should be as frank and free as honesty and the sea-winds can make it. Competition, indeed, arises at first, and sharply, in order to prove which is strongest in any given manufacture possible to both; this point once ascertained, competition is at an end.

but a local over-population, or, more accurately, a degree of population locally unmanageable under existing circumstances for want of forethought and sufficient machinery, necessarily shows itself by pressure of competition; and the taking advantage of this competition by the purchaser to obtain their labor unjustly cheap, consummates at once their suffering and his own; for in this (as I believe in every other kind of slavery) the oppressor suffers at last more than the oppressed, and those magnificent lines of Pope, even in all their force, fall short of the truth—

"Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but HATE HIS NEIGHBOR AS HIMSELF:
Damned to the mines, an equal fate betides,
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides."

The collateral and reversionary operations of justice in this matter I shall examine hereafter (it being needful first to define the nature of value); proceeding then to consider within what practical terms a juster system may be established; and ultimately the vexed question of the destinies of the unemployed workman.* Lest, however, the reader should be alarmed at some of the issues to which our investigations seem to be tending—as if in their bearing against the power of wealth they had something in common with those of socialism—I wish him to know, in accurate terms, one or two of the main points which I have in view.

Whether socialism has made more progress among the army and navy (where payment is made on my principles), or among the manufacturing operatives (who are paid on my opponents' principles), I leave it to those opponents to ascertain and declare. Whatever their conclusion may be, I think it necessary to answer for myself only this: that if there be any one point insisted on throughout my works more frequently than another, that one point is the impossibility of Equality. My continual aim has been to show the eternal superiority of some men to others, sometimes even of one man to all others; and to show also the advisability of appointing such persons or person to guide, to lead, or on occasion even to compel and subdue, their inferiors, according to their own better knowledge and wiser will. My principles of Political Economy were all involved in a single phrase spoken three years ago at Manchester—"Soldiers of the Plowshare as well as Soldiers of the Sword;" and they were all summed in a single sentence in the last volume of "Modern Painters"—"Government and co-operation are in all things the Laws of Life; Anarchy and competition the Laws of Death."

And with respect to the mode in which these general principles affect the secure possession of property, so far am I from invalidating such security, that the whole gist of these papers will be found ultimately to aim at an extension in its range; and whereas it has long been known and declared that the poor have no right to the property of the rich, I wish it also to be known and declared that the rich have no right to the property of the poor.

But that the working of the system which I have undertaken to develop would in many ways shorten the apparent and direct, though not the unseen and collateral power, both of wealth as the Lady of Pleasure, and of capital as the Lord of Toil, I do not deny; on the contrary, I affirm it in all joyfulness—knowing that the attraction of riches is already too strong, as their authority is already too weighty, for the reason of mankind. I said in my last paper that nothing in history had ever been so disgraceful to human intellect as the acceptance among us of the common doctrines of political economy as a science. I have many grounds for saying this, but one of the chief may be given in few words. I know no previous instance in history of a nation's establishing a systematic disobedience to the first principles of its professed religion. The writings which we (verbally) esteem as divine, not only denounce the love of money as the source of all evil, and as an idolatry abhorred of the Deity, but declare mammon service to be the accurate and irreconcilable opposite of God's service; and, wherever they speak of riches absolute, and poverty absolute, declare woe to the rich, and blessing to the poor. Whereupon we forthwith investigate a science of becoming rich, as the shortest road to national prosperity.

"Tai Cristian dannerà l'Etiòpe,
Quando si partiranno i due collegi,
L'UNO IN ETERNO RICCO, E L'ALTRO INÒPE."

* I should be glad if the reader would first clear the ground for himself so far as to determine whether the difficulty lies in getting the work or getting the pay for it? Does he consider occupation itself to be an expensive luxury, difficult of attainment, of which too little is to be found in the world? or is it rather that, while in the enjoyment even of the most athletic delight, men must nevertheless be maintained, and this maintenance is not always forthcoming? We must be clear on this head before going farther, as most people are loosely in the habit of talking of the difficulty of "finding employment." Is it employment that we want to find, or support during employment? Is it idleness we wish to put an end to, or hunger? We have to take up both questions in succession, only not both at the same time. No doubt that work *is* a luxury, and a very great one. It is, indeed, at once a luxury and a necessity; no man can retain either health of mind or body without it. So profoundly do I feel this, that, as will be seen in the sequel, one of the principal objects I would recommend to benevolent and practical persons is, to induce rich people to seek for a larger quantity of this luxury than they at present possess. Nevertheless, it appears by experience that even this healthiest of pleasures may be indulged in to excess, and that human beings are just as liable to surfeit of labor as to surfeit of meat; so that, as on the one hand, it may be charitable to provide, for some people, lighter dinner and more work, for others it may be equally expedient to provide lighter work and more dinner.

THE FOUR GEORGES.

SKETCHES OF MANNERS, MORALS, COURT AND TOWN LIFE.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

IV.—GEORGE THE FOURTH.

IN Twiss's amusing *Life of Eldon*, we read how, on the death of the Duke of York, the old chancellor became possessed of a lock of the defunct prince's hair; and so careful was he respecting the authenticity of the relic, that Bessy Eldon his wife sate in the room with the young man from Hamlet's, who distributed the ringlet into separate lockets, which each of the Eldon family afterward wore. You know how, when George IV. came to Edinburgh, a better man than he went on board the royal yacht to welcome the king to his kingdom of Scotland, seized a goblet from which his majesty had just drunk, vowed it should remain forever as an heir-loom in his family, clapped the precious glass in his pocket, and sate down on it and broke it when he got home. Suppose the good sheriff's prize unbroken now at Abbotsford, should we not smile with something like pity as we beheld it? Suppose one of those lockets of the no-Popery prince's hair offered for sale at Christie's, *quot libras e duce summo invenies?* how many pounds would you find for the illustrious duke? Madame Tussaud has got King George's coronation robes; is there any man now alive who would kiss the hem of that trumpery? He sleeps since thirty years: do not any of you, who remember him, wonder that you once respected and huzza'd and admired him?

To make a portrait of him at first seemed a matter of small difficulty. There is his coat, his star, his wig, his countenance simpering under it: with a slate and a piece of chalk, I could at this very desk perform a recognizable likeness of him. And yet after reading of him in scores of volumes, hunting him through old magazines and newspapers, having him here at a ball, there at a public dinner, there at races and so forth, you find you have nothing—nothing but a coat and wig and a mask smiling below it—nothing but a great simulacrum. His sire and grandsires were men. One knows what they were like: what they would do in given circumstances: that on occasion they fought and demeaned themselves like tough good soldiers. They had friends whom they liked according to their natures; enemies whom they hated fiercely; passions, and actions, and individualities of their own. The sailor king who came after George was a man: the Duke of York was a man, big, burly, loud, jolly, cursing, courageous. But this George, what was he? I look through all his life, and recognize but a bow and a grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket-handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt's best nutty brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth and a huge black stock, underwaistcoats, more underwaistcoats, and then nothing. I know of no sentiment that he ever distinctly uttered. Documents are published under his name, but people wrote them—private letters, but people spelled them. He put a great George P. or George R. at the bottom of the page and fancied he had written the paper: some bookseller's clerk, some poor author, some *man* did the work; saw to the spelling; cleaned up the slovenly sentences, and gave the lax maudlin slipslop a sort of consistency. He must have had an individuality: the dancing-master whom he emulated, nay, surpassed—the wig-maker who curled his toupee for him—the tailor who cut his coats, had that. But, about George, one can get at nothing actual. That outside, I am certain, is pad and tailor's work; there may be something behind, but what? We can not get at the character; no doubt never shall. Will men of the future have nothing better to do than to unswathe and interpret that royal old mummy? I own I once used to think it would be good sport to pursue him, fasten on him, and pull him down. But now I am ashamed to mount and lay good dogs on, to summon a full field, and then to hunt the poor game.

On the 12th August, 1762, the forty-seventh anniversary of the accession of the House of Brunswick to the English throne, all the bells in London pealed in gratulation, and announced that an heir to George III. was born. Five

days afterward the king was pleased to pass letters patent under the great seal, creating H.R.H. the Prince of Great Britain, Electoral Prince of Brunswick Lüneburg, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester.

All the people at his birth thronged to see this lovely child; and behind a gilt china-screen railing in St. James's Palace, in a cradle surmounted by the three princely ostrich feathers, the royal infant was laid to delight the eyes of the lieges. Among the earliest instances of homage paid to him, I read that "a curious Indian bow and arrows were sent to the prince from his father's faithful subjects in New York." He was fond of playing with these toys: an old statesman, orator, and wit of his grandfather's and great-grandfather's time, never tired of his business, still eager in his old age to be well at court, used to play with the little prince, and pretend to fall down dead when the prince shot at him with his toy bow and arrows—and get up and fall down dead over and over again—to the increased delight of the child. So that he was flattered from his cradle upward; and before his little feet could walk statesmen and courtiers were busy kissing them.

There is a pretty picture of the royal infant—a beautiful buxom child—asleep in his mother's lap; who turns round and holds a finger to her lip, as if she would bid the courtiers around respect the baby's slumbers. From that day until his decease, sixty-eight years after, I suppose there were more pictures taken of that personage than of any other human being who ever was born and died—in every kind of uniform and every possible court-dress—in long fair hair, with powder, with and without a pig-tail—in every conceivable cocked-hat—in dragoon uniform—in Windsor uniform—in a field-marshal's clothes—in a Scotch kilt and tartans, with dirk and claymore (a stupendous figure)—in a frogged frock-coat with a fur collar and tight breeches and silk stockings—in wigs of every color, fair, brown, and black—in his famous coronation robes finally, with which performance he was so much in love that he distributed copies of the picture to all the courts and British embassies in Europe, and to numberless clubs, town-halls, and private friends. I remember as a young man how almost every dining-room had his portrait.

There is plenty of biographical tattle about the prince's boyhood. It is told with what astonishing rapidity he learned all languages, ancient and modern; how he rode beautifully, sang charmingly, and played elegantly on the violoncello. That he was beautiful was patent to all eyes. He had a high spirit: and once, when he had had a difference with his father, burst into the royal closet and called out, "Wilkes and liberty for ever!" He was so clever that he confounded his very governors in learning; and one of them, Lord Bruce, having made a false quantity in quoting Greek, the admirable young prince instantly corrected him. Lord Bruce could not remain a governor after this humiliation; resigned his office, and, to sooth his feelings, was actually promoted to be an earl! It is the most wonderful reason for promoting a man that ever I heard. Lord Bruce was made an earl for a blunder in prosody; and Nelson was made a baron for the victory of the Nile.

Lovers of long sums have added up the millions and millions which, in the course of his brilliant existence, this single prince consumed. Besides his income of £50,000, £70,000, £100,000, £120,000 a year, we read of three applications to Parliament: debts to the amount of £160,000, of £650,000; besides mysterious foreign loans, whereof he pocketed the proceeds. What did he do for all this money? Why was he to have it? If he had been a manufacturing town, or a populous rural district, or an army of five thousand men, he would not have cost more. He, one solitary stout man, who did not toil, nor spin, nor fight—what had any mortal done that he should be pampered so?

In 1784, when he was twenty-one years of age, Carlton Palace was given to him, and furnished by the nation with as much luxury as could be devised. His pockets were filled with money: he said it was not enough; he flung it out of window: he spent £10,000 a year for the coats on his back. The nation gave him more money, and more, and more. The sum is past counting. He was a prince, most lovely to look on, and christened Prince Florizel on his first appearance in the world. That he was the handsomest prince in the whole world was agreed by men, and alas! by many women.

I suppose he must have been very graceful. There are so many testimonies to the charm of his manner that we must allow him great elegance and powers of fascination. He, and the King of France's brother, the Count d'Artois, a charming young prince who danced deliciously on the tight-rope—a poor old tottering exiled king, who asked hospitality of King George's successor, and lived a while in the palace of Mary Stuart—divided in their youth the title of first gentleman of Europe. We in England of course gave the prize to *our* gentleman. Until George's death the propriety of that award was scarce questioned or the doubters voted rebels and traitors. Only the other day I was reading in the reprint of the delightful *Noctes* of Christopher North. The health of THE KING is drunk in large capitals by the loyal Scotsman. You would fancy him a hero, a sage, a statesman, a pattern for kings and men. It was Walter Scott who had that accident with the broken glass I spoke of anon. He was the king's Scottish champion, rallied all Scotland to him, made loyalty the fashion, and laid about him fiercely with his claymore upon all the prince's enemies. The Brunswicks had no such defenders as those two Jacobite commoners, old Sam Johnson the Lichfield chapman's son, and Walter Scott, the Edinburgh lawyer's.

Nature and circumstance had done their utmost to prepare the prince for being spoiled:

the dreadful dullness of papa's court, its stupid amusements, its dreary occupations, the maddening humdrum, the stifling sobriety of its routine, would have made a scape-grace of a much less lively prince. All the big princes bolted from that castle of *ennui* where old King George sat, posting up his books and droning over his Handel; and old Queen Charlotte over her snuff and her tambour-frame. Most of the sturdy, gallant sons settled down after sowing their wild oats, and became sober subjects of their father and brother—not ill-liked by the nation, which pardons youthful irregularities readily enough, for the sake of pluck, and unaffectedness, and good-humor.

The boy is father of the man. Our prince signalized his entrance into the world by a feat worthy of his future life. He invented a new shoe-buckle. It was an inch long and five inches broad. "It covered almost the whole instep, reaching down to the ground on either side of the foot." A sweet invention! lovely and useful as the prince on whose foot it sparkled. At his first appearance at a court-ball, we read that "his coat was pink silk, with white cuffs; his waistcoat white silk, embroidered with various-colored foil, and adorned with a profusion of French paste. And his hat was ornamented with two rows of steel beads, five thousand in number, with a button and loop of the same metal, and cocked in a new military style." What a Florizel! Do these details seem trivial? They are the grave incidents of his life. His biographers say that when he commenced housekeeping in that splendid new palace of his, the Prince of Wales had some windy projects of encouraging literature, science, and the arts; of having assemblies of literary characters; and societies for the encouragement of geography, astronomy, and botany. Astronomy, geography, and botany! Fiddle-sticks! French ballet-dancers, French cooks, horse-jockeys, buffoons, procurers, tailors, boxers, fencing-masters, china, jewel, and gimcrack merchants—these were his real companions. At first he made a pretense of having Burke and Pitt and Sheridan for his friends. But how could such men be serious before such an empty scape-grace as this lad? Fox might talk dice with him, and Sheridan wine; but what else had these men of genius in common with their tawdry young host of Carlton House? That fribble the leader of such men as Fox and Burke! That man's opinions about the constitution, the India Bill, justice to the Catholics—about any question graver than the button for a waistcoat or the sauce for a partridge—worth any thing! The friendship between the prince and the Whig chiefs was impossible. They were hypocrites in pretending to respect him, and if he broke the hollow compact between them who shall blame him? His natural companions were dandies and parasites. He could talk to a tailor or a cook; but, as the equal of great statesmen, to set up a creature, lazy, weak, indolent, besotted, of monstrous vanity, and levity incurable—it is absurd. They thought to use him, and did for a while: but they must have known how timid he was; how entirely heartless and treacherous, and have expected his desertion. His next set of friends were mere table companions, of whom he grew tired too; then we hear of him with a very few select toadies, mere boys from school or the Guards, whose sprightliness tickled the fancy of the worn-out voluptuary. What matters what friends he had? He dropped all his friends; he never could have real friends. An heir to the throne has flatterers, adventurers who hang about him, ambitious men who use him; but friendship is denied him.

And women, I suppose, are as false and selfish in their dealings with such a character as men. Shall we take the Leporello part, flourish a catalogue of the conquests of this royal Don Juan, and tell the names of the favorites to whom, one after the other, George Prince flung his pocket-handkerchief? What purpose would it answer to say how Perdita was pursued, won, deserted, and by whom succeeded? What good in knowing that he did actually marry Mrs. FitzHerbert according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church; that her marriage settlements have been seen in London; that the names of the witnesses to her marriage are known. This sort of vice that we are now come to presents no new or fleeting trait of manners. Debauchees, dissolute, heartless, fickle, cowardly, have been ever since the world began. This one had more temptations than most, and so much may be said in extenuation for him.

It was an unlucky thing for this doomed one, and tending to lead him yet farther on the road to the deuce, that, besides being lovely, so that women were fascinated by him; and heir-apparent, so that all the world flattered him; he should have a beautiful voice, which led him directly in the way of drink; and thus all the pleasant devils were coaxing on poor Florizel; desire, and idleness, and vanity, and drunkenness, all clashing their merry cymbals and bidding him come on.

We first hear of his warbling sentimental ditties under the walls of Kew Palace by the moonlight banks of Thames, with Lord Viscount Leporello keeping watch lest the music should be disturbed.

Singing after dinner and supper was the universal fashion of the day. You may fancy all England sounding with choruses, some ribald, some harmless, but all occasioning the consumption of a prodigious deal of fermented liquor.

"The jolly muse her wings to try no frolic flights need take,
But round the bowl would dip and fly, like swallows round a lake,"

sang Morris in one of his gallant Anacreontics, to which the prince many a time joined in chorus, and of which the burden is,

"And that I think's a reason fair to drink and fill again."

This delightful boon companion of the prince's found "a reason fair" to forego filling and drink-

ing, saw the error of his ways, gave up the bowl and chorus, and died retired and religious. The prince's table, no doubt, was a very tempting one. The wits came and did their utmost to amuse him. It is wonderful how the spirits rise, the wit brightens, the wine has an aroma, when a great man is at the head of the table. Scott, the loyal cavalier, the king's true liegeman, the very best *raconteur* of his time, poured out with an endless generosity his store of old-world learning, kindness, and humor. Grattan contributed to it his wondrous eloquence, fancy, feeling. Tom Moore perched upon it for a while, and piped his most exquisite little love-tunes on it, flying away in a twitter of indignation afterward, and attacking the prince with bill and claw. In such society no wonder the sitting was long, and the butler tired of drawing corks. Remember what the usages of the time were, and that William Pitt, coming to the House of Commons after having drunk a bottle of port-wine at his own house, would go into Bellamy's with Dundas, and help finish a couple more.

You peruse volumes after volumes about our prince, and find some half-dozen stock stories—indeed not many more—common to all the histories. He was good-natured; an indolent, voluptuous prince, not unkindly. One story, the most favorable to him of all perhaps, is that as Prince Regent, he was eager to hear all that could be said in behalf of prisoners condemned to death, and anxious, if possible, to remit the capital sentence. He was kind to his servants. There is a story common to all the biographies, of Molly the housemaid, who, when his household was to be broken up, owing to some reforms which he tried absurdly to practice, was discovered crying, as she dusted the chairs, because she was to leave a master who had a kind word for all his servants. Another tale is that of a groom of the prince's being discovered in corn and oat peculations, and dismissed by the personage at the head of the stables; the prince had word of John's disgrace, remonstrated with him very kindly, generously reinstated him, and bade him promise to sin no more—a promise which John kept. Another story is very fondly told of the prince as a young man hearing of an officer's family in distress, and how he straightway borrowed six or eight hundred pounds, put his long, fair hair under his hat, and so disguised carried the money to the starving family. He sent money, too, to Sheridan on his death-bed, and would have sent more had not death ended the career of that man of genius. Besides these, there are a few pretty speeches, kind and graceful, to persons with whom he was brought in contact. But he turned upon twenty friends. He was fond and familiar with them one day, and he passed them on the next without recognition. He used them, liked them, loved them perhaps in his way, and then separated from them. On Monday he kissed and fondled poor Perdita, and on Tuesday he met her and did not know her. On Wednesday he was very affectionate with that wretched Brummell, and on Thursday forgot him; cheated him even out of a snuff-box which he owed the poor dandy; saw him, years afterward, in his downfall and poverty, when the bankrupt Beau sent him another snuff-box, with some of the snuff he used to love, as a piteous token of remembrance and submission, and the king took the snuff, and ordered his horses and drove on, and had not the grace to notice his old companion, favorite, rival, enemy, superior. In Wraxall there is some gossip about him. When the charming, beautiful, generous Duchess of Devonshire died—the lovely lady whom he used to call his dearest duchess once, and pretend to admire as all English society admired her—he said, "Then we have lost the best bred woman in England." "Then we have lost the kindest heart in England," said noble Charles Fox. On another occasion, when three noblemen were to receive the Garter, says Wraxall, "a great personage observed that never did three men receive the order in so characteristic a manner. The Duke of A. advanced to the sovereign with a phlegmatic, cold, awkward air, like a clown; Lord B. came forward fawning and smiling like a courtier; Lord C. presented himself easy, unembarrassed, like a gentleman." These are the stories one has to recall about the prince and king—kindness to a housemaid, generosity to a groom, criticism on a bow. There *are* no better stories about him: they are mean and trivial, and they characterize him. The great war of empires and giants goes on. Day by day victories are won and lost by the brave. Torn, smoky flags and battered eagles are wrenched from the heroic enemy and laid at his feet; and he sits there on his throne and smiles, and gives the guerdon of valor to the conqueror. He! Elliston the actor, when the *Coronation* was performed, in which he took the principal part, used to fancy himself the king, burst into tears, and hiccup a blessing on the people. I believe it is certain about George IV. that he had heard so much of the war, knighted so many people, and worn such a prodigious quantity of marshal's uniforms, cocked hats, cock's feathers, scarlet and bullion in general, that he actually fancied he had been present in some campaigns, and, under the name of General Brock, led a tremendous charge of the German legion at Waterloo.

He is dead but thirty years, and one asks how a great society could have tolerated him? Would we bear him now? In this quarter of a century what a silent revolution has been working! How it has separated us from old times and manners! How it has changed men themselves! I can see old gentlemen now among us, of perfect good breeding, of quiet lives, with venerable gray heads, fondling their grandchildren; and look at them, and wonder at what they were once. That gentleman of the grand old school, when he was in the 10th Hussars, and dined at the prince's table, would fall under it night after night. Night after night that gentleman sate at Brookes's or Raggett's

over the dice. If, in the petulance of play or drink, that gentleman spoke a sharp word to his neighbor, he and the other would infallibly go out and try to shoot each other the next morning. That gentleman would drive his friend Richmond, the black boxer, down to Moulsey, and hold his coat, and shout, and swear, and hurrah with delight, while the black man was beating Dutch Sam the Jew. That gentleman would take a manly pleasure in pulling his own coat off, and thrashing a bargeman in a street row. That gentleman has been in a watch-house. That gentleman, so exquisitely polite with ladies in a drawing-room, so loftily courteous, if he talked now as he used among men in his youth, would swear so as to make your hair stand on end. I met lately a very old German gentleman, who had served in our army at the beginning of the century. Since then he has lived on his own estate, but rarely meeting with an Englishman, whose language—the language of fifty years ago that is—he possesses perfectly. When this highly bred old man began to speak English to me, almost every other word he uttered was an oath: as they used it (they swore dreadfully in Flanders) with the Duke of York before Valenciennes, or at Carlton House over the supper and cards. Read Byron's letters. So accustomed is the young man to oaths that he employs them even in writing to his friends, and swears by the post. Read his account of the doings of young men at Cambridge; of the ribald professors, one of whom "could pour out Greek like a drunken Helot," and whose excesses surpassed even those of the young men. Read Matthews's description of the boyish lordling's housekeeping at Newstead; the skull-cap passed round, the monk's dresses from the masquerade warehouse, in which the young scapegraces used to sit until daylight, chanting appropriate songs round their wine. "We come to breakfast at two or three o'clock," Matthews says. "There are gloves and foils for those who like to amuse themselves, or we fire pistols at a mark in the hall, or we worry the wolf." A jolly life truly! The noble young owner of the mansion writes about such affairs himself in letters to his friend Mr. John Jackson, pugilist, in London.

All the prince's time tells a similar strange story of manners and pleasure. In Wraxall we find the prime minister himself, the redoubted William Pitt, engaged in high jinks with personages of no less importance than Lord Thurlow, the lord chancellor, and Mr. Dundas, the treasurer of the navy. Wraxall relates how these three statesmen, returning after dinner from Addiscombe, found a turnpike open, and galloped through it without paying the toll. The turnpike man, fancying they were highwaymen, fired a blunderbuss after them, but missed them; and the poet sang—

> "How as Pitt wandered darkling o'er the plain,
> His reason drown'd in Jenkinson's Champagne,
> A rustic's hand, but righteous fate withstood,
> Had shed a premier's for a robber's blood."

Here we have the treasurer of the navy, the lord high chancellor, and the prime minister, all engaged in a most undoubted lark. In Eldon's *Memoirs*, about the very same time, I read that the bar loved wine, as well as the woolsack. Not John Scott himself; he was a good boy always; and though he loved port-wine, loved his business and his duty and his fees a great deal better.

He has a Northern Circuit story of those days, about a party at the house of a certain Lawyer Fawcett, who gave a dinner every year to the counsel.

"On one occasion," related Lord Eldon, "I heard Lee say, 'I can not leave Fawcett's wine. Mind, Davenport, you will go home immediately after dinner, to read the brief in that cause that we have to conduct to-morrow.'

"'Not I,' said Davenport. 'Leave my dinner and my wine to read a brief! No, no, Lee; that won't do.'

"'Then,' said Lee, 'what is to be done? who else is employed?'

"Davenport. 'Oh! young Scott.'

"Lee. 'Oh! he must go. Mr. Scott, you must go home immediately, and make yourself acquainted with that cause, before our consultation this evening.'

"This was very hard upon me; but I did go, and there was an attorney from Cumberland, and one from Northumberland, and I do not know how many other persons. Pretty late, in came Jack Lee, as drunk as he could be.

"'I can not consult to-night; I must go to bed,' he exclaimed, and away he went. Then came Sir Thomas Davenport.

"'We can not have a consultation to-night, Mr. Wordsworth' (Wordsworth, I think, was the name; it was a Cumberland name), shouted Davenport. 'Don't you see how drunk Mr. Scott is? it is impossible to consult.' Poor me! who had scarce had any dinner, and lost all my wine—I was so drunk that I could not consult! Well, a verdict was given against us, and it was all owing to Lawyer Fawcett's dinner. We moved for a new trial; and I must say, for the honor of the bar, that those two gentlemen, Jack Lee and Sir Thomas Davenport, paid all the expenses between them of the first trial. It is the only instance I ever knew, but they did. We moved for a new trial (on the ground, I suppose, of the counsel not being in their senses), and it was granted. When it came on, the following year, the judge rose and said:

"'Gentlemen, did any of you dine with Lawyer Fawcett yesterday? for, if you did, I will not hear this cause till next year.'

"There was great laughter. We gained the cause that time."

On another occasion, at Lancaster, where poor Bozzy must needs be going the Northern Circuit, "we found him," says Mr. Scott, "lying upon the pavement inebriated. We subscribed a guinea at supper for him, and a half crown for his clerk"—(no doubt there was a large bar, and that Scott's joke did not cost him much), "and

sent him, when he waked next morning, a brief, with instructions to move for what we denominated the writ of *quare adhæsit pavimento?* with observations duly calculated to induce him to think that it required great learning to explain the necessity of granting it, to the judge before whom he was to move." Boswell sent all round the town to attorneys for books, that might enable him to distinguish himself—but in vain. He moved, however, for the writ, making the best use he could of the observations in the brief. The judge was perfectly astonished, and the audience amazed. The judge said, "I never heard of such a writ—what can it be that adheres *pavimento?* Are any of you gentlemen at the bar able to explain this?"

The bar laughed. At last one of them said: "My lord, Mr. Boswell last night *adhæsit pavimento.* There was no moving him for some time. At last he was carried to bed, and he has been dreaming about himself and the pavement."

The canny old gentleman relishes these jokes. When the Bishop of Lincoln was moving from the deanery of St. Paul's, he says he asked a learned friend of his, by name Will Hay, how he should move some especially fine claret, about which he was anxious.

"Pray, my lord bishop," says Hay, "how much of the wine have you?"

The bishop said six dozen.

"If that is all," Hay answered, "you have but to ask me six times to dinner, and I will carry it all away myself."

There were giants in those days; but this joke about wine is not so fearful as one perpetrated by Orator Thelwall, in the heat of the French Revolution, ten years later, over a frothing pot of porter. He blew the head off, and said, "This is the way I would serve all kings."

Now we come to yet higher personages, and find their doings recorded in the blushing pages of timid little Miss Burney's *Memoirs.* She represents a prince of the blood in quite a royal condition. The loudness, the bigness, boisterousness, creaking boots, and rattling oaths, of the young princes, appeared to have frightened the prim household of Windsor, and set all the teacups twittering on the tray. On the night of a ball and birthday, when one of the pretty, kind princesses was to come out, it was agreed that her brother, Prince William Henry, should dance the opening minuet with her, and he came to visit the household at their dinner.

"At dinner, Mrs. Schwellenberg presided, attired magnificently; Miss Goldsworthy, Mrs. Stanforth, Messrs. Du Luc and Stanhope, dined with us; and while we were still eating fruit the Duke of Clarence entered.

"He was just risen from the king's table, and waiting for his equipage to go home and prepare for the ball. To give you an idea of the energy of his royal highness's language, I ought to set apart an objection to writing, or rather intimating, certain forcible words, and beg leave to show you in genuine colors a royal sailor.

"We all rose, of course, upon his entrance, and the two gentlemen placed themselves behind their chairs, while the footmen left the room. But he ordered us all to sit down, and called the men back to hand about some wine. He was in exceeding high spirits, and in the utmost good humor. He placed himself at the head of the table, next Mrs. Schwellenberg, and looked remarkably well, gay, and full of sport and mischief; yet clever withal, as well as comical.

"'Well, this is the first day I have ever dined with the king at St. James's on his birthday. Pray, have you all drunk his Majesty's health?'

"'No, your royal highness; your royal highness might make dem do dat,' said Mrs. Schwellenberg.

"'Oh, by ——, I will! Here, you (to the footman), bring Champagne; I'll drink the king's health again, if I die for it. Yes, I have done it pretty well already; so has the king, I promise you! I believe his Majesty was never taken such good care of before; we have kept his spirits up, I promise you; we have enabled him to go through his fatigues; and I should have done more still, but for the ball and Mary—I have promised to dance with Mary. I must keep sober for Mary.'"

Indefatigable Miss Burney continues for a dozen pages reporting H.R.H.'s conversation, and indicating, with a humor not unworthy of the clever little author of *Evelina*, the increasing state of excitement of the young sailor prince who drank more and more Champagne, stopped old Mrs. Schwellenberg's remonstrances by giving the old lady a kiss, and telling her to hold her potato-trap, and who did not "keep sober for Mary." Mary had to find another partner that night, for the royal William Henry could not keep his legs.

Will you have a picture of the amusements of another royal prince? It is the Duke of York, the blundering general, the beloved commander-in-chief of the army, the brother with whom George IV. had had many a midnight carouse, and who continued his habits of pleasure almost till death seized his stout body.

In Pückler Muskau's *Letters*, that German prince describes a bout with H.R.H., who in his best time was such a powerful toper that "six bottles of claret after dinner scarce made a perceptible change in his countenance."

"I remember," says Pückler, "that one evening—indeed, it was past midnight—he took some of his guests, among whom were the Austrian embassador, Count Meervelt, Count Beroldingen, and myself, into his beautiful armory. We tried to swing several Turkish sabres, but none of us had a very firm grasp; whence it happened that the duke and Meervelt both scratched themselves with a sort of straight Indian sword so as to draw blood. Meervelt then wished to try if the sword cut as well as a Damascus, and attempted to cut through one of the wax candles that stood on the table. The experiment answered so ill, that both the candles, candlesticks and all, fell to the ground and were extinguished. While we were

groping in the dark and trying to find the door, the duke's aid-de-camp stammered out in great agitation, 'By G—, Sir, I remember the sword is poisoned!'

"You may conceive the agreeable feelings of the wounded at this intelligence! Happily, on further examination, it appeared that claret, and not poison, was at the bottom of the colonel's exclamation."

And now I have one more story of the bacchanalian sort, in which Clarence and York, and the very highest personage of the realm, the great Prince Regent, all play parts. The feast took place at the Pavilion at Brighton, and was described to me by a gentleman who was present at the scene. In Gilray's caricatures, and among Fox's jolly associates, there figures a great nobleman, the Duke of Norfolk, called Jockey of Norfolk in his time, and celebrated for his table exploits. He had quarreled with the prince, like the rest of the Whigs; but a sort of reconciliation had taken place; and now, being a very old man, the prince invited him to dine and sleep at the Pavilion, and the old duke drove over from his Castle of Arundel with his famous equipage of gray horses, still remembered in Sussex.

The Prince of Wales had concocted with his royal brothers a notable scheme for making the old man drunk. Every person at table was enjoined to drink wine with the duke—a challenge which the old toper did not refuse. He soon began to see that there was a conspiracy against him; he drank glass for glass; he overthrew many of the brave. At last the First Gentleman of Europe proposed bumpers of brandy. One of the royal brothers filled a great glass for the duke. He stood up and tossed off the drink. "Now," says he, "I will have my carriage, and go home." The prince urged upon him his previous promise to sleep under the roof where he had been so generously entertained. "No," he said, he had had enough of such hospitality. A trap had been set for him; he would leave the place at once and never enter its doors more.

The carriage was called, and came; but in the half-hour's interval the liquor had proved too potent for the old man; his host's generous purpose was answered, and the duke's old gray head lay stupefied on the table. Nevertheless, when his post-chaise was announced, he staggered to it as well as he could, and stumbling in, bade the postillions drive to Arundel. They drove him for half an hour round and round the Pavilion lawn; the poor old man fancied he was going home. When he awoke that morning he was in bed at the prince's hideous house at Brighton. You may see the place now for sixpence: they have fiddlers there every day; and sometimes buffoons and mountebanks hire the Riding House and do their tricks and tumbling there. The trees are still there, and the gravel walks round which the poor old sinner was trotted. I can fancy the flushed faces of the royal princes as they support themselves at the portico pillars, and look on at old Norfolk's disgrace; but I can't fancy how the man who perpetrated it continued to be called a gentleman.

From drinking the pleased Muse now turns to gambling, of which in his youth our prince was a great practitioner. He was a famous pigeon for the playmen; they lived upon him. Egalité Orleans, it was believed, punished him severely. A noble lord, whom we shall call the Marquis of Steyne, is said to have mulcted him in immense sums. He frequented the clubs where play was then almost universal; and as it was known his debts of honor were sacred, while he was gambling Jews waited outside to purchase his notes of hand. His transactions on the turf were unlucky as well as discreditable: though I believe he, and his jockey, and his horse Escape, were all innocent in that affair which created so much scandal.

Arthur's, Almack's, Bootle's, and White's were the chief clubs of the young men of fashion. There was play at all, and decayed noblemen and broken-down senators fleeced the unwary there. In Selwyn's *Letters* we find Carlisle, Devonshire, Coventry, Queensberry, all undergoing the probation. Charles Fox, a dreadful gambler, was cheated in very late times—lost £200,000 at play. Gibbon tells of his playing for twenty-two hours at a sitting and losing £500 an hour. That indomitable punter said that the greatest pleasure in life, after winning, was losing. What hours, what nights, what health did he waste over the devil's books! I was going to say what peace of mind; but he took his losses very philosophically. After an awful night's play, and the enjoyment of the greatest pleasure but *one* in life, he was found on a sofa tranquilly reading an Eclogue of Virgil.

Play survived long after the wild prince and Fox had given up the dice-box. The dandies continued it. Byron, Brummell—how many names could I mention of men of the world who have suffered by it! In 1837 occurred a famous trial which pretty nigh put an end to gambling in England. A peer of the realm was found cheating at whist, and repeatedly seen to practice the trick called *sauter la coupe*. His friends at the clubs saw him cheat, and went on playing with him. One greenhorn, who had discovered his foul play, asked an old hand what he should do. "Do," said the Mammon of Unrighteousness, "*Back him, you fool.*" The best efforts were made to screen him. People wrote him anonymous letters and warned him; but he would cheat, and they were obliged to find him out. Since that day, when my lord's shame was made public, the gaming-table has lost all its splendor. Shabby Jews and black-legs prowl about race-courses and tavern parlors, and now and then inveigle silly yokels with greasy packs of cards in railroad cars; but Play is a deposed goddess, her worshipers bankrupt and her table in rags.

So is another famous British institution gone to decay—the Ring: the noble practice of British boxing, which in my youth was still almost flourishing.

The prince, in his early days, was a great patron of this national sport, as his grand-uncle Culloden Cumberland had been before him; but being present at a fight at Brighton, where one of the combatants was killed, the prince pensioned the boxer's widow, and declared he never would attend another battle. "But, nevertheless"—I read in the noble language of Pierce Egan (whose smaller work on Pugilism I have the honor to possess)—"he thought it a manly and decided English feature which ought not to be destroyed. His majesty had a drawing of the sporting characters in the Fives' Court placed in his boudoir, to remind him of his former attachment and support of true courage; and when any fight of note occurred after he was king, accounts of it were read to him by his desire." That gives one a fine image of a king taking his recreation—at ease in a royal dressing-gown—too majestic to read himself, ordering the prime minister to read him accounts of battles: how Cribb punched Molyneux's eye, or Jack Randall thrashed the Game Chicken.

Where my prince *did* actually distinguish himself was in driving. He drove once in four hours and a half from Brighton to Carlton House—fifty-six miles. All the young men of that day were fond of that sport. But the fashion of rapid driving deserted England, and, I believe, trotted over to America. Where are the amusements of our youth? I hear of no gambling now but among obscure ruffians—of no boxing but among the lowest rabble. One solitary four-in-hand still drove round the parks in London last year; but that charioteer must soon disappear. He was very old; he was attired after the fashion of the year 1825. He must drive to the banks of Styx ere long, where the ferry-boat waits to carry him over to the defunct revelers who boxed and gambled and drank and drove with King George.

The bravery of the Brunswicks, that all the family must have it, that George possessed it, are points which all English writers have agreed to admit; and yet I can not see how George IV. should have been endowed with this quality. Swaddled in feather-beds all his life, lazy, obese, perpetually eating and drinking, his education was quite unlike that of his tough old progenitors. His grandsires had confronted hardship and war, and ridden up and fired their pistols undaunted into the face of death. His father had conquered luxury, and overcome indolence. Here was one who never resisted any temptation; never had a desire but he coddled and pampered it; if ever he had any nerve, frittered it away among cooks, and tailors, and barbers, and furniture-mongers, and opera dancers. What muscle would not grow flaccid in such a life—a life that was never strung up to any action—an endless Capua without any campaign—all fiddling, and flowers, and feasting, and flattery, and folly? When George III. was pressed by the Catholic question and the India Bill, he said he would retire to Hanover rather than yield upon either point; and he would have done what he said. But, before yielding, he was determined to fight his ministers and parliament; and he did, and he beat them. The time came when George IV. was pressed too upon the Catholic claims: the cautious Peel had slipped over to that side; the grim old Wellington had joined it; and Peel tells us, in his *Memoirs*, what was the conduct of the king. He at first refused to submit; whereupon Peel and the duke offered their resignations, which their gracious master accepted. He did these two gentlemen the honor, Peel says, to kiss them both when they went away. (Fancy old Arthur's grim countenance and eagle beak as the monarch kisses it!) When they were gone he sent after them, surrendered, and wrote to them a letter begging them to remain in office, and allowing them to have their way. Then his majesty had a meeting with Eldon, which is related at curious length in the latter's *Memoirs*. He told Eldon what was not true about his interview with the new Catholic converts; utterly misled the old ex-chancellor; cried, whimpered, fell on his neck, and kissed him too. We know old Eldon's own tears were pumped very freely. Did these two fountains gush together? I can't fancy a behavior more unmanly, imbecile, pitiable. This a defender of the faith! This a chief in the crisis of a great nation! This an inheritor of the courage of the Georges!

Many of my hearers no doubt have journeyed to the pretty old town of Brunswick, in company with that most worthy, prudent, and polite gentleman, the Earl of Malmesbury, and fetched away Princess Caroline for her longing husband, the Prince of Wales. Old Queen Charlotte would have had her eldest son marry a niece of her own, that famous Louisa of Strelitz, afterward Queen of Prussia, and who shares with Marie Antoinette in the last age the sad pre-eminence of beauty and misfortune. But George III. had a niece at Brunswick: she was a richer princess than her Serene Highness of Strelitz: in fine, the Princess Caroline was selected to marry the heir to the English throne. We follow my Lord Malmesbury in quest of her; we are introduced to her illustrious father and royal mother; we witness the balls and fêtes of the old court; we are presented to the princess herself, with her fair hair, her blue eyes, and her impertinent shoulders—a lively, bouncing, romping princess, who takes the advice of her courtly English mentor most generously and kindly. We can be present at her very toilet, if we like, regarding which, and for very good reasons, the British courtier implores her to be particular. What a strange court! What a queer privacy of morals and manners do we look into! Shall we regard it as preachers and moralists, and cry, Woe, against the open vice and selfishness and corruption; or look at it as we do at the king in the pantomime, with his pantomime wife, and pantomime courtiers, whose big heads he knocks together, whom he pokes with his pantomime sceptre, whom he orders to prison under the guard of his pantomime beef-eaters, as he sits

down to dine on his pantomime pudding? It is grave, it is sad, it is theme most curious for moral and political speculation; it is monstrous, grotesque, laughable, with its prodigious littlenesses, etiquettes, ceremonials, sham moralities; it is as serious as a sermon, and as absurd and outrageous as Punch's puppet-show.

Malmesbury tells us of the private life of the duke, Princess Caroline's father, who was to die, like his warlike son, in arms against the French; presents us to his courtiers, his favorite; his duchess, George III.'s sister, a grim old princess, who took the British envoy aside and told him wicked old stories of wicked old dead people and times; who came to England afterward when her nephew was regent, and lived in a shabby furnished lodging, old, and dingy, and deserted, and grotesque, but somehow royal. And we go with him to the duke to demand the princess's hand in form, and we hear the Brunswick guns fire their adieux of salute, as H.R.H. the Princess of Wales departs in the frost and snow; and we visit the domains of the Prince Bishop of Osnaburg—the Duke of York of our early time; and we dodge about from the French revolutionists, whose ragged legions are pouring over Holland and Germany, and gayly trampling down the old world to the tune of *ça ira;* and we take shipping at Slade, and we land at Greenwich, where the princess's ladies and the prince's ladies are in waiting to receive her royal highness.

What a history follows! Arrived in London, the bridegroom hastened eagerly to receive his bride. When she was first presented to him, Lord Malmesbury says she very properly attempted to kneel. He raised her gracefully enough, embraced her, and turning round to me, said,

"Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy."

I said, "Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?"

Upon which, much out of humor, he said, with an oath, "No; I will go to the queen."

What could be expected from a wedding which had such a beginning—from such a bridegroom and such a bride? I am not going to carry you through the scandal of that story, or follow the poor princess through all her vagaries; her balls and her dances, her travels to Jerusalem and Naples, her jigs and her junketings and her tears. As I read her trial in history, I vote she is not guilty. I don't say it is an impartial verdict; but as one reads her story the heart bleeds for the kindly, generous, outraged creature. If wrong there be, let it lie at his door who wickedly thrust her from it. Spite of her follies, the great, hearty people of England loved, and protected, and pitied her. "God bless you! we will bring your husband back to you," said a mechanic one day, as she told Lady Charlotte Bury with tears streaming down her cheeks. They could not bring that husband back; they could not cleanse that selfish heart. Was hers the only one he had wounded? Steeped in selfishness, impotent for faithful attachment and manly enduring love—had it not survived remorse, was it not accustomed to desertion?

Malmesbury gives us the beginning of the marriage story;—how the prince reeled into chapel to be married; how he hiccoughed out his vows of fidelity—you know how he kept them; how he pursued the woman whom he had married; to what a state he brought her; with what blows he struck her; with what malignity he pursued her; what his treatment of his daughter was; and what his own life. *He* the first gentleman of Europe! There is no stronger satire on the proud English society of that day than that they admired George.

No, thank God, we can tell of better gentlemen; and while our eyes turn away, shocked, from this monstrous image of pride, vanity, weakness, they may see in that England over which the last George pretended to reign some who merit indeed the title of gentlemen, some who make our hearts beat when we hear their names, and whose memory we fondly salute when that of yonder imperial manikin is tumbled into oblivion. I will take men of my own profession of letters. I will take Walter Scott, who loved the king, and who was his sword and buckler, and championed him like that brave Highlander in his own story, who fights round his craven chief. What a good gentleman! What a friendly soul, what a generous hand, what an amiable life was that of the noble Sir Walter! I will take another man of letters, whose life I admire even more—an English worthy, doing his duty for fifty noble years of labor, day by day storing up learning, day by day working for scant wages, most charitable out of his small means, bravely faithful to the calling which he had chosen, refusing to turn from his path for popular praise or princes' favor—I mean *Robert Southey.* We have left his old political landmarks miles and miles behind; we protest against his dogmatism; nay, we begin to forget it and his politics: but I hope his life will not be forgotten, for it is sublime in its simplicity, its energy, its honor, its affection. In the combat between Time and Thalaba, I suspect the former destroyer has conquered. Kehama's curse frightens very few readers now; but Southey's private letters are worth piles of epics, and are sure to last among us as long as kind hearts like to sympathize with goodness and purity, and love and upright life. "If your feelings are like mine," he writes to his wife, "I will not go to Lisbon without you, or I will stay at home, and not part from you. For though not unhappy when away, still without you I am not happy. For your sake, as well as my own and little Edith's, I will not consent to any separation; the growth of a year's love between her and me, if it please God she should live, is a thing too delightful in itself, and too valuable in its consequences, to be given up for any light inconvenience on your part or mine. . . . . On these things we will talk at leisure; only, dear, dear Edith, *we must not part!*"

This was a poor literary gentleman. The

First Gentleman in Europe had a wife and daughter too. Did he love them so? Was he faithful to them? Did he sacrifice ease for them, or show them the sacred examples of religion and honor? Heaven gave the Great English Prodigal no such good fortune. Peel proposed to make a baronet of Southey; and to this advancement the king agreed. The poet nobly rejected the offered promotion.

"I have," he wrote, "a pension of £200 a year, conferred upon me by the good offices of my old friend C. Wynn, and I have the laureateship. The salary of the latter was immediately appropriated, as far as it went, to a life-insurance for £3000, which, with an earlier insurance, is the sole provision I have made for my family. All beyond must be derived from my own industry. Writing for a livelihood, a livelihood is all that I have gained; for, having also something better in view, and never, therefore, having courted popularity, nor written for the mere sake of gain, it has not been possible for me to lay by any thing. Last year, for the first time in my life, I was provided with a year's expenditure beforehand. This exposition may show how unbecoming and unwise it would be to accept the rank which, so greatly to my honor, you have solicited for me."

How noble his poverty is compared to the wealth of his master! His acceptance even of a pension was made the object of his opponents' satire: but think of the merit and modesty of this State pensioner; and that other enormous drawer of public money, who receives £100,000 a year, and comes to Parliament with a request for £650,000 more!

Another true knight of those days was Cuthbert Collingwood; and I think, since Heaven made gentlemen, there is no record of a better one than that. Of brighter deeds, I grant you, we may read performed by others; but where of a nobler, kinder, more beautiful life of duty, of a gentler, truer heart? Beyond dazzle of success and blaze of genius, I fancy shining a hundred and a hundred times higher the sublime purity of Collingwood's gentle glory. His heroism stirs British hearts when we recall it. His love, and goodness, and piety make one thrill with happy emotion. As one reads of him and his great comrade going into the victory with which their names are immortally connected, how the old English word comes up, and that old English feeling of what I should like to call Christian honor! What gentlemen they were, what great hearts they had! "We can, my dear Coll," writes Nelson to him, "have no little jealousies; we have only one great object in view—that of meeting the enemy, and getting a glorious peace for our country." At Trafalgar, when the *Royal Sovereign* was pressing alone into the midst of the combined fleets, Lord Nelson said to Captain Blackwood, "See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action! How I envy him!" The very same throb and impulse of heroic generosity was beating in Collingwood's honest bosom. As he led into the fight, he said, "What would Nelson give to be here!"

After the action of the 1st of June, he writes: "We cruised for a few days, like disappointed people looking for what they could not find, *until the morning of little Sarah's birthday*, between eight and nine o'clock, when the French fleet, of twenty-five sail of the line, was discovered to windward. We chased them, and they bore down within about five miles of us. The night was spent in watching and preparation for the succeeding day; and many a blessing did I send forth to my Sarah, lest I should never bless her more. At dawn we made our approach on the enemy, then drew up, dressed our ranks, and it was about eight when the admiral made the signal for each ship to engage her opponent, and bring her to close action; and then down we went under a crowd of sail, and in a manner that would have animated the coldest heart, and struck terror into the most intrepid enemy. The ship we were to engage was two ahead of the French admiral, so we had to go through his fire and that of two ships next to him, and received all their broadsides, two or three times, before we fired a gun. It was then near ten o'clock. I observed to the admiral, that about that time our wives were going to church, but that I thought the peal we should ring about the Frenchman's ears would outdo their parish bells."

There are no words to tell what the heart feels in reading the simple phrases of such a hero. Here is victory and courage, but love sublimer and superior. Here is a Christian soldier spending the night before battle in watching and preparing for the succeeding day, thinking of his dearest home, and sending many blessings forth to his Sarah, "lest he should never bless her more." Who would not say Amen to his supplication? It was a benediction to his country—the prayer of that intrepid, loving heart.

We have spoken of a good soldier and good men of letters as specimens of English gentlemen of the age just past: may we not also—many of my elder hearers, I am sure, have read, and fondly remember his delightful story—speak of a good divine, and mention Reginald Heber as one of the best of English gentlemen? The charming poet, the happy possessor of all sorts of gifts and accomplishments, birth, wit, fame, high character, competence—he was the beloved parish priest in his own home of Hodcrel, "counseling his people in their troubles, advising them in their difficulties, comforting them in distress, kneeling often at their sick beds at the hazard of his own life; exhorting, encouraging where there was need; where there was strife the peacemaker; where there was want the free giver."

When the Indian bishopric was offered to him he refused at first; but after communing with himself (and committing his case to the quarter whither such pious men are wont to carry their doubts), he withdrew his refusal, and prepared himself for his mission, and to leave his beloved parish. "Little children, love one another, and forgive one another," were the last sacred words

he said to his weeping people. He parted with them, knowing, perhaps, he should see them no more. Like those other good men of whom we have just spoken, love and duty were his life's aim. Happy he, happy they who were so gloriously faithful to both! He writes to his wife those charming lines on his journey:

"If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gladly would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

"I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay
And woo the cooler wind.

"I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide;
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee by my side.

"I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer;
But miss thy kind, approving eye,
Thy meek, attentive ear.

"But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

"Then on, then on, where duty leads
My course be onward still—
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

"That course nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

"Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea:
But ne'er were hearts so blithe and gay
As there shall meet in thee!"

Is it not Collingwood and Sarah, and Southey and Edith? His affection is part of his life. What were life without it? Without love, I can fancy no gentleman.

How touching is a remark Heber makes in his *Travels through India*, that on inquiring of the natives at a town which of the governors of India stood highest in the opinion of the people, he found that though Lord Wellesley and Warren Hastings were honored as the two greatest men who ever ruled this part of the world, the people spoke with chief affection of Judge Cleaveland, who had died, aged twenty-nine, in 1784. The people have built a monument over him, and still hold a religious feast in his memory. So does his own country still tend with a heart's regard the memory of the gentle Heber.

And Cleaveland died in 1784, and is still loved by the heathen, is he? Why, that year 1784 was remarkable in the life of our friend the First Gentleman of Europe. Do you not know that he was twenty-one in that year, and opened Carlton House with a grand ball to the nobility and gentry, and doubtless wore that lovely pink coat which we have described. I was eager to read about the ball, and looked to the old magazines for information. The entertainment took place on the 10th February. In the *European Magazine* of March, 1784, I came straightway upon it:

"The alterations at Carlton House being finished, we lay before our readers a description of the state apartments as they appeared on the 10th instant, when H.R.H. gave a grand ball to the principal nobility and gentry. . . . . The entrance to the state room fills the mind with an inexpressible idea of greatness and splendor.

"The state chair is of a gold frame, covered with crimson damask; on each corner of the feet is a lion's head, expressive of fortitude and strength; the feet of the chair have serpents twining round them, to denote wisdom. Facing the throne appears the helmet of Minerva; and over the windows glory is represented by a Saint George with a superb gloria.

"But the saloon may be styled the *chef-d'œuvre*, and in every ornament discovers great invention. It is hung with a figured lemon satin. The window curtains, sofas, and chairs are of the same color. The ceiling is ornamented with emblematical paintings, representing the Graces and Muses, together with Jupiter, Mercury, Apollo, and Paris. Two *ormolu* chandeliers are placed here. It is impossible by expression to do justice to the extraordinary workmanship, as well as design, of the ornaments. They each consist of a palm, branching out in five directions for the reception of lights. A beautiful figure of a rural nymph is represented entwining the stems of the tree with wreaths of flowers. In the centre of the room is a rich chandelier. To see this apartment *dans son plus beau jour*, it should be viewed in the glass over the chimney-piece. The range of apartments from the saloon to the ball-room, when the doors are open, formed one of the grandest spectacles that ever was beheld."

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for the very same month and year—March, 1784—is an account of another festival, in which another great gentleman of English extraction is represented as taking a principal share:

"According to order, H.E. the Commander-in-Chief was admitted to a public audience of Congress; and, being seated, the president, after a pause, informed him that the United States assembled were ready to receive his communications. Whereupon he arose, and spoke as follows:

"'Mr. President,—The great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I present myself before Congress to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

"'Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, I resign the appointment I accepted with diffidence; which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the nation, and the patronage of Heaven. I close this last act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keep-

ing. Having finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave of the employments of my public life.' To which the president replied:

"'Sir, having defended the standard of liberty in the New World, having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict, and those who feel oppression, you retire with the blessings of your fellow-citizens; though the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command, but will descend to remotest ages.'"

Which was the most splendid spectacle ever witnessed—the opening feast of Prince George in London, or the resignation of Washington? Which is the noble character for after-ages to admire—yon fribble dancing in lace and spangles, or yonder hero who sheathes his sword after a life of spotless honor, a purity unreproached, a courage indomitable, and a consummate victory? Which of these is the true gentleman? What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honor virgin; to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and the love of your fireside; to bear good fortune meekly; to suffer evil with constancy; and through evil or good to maintain truth always? Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as gentleman, whatever his rank may be; show me the prince who possesses them, and he may be sure of our love and loyalty. The heart of Britain still beats kindly for George III.—not because he was wise and just, but because he was pure in life, honest in intent, and because according to his lights he worshiped Heaven. I think we acknowledge in the inheritrix of his sceptre a wiser rule and a life as honorable and pure; and I am sure the future painter of our manners will pay a willing allegiance to that good life, and be loyal to the memory of that unsullied virtue.

A FALLEN STAR.

I.

I SAUNTERED home across the Park,
And slowly smoked my last cigar;
The summer night was still and dark,
With not a single star.

And conjured by I know not what
A memory floated through my brain,
The vision of a friend forgot
And thought of now with pain.

A brilliant boy that once I knew,
In former happier days of old,
With sweet frank face, and eyes of blue,
And hair that shone like gold.

Fresh crowned with college victory,
The boast and idol of his class,
With heart as pure and warm and free
As sunshine on the grass.

A figure sinewy, lithe, and strong—
A laugh infectious in its glee—
A voice as beautiful as song,
When heard along the sea.

On me, the man of sombre thought,
The radiance of his friendship won,
As round an autumn tree is wrought
The enchantment of the sun.

He loved me with a tender truth,
He clung to me as clings the vine,
And, like a brimming fount of youth,
His nature freshened mine.

Together hand in hand we walked—
We threaded pleasant country ways—
Or, couched beneath the limes, we talked
On sultry summer days.

For me he drew aside the vail
Before his bashful heart that hung,
And told a sweet ingenuous tale
That trembled on his tongue.

He read me songs and amorous lays,
Where through each slender line a fire
Of love flashed lambently, as plays
The lightning through the wire.

A nobler maid he never knew
Than she he yearned to call his wife,
A fresher nature never grew
Along the shores of life.

Thus rearing diamond arches up
Whereon his future life to build,
He quaffed all day the golden cup
That youthful fancy filled.

Like fruit upon a southern slope,
He ripened on all natural food,
The winds that thrill the skyey cope,
The sunlight's golden blood.

And in his talk I oft discerned
A timid music vaguely heard;
The fragments of a song scarce learned,
The essays of a bird—

The first faint notes the poet's breast,
Ere yet his pinions warrant flight,
Will on the margin of the nest
Utter with strange delight.

Thus rich with promise was the boy,
When, swept abroad by circumstance,
We parted—he to live, enjoy,
And I to war with Chance.

II.

The air was rich with fumes of wine
When next we met. 'Twas at a feast,
And he, the boy I thought divine,
Was the unhallowed Priest.

There was the once familiar grace,
The old enchanting smile was there;
Still shone around his handsome face
The glory of his hair.

But the pure beauty that I knew
Had lowered through some ignoble task;
Apollo's head was peering through
A drunken bacchant's mask.

The smile, once honest as the day,
Now waked to words of grossest wit;
The eyes, so simply frank and gay,
With lawless fires were lit.

He was the idol of the board—
He led the careless, wanton throng—
The soul that once to heaven had soared
Now groveled in a song.

He wildly flung his wit away
In small retort, in verbal brawls,
And played with words as jugglers play
With hollow brazen balls.

But often when the laugh was loud,
And highest gleamed the circling bowl,
I saw what unseen passed the crowd—
The shadow on his soul.

And soon the enigma was unlocked;
The harrowing history I heard—
The sacred duties that he mocked,
The forfeiture of word.

And how he did his love a wrong—
His wild remorse—his mad career—
And now—Ah! hearken to that song,
And hark the answering cheer!

III.

Thus musing sadly on the law
That lets such brilliant meteors quench,
Down the dark path a form I saw
Uprising from a bench.

Ragged and pale, in strident tones
It asked for alms—I knew for what;
The tremor shivering through its bones
Was eloquent of the sot.

It begged, it prayed, it whined, it cried,
It followed with a shuffling tramp—
It would not, could not be denied,
I turned beneath a lamp.

It clutched the coins I gave, and fled
With muttered words of horrid glee,
When, like the white returning dead,
A vision rose to me.

A nameless something in its air,
A sudden gesture as it moved—
'Twas he, the gay, the debonnaire!
'Twas he, the boy I loved!

And while along the lonesome Park
The eager drunkard sped afar,
I looked to heaven, and through the dark
I saw a falling star!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE most notable feature in the Presidential canvass, now drawing to a close, is the attempt in New York to unite upon one common electoral ticket all the opponents of the Republicans. As noticed in our last Record, the supporters of Messrs. Douglas and Bell had formed a common ticket, while those of Mr. Breckinridge made independent nominations. Negotiations for a fusion of these two tickets were entered upon between the two Democratic State Committees; but they were unsuccessful. A committee composed of leading citizens was then organized, by whom an electoral ticket was formed, embracing the names of the ten Bell electors, and substituting those of seven Breckinridge men in the place of an equal number of Douglas men, who resigned the nomination. The "Fusion ticket" in New York now consists of eighteen supporters of Mr. Douglas, ten of Mr. Bell, and seven of Mr. Breckinridge. In the other Northern States, with the possible exception of Pennsylvania, there is little prospect of any fusion between the two sections of the Democratic party.——Mr. Douglas, after speaking in Virginia and North Carolina, and again in Pennsylvania and New York, proceeded to canvass the West. Apart from his continued advocacy of his doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty," the main point in his recent speeches is his reply to the question originally proposed at Norfolk, Virginia, Whether the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency would afford a just cause for the secession of the South? At a great mass meeting held in "Jones's Woods" near New York, September 12, which was addressed by himself, Mr. Johnson, a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and Hon. Mr. Morehead, of Kentucky, he answered this question thus: "I was asked at Norfolk, Virginia, and in other places, whether, in the event any Southern State should secede from this Union when Lincoln was elected, I would go for the enforcement of the laws of the Union. I tell you, as I told them, that whoever is President, is bound by his oath to carry the laws into faithful execution. I also tell you that it is the duty of every law-abiding man, I care not what may be his politics, to aid in the execution of the laws. Hence, if Lincoln should be elected—which God in his mercy forbid—he must be inaugurated according to the Constitution and laws of his country. And I, as his firmest, and strongest, irreconcilable opponent, will sustain him in the exercise of every Constitutional function." Upon the question of "fusion" he said: "I do not charge all the Breckinridge men in the United States with being disunionists. I do not charge Mr. Breckinridge himself with being a disunionist. But I do express my firm conviction that there is not a disunionist in America who is not a Breckinridge man. . . . . I am in favor of a

cordial union of every Union man, every Constitutional man, every man who desires the preservation of the laws in every and all contingencies. If Mr. Breckinridge is in favor of enforcing the laws against disunionists, seceders, abolitionists, and all other classes of men, in the event that the election does not result to suit him, then I am willing; but I am utterly opposed to any union or any fusion with any man or any party who will not enforce the laws, maintain the Constitution, and preserve the Union in all contingencies..... Believing that this Union is in danger, I will make any personal sacrifice to preserve it. If the withdrawal of my name would tend to defeat Mr. Lincoln, I would this moment withdraw it; more especially if such an act of mine would insure the election of a man pledged to the Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of the laws."——Mr. Seward has been vigorously canvassing the Northwestern States, making elaborate speeches in favor of Republican principles, and predicting their speedy triumph.

The State elections in *Vermont* and *Maine* have resulted in favor of the Republicans. In Vermont their candidate for Governor has about 22,000 majority; in Maine about 16,000. In both States they elect their entire Congressional ticket, and have a large majority in both branches of the State Legislatures.——The Prince of Wales, after completing his tour through the British Provinces, arrived at Detroit on the 21st of September, and thence proceeded, by the way of Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Baltimore, to Washington, where he arrived on the 3d. He remained the guest of the President until the 7th, visiting Mount Vernon in the interval. He then visited Richmond, and proceeded to Philadelphia on his way to New York. Every where in the United States he has been most cordially received. ——On the night of the 7th of September the steamer *Lady Elgin*, plying on Lakes Michigan and Superior, was run into by the schooner *Augusta*. The steamer sunk in a few minutes. Of about 400 persons on board less than 100 were saved. Among the lost were Mr. Lumsden, one of the editors of the New Orleans *Picayune*, and Herbert Ingram, member of the British Parliament, and the proprietor of the London *Illustrated News*.——The ship *Erie*, belonging to New York, was captured near the African coast by the United States steamer *Mohican*. The *Erie* had on board 897 slaves. Of these 860 were landed at Monrovia, in Liberia, the remainder having died on the upward passage.

The career of William Walker has reached its close. Making a descent upon Honduras, he took possession of Truxillo, as noted last month. Captain Salmon of the British war steamer *Icarus* demanded that he should give up the town, on the ground that the British Government had claims upon the receipts of the custom-house. Walker, on the night of the 21st of August, abandoned Truxillo, leaving his sick behind, and with 80 men retired down the coast, followed by a body of Hondurans, whose attacks were repulsed. On the 30th of September he was overtaken by General Alvarez, who was accompanied by the Captain of the *Icarus*, at the head of a considerable body of troops. Walker and his men surrendered without resistance. Walker and his second in command, Colonel Rudler, were delivered to the authorities of Honduras, but the remainder of the party were sent back to the United States. Walker was brought to trial on the 11th, condemned, and shot on the following day. Rudler was sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

ITALY.

Thus far the career of Garibaldi in Italy has been one of almost uninterrupted success. After completing the expulsion of the Neapolitan troops from Sicily, about the middle of August he commenced sending troops in several small detachments across the straits, who effected their landing, with little opposition, in Calabria. He himself, with 4000 men, landed at Reggio, on the 19th. Some skirmishes of no importance occurred; but there was no decided opposition made to his advance upon Naples. As he approached the city, the King withdrew with his army, assigning as a reason his wish to spare his "beloved capital" the horrors of a siege. Garibaldi entered Naples on the 7th of September. A Provisional Government was organized at once, the members of which took the oath of allegiance to Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, and the Neapolitan fleet was added to his squadron, commanded by Admiral Persano. Meanwhile, the King of Naples, who had retired with his army of 30,000 men to Capua, announces his determination not to surrender his crown without a vigorous struggle, and calls upon his troops to support him. The brilliant successes of Garibaldi seem now in danger of being neutralized by a want of concord between him and the Sardinian Government. Though nominally acting in behalf of Victor Emanuel, he seems inclined to act mainly upon his own responsibility, disregarding the more cautious plans of Count Cavour, the able Sardinian minister, against whom he has assumed an attitude of decided hostility. As far as can be judged from his proclamations, he seems resolved to overthrow the papal power in the States of the Church, and to drive the Austrians from Venetia—an enterprise which Louis Napoleon, wielding the whole power of the Empire of France, thought too hazardous to attempt: and only when these objects have been accomplished, to establish a kingdom of Italy. It is, in fact, asserted that he is gradually coming under the influence of the "Red Republican" party of Mazzini. ——In the meanwhile the relations of the Papal dominions to the other parts of Italy are becoming more complicated. The Sardinian Government forwarded a dispatch to that of the Pope, protesting against the maintenance of foreign legions, demanding their dismissal, and threatening armed interference in case these troops interfered to prevent the free expression of opinion in the States of the Church. The Papal Government refused compliance with these demands, and a Sardinian army was sent into Umbria and the Marches. These were attacked at Castelfidado by the Papal troops, commanded by General Lamoricière. The Papal troops were defeated, with considerable loss, by the Sardinians under General Cialdini, and Ancona, whither Lamoricière had retreated, was besieged. Victor Emanuel, while making war upon the Papal army, professes a profound respect for the rights of the Pope. In his proclamation to his army he says: "You enter the Marches and Umbria to restore civil order in desolated towns, to give the people liberty to express their own wishes. You have not to fight powerful armies; but only to deliver unhappy Italian provinces from the presence of foreign invaders.....I intend to respect the throne of the Chief of the Church, to whom I am always ready to give, in concert with the allied and friendly powers, all those guarantees of independence and security which his blind advisers have in vain hoped from the fanaticism of the perverse sect which conspires against my authority and the liberty of the nation."

THE EAST.

The Turkish Government seems disposed to inflict exemplary punishment upon the actors in the late massacres in Syria. At Damascus some hundreds have been executed, including the Pacha, whose neglect or complicity, gave occasion to the outbreak. The destitution among the Christian population, who have taken refuge at Beirût is extreme. The Relief Committee in that city say, "We distribute bread daily to more than 7000 poor; we have procured houses and tents, as far as possible, for shelter; we have commenced a hospital for the sick, and opened a soup kitchen chiefly, though not exclusively, for their benefit, and for mothers who nurse, hoping to save some of the children by giving to the mothers more nourishing food than dry bread."

Literary Notices.

The Cottages of the Alps; or, Life and Manners in Switzerland, by the Author of "Peasant Life in Germany." (Published by Charles Scribner.) Seldom have the social and domestic customs of any people been pictured with more minute fidelity than in the unpretending pages which an intelligent countrywoman of our own has here devoted to the delineation of life and manners, as observed by herself during a temporary residence in the cantons of Switzerland. She evidently writes without prejudice, without attachment to foregone conclusions, without bias toward party or sect, and sincerely intent on giving an accurate record of impressions received from varied intercourse with the inhabitants in their homes. Her powers of observation are naturally of a superior order, and they have been greatly quickened by her interest in the subject, to which her European tour has been principally devoted.

Among the pastoral people of Switzerland the Unterwalders seem to have been favorites with the author, and one of her most interesting chapters is occupied with an account of their simple and primitive mode of life. They are eminently a religious people, and nowhere else in Switzerland are the emblems of the prevailing faith so thickly strewn on mountain and in valley. The cross meets you at almost every step; the valleys are filled with little niches cut in the trunks of trees, with some image of saint or virgin; and high up on the Alps are seen modest chapels for the use of the shepherds. The laws concerning the Alpine pastures date as far back as the year 1308. Strange as it may seem, the precipitous heights and frightful gorges where the flocks and herds are pastured are measured and allotted with the exactness of a garden. Every cow has her appointed hill-top, and every goat must browse within his own limits. The herds are in charge of an organized pastoral hierarchy. The chief person, who is called the *Senn*, remains always by the hut, and takes the whole care of the milk. The next in rank and honor attends to transporting the products of the dairy, supplies the establishment with fuel, and sees that nothing is wanting in the way of food. The third in office attends to the cleaning out-doors and within the hut, and is at the beck and call of his superiors for any menial service that may be demanded. The last in order is the cow-boy, who runs for the cows and drives them to pasture; and if there are sheep, a shepherd is added to the company. The huts on the mountain heights are of logs, notched at the ends to fit together, with a roof of the same, kept in place by stones. They are open to both wind and rain, and, having no chimney, are black with smoke. The milk room is partly under-ground, and very dark, and is usually kept cool by rills of running water. A fire-place is made in the principal room by digging a cavity in the earth and paving it with stones, while the smoke escapes through a hole in the roof. Over the fire is an immense copper caldron, in which the milk is warmed before it is converted into Swiss cheese. The rennet is put in, and the milk stirred continually for half an hour till it is curdled. The curds are immediately placed in the press, by which hurried process the cheese is made hard, and acquires the taste which, however agreeable to epicures, is apt to prove repugnant to uncultivated palates. In the same smoky room with the great kettle stands a tub for whey and a butter-tub; on two poles hang the milk pails, and on a bench stands a pail for the whey, which they drink instead of water. They wash the milk apparatus in whey, and often even their own clothes. In the whole canton of Unterwald are made more than twenty thousand hundred-weight of cheese every year, each cheese weighing from twenty-two to thirty-two pounds, and the average price bring from seven to nine dollars a hundred-weight.

In all the Alps of Unterwald you hear at early morning and evening the call of the shepherd to prayers. By means of his Alpine horn—a sort of tunnel-shaped tube of wood—he rings a peculiar series of changes, which echo far and wide, and with a shrillness which is imparted only by the mountain air. The moment it is heard they all commence their orisons; if near a chapel they enter; if not, they kneel upon the rocks. The famous *Ranz des Vaches* echo from every Alpine height. These are not regular tunes or melodies, yet they are governed by rules of their own, and in the atmosphere of the mountains are thrilling beyond description. There is very little motion of the lips or mouth, and the breathing is scarcely perceptible. Sometimes two or three sing together, and keep time and tune; but this is not usual. It is the song of the solitary shepherd on the hills, and invented, not for communication with men, but with the animals who are his his life-companions. The literal translation of the terms is *cow-rows*, referring to the manner in which the cows arrange themselves when coming at its call. Those which are in the habit of wandering to the greatest distance have bells, and the moment they hear the "cow-song" they turn their steps homeward, and are followed by all the rest in a row.

The first driving of the cows to their Alpine pasture in the spring, and their return in the autumn, are made the occasion of a grand festival. A large bell is selected for the largest and handsomest cow, with peculiar reference to its tone, while the two cows next to her in beauty are honored with those a little smaller in size, but the tones of which chime in with the larger one. These bells are hung upon an embroidered leathern band, and the cow whose neck receives the largest at once shows the consciousness of her rank, and though it is removed while she roams in the pastures, she never forgets

the honor it has conferred on her of leading the row at morning and evening call.

In the pastoral cantons it is not usual to find fresh meat on the table, except on Sundays and festivals; but ham, with potatoes and other vegetables, is used almost every day for dinner. The peasants generally eat four meals a day, and at two of them wine is never wanting. The lowest class of laborers are not content without at least a quart daily, besides a glass of brandy before going to work in the morning. Pancakes and waffles, with wine, form the common evening repast, and cheese is eaten on all occasions.—In addition to the lively details concerning the rural life of Switzerland, which form the basis of the volume, it contains many historical and antiquarian notices, which serve to impart unity to the descriptions, and enable the curious reader to connect the past with the present.

The Life and Letters of Mrs. Emily C. Judson, by A. C. KENDRICK. (Published by Sheldon and Co.) The subject of this biography was no less remarkable for her romantic history than for her brilliant gifts as a writer, and the earnestness and elevation of her character. With a singularly enthusiastic temperament she combined a large store of practical sense and energy; with all the elements of a heroic nature, she exhibited a childlike docility in the discharge of the humblest duties; her deep religious principle was never disturbed by the innate gayety of her humor; and with the power of lofty self-sacrifice, she always retained the playful and gentle affectionateness which made her the idol of a devoted circle of friends. Her early life was passed in poverty and all sorts of privations. Compelled to labor with her hands at a tender age, the days which are usually given to the pursuit of knowledge were employed in the difficult quest of a livelihood. Her indigent parents were in a great measure dependent on her for support at an age when most young people are provided for with the most careful appliances of home. But nothing could retard the flight of her youthful genius. Her ardent mind soon found vent in poetry, and literary composition became a necessity of her nature. The delicate and graceful effusions of her pen, quickened by an intense glow of feeling, won admiration from the most scrupulous judges, and it was not long before she found herself encircled with the full blaze of popular enthusiasm. In the very heyday of public favor she formed the acquaintance of the missionary hero whose toils and sufferings in pagan barbarism, so nobly met and so bravely endured, were the theme of applauding wonder from his Christian countrymen. From that hour her fate was linked with his. With what courage, what wisdom, what sweet and tender devotedness, did she enter upon her new career in the land of the Orient! Never was drawn a more touching picture of the soft, clinging affection of the woman, with the stern, resolute bravery of the martyr, than is presented in the pathetic pages which record her experience in Burmah, and the closing scenes of her life. The tragic element mingles deeply with the current of her fate. Her story is one that commands equal pity and admiration, drawing tears from the most rigid eye, and affectionate reverence from the coldest heart.—The editor of this volume is entitled to the warmest gratitude for the manner in which he has performed his delicate and unaccustomed task. To a great degree, he has permitted the subject of the biography to be described from her correspondence, in which she pours forth the spontaneous effusions of an impulsive and confiding nature. His own comments are always appropriate and forcible, his delineations of character just and expressive, and his narrative of events is marked by acute appreciation and profound feeling.

Poems, by GEORGE P. MORRIS. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The position of General Morris, as the favorite American song writer, has been established by the consenting voice of his countrymen. The artless simplicity of his style, the mellow flow of his versification, his innumerable touches of natural pathos, and his eloquent appeals to the pure and gentle affections, have made his name a household word in every family of the land. Nor does he find a welcome place alone in the hearts of the people. He has won the suffrages of acute and fastidious critics, and gained admiring readers in a distant hemisphere. In the memoir prefixed to this complete and beautiful edition of his poems we find a record of the opinions of several intelligent judges, whose decisions may challenge the force of law in literature. Thus Mr. Willis, writing from the ardor of friendship as well as from admiration of genius, remarks: "Morris has hung the most beautiful thoughts in the world upon hinges of honey; and his songs are destined to roll over bright lips enough to form a sunset. His sentiments are simple, honest, truthful, and familiar; his language is pure and eminently musical; and he is prodigally full of the poetry of everyday feeling." So, too, the late Horace Binney Wallace, one of the richest and most accomplished minds whose early loss the country has been called to deplore, says: "There is no professed writer of songs in this day who has conceived the true character of this delicate and peculiar creation of art with greater precision and justice than Mr. Morris, or been more felicitous than he in dealing with the subtle and multiform difficulties that beset its execution. The kind of excellence which we ascribe to Mr. Morris is excellence of a lofty order—genuine, sincere, and incapable of question; more valuable in this class of composition than in any other, because both more important and more difficult. His compositions, original in style, natural in spirit, beautiful with the charm of almost faultless execution, may challenge for their author the title of the Laureate of America." To the same effect a writer in a prominent literary journal of London: "We know of none who have written more charmingly of love than George P. Morris. Would to Apollo that our rhymsters would condescend to read carefully his poetical effusions! But they contain no straining after effects, no extravagant metaphors, no driveling conceits; and so there is little fear of their being taken as models by those gentlemen. Let the reader mark the surprising excellence of the love songs—their perfect naturalness, the quiet beauty of the similes, the fine blending of graceful thought and tender feeling which characterize them. Morris is, indeed, the poet of home joys. None have described more eloquently the beauty and dignity of true affection—of passion based upon esteem; and his fame is certain to endure while the Anglo-Saxon woman has a hearth-stone." The edition now issued contains the only complete collection of General Morris's poems, and is presented in a style of chaste and elegant typography which will recommend it to amateurs.

The Household of Bouverie, by A SOUTHERN LADY. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) The unquestionable imaginative power evinced in this high-wrought romance can scarcely be regarded as a com-

pensation for the incredible horrors which interweave a tissue of poisoned and bloody threads through the whole texture of the narrative. An attempt is made to embody a Mephistopheles of the most malignant stamp—a demon whose soul is lurid with the reflection of infernal fires—in the person of a gifted man of the world, of all elegant accomplishments, of an attractive exterior, polished and enticing in manner, eloquent and fascinating in speech, and winning a strange influence over those who came within the blight of his presence by the power of a bold and subtle intellect; but himself mastered by a murderous love of destruction, devoted to the foulest magical incantations, casting the spell of his evil eye over every manifestation of beauty and innocence, ecstatically bathing his hands in human blood, and obtruding his fiendlike universality of mischief wherever a sunny prospect opens upon the remaining personages of the story. The plot is fragmentary and complicated in its construction; forming a confused Mosaic from scattered pieces, requiring not a little diligence for its comprehension, but every where betraying a daring boldness of conception, singular fertility of illustration, and a combined beauty and vigor of expression, which it would be difficult to match in any recent works of fiction. The scene is chiefly laid in this country, though taking for granted a possibility of social relations which have no prototype either here or, in modern days, elsewhere. Only in the darkest medieval times, or, rather, only in the ghastly fancies of writers like Mrs. Radcliffe or Monk Lewis, can such horrors be made to assume any approach to verisimilitude. In these pages the contrast between scenes of perpetual occurrence, and all that can be conceived of American or English life, is too violent to be available even for purposes of the wildest fiction. Still, in these days, when the most milk-and-watery platitudes are so often welcomed as Sibylline inspirations, it is somewhat refreshing to meet with a female novel-writer who displays the unmistakable fire of genius, however terrific its brightness.

The Glaciers of the Alps, by JOHN TYNDALL, F.R.S. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) The poetical love of nature and power of graphic description displayed by the author of this volume make it no less attractive to the general reader than the fruits of his intelligent scientific enthusiasm are valuable as a contribution to a most interesting branch of physical geography. Within a few years past the phenomena of the Alpine glaciers have been made the subject of zealous research by several distinguished explorers, as Agassiz, Desor, Guyot, Professor Forbes, Huxley, and others; but none have evinced a more resolute spirit amidst the perils of the enterprise, or given a more admirable record of their observations than the writer of the present work. His first journey to the region of the Alps for scientific purposes was in 1856, in company with Mr. Huxley, the results of which were embodied in a paper presented to the Royal Society. In the following year he made a second expedition, during which he accomplished the ascent of Mont Blanc together with Mr. Huxley, thus enjoying the opportunity for important observations, and obtaining new light on the object of his researches.

A second ascent of Mont Blanc in 1858 is described in a singularly interesting narrative, as well as various other excursions among the glaciers, which are now fairly brought within the scope of scientific investigation. The conclusions at which Professor Tyndall arrives embrace the following points among others: Glaciers are derived from mountain snow consolidated to ice by pressure, which has been proved by experiment sufficient to convert snow into ice. The power of yielding to pressure diminishes as the mass becomes more compact, but does not cease even after it has taken the form of ice. When a sufficient depth of such a substance is collected on the earth's surface, the lower portions are squeezed out by the upward pressure, and, if resting upon a slope, will yield in the direction of the slope and move downward. In this way the deposit of snow which covers the higher portions of lofty mountains moves slowly down into an adjacent valley, through which it descends as a true glacier, partly by sliding, and partly by the yielding of the mass itself. Several valleys thus filled may unite in a single valley, the tributary glaciers welding together to form a trunk glacier. The quality of viscosity is practically absent in glacier ice. When subjected to strain the glacier does not yield by stretching, but by breaking, which is the origin of the crevasses. The ice of many glaciers is laminated, and when weathered may be cloven into thin plates. In the sound ice the lamination appears in blue stripes drawn through the general whitish mass of such glaciers. These blue veins represent portions of ice from which the air bubbles have been more completely expelled. This is the veined structure of the ice. It is divided into marginal, transverse, and longitudinal structure, which may be regarded as complementary to marginal, longitudinal, and transverse crevasses.

Old Mackinaw, or, The Fortress of the Lakes and its Surroundings, by W. P. STRICKLAND. (Published by James Challen and Son.) The historical recollections connected with the northern portion of Michigan, as well as its grand and picturesque scenery, have inspired the author of this volume with an enthusiastic admiration of the locality. He sets forth the natural advantages of this magnificent region, its unbounded material resources, and its adaptation to be the centre of an extensive commerce. His volume is also rich in antiquarian details. The progress of early discovery is dwelt upon at considerable length, and a just and eloquent tribute is paid to the labors of the Catholic missionaries, who were the pioneers of civilization in the wilderness of the Northwest. Several interesting statements are given in regard to the present agricultural, industrial, and social condition of the growing State of Michigan, exhibiting in a strong light the advancement of wealth and cultivation within a short period, and announcing the most sanguine auguries of her rapid development in the future.

Loss and Gain, by Mrs. ALICE B. HAVEN. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) The high reputation of Mrs. Haven as a favorite writer for the domestic circle will receive no diminution by this fresh production of her pen. It presents the same natural and healthy views of life, the just insight into character, and the rare facility of expression which have crowned her previous writings with such a wide popularity.

Wheat and Tares. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The everyday experiences of English society have furnished the ample materials which are here wrought up into an animated and effective story. Its principal illustrations are derived from the lights and shade of current political and ecclesiastical movements, which are woven into a plot which, if producing no preternatural excitement, is alive with human passions and sympathies.

Editor's Table.

LEARNING: ITS USES AND ABUSES.—If we could reach across the intervening ages, and find out exactly who and where he was, we should like to shake hands with the first learned man. Other first things we can picture, and even ideally portray—such, for instance, as the first garden, lying serenely sunward, all alive to the first saluting breath of the morning, and responsive to the quickening touch of each hour of the day. And then, too, the first man and the first woman, in their first home, standing at their full Godward height, in large and glorious consciousness of what they were in their headship of a new race, and as inheritors of a life waiting to expand their capacity to know, and love, and enjoy; and holding for them a futurity of beatitudes well-nigh infinite. Then, too, we know something of the first boat ever built, and what a voyage it made on the greatest sea that ever rolled, and how Alps and Himalayas bowed beneath it as it passed, and an unseen Pilot stood by its mysterious helm, and strangely directed its floatings as He willed. And first cities, where their walls swept broad circles, and their towers lifted up heavenward heights, and their hanging gardens overlooked humble dwellings—these we know. But the first learned man—how he looked and how he lived; in what strains he made love, and the precise muscles relaxed to play with little children—we fear he is doomed to be a myth. Not yet has geology found his fossil, nor Layard exhumed his original footsteps, nor Rawlinson restored his voice to speak the truth of ancient Hebrew records. So we must be content to do without him.

But the loss is not irreparable. Varying Wordsworth's line, we can say that "Learned men have been among us," and we have been on terms of respectful fellowship with them. It was not so always. Learned men were once the aristocracy of aristocracies. The venerable Bede dwelt apart from the common herd, and Scaliger had his private haunts. In those days learning loved a hermitage, and the great world did obeisance to its lordly seclusion. But time changed its usages. Printing democratized its spirit. Distance ceased to lend enchantment to the view, and learning walked on the highway with humble pretensions. Johnson talked in coffee-houses; Parr's solemn wig could be measured in any company; and Porson's Greek bore Hyblæan honey and the fragrance of Tempe whithersoever he went. There is a time in the history of every thing when it comes forth from mystical associations, and is disenchanted of false attractions. Learning has gone through this trying stage in its history, and that, too, with an augmentation of its influence. True, it is not now feasted and flattered as it formerly was; nor do kings draw it to their courts, as Charlemagne and Alfred did. Still, it is a vast and noble power, while such instances as Goethe, Niebuhr, Humboldt, and Bunsen show that governments yet love to render it homage.

In our day, then, learning takes the common fare. It travels in the people's line, and submits to the people's ways. Prerogative and privilege have fled; factitious supports have fallen away; and just what it is in itself—no less, and no more—is now the measure of its appreciation. This is a vast gain all around. Had learning continued under the old system of protection it would have served its royal masters, and, like "purple and fine linen," been confined to courts and nobility. The people live by free trade, and nations humanize by means of blessings that flow around the globe on free oceans and circulate in free air. Learning itself has been a great gainer because of the change. By being put on its own merits—by being set adrift from monasteries and palaces, and forced to win its way through the world—it has acquired the art of adaptation to the wants of men, and taken its place among the working forces of the age. If it see fit to indulge its abstractions—to spend a lifetime over a Greek article, or in solving the problem of perpetual motion—it can follow its bent or whim until complacency itself is surfeited. But it must be content to go through the toil and isolation uncheered and unblessed—"forlornly brave," as Mrs. Browning sings of Byron. The world, faithful to its instincts—and, in some things, a most indomitable disciple of Paley—will insist on holding the claims of learning to the standard of utility. And, to a certain extent, this is perfectly right; for learned men are men bound by manly ties to a manly world, and not to be encouraged in idle abstractions and moonshine reveries just because they are learned men. If learning is not a genuine element in civilization—if it is a private luxury for scholars, and a private treasure for libraries—then civilization does right to ignore its puffy pretensions, while scholars and libraries may see to its sustenance.

But, notwithstanding, there are two sides to this question of utility. We have, for instance, the utility of the exchange and market-place. Controlled by commercial considerations it aims to affix value by worth, to estimate all things by their availableness for given ends, to look at them simply as they are, to handle them as substantial realities—tough, sinewy, and hard realities, that can be hammered on steel anvils, compressed under the weight of hydraulic engines, transported across the continent on railroads, or shipped to distant ports. On this principle of utility the daily business of the world proceeds, nor, indeed, could it proceed on any other. A man of trade can not be a man of trade in any other way; so that, theoretically as well as practically, the true law of commercial activity is contained herein. Tangible and immediate ends must be kept in view in many of our actions, and hence our faculties, together with our knowledge, must be skillfully adapted to the objects by which we are surrounded. But then there is a broader view of utility, which is essential to the justness and consistency of the idea above presented; and thus, while it is true that sagacity and prudence have a direct connection with our present prosperity, it is equally true that they exist for something higher than those immediate offices. Utility, therefore, involves the use of all our better attributes. As these attributes are related to certain objects—in brief, as they are means to an end—utility demands their culture. Now it is evident that learning may be contemplated under both these aspects. It is a productive power, a guiding power, a ruling power in the market-place, in the factory, on the farm, in every practical sphere that can be named. Then, too, and in a far nobler sense, it has a sphere within, and serves the intellectual and moral nature.

The value of learning, according to the view just given, lies in its use. But it is use not as determinable, on the one hand, by dollars and cents; nor, on the other hand, by intellectual and moral considerations. Neither statement meets the fact. Each is

the counterpart of the other, and therefore they are to be united. If learning has its positive uses in all branches of art, in trade, in the professions, it has its uses likewise in cultivating our faculties, ennobling character, enlarging the sense of manhood, strengthening its conscious grasp on the dimmer and more remote objects of the universe. One form of this utility should never be arrayed against the other form; each is constantly aiding the other; nor, indeed, could they long exist in independent attitudes. Such are the tendencies of the mind to rest in partial views of truth, that it is difficult for most men to have a balanced judgment on this subject; and yet nothing is clearer than that knowledge sustains this two-fold relation, and is only worthy of the name when it duly performs both offices. A practical man, therefore, is not a man in this or that position, but a man who, in whatever situation placed, uses his knowledge for practical results. No matter where the results appear — whether in the open world or in men's thoughts, whether outwardly in trade, or inwardly in building up force of intellect and character—they are both alike practical.

A philosopher, then, may be a practical man. A metaphysician, too, may be a practical man. If it must be confessed that many of them are not practical men the fault is not in philosophy and metaphysics, but in their abuse. The reason of this abuse is found in the fact that they are mere thinkers, not thinking men; for whenever manhood goes into thought it communicates a genial impulse, creates a social voice instead of a soliloquizing tone, and never rests until it enjoy kindred fellowship. Such men, when true to natural instincts, are never dreamy, impracticable men. The heart is always claiming to be heard; its steady and earnest throb is the most audible thing within; and if men listen to its upward and outward beat no mere speculations or fine-spun reveries will be tolerated. We call these thinkers abstract, and such they are, but the real question is as to the quality of their abstractions. Supposing they are abstractions too misty and ethereal for character and life, they are worthless; but if they are nebulæ only because of distance, let us wait for their brighter advent into our sky, assured that the telescope will reveal them, and practical astronomy use them in its calculations. Every age originates these abstractions; one generation lays them up in store for another, and as the fund accumulates it forms a reservoir on which shaping and adaptive intellects constantly draw. All great thoughts exist first as abstractions. If this were not so their practical power to serve the world would soon be exhausted.

Is not something analogous to this seen in the ordinary phenomenon of outward civilization? The multitude work—buy and sell, and get gain—under each other's eyes; while away in distant wildernesses, down in dark mines, or far off upon the sea, others are busy in collecting many of the materials out of which are created the comforts and appliances of civilized life. Each of these large classes subsists by the other. So with thinkers and actors. The energy of the world, as seen in trade, commerce, government, society, would be fitful and short-lived if abstract thinkers were not continually replenishing its stock of ideas and opening fresh fields to inspirit activity. Such thinkers penetrate those vast solitudes that encircle the apparent, the tangible, the familiar; open highways through their ancient forests and over their long-hidden valleys, and lead forth the busy throng to secure their treasures. And what we call the epochs of civilization are rarely any thing else than these discoveries of abstract thinkers passing down into the hands of the many. At every step of progress we have a new lesson in our indebtedness to these forward minds; nor is any fact more marked, in our day, than the complete facility with which we avail ourselves of their intelligence and research.

Our civilization, then, is a victory of thought. Scholarship builds up our estate, establishes its foundations, creates its wonders. If chance and accident are inconsistent with the rule of Providence, they are likewise inconsistent with the authority of man over his sphere of action. Incompatible with God's world, they are incompatible with our world; for though we are frail, imperfect, sinning creatures, yet so far as we have a world subject to our sway, and occupied so as to constitute a home, we represent God's attributes and glory. If, then, this world grow into order and beauty under our hands; if we multiply year by year new ties between its objects and our welfare; if we are constantly borrowing something from its immense resources, and adding it to the grand capital that makes civilization rich and mighty, it is not acquired as luck and fortune, but as the fruit of patient and profound study. Here, therefore, learning vindicates its claims on our warmest appreciation. It stands between us and want, wretchedness, ruin. It makes human weakness more than a match for adverse circumstances; puts nature's gigantic forces in our grasp; converts the blank sky into a sailing-chart for the mariner; domesticates rivers and lakes into the household economy of nations; enlarges the area of being by vast accessions from new realms of the universe; and, working within still more than without, lifts our humbled consciousness into the dignity of serene manhood, and aids us to fulfill our ministry as co-workers with God's infinite providence.

This is seen most clearly in the history of our recent civilization. One might almost affirm that it is a law of thought to reach from one extreme of society to the other, so certain is it that the least favored classes of the community—such as subsist by severe toil and have least leisure for improvement—are precisely those who receive the most signal benefits from the progress of knowledge. In this country, where the natural laws of society take effect more fully and with less artificial restriction than any where else, the advantages of knowledge constantly gravitate, as it were, toward the hands of those most needing their aid. Out of a large number of writers, speakers, teachers, preachers, whom we know, the most of them have sprung from families not distinguished for intelligence of mind or prominence of social influence. The walks of enterprise present the same fact. Men who were apprentices twenty-five years ago—men in many cases common laborers and field-hands — are now very often found in the front rank of society; and in various instances we have learned on inquiry that the banking capital and controlling power of neighborhoods and towns were mainly in possession of such persons. How has this come to pass? Much is doubtless due to energy and skill on the part of these individuals; but energy and skill are relative things, and depend mainly on the circumstances under which they are exercised. Had these persons been cut off from access to books, lectures, and living instructors; had the age afforded them no help by science and art, in the shape of inventions and other instruments of service; in brief, had not

knowledge created a demand for skilled labor and intelligent enterprise, one out of many might have attained his present attitude, but such a number, and with such comparative ease, could never have realized such success. The diffusion of knowledge has developed a new state of society. It has transformed the old public — narrow, stunted, fenced around with prescriptive rights and stiffened into imbecility by hereditary compliances—into a young, fresh, elastic public, that measures men and things by the native force burning within, and gathers them to its own heart just according to the heart they happen to have. No genius like Johnson would wait on a Chesterfield now, nor would Fulton and Whitney, if they had been of our day, have experienced half their difficulties in bringing their inventions before the people.

Such facts show that, of all monopolies, the monopoly of learning is the most foolish, the most impotent, the most suicidal. Bentham's principle—"the greatest good of the greatest number"—is true of knowledge. There is no distinction of class where the interests of knowledge are involved. For whatever may be the relations of one class of society to another, and their bearings on each other's well-being, it is certain that knowledge is one of those inward and permanent needs which belong to man by virtue of his intellectual and moral nature, and to gratify them is, therefore, the surest method to advance the welfare of society. Any learning then that can not be popularized convicts itself of unfitness as a social agency. If it can not be brought into the walks of life; if it is shy of the crowd, timid of faces, fond of cloister and shade, then it may be a private luxury, a badge of transcendental seclusiveness; but there is some fatal defect about it that in due time will banish it from the world. The great heart of humanity is really the best test of every thing. Ay, more, it is the hope of every thing; for down in its hidden recesses slumber the echoes that one day will respond to the utterance of sublimest truths. If our Universities were feudal castles of science the world of our day would not tolerate them, for we are all beginning to see that diffusion is the fixed law of progress. Any thing that is not better by diffusion is not a good thing. Hard is it to see, harder still to believe. We Americans resist the grand law just as much as aristocrats if it come in collision with our prejudices. Science still strives to keep up its reserve, its bristling technicalities, its dead formalities; but all in vain. Art has broken through the restraints, literature is still freer from conventional pride and pompous stilting. Step by step we are advancing to the point at which humanity will be the public; and then, when every glowing thought and every burning sensibility is answered from without, talent and genius, virtue and worth, will not retreat, as formerly, from the world, but will renew their confidence and perfect their strength in wide-spread forms of beauty and love.

A few nations practically make the world; fewer still show any marked signs of progressive ideas and increasing power. Among those nations that really seem to be fulfilling a purpose, and are accomplishing objects beyond the circle of their own selfish interests, it seems quite clear that the sentiment of humanity, as operative toward the race of mankind, is closely connected with a still deeper sense of humanity as uniting and consolidating their own subjects in the bonds of fraternal sympathy. A home-humanity is certainly the source of foreign brotherhood; and hence the two nations, England and America, which are most widely multiplying their commercial relations and laying the broadest foundation for a Christianizing activity, are doing most to diffuse knowledge and create a cordial reciprocity of feeling in all classes of their population. These are the nations in which newspapers, magazines, lectures, and other agencies of intelligence abound. The effect of this diffusive intelligence is therefore two-fold; for while it increases the dependence of citizens of the same government on one another, and draws them nearer together, it is sure to originate a series of influences that transcend the boundaries of their birth and radiate into remote lands. Take, for example, our own country. The migratory nature of our intellect is one of the significant facts of the day; and while other nations are sending us their surplus population, ignorant and often degraded, we are furnishing them with ideas and inventions that are new phenomena in the world of mind. This, moreover, is a private movement. Led by its own instincts, enterprise is sending abroad its steam-presses, telegraphs, locomotives, and reaping-machines; furnishing apparatus for astronomical purposes, weapons of war, and ships for naval service; supplying invoices of maps, charts, and books at St. Petersburg, Malta, Cape Town, Sandwich Islands; while, at the same time, our citizens are quietly domesticating themselves in every part of the world, and thus establishing centres of moral and social power. Never was there such an instance of the silent popularizing of a country as our people are now effecting abroad in behalf of the United States. Taken in all its bearings, it is one of the wonders of an age prolific in startling events and romantic achievements. It is altogether a new phase of cosmopolitan life—a sentiment as well as an impulse, a fresh form of missionary energy. Talk as men may of the assimilative power of American thought—its capacity to absorb the ideas of other nations—it is not comparable with that far-reaching force which is now making itself felt despite of hereditary traditions and organic prejudices. The one is merely elective affinity; but the other is a galvanic battery, sending its electrical currents around the world.

If, now, our country is thus diffusing its influence by means of intelligence and the enterprise consequent thereupon, let us not lose sight of the connection which exists between that influence and the higher degrees of private culture. Individuals have their office; so have the masses of the people their vocation to fulfill: but the two should not be confounded. Masses never make discoveries; never originate great and startling inventions; never bring to light profound facts, or project sublime ideas on the world. These are allotted to individuals. The truths of science and art, the principles of mechanical and commercial progress, the laws of nature, are ascertained by private minds. But they must become the property of the people, or they are practically worthless. Here, then, a new problem arises. If the people are not competent, by general intelligence and active force, to accept the ideas of their chieftains, whether those chieftains belong to the ranks of accredited scholarship or spring helmeted and sceptred immediately from their own walks, these ideas are not incorporated into the agencies of the day. Bacon, Newton, Watt, Davy, Stephenson must incarnate themselves in the public or their genius expires. Learned men and an intelligent public are the counterparts of each other. The wise

brain and the skilled hand must go together, or civilization is a one-sided, unbalanced, incongruous thing. Agreeably to this law, every forward step of the people in education and enlightenment enhances the value of a learned class. The highest grade of thinkers, men of original thoughts, philosophers and poets worthy to wear their august titles, inventors, and discoverers, are not only more needed to give employment to the awakened intellect of the people, to feed their mental appetites, to direct their industry into new fields, but, what is essential to steady and large success, they are made more sure of appreciation and reward.

Bold minds, it is true, must always expect to pay some penalty for leaping far in advance of the age. Every new truth must be a battle-cry to rouse up old prejudices; but, as the people grow more cultivated, fresh facts are more readily accepted. The ridiculous spasms that communities have generally gone through, whenever a new movement was about to be inaugurated—the petty convulsions that have almost always followed a discovery or an invention, and have done so much harm to truth and progress, are thus constantly lessened, and men are thereby educated into that openness of intellect which is so desirable as a mental habit, apart from its relations to novel disclosures of nature's laws. Society has never been hospitable to these strangers. "Angels unawares" have they often proved themselves; and well was it they were "angels," or they would have died of sheer disgust.

The history of science is a sad commentary on the truth that the world never knows its best friends. Whenever an "early star, predicting dawn," has risen, weak men could not pluck it from the high orbit, but they have raised a cloud of prejudice to obscure its shining. Roger Bacon was supposed to be in the patronage of the devil, and was imprisoned for years. Copernicus sought the grave as a shelter from ridicule and obloquy. Galileo felt the vengeance of the Inquisition. Newton's own countrymen turned against him, and, as Playfair remarks, it was by means of "the stratagem of Dr. Clarke" that the Newtonian Philosophy first entered Cambridge. Hervey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, and Jenner, to whom we are indebted for security against small-pox, were violently opposed. The weavers of Blackburn, infuriated against Hargreaves for inventing the spinning-jenny, broke into his house, destroyed the new machine, and compelled the inventor to fly from the town. Lyons treated its great benefactor, Jacquard, in the same spirit, and his loom, by which the most beautiful fabrics are cheaply produced, was publicly broken to pieces. The eldest Peel had his carding-machines destroyed by a mob—his works at Althain were thrown down, and he forced to abandon his neighborhood. The introduction of coal as a fuel, of gas for lighting cities, of Macadamized roads, of fast coaches, of railroads, met with bitter opposition; and as late as 1825, after Stephenson had offered to run a railway train from Woolwich to London at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, the *Quarterly* said, "We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off by one of Congreve's ricochet rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate." But a vast change in this respect is in progress. Reaping-machines, steam printing-presses, telegraphs, excite far less hostility than former inventions. Farmers are eager to try guano on their fields, and no woman needs an argument to buy a sewing-machine. Navigators are prompt to avail themselves of Maury's charts, and Governments that diffuse scientific knowledge are heartily sustained by popular sympathy. The modern Prometheus is unbound and free: the rocks take the chain that once and long fettered his daring limbs; the hungry vulture feeds on the carcass of worn-out life, and not on the throbbing heart; and the divine fire, filling the world, flames back to the sun by day and to the stars by night.

Much, then, has been gained in behalf of the interests of knowledge. If the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were remarkable for invention and discovery, our century has been the great agent in applying scientific truth to useful purposes. Nor had knowledge ever such a hold on popular feeling; a strong and almost universal public sentiment sustains its claims and venerates its importance; and men begin to see what a providential agency is knowledge in securing the progress of the race. This state of things has started new problems, which are now agitating the minds of thinkers. On every hand thoughtful men are perplexed and sorely troubled. Unexpected phenomena have sprung up in our advancing pathway; nor is it too much to say that much of our science now occupies a most equivocal position — wavering, unsteady, and morally half-benighted—a position, moreover, out of keeping with the true spirit of civilization, and often antagonistic to the religion of Christ. Against ignorance and prejudice, against hostility and the still worse enemy of indifference, science has fairly won the day. But, strangely enough, its best interests are now threatened by its professed friends and foremost champions—men who seem intent on putting a superstition of known laws in the stead of the old superstition of unknown laws, who would fabricate a dead Deism out of discoveries and inventions, and reinstate an exploded fatalism over the affairs of the world. Transcendentalists cleave to the invisible, but not to the faith that is the only "evidence of things not seen." Rationalists can believe in no Bible that authoritatively dictates truth and law to intellect. Pantheists know of no Christ essentially different from Zoroaster and Mohammed. Inspiration denied, Jesus degraded, manhood must truckle to the dust, so lately shaken from its swift feet and wiped from its uplifted brow. A new Sensationalism, wide enough to include man and his brother-brutes, is seriously proposed; Paley is burlesqued in fantastic shapes; the poetry of Pope, its music excepted, is translated into the jarring discords of incongruous generalizations, and his stanzas set to statistics; and if Goethe could return to earth he would have the pleasure of seeing his Mephistopheles a recognized gentleman in the courtliest halls of the world. One of England's learned men (Mr. Buckle) writes history as though man, a thinking principle allowed for, gravitated like rocks, swelled out his dimensions like yeast, and took on his polish as leather takes Day and Martin's blacking.

All this is sad enough. Ignorance excites our pity, not contempt; but learned folly and scientific blasphemy are the final stages of intellectual debasement. Men are never so humiliated as when their tall Babels babble out their downfall; and if they will persist in building up toward heaven, while their foundations rest wholly on the earth, nothing can be expected but disaster and defeat. Science has its definite work; philosophy has its specific province; but science is not, never can be, the total activity of the mind; nor can philosophy expand itself over the entire field of human contemplation.

The very conditions on which we are capable of science and philosophy presuppose other conditions of still higher and more ennobling forms of thought, to which the more earthly interests of knowledge should be held strictly subordinate. On its own ground, kept rigidly and persistently to its proper and assimilative objects, we believe that intellect may be satisfied. Food is furnished—liberally and royally furnished—to nourish and enlarge its growth; and, besides this, luxuries for poetic rapture and ideal joys are freely superadded. But when men try to supply its cravings with false diet, then follows that long and dreadful train of symptoms which tell too clearly that these prodigals of the brain are away from the table to which they were born, and are spending their substance in riotous living. A great deal of our intellect is precisely in this state. Morbid, introvertive, pining amidst plenty, it is vainly striving to transcend its own limits, to grasp other territories than its own; and, baffled in the mad endeavor, it falls back on its treasures, only to mope like a wretched miser over what it has not. There is but one remedy, which is for intellect to accept its place and be content. If we will seek the tree of false knowledge, and eat of the forbidden fruit, certain is it that every day will issue its new edict of banishment, and drive us forth as exiles to the desert.

Nor, indeed, are Christian people guiltless of wrong in this particular. In the creed of some of them science and theology are changing places. Instead of religious science they are constructing a science of religion, and henceforth Christianity is to be a cup-bearer to the monarch of philosophy. Others, falling short of this enormity, are nervously tremulous as respects the discoveries of science, and their anxiety is a brain-fever to keep science and Christianity on terms of intimate and confidential fellowship. Such men are now quite numerous. Busy above the busiest, they have entered on a vocation to which prophets and apostles were scarcely equal, or, if equal, were satisfied not to undertake it. Miracles and natural laws must be harmonized; the exact logical relations of faith and reason laid down; human elements eliminated from divine in the office of inspiration; and in the end, if our faith must not quite stand in the wisdom of men, it must stand on the basis of an equal partnership between the natural and the supernatural. But it seems to us that this is abandoning the true ground of Christianity. If our faith has a divine foundation, it is treachery to search for any other; or in any way, direct or indirect, to brace up that foundation by the researches of science or the deductions of philosophy. Science and philosophy are humanly competent to illustrate certain religious truths, to enforce special doctrines, to detect the Divine presence among their phenomena as found in the universe, and otherwise to promote a spirit of reverence and love. But they are not primary evidences of Christianity; and sincere, humble, truthful faith is in nowise concerned with them. The proofs of Christianity were brought by Christ from heaven; when he lay in the manger they lay there with him; when he spoke they spoke; and whenever his Infinite glory shone forth, flashing through the darkness of the times and startling men into a sudden consciousness of a fearful splendor about them, the glory of Christianity blended its radiance therewith, and the astonished crowd felt at one and the same instant the majesty of a Divine person and the grandeur of divine truth.

Good men, Christian men, men of noble parts and lofty purposes, have egregiously erred in weakly deferring to science and philosophy in matters of faith. The main evidences of Christianity are divine things, outside of the common phenomena of material nature and the ordinary operations of the mind; and hence, to put the inductions of reason, however clear and strong, beside them, is simply to destroy the distinction between God's work and man's work. Apart from its folly it is presumptuous, for it attempts—disguise the spirit as men may—to build up human buttresses around the Rock of Ages. Philosophy and science are invaluable to the world in political economy, in all the external forms of civilization; and, moreover, where religious opinions as distinguished from faith are concerned, their auxiliary service is most desirable; but they are utterly unable to create a Christian truth, to originate a new spiritual sentiment, or, indeed, in any way to inspire a pious heart, except by quickening and expanding feelings already awakened by the Holy Ghost through the Gospel. Go with the genius of Chalmers, in the "Astronomical Discourses," through the known wonders of the upper universe; never was science as eloquent as here, and never did astronomy descend with such ease and grace from its sublime heights. It was the advent of astronomy into the popular heart; nor can we ever cease to rejoice that through the pulpit of the Tron Church, Glasgow, the magnificent discoveries of Newton were embodied in the language of theology. But, strictly speaking, the Christian argument, as pending between faith and unbelief, gained nothing from the "Discourses." In fact, the very spirit that transfigures these merely material truths into truths of religious wonder and joy, is the spirit that Chalmers caught from the cross of Christ.

Take another instance. Hugh Miller did much to give a religious aspect to geology; but it was his Christian sentiments, as acquired altogether through another medium, that enabled him to do this great work. The old red sandstone would never have intimated God in Christ had not the stone-mason of Cromarty learned the precious lesson in another and higher school. Important, then, as these discoveries were, let us not seek to enhance their worth by fictitious logic. Real value needs no artificial exaggeration; and hence, to render the fullest credit to science, whether as expounded in the stately style of Chalmers, or in the simpler and more beautiful diction of Hugh Miller, does not require us to believe that in either case we have gained any positive advantage in behalf of Christian doctrine or Christian evidences. Had Bunyan known them all, he would not have written a better "Pilgrim's Progress." The genial mind of Wesley might have felt them, but his sermons would have had no more pungency for the slumbering conscience, no intenser fervor for the heart.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT should be the Indian Summer when your eye falls upon this page—the softest, sweetest season of our year. The first week of September is usually intensely warm. The summer fervently squeezes the hand at parting. But then follow days so bland and benignant, so moderate and tender, that it is hard to believe that the days do not ripen as the fruit does. The mellow, golden glow of the finest autumn weather differs from the passionate ardors

of mid-summer as the sugary sweetness of the Bartlett pear in September differs from the crude sharpness of the same fruit in July.

The days now have a pathetic tranquillity, a tender resignation that brings external nature very near to affectionate human sympathy. You stand upon the hill-top and catch the earthy, woodland odor which reminds you of the universal change that is proceeding around you. The misty sunshine streams among the yellow leaves which hang lightly upon the trees, and are lifted quietly off by the sighs of the south wind. The horizon, yonder fields and groves, that great meadow below, the blooming margin of the sea, are all slightly vailed in soft gray haze. The warm silence broods over all like a benediction. You stretch out your arms into the air in token of kinship with all that lovely life; your heart is mysteriously drawn to the visible world. God saw that it was good. Man sees it to-day.

I have mentioned before Coleridge's description of the differing sadness of spring and autumn. But the vague yearning of the season, and the shadowy sympathy with nature, are nowhere more simply expressed than in these lines of Arthur Clough's—an English scholar, and the latest translator of Plutarch:

"When soft September brings again
To yonder gorse its golden glow,
And Snowdon sends its autumn rain
To bid thy livelier current flow;
Amid that ashen foliage light
When scarlet beads are glistering bright;
While alder-boughs unchanged are seen
In summer livery of green;
When clouds before the cooler breeze
Are flying, white and large: with these
Returning, so may I return,
And find thee changeless, Pont-y-wern."

The Rev. William Arthur is an English clergyman, who was in Italy during the spring of this present momentous year, and he has published a very readable and interesting work, reissued by the Harpers, called "Italy in Transition; or, Public Scenes and Private Opinions in the Spring of 1860." The value of the book is enhanced by extracts from documents found in the archives of the revolted Legations, which illustrate the tender paternity of the Papal Government, and serve to show the world why those Legations thought they might better their condition, or rather could not make it worse, if they united themselves to an enlightened and Constitutional Government. The truth seems now to have been tolerably well demonstrated that the whim of a single man, even though he were Rodrigo Borgia or Giacomo Antonelli, is not a wise basis of government.

There is a peculiar interest in this work of Mr. Arthur's because of another book upon life in Italy four centuries ago, in what are amusingly called "the ages of faith," which has been recently published by Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope, son of our old friend Mrs. Trollope, whom we did not like because she said we expectorated too much, and brother of Anthony Trollope, the lively novelist and traveler to the West Indies and the Spanish Main. Adolphus Trollope calls his work, which is in two volumes, and has not been republished, "Italian Women." It consists of copious and profoundly interesting memoirs of Saint Catherine of Siena, Catherine Sforza, Vittoria Colonna, and others, of whom we catch only fragmentary and picturesque glances in the grave histories of the period. But the peculiar charm of Mr. Trollope's book, like Mr. Arthur's, lies in its vivid glimpses of the actual daily life of those times. With a racy common sense which is never deluded by religious sentimentality, he comments upon events and criticises character; calling a lie a lie, and a Pope a villain, if a Pope is proved to be a villain.

In his sketches of life, however, there is no vague declamation. He is fortified by a familiar acquaintance with all the contemporary chroniclers and annalists; and there is, perhaps, no work of similar extent and kind which exposes the time so distinctly. Pope Sixtus Fourth, who vigorously began the papal system of nepotism, or enriching your sons, and Pope Alexander Sixth, who continued the system, and who, Trollope says, did not take the trouble to call his sons his nephews, are very graphically, but incidentally, portrayed in some of the memoirs. The absolute barbarism of the Court of Christendom at its most brilliant epoch, and the utter practical atheism and satanic carnival of "the ages of faith" which make medieval and early-modern Italian history so murky—and damp, as it were, with unseen blood—are revealed in this book as they are used with such power by Robert Browning in play and poem.

If you take Arthur in one hand, and Trollope in the other, bearing in mind all that the literature of travel, and observation, and reflection for two hundred years has said about Italy and its condition, you will hardly fail to feel that the utter prostration and comparative imbecility of the country and its people which we of late days have witnessed are due to the same genius of barbarism which wasted it upon its release from the throttling grasp of imperial Rome.

The Prince seems to have pushed the President out of metropolitan regard. We have all been looking for his coming, and asking about him, and wondering, and reading the works of Mr. Jenkins. But above all, we have been getting ready for the ball. And, dear distant rural friends, you may imagine the delightful excitement we have been enjoying when you remember that we (the city and cities of and about New York) are more than a million of people, and that only three thousand are to be admitted to the ball.

The history of this festival may one day be interesting to somebody for some reason now inconceivable. It will then appear to be this: that a ball was proposed by the British residents in the city and a dinner by the chief merchants—the Chamber of Commerce, as it were, and its dependencies. A committee of invitation, composed of well-known New Yorkers, waited upon the Prince in Canada. But as it had been made manifest that the Prince was an ardent worshiper of Terpsichore, it was thought best to have the great festival in honor of that goddess, and the Prince was bidden to a ball.

During these arrangements the English residents and their proposition somehow disappeared. It was understood that New York was to have a ball of continental proportions, and that the saltatory splendors of Montreal, which had dared to be magnificent although situated upon the same continent with New York, were to be extinguished utterly.

The Chamber of Commerce and its allies now underwent a wondrous change from a dinner committee to a ball committee. A hundred new names were added, chiefly of younger men, and the ground swell of universal excitement began to set in. The Misses Gunnybags, whose respected father was prom-

inent upon the list of responsible people, began immediately to invent a toilet of adequate splendor for the event. Ah! Selina, it was natural, but was it worth while? Was it true what Clara Cobra said, "Selina might spare herself; the Prince will not know whether she has on a brocade or a tuppenny gingham." Clara Cobra of the venomous tongue! who, I doubt not, secretly believes, as these lines are written, that his Highness of Wales will select her from all the myriad fair, and, taking the Duke aside, will say to him, "Newcastle, I *must* dance with that glorious creature!" And what if—being a mortal like other youth—he should feel the soft magic of those eyes, the music of that voice, what a frightful responsibility might not the Duke's become! Do you know the consolation? The Prince is not twenty, Clara Cobra is twenty-two, and a New York belle. Now a New York belle would not marry a man younger than she—not even if he were prospective King of England. Ask her if she would. Nay; consult your own experience. Do you know any of them who care for such baubles as coronets? Titles? They despise them. Noblemen! They cry avaunt! Did you never hear them wonder how Ethel Newcome could consent to marry that fool the Marquis of Farintosh? It is because there are no Marquises of Farintosh in our society. *They* wouldn't marry a fool because he had rank and wealth. Gracious, how could you think of such a thing? There is the dear, discreet Selina Gunnybags, who expressly says that she doesn't mean to marry for money. A house on the Avenue; a carriage and a saddle horse; unlimited pin-money and as much Stewart's as she wants, with an occasional year in Europe and summers at a Newport cottage—that is the sum of her humble desires in matrimony, and she leaves interested marriages to those who have not principle enough to spurn them.

But how Selina and Clara have led us away from the ball!

The committee was now composed of four hundred members, each of which was to be entitled to seven tickets. No more, no less. Not Solomon Gunnybags himself could get the eighth ticket, except by lawful purchase from the lawful holder. It was computed that the white and gold Academy could comfortably contain, comfortably seated upon available sofas, comfortably promenading and polking, not more than three thousand people. Now, then—seven times four hundred people are twenty-eight hundred people; and two hundred invited Presidents, Secretaries, Governors, gorgeous warriors, et cetera, are two hundred more people, making a grand total of three thousand. That was fair enough, wasn't it? If you have a million or more people, and a committee which, under such circumstances, ought to be self-appointed, proposes to give a ball, how can you manage matters better than by having the committee large and dividing equally your tickets? It is true that the committee ought not to run in families or firms. It isn't fair to have Solomon Gunnybags, and his sons Eliphalet, and Zedediah, and Welcome, and Onesimus; and his nephews three; and his brothers-in-law and cousins all on the list—because it is not meant to be a Gunnybags' ball, delightful and beautiful as that would doubtless be. If the committee was so constituted, it was an unfair arrangement. As for other distinctions they don't exist, do they? Mr. Millionaire Gunnybags and Mr. Shoemaker Sole both belong to the American *haute noblesse*, do they not? Well, then.

But there was one point. It was resolved that the cards of invitation should be issued in the ratio of four ladies to three gentlemen. Was that exactly wise? Of course, abstractly, the more lady you can have the lovelier and livelier is your society. But this is a miserable matter of fact. Question in social statistics, as Count Fosco would say: Are parties with a redundance of the divine womanly element more agreeable to every body than where the lower and inferior sex predominates? Answer by universal experience, No. For evidently the most charming and exciting balls in the world are those where men are in excess and despair, and there is an incessant sweet struggle for partners. "Give me the ball," cries that enthusiast of society, Willowlegs, "where every young woman is dancing and every matron eating terrapin, and a black cloud of disappointed men hovers upon the edges of the whirling ring, giving a keener zest to enjoyment by a spectacle of discomfiture." Willowlegs used this argument in the committee meeting. It was irresistible, and they wisely resolved to leave the sex of the odd ticket to the discretion of the committeeman.

But the Chamber of Commerce had duly considered this grave question, and had decided as has been recorded for good reasons. The Chamber virtually said, "Of the twenty-eight hundred guests many hundred will be dowagers and non-dancing ladies, who will occupy seats, and restore an equilibrium of lace and broadcloth upon the floor; while almost every invited guest is a black coat." This again seemed fair enough. Yet they were amenable to Willowlegs and reason. But the most perplexing point remained, and, at the moment in which the Easy Chair writes, still remains: *who shall be the first partner of the Prince?* There has been talk of the accomplished niece of the President; but she will have already received the Prince at the White House, and New York is rich in worthy partners of the dance. It is a question without precedent, and must be answered in the simplest manner. Willowlegs says it is evident what should be done. Willowlegs is of opinion that during the first hour of the ball the Prince should be presented to various ladies, and he will make his choice of partners fast enough. Fast enough, says Willowlegs, with a smile. For he knows very well, if he were the Prince of Wales, who the Princess should be.

Apparently Willowlegs is right. The Prince should be treated at this ball precisely as Mr. Gunnybags would treat him at his own house. And who, think you, would dare to undertake to name a partner for the Prince? If Mr. Archibald, the Britannic Consul, declined to select invidiously twenty-five English residents to serve upon the committee, who do you suppose would select one woman of all New York women at the ball to share the first dance of Albert Edward? Let such a man not try to confuse or bury his individual presumption in the vagueness of a committee. If our dear friend Solomon Gunnybags were to do it, do you suppose he could hide his offense from Clara Cobra? No, no; not though he called upon the Chamber of Commerce to cover him.

It was very easy for General Jackson to take the responsibility of removing the deposits. But study the names of the four hundred, and see which of them you believe capable of choosing a partner for the Prince.

Reader, when you peruse these lines the great night will be over—it will have become historic.

I READ the preceding passages to Mr. Willowlegs, at his particular request; and by way of reprisal, Mr. Willowlegs read me the following original poem, which, he declares, if the Committee of four hundred are so crazy as to name a partner for the Prince by their Chairman, will certainly be found in an obscure corner of the Academy the next morning. If not, not. Let us hope that it will not be found:

Several weeks, several weeks,
Several weeks onward,
Into a dreadful scrape
Rode the four hundred.

Into a dreadful scrape
Rode the four hundred,
For up came an order which
Some one had blundered—
"Baron, the choice is made,
Take *that* girl," the Chairman said,
—Into a dreadful scrape
Rode the four hundred.

"Baron, the choice is made!"
Each man was then dismayed;
For the Committee knew
They had all blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to wink their eye:—
Into a dreadful scrape
Rode the four hundred.

Sighs to the right of them,
Sniffs to the left of them,
Sneers in the front of them
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with scowl and yell,
They tried to brave it well—
Into a dreadful scrape
Rode the four hundred.

Flashed all the *bottes vernis*,
Flashed all the *gants perle-gris*,
Bent every broadclothed knee,
Dancing the polka, while
Mrs. Grundy wondered;
Prancing across the floor,
With many a puffing boor,
Sweet streams of girlhood pour;
Then they stand still—but not,
Not the four hundred.

Pokes to the right of them,
Dabs to the left of them,
Shoves in the front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with sneer and yell,
Trying to brave it well,
Down all their faces fell,
Who can their mis'ry tell?
All that was left of them—
Left of four hundred.

When can their blunder fade?
Oh the mistake they made!
All New York wondered.
Pity those erring men,
They won't do so again—
Wretched four hundred!

As the Easy Chair writes the Baron is yet to come, and we are all excitement. When you read this he will have gone home to his mother. His visit will be among the memorable events of our history; not because the amiable young Baron is so great a man, but because the revolted provinces, now grown into an empire, have received with such honest and festal welcome the heir-apparent of George Third's throne.

By the time the Baron has been our guest—in fact about the time of the great ball—and in this very number of the Magazine, in which we are now so wisely chatting about him, you may turn back a few pages and read about the last Prince of Wales in England. There is a difference between the two—and a most instructive difference. George Fourth was great-uncle of Albert Edward. But the education of Princes has changed. The sentiment concerning them has changed. How do you suppose England would feel if the placid and accomplished Baron Renfrew were another "first gentleman in Europe?"

And yet can manners and morals have really so greatly changed in so short a time? Is not the difference due rather to that of individual character? How large a part George Third and the Regent played in the politics of fifty years ago! But how silent Victoria has been! We can hardly conceive now of the Prince of Wales as having a party in the Commons, and a headstrong whimsy, which is called policy, of his own. We should as soon expect to hear the figure-head of a ship quarreling with the pilot, as a king of England resisting the Parliament or trying to coerce it. Fifty years and less have changed a great many things.

Forty-eight years ago, on the 22d of March, 1812, and in the two hundred and twenty-first number of the *Examiner*, appeared that famous article of Leigh Hunt's upon the then Prince of Wales and Prince Regent. It seems, as we read it, in the calm, cool light of these days, and with the pleasant impressions of a Prince of Wales so fresh and sparkling, as unreal as the old portraits of the same personage, centuries ago, in armor and slashed doublet.

Look upon the two pictures. Here is the sting of that famous article.

It quotes the conclusion of some adulatory lines to the Prince in the *Morning Post*, as follows:

> "Thus gifted with each grace of mind,
> Born to delight and bless mankind;
> Wisdom with Pleasure in her train,
> Great Prince, shall signalize thy reign,
> To Honor, Virtue, Truth, allied:
> The nation's safeguard and its pride,
> With monarchs of immortal fame
> Shall bright renown enroll the name."

And then it proceeds:

"What person, unacquainted with the true state of the case, would imagine, in reading these astounding eulogies, that this *Glory of the People* was the subject of millions of stings and reproaches! that this *Protector of the arts* had named a wretched foreigner his historical painter, in disparagement, or in ignorance of the merits of his own countrymen! that this *Mecenas of the age* patronized not a single deserving writer! that this *Breather of eloquence* could not say a few decent extempore words—if we are to judge, at least, from what he said to his regiment on its embarkation for Portugal! that this *Conqueror of hearts* was the disappointer of hopes! that this *Exciter of desire* (bravo! Monsieurs of the *Post!*), this *Adonis in loveliness!* was a corpulent man of fifty! in short, that this *delightful*, *blissful*, *wise*, *pleasurable*, *honorable*, *virtuous*, *true*, and *immortal* prince, was a violator of his word; a libertine; over head and ears in disgrace; a despiser of domestic ties; the companion of gamblers and demireps; a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity!"

Master Leigh Hunt had to smart for his smart-

ness. He went to jail for two years. The Regent went to *his* punishment a little later. Let us hope he was quits with two years of it.

From that portrait turn to the amiable youth who has been so gayly dancing through the Canadas and "the States." Think of the tone of Victoria's court. To be sure the orators say a little too much of the domestic virtues of the Queen; for she *is* a Queen, and to assume that her honesty is so marvelously praiseworthy is to compliment her at the expense of her kind. Remember that George Third was the bulwark of the domestic virtues, and he certainly left England in hot water.

The Prince's mother is a good woman, and he is a good fellow doubtless; but there is a change of the times. It was only during George Third's reign that the popular element in the British Government really secured the rights it has. Thackeray truly says of that reign—"It was the good time for patricians." Buckle truly says of it, that it was as despotic as it could be made. But it was in the reign of George Third that the royal prerogative was taught its limits. The King ceased to be a monarch, and became *ex-officio* President of the Council without power.

Certainly such a prospect is pleasanter for the young Baron. Probably George Third's proper domestic life purified the tone of English society more than his political obstinacy and tyranny harmed the political tone of the people. And that career stands before the Baron. The King of England is the first personage of his empire. The moral influence he can wield is even stronger by its divorce from the political. Immense power! He can put vice out of fashion! Take a small case. Fancy you could make smoking *unfashionable* among young men in New York! How the tobacconists would tear their hair!

The Easy Chair does not quote smoking as a *vice*, but as a *habit!* You would probably find it an entertaining business to ascertain whether the authors of those capital papers upon smoking and the use of tobacco in general, which so constantly illuminate the magazines in these days, are written by smokers or not. I believe they are, for two reasons. One is, that they justify its use by the universality of the habit; and the other is, that they insist that it is harmless. The Baron, however, is a great smoker. He won't therefore try that form of the experiment of fashionable influence. Neither will he make dancing unfashionable. But whatever he does, no one who has seen him will doubt that it will be the doing of an amiable, good-humored, well-meaning man.

At the opening of a girl's school in Boston the other day, the name of which is to be the Everett School in honor of Mr. Edward Everett, that gentleman made a speech. In a very good-humored way the orator naturally alluded to the question of women's rights in the matter of education, etc. Now, as often happens, when a speaker tries to straighten a point he bends it backward. In other words, he proves too much. It was so with the pleasant argument of Mr. Everett—it proves a great deal more than he meant it to prove.

He says, for instance: "I think it would be found, on trial, that nothing would be gained—nothing changed for the better—by putting the sexes on the same footing with respect, for instance, to the right of suffrage. Whether the wives and sisters agreed with the husbands and brothers, or differed from them, as this agreement or difference would, in the long-run, exist equally in all parties, the result would be the same as at present. So, too, whether the wife or the husband had the stronger will, and so dictated the other's vote, as this also would be the same on all sides, the result would not be affected. So that it would be likely to turn out that the present arrangement, by which the men do the electioneering and the voting for both sexes, is a species of representation which promotes the convenience of all, and does injustice to none."

Of course, the obvious fallacy of this argument, so far as the sex is concerned, is the assumption that women are always wives; but the more fatal fault of it is, that it is just as good an argument against a hundred men as against fifty men and fifty women. They would balance each other, says the orator. Yes; but would he say, because the three millions of voters in this country were very nearly divided at the last national election, that there was no need of having so many voters? If you increase the present number of voters by the addition of as many women, says Mr. Everett, thereby swelling the whole number to six millions, "the agreement or difference would, in the long-run, exist equally in all parties, the result would be the same as at present." But if you increase the present number in a few years by just as many men, the ratio of difference will be about the same; *therefore*, is the logical conclusion, it isn't worth while to increase the number of voters.

Of course this is not Mr. Everett's desire. But it is the "too much" of his argument. If he has established his point, he has proved that suffrage ought not to be extended. But remorseless logic takes the result of his argument a great deal farther. For if there be no need of making the three millions six millions, for the reason that the ratio of difference will be the same—if this ratio can be maintained among us in a vote of a hundred thousand, that vote is quite large enough, and the rest of us have only to regard that vote as "a species of representation."

Mr. Everett is a scholar. Now was not his argument virtually the argument of England against the Colonies before the Revolution. "We are practically one people," said the British Government; "your interests are ours. The empire flourishes and falls altogether. What hurts us hurts you. Our governors keep us constantly informed of your condition; and although you have no nominal representative, yet what hurts you hurts us, and we are 'a species of representation which promotes the convenience of all, and does injustice to none.'"

Naturally the colonies and the women (some of them, at least, who pay taxes) denied and deny the justice of the cheerful argument. But the argument is the same in both cases.

In the most perfect good temper and humor, Mr. Everett proceeds to say: "Meantime, for all the great desirable objects of life, the possession of equal advantages for the improvement of the mind is of vastly greater importance than the participation of political power. There are three great objects of pursuit on earth—well-being, or happiness for ourselves and families; influence and control over others; and a good name with our fellow-men, while we live and when we are gone. Who needs be told that, in the present state of the world, a good education is not indeed a sure, but by far the most likely, means of attaining all the ends which constitute material prosperity, competence, position, establish-

ment in life; and that it also opens the purest sources of enjoyment?"

And a little later, in the speech, he says: "It is the mental and moral forces, not political power, which mainly govern the world."

These things are true, if they are correctly understood. But, unfortunately, young Bomba and Francis of Austria might say the same things. "What *you* want, young man," said a veteran publisher to a young author; "what *you* want is reputation, not money." He was willing the youth should have the reputation, but he preferred to keep the money for himself. "Improve your minds, dears," says the Czar to his subjects; "don't trouble yourselves about political power." Now it is by means of political power that moral forces control the government of the world—just as it was by means of wood and canvas that Columbus reached America. And it is by "the participation of political power" that "the possession of equal advantages for the improvement of the mind" is secured to every body in the State. The defect of the argument lies in supposing that there is any necessary opposition between the education and the political power, or that they can be played off against each other. There have always been men of profoundly cultivated minds and consciences in Rome—but they could never control the Government, so they could be of no wide advantage to the people. And in our own country, if intelligent and honest men continue to remain so contented with improvement of mind, as if that could in any way release them from political duty, or excuse their guilt in neglecting it, it may chance that the political power which they do not participate may seriously interfere with "a good education."

In fact, the great truth that wants to be loudly preached at the opening of every school and the Commencement of every college is, that just in the degree that a man is educated and intelligent, just in that degree should he interest himself in politics, because in no other way can he secure to every man the chance for the same education.

Mr. Everett is too wise a man not to see this as plainly as any body. He did not mean to deny it in his speech. But in his half-sportive effort to show the undesirableness of "female suffrage" he used an argument that would limit all suffrage and destroy popular governments.

You may say, possibly, that William Walker had a right to go to Nicaragua, when he first went, because he was invited by one of the contending parties. But if you know his history while there, you will not justify him farther than that. It was not long before the whole country was against him, because they saw that he was not fighting for Nicaragua, but for Walker and his purposes.

What can you say in defense of his invasion of Honduras? He was not invited. He was not wanted. He was not supported when he was pursued—nor lamented when he was executed. Why should he have been? It is terrible when the French Marquis of the old régime is murdered by the peasants. But who made them murder him? Who made himself the symbol of intolerable tyranny? And while you mourn for him—if you do mourn—he, who had every chance of knowing his duty, and opportunity of doing it, was the direct author of crimes at which the heart curdles. Where is your sympathy for the peasants whom the Marquis oppressed, starved, degraded, murdered?

Weep for William Walker, if you will. But remember the fields he so wantonly reddened—remember the hundreds of unhappy youths he cajoled to disease and death—remember how fairly, according to all precedent and general conviction of the world, he was doomed, and how painless his own ending was, compared with that he awarded to so many innocent men, and women, and children. Remember these things—not certainly in revenge, but as destroying the false romance that hangs with sickly lustre about such a man. It does not invest him with more interest that he was, in some sense, an educated man. That only heightens his guilt—because he ought to have known better. Nor shall it be pleaded for him that it is in the order of Providence that the Anglo-Saxon race shall extend over the continent, and that he was only cutting the way. It may be in the divine order that we shall spread; but it is equally in the divine order that, at present, pirates shall be hung.

Perhaps we shall hear that he died bravely. So did Hicks, last summer, in New York harbor. So did most of the famous criminals. The kind of courage which enables a man to be put to death instantly, without visible flinching, is not very rare. Most men die calmly.

Nor think it unkind to speak of an executed criminal so plainly. "Liberty!" said Madame Roland, "what crimes are done in thy name!" And when crimes are done in the name of Progress, by men so incompetent that the contrast of the apparent aim and the performance might almost urge idiocy on their behalf, then is the moment to stamp all the infamy upon such efforts. Shall it be said that he was, at least, honest? There is no proof of it; and if there were, let us respect his honesty, and remember that crime is then most dangerous when most honest. We can ask, I grant, nothing but honesty of any man—honesty in thought and deed. But when the honest deed touches another man, then society cries, "Hands off, at your peril!"

WASHINGTON, D.C., 1860.

MR. EASY CHAIR,—Like most who have heard or perused them, I am a great admirer of Shakespeare's dramatic writings, both on account of their wisdom and their wit; and am, therefore, pained whenever I perceive, in the published and sanctioned editions of them, instances where the great bard of human nature is made to utter nonsense or absurdities, as is too often the case.

I am not unaware that much of this originates from the ignorance or the blunders of early transcribers or publishers, and that a good deal has been done by subsequent able editors and annotators to correct the evil. Still, so far as my observation extends, enough of these blunders remains uncorrected, even in the latest and most approved editions, to show that all has not been done that might have been done to give us the language and the meaning of the bard as he himself indited them. As an instance, I give a part of the celebrated soliloquy of Hamlet, which I copy "from the text of the corrected copy left by the late George Steevens, Esq.," edition of 1852, as follows:

> "To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
> Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
> The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune:
> Or to take arms against a *sea* of troubles,
> And, by opposing, end them?"

If nonsense ever was written, this, as it stands, is surely nonsense, and such nonsense as I can not believe that Shakespeare ever wrote. Please, therefore, to observe how the substitution of one simple and obvious word shall change this nonsense into sense and beauty—as thus:

"To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a *siege* of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?"

Here, all is harmonious, the metaphor consistent and forcible, and the sense obvious and perfect. "Slings and arrows" were weapons appropriately used in *sieges* in the time and locality where the poet has placed Hamlet; but have no meaning or connection as applied to or coupled with the "sea." S. B. B.

—S. B. B.'s suggestion is not new. If he will refer to Richard Grant White's "Shakespeare's Scholar" (New York, 1854), he will find at page 413 a full and final reply to his question. Mr. White says:

"Pope and others would read '*siege* of troubles,' alleging that arms may be taken against a siege, but not against a sea, and that the similarity in the sound of the two words might easily have caused a substitution of one for the other. So it might: much more easily than Shakespeare could have written

"'Or to take arms against a *siege* of troubles,
And, by opposing, end *them*?'

For, by line and plummet criticism, if it be a siege against which arms are to be taken, it is a siege which is ended: for the siege then becomes the object against which the action is to be directed, and the last line must be

"'And, by opposing, end it.'

But it is the troubles against which arms are to be taken, and by opposing we end *them*. 'Sea' is but a picturesque descriptive word in the sentence. Another writer would have said 'a throng of troubles,' or something of that kind; but Shakespeare said 'sea,' and by one word brings to our mind the imminent, ever-succeeding woes which, innumerable like the multitudinous seas, sometimes overwhelm the soul. 'Sea' makes the passage not only highly poetical and Shakespearian, but correct. 'Siege' makes it not only cautiously exact in following out a figure, and therefore un-Shakespearian, but incorrect to any mind which judges by any other than a merely literal standard."

This is full of that clear good sense which distinguishes Mr. White's Shakespearian comments. It settles the question. Does not S. B. B. agree?

Our Foreign Bureau.

LET us fancy ourselves still at Matlock, in the leafy shire of the valleys, and the caverns, and the moors. The firstlings of the grouse season are eaten; the foliage is pinched with the autumn chills; there are sounds of flails upon the hills above the Royal Inn; our landlady serves us from time to time a basted pair of partridges; always the mill clamor comes up from the Derwent water, and always the little fountain is flinging out its pearls to the farthest border of its mossy basin.

And as we listen after dinner to the tinkle and the dash of it, there comes up thought again of that strange boy-murder at Road, about which the people of Matlock and the people of all quiet English towns are talking still.

Who killed the child? Was it the nurse? No testimony which rumor brings asserts her ill-will or her cruelty. It does not appear, even, that she is suspected by the parents. Doubting ones remark only that she was reading her Bible with somewhat unusual assiduousness on the morning after the crime, and that she has given early notice of intention to leave her present service.

Was it the father? He rides off hastily, indeed, on the morning following the murder, for the police of the adjoining town, without engaging in any active search about the premises; but does this count against him? No motive appears. Still less cause is there to criminate the mother, who is represented as overwhelmed with grief.

Was it the half-sister, who has been already arraigned? A few careless expressions to her schoolmates imply jealousy of the unfortunate boy, and the petulant dislike of a wayward girl; but from this, to murder, involves a monstrous growth of passion and hatred of which she has given no indication to those nearest related.

And yet circumstances force the belief that the criminal was an inmate of the household. Somnambulism is suggested: but somnambulism does not take on such fierce development in one night; it has its antecedents; it is a habit; and those who are capable of giving information scout this hypothesis.

There is no knowledge of any enmity strong enough to make a motive; no possible hope of profit to any party: was the motive then possibly—fear? Had the child witnessed something on the fatal night which the child must not divulge—something so fatal to the peace and honor of the family that its lips must be sealed forever? If so, there must be complicity; and opinion gravitates now to that belief. Meantime it must be a dreary household—that of the Kents at Road.

Nor is this the only home-tragedy that has challenged the attention of English people. A certain William Youngman, of Walworth, after murdering a mother, two younger brothers, and his betrothed bride, with no other apparent motive, as would appear, than to recover a meagre insurance of £100, effected upon the life of one of the parties, has paid the penalty of his crimes by a public hanging from the roof of Horsemonger Lane jail in London. All the night before the execution the neighboring streets were thronged with men, women, and children, who drove away drowsiness by stories of great criminals who had lived and died before. "The young girls relieved the story-telling with snatches of songs; a public house, close to the drop, and a coffee-stand being frequently patronized between whiles. As the time wears on scholars of a more respectable class arrive on the scene, and offer large prices for the best places in windows opposite the gallows, which now begins to stand out in horrid relief against the moon. The boys, tired of waiting, are beginning to play leap-frog. The squalid, brutal mob, who have been spending their time in the public houses, are reeling about the pavement; thieves in hundreds are mingling in the motley throng; and when the dawn lifts up the curtain of night the cold eye of morning rests upon a dense mass of human beings staggering about in drunken, besotted confusion, cursing and swearing, singing ribald songs, larking, laughing, chaffing, and in every conceivable manner giving way to the lowest, the most reckless, and most abandoned conduct."

It surely is not strange that, in view of such scenes, the chronicler from whom we take them should moralize thus:

"We see on every occasion how little impression is made on the mob by an execution—how little impression for good. May we not, if we inquire, as readily discover what is the impression for evil? The highest thought called forth in the bosom of that multitude by the spectacle of the murderer's expiation is, 'May I die as game as he!' There is

no horror expressed by this reckless mob; no hope whispered that they may never be led to commit such a crime; there is not even to be discovered a symptom of pity either for the criminal or his victims. It is a spectacle which moves the heart only to harden it.

"The revelations of the police courts afford constant evidence of the demoralizing influence of executions, and of the emulation excited by the deeds of notorious criminals. How often do we hear of wives threatening husbands, and husbands threatening wives, in language something like this: 'I'll serve you as Palmer served Cooke,' or 'I'll do for you as Manning did for O'Connor,' 'I'll swing for you one of these days.' Here, it will be observed, the crime is contemplated not alone as an act of vengeance, but also as a means of attaining notoriety. In the eyes of the criminal class—the class that makes crime a profession—a public execution can have little terror. They know that detection does not always follow guilt. They have a chance of escape; and if the worst comes to the worst they will have the satisfaction of being talked about, prepared for heaven, and launched into eternity in the presence of some thousands of spectators."

The London *Post* gives us a leader upon a "Week of Crime," in which, after mention of the tragedies already alluded to, there is swift enumeration of a salesman who has poisoned his mistress—of a lunatic beaten to death by his keepers—of two husbands killed by their wives—of two wives killed by their husbands, and a horrible array of child murders. We name such dismal topics to note the eagerness with which they are caught up and discussed in all the country districts of England; and if we go into the tap-room of a Matlock inn on these evenings of the harvest season, the chances are ten to one that we hear more about Youngman, and the mystery of Road, than of Garibaldi or of the Mark Lane reports.

We do not often talk of the crops; but the crops have furnished large staple for the current British talk in the season past. Never have such sudden and unexpected changes been recorded—never such long dalliance between hopes and fears. The Archbishop makes ready his mandate for special fastings and prayers; and straightway, before the mandate can take effect, there comes a flood of genial sunshine that sets all the harvesters at work. And in the midst of the new thanksgivings there come floods which deluge all Ireland; bridges are swept away, meadows ruined, and corn drowned in the sheaf. Hay every where is yellowed by long exposure, and its best juices sucked away by the wetness of the haying-time. Potatoes are showing indications of rot; and only the later gleams of sunshine have saved the corn harvest from dismal failure. The final summing up is of a crop below the average, indeed, but by no means so short as to make the Illinois grain-growers rich. The Danubian provinces promise largely, as well as Southern Russia and Poland.

To one accustomed to the bright skies of America it is matter of exceeding wonder how, under the dripping atmosphere of England, the binding wheat should take on any golden ripeness at all, or the grass find sunshine enough to build up the gray ricks that we see. For a week it is lying in the swath—unturned, drenched, browned, its under surface yellowed with threatened rot; then come two or three leaden days, when no rain falls, and the hay-makers toss it and turn it, rejoicing in the "fine weather" (though there is no glimpse of sun), and the crop is gathered into great round heaps, there to sweat, through succeeding days of moisture, until a Godsend of sunshine comes suddenly; and the heaps are opened, and tossed, and gathered again, and stored away in the gray ricks we see, and come out from under that pressure of covering thatch in the winter browner than American hay, but still unctuous, and carrying, perhaps, as much nutrition as the grasses which have scorched under our fierce sunlight of the West. The grain, too, is followed up by the wet; barley lies for days, and even weeks, till the kernels swell and almost sprout, waiting for a kindly sun, that by-and-by comes, and redeems the harvest.

From harvests to the Prince of Wales we come only by a turn of a page (*Times* pages). Of course the British journals are making themselves merry over the *furore* and enthusiasm which attend the reception of the distinguished British guest. Every body reads with a mirthful unction the enraptured praises of the *Herald*—of his Roman nose, his charming aptitude in the waltz, his "resting" of his partners—his likeness to the Black Prince, of "glorious memory" —his rollicking Prince "Hal" affinities—and the chances of his captivating and being captivated.

We don't know how good a story-teller the Prince may be, but if he have half the suavity and humor which the reporters credit him with, he will have the material wherewith to set many a "dinner-table on a roar" upon his return. How eagerly the Queen-mother will listen to that tale of his triumphs in the American ball-rooms! What freshness for the Court gossip!

And, in a something larger way, what good thing it is that the prospective ruler of a great nation should take this near view of the world which is building up yonder across the ocean; that a Prince should see how a great people live without princes; that a Colonel (of we know not what crack British regiment) should travel over three thousand miles of hopeful and growing country without sight of an army; that the scion of a royal house (the best established in Europe) should dance with the first pretty girl at hand without derogation of dignity—for the first pretty girl at hand, though the daughter of a tallow-chandler, may next year come to be a President's wife.

A Prince never made a wiser journey, or a more profitable—not excepting the journey of the Black Prince to certain watering-places of France, years ago. It is a journey that counts for progress more than castles taken. Fancy old Dr. Johnson writing about, and calling Albert Edward "Rasselas!" Will Murray bid for a book of travels from Newcastle? Or is it already advertised by Derby and Jackson?

The swing of centuries is bundling all peoples nearer together. Princes may be at the top or the bottom, and Sultans too; but we are coming fast to reckon their weight and their force only by their sterling manhood.

Who knows any thing of the whereabouts of the late Neapolitan King? who cares?

The Count de Paris goes up somewhere in the country, to somebody's preserve, to shoot a few grouse (we find it by accident in the *Herald*): it is only fashionable information. The same fashionable journal tells us that the Duc de Nemours somewhere, at some time, gives a dinner-party. It is a good dinner without a doubt; there are nice people

at the dinner; there is wit and pleasant talk, and *bonhomie* and Bordeaux, *premier cru*. But below, in the South, at our cousin's, the Bourbon of Naples, there is a hurry and stampede, and packing of crown jewels.

A man in red shirt-sleeves does the honors of what dinners they give in the palaces whose windows look on Vesuvius. And what a masterly quietude there is in this man Garibaldi, about whom you and we all talk most now! How he hovers there on the Sicilian coast, while the Neapolitan steamers are tacking to and fro! how he hovers—telling no secrets of the plan that he matures—now sending forward a few thousands in boats, and presently signaling their return: seeing every thing, listening to every thing, disturbed by nothing; making a grand plunge now, as if he would pluck out the heart of this Bourbon tyrant, with his earnest little army of patriots; but it is only a feint. He summons them to him again, he eats his frugal supper: his bearing checks their impatience; and yet they are impatient, nay, they are fretful; Austria is maturing her plans of defense; diplomacy is busy to avert the fall of this Bourbon. But Garibaldi is imperturbable, uncommunicative, steadfast in his hope. And one day it is all accomplished. When the diners at the grand café of the Via Toledo were talking of his approach, and of his toilsome march through Calabria—looking for him in some three days' time—lo, he is there! At the gate, in the street, at the palace. In the interval, between tyranny that was and the swift liberty that is, the shopkeepers had not time to put up their shutters, or the sentinels to be relieved at the doors of the opera. A nation never gained freedom so noiselessly and so swiftly. Let us fling up our cap here in the Derbyshire hills and say "*Viva Garibaldi!*" and the clamor of the Derwent mills says—"Amen!"

Let us excerpt this little talk of an English volunteer-surgeon about the hero of Italy; we love the least details about such a man:

"PALAZZO REALE, MESSINA, *August* 12.

"I arrived here on the 8th inst., at six P.M. All the hotels being crowded the authorities accommodated me in the Palazzo de la Cita. This town, like Palermo, bears the aspect of a camp. There are rejoicings and hopes, but they are damped to some extent by the Neapolitan occupation of the citadel. People have no doubt that Garibaldi will have all his own way. They have such confidence in his wisdom and omnipotence that if he should lose a battle it would be very hard to make them believe otherwise than that he did it intentionally, for some wise ulterior object. If he did miraculous things with 800 volunteers, what can he not do with from 30,000 to 40,000 men, with Sicily in his possession and the whole of Europe applauding and rejoicing in his progress! The general cry is, "Avanti!" The evening of my arrival I was told that the Dictator was at the Faro, two hours' ride from this, where he has gone to embark for Calabria. Being anxious to lose no time I ran about in search of a cab to go to his head-quarters. I obtained one only by the aid of two guards with bayonets, sent by the authorities for the purpose. I arrived at the Faro at one in the morning, and presented myself to the General, who was on board the steamship *Aberdeen*, surrounded by his staff. He received me kindly—I may say, affectionately. 'I heard about you,' said he, 'and am very much obliged to you, and am very thankful to the kind English ladies who take such an interest in our cause.' While he was reading the letter of introduction I could not help putting my lenses at the proper focus to scrutinize that hero of modern history. His portrait in the *Illustrated London News* is very correct. He is as gentle as a dove, and has a mild, placid countenance. He has rather the gentleness of a woman than the ferocity of a soldier. He commands in an under tone, and, when every body round him is full of anxiety, he is as cool as a cucumber. His dress is a red flannel shirt, rather the worse for the wear, a pair of gray trowsers, a black wide-awake, and a beautiful sword; no coat or blouse. He introduced me to Medici, who was with him at the time, and to some other officers of his staff. He asked me to come on board with him. I left for Messina the same instant, to take my luggage, and returned to his head-quarters at five in the morning. The whole forenoon was spent in embarking an army of about 5000 men upon three steamers, but in the afternoon he gave orders to land them again. In the evening they went all upon small boats and advanced toward Calabria, but he gave them orders to return. Last night and the night before last they advanced again. Fire opened upon them from the fort of Calabria and from six Neapolitan steamers, but our artillery did not answer: they returned again to Faro. There is no doubt he knows what he is about—it may be a manœuvre (who knows where he wishes to land?)—but of one thing I can assure you, that the anxiety of our volunteers to land on the continent is indescribable. Now they are more reconciled to the manœuvre; but the first day, when they were told to go again ashore, the dissatisfaction was audible. Some said there was a three-days' armistice; others that he received a telegraphic dispatch of some negotiations; but they all looked very sad indeed. It was quite a pitiful aspect. Every one of them dreams of his entry into Naples, Rome, and ultimately into Venice."

If only Verona, and Mantua, and Peschiera could fall as easily as Naples has fallen!

"If any traveler who has just *done* Rome, and is taking the Italian circuit before returning to his native country, should chance to visit Venice, his impression will be the following: 'I never was in a more quiet city in my life; it is dull—very dull—but as to any signs of discontent, none exist. Now as no Venetian will trust any man whom he does not know well, so the stranger will never hear the truth; and the *Venetian Gazette* no more dares to mention the nightly arrests than it does to recommend wholesome and useful reforms. The stranger, therefore, betakes himself, in the cool of the evening, to the Piazza San Marco, lolls in luxury either at the Café Specchi, Florian, Suttilo, or any other, even the Quadri; and there, to the sound of beautiful music, played by one of the finest bands in Europe—for none can surpass the Austrian in that respect—he takes his ice, or his coffee, smokes his cigar, and puffs out his sorrows or his cares in the balmy air of an Adriatic breeze. The stranger is driven to this—for there are no theatres open—and as he knows no one, he speaks to no one; and his neighbor in the next chair, a spy, a sure spy of the police, has in improvisatore talent of an Italian to fill up the gap in his report. The band is gone, the gas turned off from the iron branches which threw a blaze over the seventy-two musicians; itinerant minstrels succeed. A host of vendors of shell-work, slippers, punches, and all sorts of articles, rather disturb the luxury of the traveler's quiet thoughts—for these vendors will not easily take

'No' for an answer, and importune the calmest into an angry 'Via-via.' He rises from his chair, surveys with wonder the tall Campanile which stands out in the bright moonlight, and entices him to view the Piazzetta, the Column, the Island of St. Georgio; and gaze on the silvery rays which sparkle on the calm water. All is still—still as death; silent as the grave the traveler has spent his evening on the Piazza, and is willing to write to the *Times* that never was there, since the leaky ark reposed on mud, any city, town, or hamlet half so quiet, half so contented, as Venice. That has not a London police. Hark! there is a tramp of soldiers; it is merely the guard; every city has its guard; and here in the narrow streets the soldiers march in single file—the guard seems as long and interminable as the sea-serpent. Have you a quick, observant eye, Mr. Traveler? 'Yes.' Very good. Just see if every musket in this greatest of all cities is not loaded and capped and ready for immediate use, and particularly remark if you can see one soldier without a companion. Never mind the everlasting meeting with officers in white uniforms by hundreds; or if you are inclined to see men and their numbers at parade or exercise, take a morning's stroll to the Campo di Marte, or look at the artillery on the Piazzetta, or count the guns pointed from the Island of St. Georgio, or go to the end of the railway bridge and remark how many forts you can number from the wall of the Botanical Garden to the Fort Hainau, and its *vis-à-vis* close to it; or take a walk along the Lido to Mamaloco, and if you are not the dullest of all imaginable drones, the thought will occur to you why all this military display, these immense fortifications, this eternal surveillance, if Venice is the quiet, dull city it looks? or consider if this quietude is not the result of experience and prudence!

"What experience and what prudence? Pooh, pooh! all these forts and soldiers are merely for defense—from invasion. Nonsense! discontent, indeed! Why, I walk about from noon to midnight, and have never heard a murmur of sedition, or ever seen the slightest demonstration beyond a tricolored ribbon tied to a pigeon's neck.

"And have you not remarked that all the Italian ladies wear mourning? Do you see any gondolas following an Austrian fresco on the Grand Canal? Or are you not aware that when the band played in the boats under the windows of the Prince of Hesse, not a light was to be seen from any house? And when the music concluded by playing the Buona Sera, that at its conclusion hundreds of voices suddenly were heard singing to that favorite air, 'Ah, Canaglia! presto andate via de qua?' Are you aware that at San Marco Church the preacher was hissed for his remarks upon Garibaldi, that upward of thirty arrests took place in consequence, and that three cafés were ordered to be closed because the spies had reported that the hissing was arranged the *night previous?* The Venetians, wittily enough, revenged themselves by singing, as the cafés were being closed, 'Un altra volta per caritâ.'

"Bless me! and do you call this discontent? There are more straws to show the direction of the wind.

"Do you want reasons for discontent? I will give you enough. Now listen to this: In the first place, the taxation of the Venetian provinces is sixty per cent., so that if you, Mr. Traveler, had one thousand a year, you would not feel very contented if an absolute Government took six hundred of it. You would not feel very enamored of the Government which arrested any of your friends, and placed yourself in the same jeopardy, and who, without any trial, or form of trial, or mockery of trial, or without your being informed for what you were arrested, sent you away to an unhealthy prison, situated on the marshes of the Danube. Or if you had a sister who was ill, and went to ask for a passport to go out of the kingdom to some baths recommended by the doctor, received for answer, 'If you are well enough to travel, you are well enough to remain. You can not go.' Or if you had estates in other countries where revolution has begun, and you ventured then to go, you heard that your name was placarded on the Rialto and elsewhere, with the comfortable assurance that, if you did not return within four months, your estates would be sequestrated first, and sold afterward, and you knew it was no little threat by the fact of its *having been already carried into execution* —and that even if you were allowed to leave the country for three months, you might have to suffer the indignity of having your stockings taken off, to see you conveyed no letters, as happened lately to Count ——, one of the first noblemen in Venice. Or what think you of the case of the Countess at Vicenza, who had a visit from the Prefect of Police, who had a letter in his hand? 'This letter is from your husband, Madame.' He refers to H. and L. and M. 'Who do these letters represent?' 'I can not tell,' answered the Countess; 'I have never seen the letter.' 'Oh, then, perhaps your memory will be better by a little solitude; come to prison.' The Countess had very lately been confined, and was suckling the infant; if another nurse had not been found, the child might have died. These are trifles, you say. Well, what think you of this?—Young men to the amount of 50,000 have fled the country, to take service in Piedmont. They are all *affiched* on the Rialto, and called upon to return. If they do so, what have they to expect? They have to expect a cordial reception—that of course—the Austrian police are not such fools as to scare the birds they intend to entrap. The returned man is placed under surveillance, to be arrested shortly after, or he is made to join the army, of which no one who has not seen the discipline can for a moment estimate the punishment; so that the very fear of the punishment keeps these people from returning; and then their property is confiscated, and certainly not for the benefit of the next of kin."

Whither is bound that great array of vessels which Garibaldi is reported as assembling together in the Bay of Naples? Which way shall he march with that army that grows by thousands to every league of his progress? It can not be against Lamoricière, for already the Sardinians, pouring down from the north, are expunging the Austrian and Hibernian forces of the great mercenary; it can not be against the French contingent of Rome, for this is only a private guard of a superannuated old gentleman, who, even before this, may take the whim to remove his household to quieter lodgings, where no body-guard shall be needed.

Garibaldi has too large a heart, and too large a faith, to forget Venetia; and it may well happen that the great Southern army shall pass the winter months around Verona. In such case, how far will North Germany sustain the Austrian claims in Italy? How far and how long will France stand neutral?

And if Venice sees day again, will the liberating

army cross the Gulf, and become Hungarian volunteers? And will the Greeks of Turkey, taking hint from Russia, whose legions, rumor says, are thickening every week on the borders of the Danubian Principalities, declare for independence? And next, the Christians of Syria?

The Oriental puzzle is not unlike that of Italy. Both are in course of solution.

In the East is the head of a great religious sect, whose temporal power is on the wane; in the West is another, whose power, even as we write, is flickering with its last blaze: the last chronicler of its splendor being some ardent Irish volunteer, who writes fulsome letters to the Cork *Advertiser*. Wars and blood in times gone have cemented the bases of Islamite power in the East, as they have cemented those of Papish power in Italy. What to do with Rome is the diplomatic riddle of the West; and what to do with Constantinople must be the riddle of the next few years in the East. The engrossing and traditionary authorities in each must bend. Civilization crowds them from their seats: the world does not listen longer to Papal bulls, or to the prayers they say in mosques. In both countries the struggle is the same—to make citizens out of subjects; to give wider and freer range to thought and to action. The Turk, stimulated by wholesome threats, may give better justice to his Greek dependents than the Austrian gave to the Lombard; but his misfortune is that if he gives justice to the Christian, he gives power—a power that must inevitably overweigh and outmatch the effeminacy of the Mohammedan. Fuad Pacha has done nobly thus far in Syria; but let all the Sultan's ministers and officers act as nobly, and the Sultan's power is ruined. Let him declare strict justice always as this Syrian officer has done, and the masculine energy of the Christian subjects will grow as surely into a controlling and administrative power in the state as the sun shines.

This parallelism between Italy and Turkey was set forth, during the summer of the Lombard war, by a Russian writer (M. Tchikhatchev), in a pamphlet bearing title "Italie et Turquie." His idea was that the two countries must advance together; and that the complete regeneration of Italy would be speedily followed, if not attended, by the complete regeneration of Turkey. From a Russian standpoint it is easy to conceive of an easy and simple regeneration of Turkey—to wit, the Admiral Constantine's fleet in the Bosphorus; but for Western Europeans the solution of the Oriental question has its difficulties. France, England, Russia, and Germany all covet the most magnificent site in Europe. It is in the keeping of a party too feeble to hold it long, even if unattacked; and far too feeble to hold it for a moment, in case of serious attack. A map published not long ago in Paris (about the date of the famous Persigny letter) marks down Constantinople as neutral territory, and the seat of a European Congress; the fortresses demolished; and the Sea of Marmora *sillonè* by coursers of the five great Powers. The map, it may be observed, gave the Rhine as the eastern boundary of France; it gave Austria in a highly depleted state; Greece immensely enlarged; Suez, and Gibraltar, and the Danish Sound, free; Jerusalem, the seat of a pleasant Christian patriarchate, presided over by the Pope. A very pretty map to look upon!

We spoke just now of Irish volunteers as the chroniclers of the last papal triumphs. We have one of their letters just now under our eye, which is quite too good not to print. It is signed Richard A. O'Carrol, and the Dublin *Morning News* says of it: "God bless the true son, the true Christian, and the brave Irishman whose letter this is!"

We quote a part only:

"Now I will give you a description of what I have seen since I came here in this great and immortal city. I saw the Pope the first Sunday I was here. He passed by in his carriage, with a grand guard, all nobles, followed by cardinals. He saw us standing in the streets—there were two along with me; when we saluted him he put out his hand and gave us his blessing. I have seen the stairs our Saviour was brought up by Pilate to be shown to the people. You must go up those stairs on your knees, at every step a prayer; there are twenty-four steps altogether. You have a great reward for doing this; you can not go up unless on your knees. Not ten yards from where I am now is the spot where St. Laurence was roasted on a gridiron; there is a chapel alongside of it, and a nunnery also. Yesterday a priest from the Irish College brought me to the festival of St. John and St. Paul, martyrs, in the chapel of the Passionists: he there showed me the exact spot where these martyrs suffered; it was beautifully covered with flowers, a few of which I send you; I took them off the spot myself; he then showed me where their bodies were encased in a marble box or coffin under the altar—any one could see them. I have been in the Colosseum, which was built before Christ; it was used for putting Christians to death by wild beasts, under the Roman Emperor Nero. I have also seen the chains that bound St. Peter when he was on this earth; they are only seen once a year by the people; I had the part that bound round his leg around my neck, which was a great favor to have, or even to kiss it. I have been in St. Peter's, that great and mighty church where the Pope officiates. There are four thousand columns outside it, and each column is as large as the ones under the Post-office in Dublin. On Friday, the 29th of June, the Feast of St. Peter and Paul, I went to the church of St. Peter's; heard mass—the Pope celebrated mass. It was one of the most magnificent sights I ever beheld. He was surrounded by cardinals, bishops, priests, and guards of honor. He has one regiment of noble guards; these are composed of all young noblemen and princes; also he has a guard of the most respectable young men in the city, all splendidly dressed. Twenty-four of the Irish Brigade formed part also of his guard—I had the honor of being one of the number; after mass he gave us his benediction and blessing; he then was carried by eight men on a raised chair, splendidly decorated with gold—cardinals, bishops, priests, guards of honor, and we had the honor of being his body-guard. He is the identical picture of his likeness you see in Sackville Street; a fine old man, with a splendid voice—you can hear him all over the chapel."

But all of the Irish Brigade are by no means so happy as Richard O'Carrol, who had the ineffable satisfaction of placing round his neck the chains that bound St. Peter's legs.

Denis O'Keefe, whose letter addressed to a British consul we quote, shows far less hilarity, and as much less of Papal fervor.

He writes from Spoleto under date of August 4:

"Dear Sir—I approach you with this memorial

on behalf of myself and about ninety others, all British subjects, in prison in this town, confined in the citadel, for refusing to sign the oath of allegiance to his Holiness for four years. We are badly situated in every way, not having proper food and huddled together on some dirty straw. We are closely confined, having two guards placed on us night and day, which prevents us from getting a clean sheet of paper to address you. Dear Sir, we are ignorant of the length of time we are to be here, and we now claim protection as British subjects from you, hoping you will exert your influence to have us released immediately, and sent home. We are now fifteen days in prison, and have suffered greatly in health from such close confinement. Your memorialists, as in duty bound, will ever pray.—I remain, Sir, your respectful servant, DENIS O'KEEFE."

Another unhappy man writes as follows, under date of Rome, August 7:

"From information I have recently received I have reason to believe that the Irish in Spoleto are in a very insubordinate and discontented state. It is said that an outbreak occurred there the other day, to quell which the Roman Carabinieri were called in by Colonel Pimodan, contrary to the wishes of the officer commanding the Irish Brigade; that more than one Irishman was cut down by the Carabinieri, one, it is said, by Colonel Pimodan himself, and that a very ill feeling will arise between the Irish and Roman troops in consequence of this collision. It is further stated that General Lamoricière is desirous of distributing the Irish among various foreign regiments, instead of forming them into a distinct Irish Brigade; and that he is not favorable to the Irish officers, and would be glad of an opportunity of supplanting them by young men of good family from other countries, who, from the scarcity of commissions, are now serving in the ranks of the Papal army. It is also said that the Irish clergy here are much offended at the treatment which their countrymen serving as volunteers have met with from the Papal Government. Numbers continue to leave the brigade. On the 1st inst. fifty discharged volunteers left Civita Vecchia for Marseilles, and I have just learned that fifty more are about to be sent away."

The Irish Brigade can hardly be popular any where in Italy just now. It is really quite a pity that so much of Irish enthusiasm should have been squandered so vainly in attempting to uphold the tyrannies of Italy. The days of modern Rome, if ever written, will be made funny with the story of the Irish Brigade.

Editor's Drawer.

NOVEMBER has a bad name, and, by common consent, takes rank as the dullest and dreariest month of the year. It is never dull and dreary with the Drawer. Perpetual summer, sunshine all the year, is with the Drawer, its readers, and writers; and, if it were not for the almanac, they would know no November.

"The Woman in White!" Have you read it? It has had a run through the pages of the *Weekly*, and is now out in a volume—a strangely thrilling story, that winds itself all about the heart and the head of the reader with a mysterious fascination and power that may not be told. Read it, reader; for if you are of the sort who love to laugh when wit is abroad, you are one to feel when the hand of a master touches the deep springs in the soul.

The man who keeps the key of the Drawer has a habit of cutting off the heads or introductions to the most of the letters he receives. This he does, not for the sake of brevity, which is the soul of wit, but rather because he is the modestest man in the whole establishment, and blushes to sound the praises which these letters bestow on his work. He forgets that it is *not* his work. The Drawer is lively or dull, as its friends make it. It is a lake into which the laughing streams are running from a thousand hills, and in a drought the Drawer is dry. But these letters begin with assurances like the following from the interior of Virginia:

"DEAR DRAWER,—I write to you as a friend. Indeed, I do not know what I and mine would do without your monthly visits and delightful cheer. Our mornings and evenings are gladdened by the gentle humor of your pages, and the thoughts of what we have read enliven many an hour when we are not reading but enjoying the quiet of our retired home. The children regard the Drawer as one of their special pleasures, and the remarks they make, I sometimes think, are as quaint and striking as the sayings of the little ones you record."

OUR friends among the clergy write frequently to the Drawer, and many of the best things in it, the pleasantest stories, with a moral that makes men better to remember, are from their pure pens. The newspapers, within the last month, have chronicled the sudden death of an able and excellent divine, in the prime of life, already known as an author and preacher, and evidently fitted for a high place in the Church. He was one of our most valued contributors, and his appreciation of the humorous was one of the most lovable traits in his beautiful character.

ANOTHER friend writes from Bangor, Maine:

"*To the man who keeps the key to the Drawer:*

"The little ones have been treated rather shabbily by the Drawer of late—the August Number, just received, not being illuminated by a single chubby face; and, as a matter of course, I, in common with the greater part of your readers, am justly very indignant. Casting about, however, to discover who was the owner of the Drawer, in order that I might have the satisfaction of giving him a good sound thrashing for his negligence, I was startled by the discovery that the Drawer belonged to nobody in particular, and to every body in general; that the 'readers of the Drawer' formed a sort of joint-stock company, every one being bound to put in his share in order to enjoy the benefits of the concern. The editor of the Drawer has nothing to do with its contents further than taking care that nothing out of the way gets inside. The 'relish' for which the Drawer is so famous is owing to the reality of the incidents which it chronicles. If I supposed all the good things in the Drawer were *made up* by the editor, I would throw it out of the window, just as I would a bottle which I had reason to suppose was made up in some of your New York distilleries. I send the following as an installment of the debt which I have long been owing the Drawer.

"Our little Mamie is just four years old, and is, in my own and her mother's opinion, the prettiest, funniest, wisest, loveliest little four-year old in all the world or out of it. She has only one fault—that is to say, only one thing that would be a fault in any body else, but somehow, it seems to me, isn't a fault in her—and that is, she has a habit of thinking

a little too much of herself. 'Cousin John' is a clerk in a hardware store down town, and comes up every Sunday evening to take tea with us. He came up a few weeks ago, and taking Mamie, as usual, on his knee, began to talk to her. After he had exhausted his stock of fairy stories, the following dialogue took place:

"'Mamie, don't you want to go down to the store with me to-morrow afternoon?'

"'No' (very decidedly).

"'Why not?'

"'Because.'

"'Because what?'

"'I've been down a dozen times already, and have seen every thing there is there.'

"'Come, Mamie, do go with me. I'll show you all the axes, and saws, and hammers, and nails, and planes, and chisels, and hoes, and shovels, and guns, and pistols, and a great big brass cannon, so big that it takes a horse to draw it, and great big cannon-balls, so big that Johnny' (her seven-year old brother) 'couldn't lift one of them, and *so forth*.'

"'Well' (hesitatingly, and with a look of perplexity that surprised John and myself), 'I'll go, John.'

"She didn't say another word except 'yes' and 'no' and her prayers during the evening, and all the next forenoon preserved a gravity which astonished and alarmed her mother, who was wholly unable to discover the cause, and naturally imagined her to be ill; forgot to feed her kitten, and didn't ask for her doll, which had been put away Saturday evening on the high shelf in the closet, at all during the forenoon. In due time John came for her, and on their arrival at the store, true to his promise, he commenced to show her all the wonders. Mamie didn't make any remarks, or ask a single question, whereat John was not a little amazed, it was so different from the little chatter-box to whom he had exhibited the same articles a week or two before. Mamie grew impatient and fidgety, and at last broke out with, 'Oh dear, John! I've seen all these things before, and know all about them; but where's your "*so forth*," John? Show me your "*so forth!*" *I want to see your* "*so forth!*"'

"He had promised to show her the pistols, and guns, and *so forth*—a new article, certainly!"

A CORRESPONDENT here in town writes to the Drawer, and assures us that the following incident happened in his experience, which is very likely, as we have received the same story from others as occurring in theirs. Old stories turn up again in real life as well as in print. He says:

"My parents live in the country, up the North River. My partner in business was going up there, and I gave him a letter to the family, requesting them to send me a parcel by him on his return. He called at the house just as the family had finished dinner, and they asked him to take a seat at the table. I had three unmarried sisters at home, and the girls, anxious to apologize for the scanty meal, said that it was not very inviting, did not think he could make a meal, etc. He, in turn, became anxious to say something, and remarked: '*There was plenty, such as it was!*' The old lady and girls blushed up to the eyes. If their faces were red, his was scarlet; and, wishing to correct his blunder, he said: '*It was good enough, what there was of it!*'"

WING ROGERS, of Vermont, has been frequently in the Drawer, and stands a fair chance to get his due. It is now some years since he was first reported as a queer sort of man—a tyrant husband, who loved to torment his wives in the strangest of all ways, making their lives miserable almost beyond belief. We have another letter respecting his second better-half, which, in justice to her respected memory, we insert, as a suitable obituary notice:

"Having seen in a late number of the Drawer some anecdotes of the eccentric Wing Rogers, with a statement that, after his persecutions of poor Becky, his patient first wife, he '*caught a Tartar*' in the second, I wish to say that the fact was that, instead of a Tartar, he got a *sensible* woman, who knew how to respect herself and to make him comfortable.

"I remember well the circumstances of the marriage, as I heard them narrated some years ago by a very respectable old gentleman, when the subject of Mr. Rogers's oddities was brought up. Feeling the want of a help-meet in his family, and probably fearing that his ingenuity of torture might grow dull from want of exercise, he set about seeking another wife.

"He started off one morning on horseback, taking with him a grist upon his horse, and stopped at the house of a female acquaintance, upon whom he had fixed his eyes. He found her busily engaged at the wash-tub. The good woman, who was perfectly aware of all his oddities and the circumstances of his former marriage, welcomed him without slackening her diligence at her employment. There was no embarrassment in her deportment, while there was apparently great cordiality of manner. She talked freely, and continued to wash busily. Without much circumlocution he made known his errand, and was frankly accepted. The good woman washed on busily, carefully and deliberately examining each article to ascertain if every spot was effaced. But, said the exacting old fellow, probably to keep his faculties in exercise,

"'If thee consents to the marriage it must take place immediately, as my affairs are urgent.'

"To this she assented; and it was finally arranged that the marriage should take place at the moment. The good woman wiped the suds from her hands and arms, and a neighboring Justice soon made them man and wife.

"At the conclusion of the ceremony he ordered his wife to mount the horse behind him, and proceed to mill; thence to his house, without further ceremony or preparation.

"'Nay,' she responded, quietly, 'that was *not* in the bargain; thee asked me to marry thee immediately, and I have done so; and whenever thee brings a suitable conveyance I will return home with thee.'

"The old fellow found it impossible to alter her resolution, and after a time came for her, and she returned with him to his house, and endeavored, like a sensible, prudent woman, to order his affairs as became a good wife, not minding his exactions unless they proceeded beyond all bounds of reason.

"One day he came in from the field, and ordered his wife to bring him a pitcher of water from the spring. She went cheerfully and readily, and brought the water. He received it from her hand, and looking into the vessel declined to drink, on the plea that there was a straw in it, and pouring it out on the ground ordered her to bring another. She did so, and, this time, took good care to ascertain that it was perfectly pure and irreproachable. Without drinking, he poured it out, and ordered her to go the *third* time. She did so, and returned; and

when at a convenient distance, she dashed the whole contents over his person. He spluttered and gasped at the suddenness of the cold bath; and when sufficiently recovered, he looked up at the calm, quiet countenance beside him, and spoke out,

"'There! that's done like a sensible woman! If Becky had done that years ago, she would have made a good husband of me.'

"It is reported that the couple lived in a tolerable degree of comfort and harmony to the end of their union, she adapting her 'treatment,' as the doctors say, to the exigencies of the case."

An editorial friend in Indiana contributes "two mites" from his part of the country:

"At one of the bi-annual terms of the Marshal Circuit Court, Judge S—— presiding, the parties, having called their jury, entered into trial, examined their witnesses on both sides, rested. While the counsel for the plaintiff was enthusiastically engaged in presenting and arguing his case, a cow in the court-house yard kept up a constant bellowing immediately back of the Judge's seat, which annoyed him to such an extent that he yelled out, with quite a crooked face, 'Mr. Sheriff, drive that cow away, or have it done!' This so interrupted the counsel in his strain of eloquence as to induce him to retort: 'I suppose, if your Honor please, that she was only bellowing for her calf, and I should think you would be the last to complain!'

"Down on the Wabash and Erie Canal, a year or two ago, among quite a crowd of passengers on a packet was my friend, George M'L——, who is considerable of a 'wag' when he is in the humor for it. He is one of those 'Hail fellows well met,' and having seen some of the ladies putting on some extra airs, as he thought (though unusually familiar with him), for travelers, he concluded to tell them some marvelous stories about the West and Western scenery. He described to them, at the dinner-table, many scenes on the Tippecanoe River, just as we were passing the point where it emptied into the Wabash, one of which was a cave, which was supposed to be unfathomable, from the accounts given by explorers, and the entrance to which was a hole not larger than a flour-barrel. 'Well, ladies, just before I left home this entire bluff, as one of those "landslides," tumbled into the river, including about an acre in all.'

"'La! me, Mr. M'L——. What became of the hole?'

"'Well, it left the hole sticking out about ten feet!'"

A Michigan "parient," rejoicing in a little Ella, writes:

"Last evening, just before going to bed, Ella having remembered she had left her stool (a favorite piece of furniture of hers) out under a tree, where she had spent the afternoon in company with an imaginary tea-party, cried out to her elder sister, 'Cleaty! Cleaty! you must go now, right away, and bring my stool in, *before it gets covered all up with dark!*'"

And another proud sire in the State of Kentucky records the following striking sentiment as bursting from the bosom of his first-born, eating an ear of corn. He writes:

"While at dinner several days ago, my boy, *two* years old, was eating an ear of corn which had not been thoroughly cleaned of the silk. Suddenly stopping, and apparently very much out of patience, he exclaimed:

"'Whoever made this torn didn't make it right.'

"'Why, Willie?'

"'Tause it's dot hair all next to the stin.'

"I give it to you in his very words."

The progress of "Young America" is wonderful. Read:

"Our Charlie, the other day, was riding with his father on the Bloomingdale Road (New York), and was very much interested in the scene around him. He talked a great deal about horses and light-wagons, and was incessantly wishing for something to turn up to race with. He took a look behind him to see if any thing 'fast' was coming, and seeing one of the regular trotters coming after them, turned round, made a grab for the reins, and screamed out in a most excited manner: 'Hurray, papa, hurray! Here comes a *fast crab!* Let your old nag out! Go in, Lemons!'"

A correspondent in Utah Territory sends a very amusing anecdote to the Drawer, but the profanity of the talk excludes it from our pages. We print nothing here that may not be read in the family, with the ladies and children all around us. We may be a trifle more fastidious than they are in Mormondom, but we have a notion that all the "bad words" ought to be skipped when the ladies are around—and when they are not, as well. Begging pardon for this preachment, the Drawer begs to hear from its territorial friend again.

"Below I give you," says a valued contributor, "the 'non-committal' evidence of a gentleman in Tennessee, going to prove the identity of a party who had been arrested for passing counterfeit money. It was given me by a distinguished member of the bar of that State:

"Lawyer. 'State to the Court and jury where you first saw the defendant.'

"Witness. 'According to my best recollection, the first time I ever saw the defendant I was standing on my porch, or in the street in front of my door, or I might have been sitting on my horse; my horse was hitched to the rack, with his head a little to the right of the rack, or it might have been turned a little to the left, or he might have been turned around with his tail to the rack; I won't be positive as to his position. The defendant was passing about a panel or a panel and a half from me (a panel might be from eight to thirteen feet long). He was either going southeast toward Mr. F——'s, or he was going northwest toward Mr. N——'s.'

"Lawyer. 'Never mind that. What kind of a hat did he have on?'

"Witness. 'He had on a nice hat, Sir—such a hat as a gentleman might wear. I think it was a black hat, but it might have been a brown hat; it was a high hat, or a hat like a high hat; it was either a fur hat, or a silk hat, but it might have been a felt hat. It may have bulged a little in the middle, or it may have been a straight hat, or a bell-crowned hat; or it may have run up into what is called a sugar-loaf hat. Now it *might* have been like the Attorney-General's hat, and it might have had no resemblance whatever to his hat, and been like the hat sitting by his honor; or it may have been a castor. I think it was pulled down a little before and turned up a little behind, but it may have

been pulled down behind and turned up before; or it may have been straight before and behind, and turned up a little on the sides. It was either a soft hat, or a hard hat, or it may have been a Quaker hat. At all events, I am pretty certain he had a hat on; but in this I may *possibly* be mistaken—for it *might* have been a *cap*."

A CENSUS-MAN in Sullivan County, Pennsylvania, came to the house of Hiram Wilson. He was not at home, but his wife was. She is not as bright as women generally, and in course of his inquiries he asked her age, to which she replied:

"I was twenty-six years old when I was married. Was married two years when Bill was born. Bill was four years old when Ann was born. Ann was ten years old when Charley was born. Now you tell me how old I am."

SOLUTION OF THE RIDDLE IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

YOUR threatened "rod in pickle," Mister Poet,
Is neither "rod" nor "pickled," and you know it.
In flexile usefulness, all lithe and green,
On every church-yard willow living seen,
How could you represent it as "in pickle,"
Unless in very wantonness to tickle
Ears slanderously held, or be afflicted
With a disease of which your pen's convicted?
Take half the name of congregated porkers,
And half the verb which taxable New Yorkers
See oft exemplified, with wondrous skill,
By "city fathers" on a "little bill,"
When foreign guests receive their hospitality:
The two make up your whole in its totality.
On trees it grows; of late on railroads too;
It's good for boys, and well deserved by you.

JUDGE G——, one of the Supreme Court Justices in the Eighth Judicial District of the State of New York, is no less noted for his keen sense of wit and ready pleasantries than for his profound juridical knowledge and his impartial conduct on the bench.

On one occasion, on the trial of a cause, when the question arose as to the admission of the wife as a witness where the husband was a party to the action, the Judge promptly decided that, under the present rule of practice, no distinction was made as to the admission of witnesses: that the last Legislature had virtually dissolved the marriage relation so far as rules of law practice went. In confirmation of this statement one of the counsel referred to a note in Howard's New York Code of Practice in the Supreme Court under the Act:

"*Concerning the Rights and Liabilities of Husband and Wife.*

"NOTE.—There seems to be a slight discrepancy in the *title* of this Act as compared with its principal provisions. The more appropriate title would be 'An Act for Divorce between Husband and Wife, *a vinculo matrimonii*, as it respects property; and for the more effectually abolishing the *feminine gender*.'—EDITOR."

Immediately upon the utterance of the last two words, the Judge replied, "I think the editor is wrong; and, under the sanction of the ermine, I must correct his statement:

"'No! the *gender* remains, by a law that's Divine;
'Tis the *wife* that is changed to a mere concubine!'"

For five minutes or more the old court-house rang with the shouts of merriment, in which members of the bar, jurors, suitors, and spectators all heartily united.

AMERICAN eloquence is rapidly becoming superior to the sublimest of the Persian or Chinese. In one of the Iowa newspapers we find the report of a Sabbath-school celebration, where the children were welcomed in a speech by Mr. Newton Barthlow. We can give only the first paragraph and the last—the middle being like them, and a little more so:

"We welcome you, young friends, on this delightful morning to the summer splendors of 'God's first Temples.' This interview is the realization of a prospective event we had hardly dreamed we would be so personally favored; it is the fulfillment of a hope we had seriously apprehended might be a painful reverse. But we are permitted to mingle in your circle—to tread the enameled sward in happy union with you; to enjoy the morning minstrelsies of the myriad gondoliers of the melodious beauties of the new-born moon, and with enchanted visions, to witness and appreciate the pastoral loveliness around and the azures above us. As I direct my enraptured gaze upon you—your eyes eloquent with opulent ecstasy, your happy lips merry with mirthful converse, my heart goes out to you and seeks to revel in the impassioned delight of your elysium."

* * * * * * *

"And now, my young friends, as I draw my remarks to a close, laboring under a slight trepidation lest my intellectual repast may have not exactly regaled the spirit of your task, I would have you remember that, as you have been instructed and informed of the beautiful developments and productions of God's superior invention—that as you have come out this morning to commune with, and be partakers of his lovely works—that as you have been taught the theory of the richness, so you have come out to be brought in practical companionship with the essence of his mighty constructors—that as you have been taught to solemnly express your gratitude to God for His heavenly benediction from the contact with his gratuities. This morning you are better prepared to address him in a more zealous tone, and that your visions may be syllabled and moulded from the warmer impulses of your heart, and you should be thoughtful, too, that after weeks of longing expectations—of little doubts—of childish fears and hopes you are kindly privileged to meet together 'neath the softening influence of this beautiful grove, with scarcely a cloud-stain on the unruffled surface of the sky, without a portent of a tempest to mar your dreams, and to feast with rapturous guests on the golden apples of childhood's thoughtless rhapsodies."

A CORRESPONDENT at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, sends a choice specimen of the epistolary art from one of his clients in the West. There were several members of a family whose assignment it was necessary to get to a land warrant. One of the sisters resided in the Hoosier State, and upon writing to her for her signature, he received the following answer:

"M——, M—— Co. IA. *may* 25, 1860.

"MR. C—— L——: i will answer You in a few words as to what you ask me to do i wish you to explain it to me and if it is What i think it is i never will give my assignment untill you pay me my share for thom has acted the yallow dog as long as he will with me for i now am able for him and now will let him know the difference between a Bumble bee and a hornet and I never will give my name untill Eliza, and Sarah and Robert sends me a letter and tells me what they think about it and they must put a lock of herer in it so that i will know that it is theres and then if you will send me 50 dollers with the land warrent and then i will sign it but not Without it and if he will do that you can send it to John Gruber atturney of M——, M—— County, ind.

"plese to rite a little planer the next time."

A TENNESSEAN says: "I send you one of the best specimens of 'wit' which has ever come under my observation, or, indeed, under that of any other. If you will give it a place in your Drawer you will much oblige," etc. We give it a place, but do not

agree with our correspondent in his estimation of its relative merit:

"A dashing young widower in one of the Southern States, by the name of 'Fowler,' took quite a liking to a young lady whose name was 'Cloud,' and whose flashing eyes dealt largely in electrical influences. During their courtship, which was somewhat a public affair—town and country drives being the order of the day—the gentleman's friends frequently expressed their regret at his becoming so '*beclouded*.' After their marriage one of them congratulated him on the happy occasion, at the same time expressing the hope that, though long 'beclouded,' he would have clear *sunshine* before him the rest of his days. A by-stander at this shook his head, and gravely replied that, invariably, when 'Clouds' turned 'Fowler' you might look out for *squalls*."

A FRIEND who does not live a thousand miles away, writes:

"During the Japanese procession in your city it was our good fortune to have an excellent position inside the railings of Dr. ——'s church. In front of us stood a brother clergyman and his wife, who evidently was not much acquainted with the city or city life, as she plied so many questions to her next neighbor, a tall, straight, well-formed man, with the smoothest, cleanest, and most shining bald head I have ever seen. Upon after inquiry I found he was a well-known physician of the city. The lady, touching the Doctor upon the shoulder, asked: 'Can you tell me, Sir, why, with such a fine large window as that over our heads, they do not open it to admit light and air into the church?'

"The Doctor, taking off his hat, and politely making her a bow, answered: 'Madam, we have different kinds of churches in this city. Some do admit and are glad to receive light from *without;* but this one is permitted only to receive light from *within*.'

"The good lady's husband laughed most heartily, winding up with: 'Ha, ha, ha—good! I must tell the Doctor of that.'"

THE following bit of marine literature, from one of the serials in a New York weekly paper, is recommended to the especial notice of sea-faring men by an old sea-captain, who sends it to the Drawer. As *a new way* to reef a brig's sails, it will doubtless put an entirely new wrinkle in their monkey-jackets. For thrilling interest it surpasses any thing ever written by Cooper or Marryatt. Listen:

"'All hands aloft to reef sails!' shouted Allen.

"'Ay, ay, Sir!' was the ready response, as the men sprang up the ropes.

"'All ready fore and aft?'

"'Ay, ay, Sir!'

"'Put up your helm! Slack off the main-sheet! Brail up the main-sail! Ease down the weather-boom! and—' The rest of the sentence was lost in the outbreak of the gale.

"'Now, now!' shouted the mate, as the first gust passed. 'Aft the main-sheet—for your lives!'

"As he spoke, he sprang, with a single bound, to the wheel. The brig was now in two floundering heaps, and as the men dragged at the main-boom aft and the head-sheets on the forecastle, she came trembling up in the long bight of the sea, and took the gale steadily before her on the other tack.

"For a while the brig behaved beautifully; but all at once she became unmanageable; her tiller became useless, and the little craft was driven at the mercy of the winds!

"Their danger was now apparent; cheeks paled and lips quivered; Death, with his long, bony fingers, seemed pointing scornfully at them!

"Lawson came on deck, and saw that the brig was making her course straight for the Gulf; and he well knew that if she once entered the Gulf's mouth, destruction was inevitable. In that awful hour, etc."

If any "sailor man" can make head or tail of the above, he can take my hat.

OUR friend Jones was riding up in Westchester County in September last, and saw a board nailed up on a post in the yard of a farm-house, with the sign painted on it: "THIS FARM FOR SAIL." Always ready for a little pleasantry, and seeing a woman in checked sun-bonnet picking up an apronful of chips at the wood-pile in front of the house, he stopped, and asked her, very politely, when the farm was to *sail?* She went on with her work, but replied to his question instanter, "Just as soon as the man comes along who can *raise the wind*." Jones hit Dobbin a sudden cut with the whip, and dashed on, calling out, "Ga long there! what ye doing here?"

A ROVING correspondent writes from Kentucky to the Drawer, and makes the signs following:

"As the 'SIGNS of the Times' have lately met with some attention at your hands, I send you the picture of one which is yet, I think, visible in the sweet town of Plainville, New York, although two or three years have passed since I gave it place among my 'Pencilings by the Way.' Economy of space and paint, surely:

THERE is an excellent moral to this story; it hits North Carolina no more than other States:

"A few years since business of importance called me to the northwestern part of North Carolina. As my business prevented me from traveling by railway, I procured a horse and set out alone. This I found was rather dull and tiresome work; but as necessity compelled me to proceed I did so, and by way of amusing myself I would now and then stop to have a little 'gab,' as they termed it, with the natives—and a queer set most of them were. One day the following amusing conversation occurred. Passing by a farm-house, I saw a white man and four negroes very busily engaged in some kind of work. I rode up, and thus addressed the white man: 'Good-morning, Sir. Would you be kind enough to tell me what you are making?'

"'Certainly, stranger—plow-lines,' was the laconic reply.

"'Well,' said I, 'how many can you make in a day?'

"'About four,' responded the native.

"'And you need the assistance of four men in making them?' I asked.

"'Yes,' was the reply.

"I immediately calculated the probable cost of each line, and found that it could not be less than seventy-five cents. I told him so, and also told him that he might procure lines of better quality at a cheaper price.

"'Perhaps I might,' he replied.

"'Why, then,' I asked, 'do you waste your time and that of your negroes in manufacturing lines of an inferior quality, when, for one-third of what they cost, you might get better ones?'

"I could scarcely refrain from laughing outright when I heard his answer. And what, Mr. Drawer, do you think it was? '*Dad did so!*' I was forcibly reminded of the old farmer balancing his one sack of corn by another of stones, because *Dad did it!*"

In Philadelphia we have a correspondent who says, in a recent letter:

"Having recently been afflicted with sore throat, I communicated the fact to a ministerial friend, who sent me the following letter of sympathy, which is committed to the fostering care of the Drawer:

"'I have suffered such great inconvenience from *my* throat, that I can sympathize with a brother the very instant he says *throat*. I am at home on the throat question. Does not a preacher feel of less importance than an eyeless needle on Sunday morning when his throat is not at his command, and his voice has gone far from home? Can you guess how J. C. Heenan would have felt on the morning he met Sayers if both his hands had been palsied? Then you know how a poor preacher feels when he has an engagement to fight the devil, and throw down the walls of superstition, and take the city by the blowing of a *sheep's horn*, and when he gets there, and goes into the engagement, *the thing won't toot a single bit!*"

"Squire Y——, who resides in Southern Tennessee, packs down every year a large amount of bacon for his own use. For two or three years, however, pork was abstracted in an unaccountable manner from his barrels; and at last the worthy Squire concluded it to be his duty to make some endeavors toward apprehending the thief. After several futile attempts, his labors were at last crowned with success, and he was horrified to find that the guilty individual was a neighbor for whom he had always had much respect as an honest and worthy man.

"The Squire's conscience, loth as he was to such a proceeding, urged to a prosecution for the offense; and thus he spoke:

"'Mr. Hopkins, I have been surprised to find you to have been engaged in this manner, and I am sorry to say that I feel it my duty to prosecute you. Conviction, of course, is certain. I pity your family, Mr. Hopkins; you have disgraced your wife and your children, and I am grieved at it.' And here the tears began to show themselves in the Squire's eyes, for he was very kind-hearted, and was easily moved to pity; and so, as the future of Mr. Hopkins's family presented itself to his imagination, he relented. 'And yet, when I come to think of this, Hopkins, I can hardly bring myself to prosecute you. I don't doubt but that you *needed* the bacon to supply the wants of your family, and this puts rather a different face upon the matter. I will refrain from prosecuting you, Hopkins, and I hope that you will do better in future. And even more than this, Hopkins. To encourage you to live an honest life, if you will promise that you will in future refrain from stealing bacon—my bacon—I will give you a thousand pounds of meat a year, and you may take this that I have caught you with home to your family.'

"At this proposition the physiognomy of Mr. Hopkins brightened up somewhat, and he spoke for the first time:

"'Squire, seeing it's *you*, I'll do it; but for any body else I'd be hanged first!'"

Apropos of the statement that the Prince of Wales attended the Anglican Cathedral at Quebec, and occupied the Governor-General's pew, which had been elegantly refitted for the occasion, we can not withhold the mention of an incident which befell a friend of ours who was in Quebec last summer. Learning that the regiment stationed there attended service at the Cathedral, and nearly filled it, our friend determined to make one of the worshipers in the military congregation.

He did not arrive at the door till after the military had entered. Seeing no vacant seat in the floor pews he ascended to the gallery. This also was crowded, excepting one pew at the end of the gallery, near the chancel. To this our friend hastily bent his steps, and entered it. The service had just begun, and our friend was too sincerely reverential to allow outward things to distract his attention; yet, as he rose from his knees to join in the "Venite," he was for an instant struck with the uncommon elegance of the appointments of the pew. But the swelling chant from more than a thousand male voices keeping time with the regimental band attracted him still more; but, as he turned his eyes upon the throng below, he was a little surprised to find that almost every eye was fixed on *him*. His attention was, however, again diverted by the Psalter, in the responsive parts of which he began heartily to join. But in spite of all his efforts to forget every thing but the service in which he was participating, he became more and more conscious that he was the object of marked notice from the whole congregation. The pew adjoining the one he occupied was filled with officers, some of them bearing marks of honorable reward and hard service; these, he saw, constantly glanced from their Prayer-books toward him. He began to feel that there must be something peculiar about him. Was it his dress? He glanced at himself, and saw nothing amiss. He wears his own hair, and therefore he had no wig to get awry. Was it to be attributed to his fine face? He had often heard himself described in flattering terms; but he saw many noble-looking men among the officers. He was almost disposed to think it might be his full beard which attracted the notice; when it struck him suddenly that it was a little remarkable that, while many seemed to be unprovided with seats, all eschewed the capacious pew where he was. His eye just at that instant fell on an object which was connected with the front of the pew; by a slight change of position he looked over the gallery, and to his consternation beheld the coat-of-arms of the Governor-General of Canada!

Our friend did not stop to inquire whether he had been really mistaken for Sir Edmund Head; he was not prepared to usurp his honors; and therefore, as speedily as possible, he vacated the pew, and did not feel entirely equanimous until he had gained the hotel and sheltered himself in his room.

Conjugal Conversations illustrated.

He says
I simply asked her in the mildest manner be
I always try to be as pleasant as possible when I come home
Working like a nigger all day down town
I'm never out of the house except on business
Business must be attended to that's how it is

She Says
I've scarcely a rag to my back
He flew at me like a tiger
I hate gentlemens society as you very well know
We poor wives have all the trouble and care of children
Before I was married I had every luxury heart could wish
Whilst I'm toiling & slaving all day

Fashions for November.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*

Figure 1.—Autumn Cloak.

FIGURE 2.—STRIPED MANTLE.

WE illustrate two cloaks, both made of striped materials, which are special favori.es. Other styles, of black cloth or velvet, are also in vogue.